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INDEX TO VOLUME XIII.

LITERATURE.

	PAGE
Adventure with a Tiger	661
Alchemy, The Delusions of	698
Alhambra, The. By N. Robinson	152
Amber, A Piece of. By F. W. Rudler, F.G.S	754
Ancient Flitch of Bacon	726
Ancient Irish Gold Work	654
Anecdote of Frederic William I	608
Ants, Ingenuity of	15
Arnold, Benedict, Incident in the Life of	320
At the Chateau. By Susan Archer Weiss	658
Bible Names	550
Bit of Loot, A	423
Black Vail, The	530
Bottle-tree, The	47
Bridegroom's Best Man	47
Burns, Robert. By Principal Shairp	354
California Experience	737
Call of Danger, The	231
Career of a Remarkable Woman, The. By T. B. Thorpe	487
Castelluzzo, The Church and Rock of	214
Ceramic Art, The Growth of the	311
Chased by an Eagle	375
Chatsworth. By N. Robinson	99
Chimney at Lisgarvan Mill, The	44
Coffee	675
Count de Chambord (Henry V., of France). By Frederic Daniel	439
Curious Plan of Reformation	11
Curious Walking-sticks	447
Customs of the Savages	271
Desperate Game, A	347
Diamond, Valuable, Found	15
Distinguished Invalides. By M. E. W. Sherwood	24
Diving-bells	14
Doctor, The	86
Drum, The	87
Duck-shooting on Lake Albufera, Spain	299
Dumas's Rusty Knife	138
Dwellers in Trees and Earth-eaters	272
Earthquakes in New York in 1737 and 1744	559
Editor's Opera-glass, The	126, 252, 381, 509
Egypt. By Noel Ruthven	613
Eider Duck, The	398
Emperor and the Child, The—A Hindoo Story	718
Entertaining Column	127, 255, 383, 511, 639,
Ethel. By Spencer W. Cone	759
Fairy Enid. By Rev. Henry W. Cleveland	418
Fakir, The. By P. Robinson	300
Fashion in Deformity. By Professor Flower	215
Fiery Trial, A. By Jennie B. Burton	495
Figures for a Dinner	727
Folk Lore The Boy that Mocked the Storks	662
Furniture, The Story of	600
Garibaldi, Giuseppe	513
Gems, Antique	302
German View of the French Conquest of Alsace	551
Ghoorka Warrior, A—An Old Soldier's Story	84
Ginseng-hunting	416
Gnome of the Hillock, The—A Hindoo Legend	619
Goldsmith's Deserted Village	606
Great Tone Poets, The. By Noel Ruthven	182
Gwendolin. By T. S. Collier	231
Hasheesh	110
Hearing. By T. Jeffery Parker	121
Horse, Sagacity of a	299
How Brigandage was Put Down in Turkey	3
How Janet Found her Life. By R. V. Hastings	14
How Macaroni Got its Name	70
How the Dead Man Kept his Pledge	29
How the Old Salaries were Paid	21
How to Sleep for Four Months	65
Iceland Scenery and Modern National Life beneath the Polar Circle. By A. H. S. Gunnlagson	8
India, Fruits of	72
India, Peasant Life in. By R. P. Salter	7
Inside Kairwan	53
"Jeannette" and her Crew, The. By Joseph I. C. Clarke	25
Jerusalem and its Inhabitants	55
Jim. By Philip Bourke Marston	4
Joan of Arc	67
John Gilpin's Race and what Came of it	30
Kabyles, The Land of the; Or, Mountain Life in Algeria. By Edgar Barclay	46
Kismet	56
Kit, A Martyr	27
Lady Hamilton	57
Lady Rock, The—A Legend of the Western Highlands. By Sir Randal Roberts	24
La Jeune; Or, Actress and Woman	8
Last Citation, The—An Old Lawyer's Story	20
Leonie, Empress of the Air. By Gerald Carlton	65, 193, 321 44
Life-saving Service on the Great Lakes. By A. B. Bibb	38
Lightning, How Buildings are Protected against. By Robert J. Mann	63
London and its Lord Mayors. By Richard B. Kimball, LL.D.	12
Lone Tree of Goff's Hollow. By C. D. Stanley	30
Longfellow	74
Louis XI. and his Physician	27
Love in a Steeple. By Elizabeth Bigelow	45
Lynx, The	69
Manna	31
Manuel. By Thomas S. Collier	33
Melodramatic Aspects of the Franco-German War. By Archibald Forbes	64
Midnight Lady, The	22
Millicent Berkeley's Dower. By Thomas S. Collier	17
Miss Henderson's Ring. By David Ker	61
Mistake Huldah Made, The	14
Moles	60
Monkeys, Thieving	40
Monkeys' Traps	37
Mosaics, How Made	69
Mrs. Desmond's Ambition	54
Muckle Stain, The; Or, The Bleeding Stone of Kilburn Priory. By Sir Walter Scott	1
Murder in the Rue St. Denis. By H. W. Pierson	11
My Double Identity. By F. B. Stanford	69
Mystery of the Sea, The	36
Nasmyth and the Candlesticks	4
Nest, A Curious	2
New York's Water Supply, Past, Present and Future of. By Douglas Campbell	
No English Spoken. By Richard B. Kimball	31
One Picture	71
Our Adventure at the Bridge of Icononzo, Columbia	17
Our Home Tragedy	47
Palaces of the People, The. By M. E. W. Sherwood	40
Pallas Sand Grouse, The	4
Palm-leaf Hat, The. By Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford	70

	PAGE
Paying Teller's Story. By Richard B. Kimball	434
Perdita	81
Perforated Mountain, A	655
Peta, The Fate of	138
Pilgrimage to the Summit of Fujiyama. By C. F. Gordon Cumming	568
Plant, A Remarkable	502
Poetry:	
Absence. By Mrs. Butler	530
April Days. By Amanda T. Jones	434
Arbutus. By Hilda	207
Christmas Carol. By Julia Goddard	30
Diver, The. By Schiller	239
Fairy Morgana, The. By C. Rosenberg	272
Haunted Houses	610
Hidden Joys	402
Inevitable	117
In Twos	487
Lawn Tennis	562
Letter Answered. By G. A. Davis	690
Lily-of-the-Valley, The	594
Ling Holme; Windermere	86
Muckle Stain, The; or, The Bleeding Stone of Kilburn Priory. By Sir Walter Scott	18
My Ring	603
Only a Child	464
Resurgam	575
River, The	655
Saint Martin's Summer	559
Shooting Stars	47
Soldier, The	416
Song of Labor	162
Sonnet. By Aubrey De Vere	695
Spring	385
Substance and Shadow. By Cardinal Newman	658
Sun-dial, The. By F. T. Palgrave	347
Sunset. By Susan K. Phillips	718
Token, The. By Sarah Howard Webb	274
Two Thrones. By Dumaurier	630
Violets	290
Where the Brook and the Willow Kiss	418
Willow Pattern, The	144
Power of Kisses, The	697
Print of a Finger, The. By David Ker	162
Pyrenees, In the Land of the. By Frederic Daniel	54
Quarrel, The Last	625
Recent French Cabinets	551
Recent Progress in Science	127, 254, 383, 511 639
Relic of the Revolution	414
Reminiscences of Service among the Comanches. By an Old Army Officer	662
Robin Hood	734
Rolf and I. By M. D. Brine	691
Romantic Incident of the Border—Major McCulloch's Leap	299
Sagacity of a Pony	695
Sainty's Christmas Gifts. By H. W. Pierson	47
Salmon, A Gossip about. By Dr. Andrew Wilson	622
Sapper and Miner, A. By George Manville Fenn	603
Sarah Siddons and Lady Macbeth	302
Scott, Sir Walter. Unpublished Poem by	18
Shadows	727
Silkworm in Portugal, The	214
Sipo Matador, The	407
Sister Marguerite	39
Soap, Manufacture of, in Ancient and Modern Times. By Prof. Charles A. Joy	244
Spiders' Webs. By Arthur G. Butler	172
Strange Betrothal, A	753
Strasburg. By Frederic Daniel	278
Sun-dial, A. By William Lawson	376
Swan and the Lamb, The. A Fable	120
Talmage, Rev. T. De Witt	111
Tameness of a Swallow	80
Tapestry, The Making of	552
Tasting Pure Champagne	171
Terrible Adventure, A	431
The Letter "S"; Or, The Jocelyn Sin. By Inde	577, 705
The 9:30 Up	19
Thistles in the Land of Don Quixote	602
Tiger, Trapping A	97
Tomato, Story of the	319
Turquoises, Gossip about	414
Under the Banyan. By P. Robinson	237
Vases	15
Vegetable Shoeblack	398
Velvets, Japanese	415
Veritable Ghost Story	647
Very Good Text, A	607
Visit to Manga de Clavo and Santa Anna's Cockpit, A	399
Voltaire's Favorite Dish	14
Wife's Hiding-place, A	670
Zeb Hardacre's Christmas Eve	492

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Absence	532
Adventure with a Tiger:	
"Before his friends could cover the brute with their rifles, the tiger bounded over the rocky ledge"	661
Albany, The Capitol in	408, 413
Alchemy:	
An Alchemist's Office in the Olden Days	700
Alchemists at Work	701
Alhambra, The:	
A Gypsy of Granada Dancing the Zorongo	148
The Hall of the Abencerrages	149
The Court of the Lions—The Fountain in the Court	152
A Granada Water-carrier on the Seashore	152
A Court—Modern Banquet in the Alhambra	156
Ladies in a Balcony at Granada	157
The Court of the Abencerrages	160
Amber, A Piece of:	
A Lizard Imprisoned in a Piece of Amber; Vegetable Remains in Amber; Animal Remains in Amber	756
Microscopic Structure of the Wood of the Amber-tree; Geological Section of the Coast of Samland, near Gross Hubnicken, showing Position of the Amber-earth; Ancient Amber Cup found in a Barrow at Hove, near Brighton, England	757
"Amusing his Lordship." From a Picture by G. F. Munn	365
Apollo Belvedere, The	272
April Days	436
Arnold, Benedict, Incident in the Life of	320
At the Chateau:	
"Out of its leafy bosom there dropped suddenly and noiselessly the form of a woman." "There stood on the threshold of the bridal chamber a tall and handsome woman, to whose dress a child was clinging"	657
Before the Ball	128
Bit of Loot, A:	
Dariva Street, Delhi, after its Capture	424
Chandnee Chouk, the Principal Business Thoroughfare in Recent Times	425
Audience Hall, in the Old Palace Delhi	428
Black Vail, The:	
"'Dora, who is that?' asked Lucille, her eyes fixed on the proud, commanding eyes in the portrait"	529
Bottle-tree, The	45
Bringing the News from the Fatal Field	296
Burns, Robert:	
Portrait—Lincluden College in Burns's Time	356
Burns and Highland Mary	357
Burns Studying Mathematics at Kirkoswald; Chair in which Burns was Nursed	360
Home of Robert Burns; Statue in Central Park, N. Y.	361
Mausoleum to R. Burns in Dumfries	364

PAGE

California Experience, A:
"'Is that the shawl?' she asked, meekly, unfolding it before him.... 737
Call of Danger, The.... 228
Cardinal Entering his Carriage. From the Painting by Heilbuth.... 608
Career of a Remarkable Woman, The:
"She boldly waited for the proper moment, when she raised her weapon and fired. Reaching her husband, she informed him where a saddle-horse would be found".... 485
"Raising the cover of a basket, he stepped back as he discovered an infant;" "She would astonish the simple-hearted nuns by reciting eloquent passages".... 488
Castellazzo, The Church and Rock of.... 213
Cat Out of the Bag, A (humorous illustration).... 368
Caught in the Act.... 229
Ceramic Art, Growth of the:
A Potter in the Primitive Age—Ancient Peruvian Pottery.... 308
Etruscan and Greek Vases; Roman Clay Lamps; Turkish Ware; Early China.... 309
Biberon of Oironware; Early German Pitcher; Earthenware; Jug, French; Hispano; Moresque Vase.... 312
Great China Manufactory at Sèvres; Molding China Dishes.... 313
Terra Cotta Fireplace at Vienna.... 316
Chambord, Count de:
Henry Charles F. M. Dieudonné, Henry V. of France.... 441
The Temple; Versailles; Marnes; Frohsdorf; Duchess d'Angoulême.... 440
Duchess de Berri; Count de Chambord Receiving Legitimists at Lucerne in 1872.... 444
St. Antoine Hotel, Antwerp, during the Count de Chambord's visit; Count de Chambord Receiving de Chesne long and others at Salzburg.... 445
Charity. From a painting by Brendamour.... 585
Chased by an Eagle.... 376
Chatsworth:
General View; The Library.... 100
Chatsworth and Matlock; Queen Mary's Bower; Bridge over the Derwent.... 101
Mary, Queen of Scots.... 104
The Hebe of Canova; Westmacott Mantelpiece.... 105
The French Garden.... 108
Conservatory.... 109
Chimney at Lisgarvan Mill, The
"He went straight up to Kate, holding out his hand"; "I had my knife to the end of it".... 44
Christmas Carol, A.... 32
Christmas Carol on the Ocean.... 80
Cinderella trying on the Shoe. By Gustave Doré.... 405
Coffee:
Investing Membrane of Coffee-berry; Section of Unroasted Coffee-berry; Fragment of Roasted Coffee.... 678
Picking the Ripe Berries in Central America.... 690
Spreading Husk Coffee to Dry in the Sun.... 681
Packing Coffee for Shipment in Costa Rica.... 684
Shipping Coffee in Costa Rica.... 685
Making Coffee in Turkish Style.... 688
Colored Plates:
The Finishing Touch. By Meyer von Bremen.... 1
Love's Young Dream. By A. Jourdan.... 129
Among Friends. By F. Hiddeman.... 257
Othello Relating his Adventures before Desdemona.... 385
"Why Don't He Come?".... 513
"Kitty, you're a Tease".... 641
Comanches, Recollections of Services among:
A Comanche Chief Addressing his Tribe.... 664
A Mexican Girl Carried off by Comanches; A Comanche Tribe on its way to a Conference.... 665
Comanches Carrying off a Wounded Chief.... 668
A Conference between U. S. Authorities and the Comanches.... 669
Cottage Door, The.... 437
Curious Walking Sticks.... 436

Dance of the May Queen, The.... 693
Delhi.... 424 428
Desperate Game, A:
"As we reached the open window, the same tableau met our eyes: the still figure in the chair, the beautiful fiend pressing the handkerchief to the sleeper's face" 353
Diana. A Statue by H. Thornycroft.... 489
Distinguished Invalids:
Alfred de Musset. By Gavarni.... 21
Thomas Hood.... 24

PAGE

Distinguished Invalids—*Continued.*
William H. Prescott.... 25
Heinrich Heine.... 28
Mrs. Elizabeth B. Browning.... 29
Diver, The:
"To God he commendeth his soul"; "He waves the gold goblet".... 240
Dressing for her Lover.... 165
Drink by the Way, A.... 449
Drum, The:
Continental Drummer and Fifer.... 88
The Drum of Childhood.... 89
Rehearsal for the Annual Training at a Village Store.... 92
Joseph Barra, the Heroic Drummer Boy.... 93
Turkish, Bormean, Cambodian Drums.... 96
Duck-shooting on Lake Albufera, Spain.... 292

Egypt:
King Amen Hotep I., Eighteenth Dynasty; The Cliff near Thebes where the Royal Mummies were Found 612
Funeral Papyrus of Queen Makara, Twenty-first Dynasty.... 613
Coffin and Mummy of a Gazelle; Little Chest of Papyrus with Wig of Princess, Twenty-first Dynasty; Chest of Papyrus Leaves with Offerings of Embalmed Leg of Mutton and Calf's Head.... 616
Opened Case and Mummy of King Amosis; The Priest Nebseni; Libation Vases belonging to Princess: Chests belonging to Queen Makara and her Daughter 61
Mummy Case of Rameses II; Queen Hathor, Hont Taui, Twenty-first Dynasty; King Thothmes, Eighteenth Dynasty.... 620
Emperor and the Child, The.... 720
Ethel:
"Ethel tottered for a moment, and fell headlong into the well".... 593
Expected Letter, The.... 75
Fairy Enid:
"Soon she was before one of the great mirrors, timidly shrinking from the glance of a little fairy in blue".... 417
Fairy Morgana, The.... 272
Fakir, The:
A Fakir and his Home; Long-haired Fakir; One Type of Hindoo Fakir.... 300
A Mohammedan Fakir; A Fakir in Calcutta; An Indian Fakir.... 301
Fashion in Deformity:
Tattooing a New Zealand Chief; A Tattooed Mozambique Chief.... 216
Mode of Tattooing still Preserved in Egypt; Chinook Apparatus for Flattening the Head; A Papuan of New Guinea with Nose Ornament.... 217
Chinese Nails of Fashionable Length; Lip Ornament of Indians of Northwest Coast.... 220
New Caledonians with their Ears Tattered by following the Fashion; Nose Ring of Cashmere Women.... 221
Deformed Feet of Chinese Ladies; Chinese Ladies' Feet; Natural Waist, with Ribs Expanded; Fashionable and Dangerous Deformity.... 224
Fiery Trial, A:
"'My God! Leo!' cried Jerome, and instantly dived after him".... 497
First Warm Days of Spring, The.... 336
Flowers.... 672
Fujiyama, Pilgrimage to the Summit of:
The Sacred Mountain, Fujiyama; Sailors at a Tea-house, Yokohama.... 568
The Style of Horse we Found in Japan; Entrance-gate of Yokohama.... 569
Pilgrims Ascending the Sacred Mountain.... 572
Japanese Tailor; Servants in Japanese Inn.... 573
Furniture, The Story of:
Sitting-room Furniture in the Time of William and Mary; Ancient Chair at Moor Park, England; Egyptian Tables.... 600
Furniture in the Time of Charles II.; Massive Iron Plate Chest, with Painted Panels.... 601

Garibaldi, Giuseppe:
Birthplace of Garibaldi, at Nice.... 513
Residence on Staten Island, in 1853.... 516
Children of Palermo Welcoming Garibaldi.... 517
Garibaldi at Palermo, Receiving the Neapolitan Envoys.... 520
Garibaldi's House at Caprera; Reception at Venice, in 1867.... 521
Arrival at Spezzia after the Affair at Aspromonte: At the Geneva Peace Conference, in 1867.... 524

PAGE

Garibaldi, Giuseppe—*Continued.*
Portrait Taken in New York; Garibaldi's Troops Disarmed, after Defeat at Mentano 525
Visit of Garibaldi to the King, in the Quirinal Gardens, Rome; Residence at Le Sieur Villa, Albano; Popular Ovation at Genoa 528
Genius of the Snow, The 208
Ghoorka Warrior, A:
"The fellow did the whole job in half a minute, hamstringing him with one blow and cuttin' his skull open with the next" 84
"As he lay dying there he held up three fingers, and shook them at us with a regular grin of joy" 85
"Give Me a Kiss First" 212
Going to Have Rhubarb Pie 717
Great Tone Poets, The:
Sebastian Bach; Reuter Discovering Hadyn's Talent.... 180
Hadyn Instructed by Reuter 181
Beethoven Performing before Prince Louis Ferdinand ... 184
Beethoven's Birthplace; George Frederick Handel; Ludwig Spohr 185
Rossini; Rossini's House at Passy; Funeral of Rossini.. 188
Handel Instructing a Pupil 189
The Handel Music Hall, Dublin 192
Beethoven 197
Greek Maiden Painting a Vase. From the Painting by Hernandez Amores 288
Gwendolin:
"With a movement that seemed like music, the beautiful woman came forward" "I reached the brook, and sprang across it" 232
"'As the savage animal again sprang on me, I buried my knife in the heart;'" "'Rising in her stirrup, she severed the rope about my neck 233

Hearing:
Listening 120
Hearing-organs of Lobster; Auditory Sac of Lobster; Portion of Same 121
Auditory Organs of Cod; Otolith of Cod; Auditory Hair of Fish; Auditory Organ of Skate; Labyrinth and Cochlea of Mammal; Cochlea with Part of Wall Removed 124
External Ear and Interior Parts; Auditory Ossicles of Man; Nerves of the Head 125
Her First Offer. By E. F. Brewtnall 48
Her Neglected Pet 484
Hidden Joys 404
Home Life in Pompeii 421
Horse, Sagacity of a 292
How Brigandage was Put Down in Turkey:
"'On to the hook with him!' roared the old Pasha 37
How Buildings are Protected against Lightning:
Temple Struck by Lightning 632
Method of Fastening Flat Lightning-rod to a Wall; Rope of Copper Wire Frequently Employed; Multiple Point, or Aigrette; Callaud's Multiple Point 633
Mode of Protecting Hotel de Ville, Brussels, from Lightning 636
Statue of St. Michel on Hotel de Ville; Portion of Inner Courtyard of Hotel de Ville; Conical Space Considered as Protected by a Lightning-rod 637
How Janet Found her Life:
"He was silently smiling down on her" 146
How the Dead Man Kept his Pledge:
"My heart told me that the motionless figure lying prone on the floor was Leonie" 289

Iceland Scenery:
General View of Reykjavik 340
An Iceland Farm; Headdress of Iceland Women; A Lutheran Clergyman in Iceland 341
Ponies Crossing a Lava-field; Interior of a Farmhouse; Driving Iceland Ponies 344
A Stirrup Cup; A Woman's Saddle; Women's Hats and Caps; A Guide 345
Traveling through Lava-beds; The Island at Boiling Springs 348
The Great Geyser 349
Fall of Kvarnararfoss 352
Inevitable 117
In the Library. From the Painting by Kissel 533
Italian Tambourine Girl. From a Painting by Coninck 736

Japan, Scene in 568, 573
"Jeannette" and her Crew, The:
The "Jeanette" Leaving San Francisco, July 8th, 1879.. 257

PAGE

"Jeannette" and her Crew, The—*Continued.*
James Gordon Bennett, Proprietor of the New York *Herald*; Lieut. G. W. De Long, Commander of the "Jeannette"; George W. Melville, Engineer 260
The "Jeannette" Caught in the Icepack 261
Collins, Jerome J., Correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald*; Lieut. Charles W. Chipp, U. S N., Executive Officer; Dr. James M. M. Ambler, U. S. N., Surgeon; W. Dunbar, Ice-pilot; John W. Danenhower, Second Officer; H. L. Newcomb, Naturalist 264
A Lookout in the Crow's Nest of an Arctic Vessel 265
The Crew of the "Jeannette" Leaving her in Three Boats 268
Group of Tongoos, the Tribe that Rescued Melville's Party 266
Jim:
"At length Jim broke the silence, and observed, 'Jenny, I've got something to say to you. It's been on my mind ever since I began to get better'" 401
John Gilpin's Race, and What Came of It:
"I saw a smooth-faced man in a skullcap attempt to drag a swarthy one from the track of the engine" 305

Kabyles, The Land of the:
At a Well in the Kabyle Country; Poor Kabyles on the March 468
Preparing a Bride—Scene in a Rich Kabyle's House..... 469
Kabyle Mother and Child 472
A Kabyle Family Fording a Stream 473
Diagram of Kabyle Tunic 475
Women at their Household Cares; Kabyles Electing a Chief 476
Counterfeiters at Work in the Mountains of Kabyle..... 477
Hostile Kabyles Surprised by the French 480
Kairwan:
Lieutenant Arthuis Demanding the Surrender 536
View of the City; Grand Mosque of Okhbah; Governor Receiving French Officers 537
Sanctuary of the Mosque Sidi Okhbah 540
Tomb of Sidi-es-Sahib, My Lord the Companion; Hall of the Aissaoua 541
Aissaoua, or Mohammedan Fanatics 544
Kismet:
"She thrust forth her bare white arm. Middleton deciphered two letters tattooed on the snowy skin..... 561
Kit, a Martyr:
"Flying across the fire-escape, and bearing in her strong young arms a boy, was 'Kit'—Kit Jones, my little Kit" 273
"She found Jones behind her bed, but tearing his breast and seeming unable to reply" 276

Lady Hamilton. From a Painting by George Romney 576
Lady Rock, The:
"Her Highland blood boiled in her veins, and throwing herself upon her knees, she vowed deadly vengeance" 241
La Jeune, or Actress and Woman:
"Plunging her dimpled hand into the midst of the flowers, she drew out a glittering bracelet" 33
Last Citation, The:
"We are here at last," he muttered, with a long breath of satisfaction, giving two raps on the door 209
Last Quarrel, The:
"Upon a few planks lay two pale, silent figures, and one was Leonard." "He's all right," said the doctor.... 625
Lawn Tennis 564 565
Life-saving Service on the Great Lakes:
To the Rescue 385
The Lookout; Interior of a Station; First Watch..... 388
A Drill 389
Launching the Lifeboat 392
Pier and Lighthouse, Fairport; Sturgeon Point from the North; The Crib, Lake Erie; Point aux Barques, Lake Erie 393
Life-saving Stations Nos. 10 and 12, Lake Superior..... 396
Wrecked on the Lakes 397
Lily-of-the-Valley, The 592
Little Cecilia in Rome 589
Little Fruit Girl, The. From a painting by Piot 384
Little Neighbors Come to See the Baby, The 560
Locusts and Grasshoppers:
A Japanese Grasshopper Screen 500
Locust Depositing her Eggs; Eggs and Young of Locust 501
Auditory Apparatus of Grasshopper 502
Frightening Locusts in Syria; Algerians Endeavoring by Noises to Prevent the Invasion of Grasshoppers..... 504
The Chapulin or Central American Locust Darkening the Air; District Wasted and Destroyed by Chapulins.. 505

PAGE

Locusts and Grasshoppers—*Continued.*
Egg of Locust; Egg Mass of Locust ... 506
Western Fields Invaded by Grasshoppers; Locomotives Arrested by Armies of Grasshoppers ... 508
Locusts as Food; Market Scene at Muscat, Arabia ... 509
London and its Lord Mayors:
Saluting the American Flag at the Lord Mayor's Procession, 1881 ... 129
Sir Richard Whittington, from an Early Print; Car in a Lord Mayor's Procession ... 132
The Mansion House; Presenting an Address; The Banqueting House in 1750 ... 133
Mansion House—Exterior; Procession at Temple Bar; Lord Mayor Presenting a Sword to the Queen ... 136
A Legend of a Lord Mayor; Osborne's Leap ... 137
Lord Mayor's Dray in, London; Lord Mayor's Show. By Hogarth ... 140
London in 1550 ... 141
Lone Tree of Goff's Hollow, The:
"He carved a cross upon the tree with his ax" ... 304
Longfellow:
Longfellow at forty-seven; at fifty-five; at sixty ... 740
Illustration to "The Wreck of the 'Hesperus'"; to "Excelsior" ... 741
Longfellow's Birthplace, Portland, Me.; Residence, Cambridge, Mass. ... 744
Longfellow in his Study ... 745
Illustration to "The Two Angels" ... 748
Last Scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline"; Illustration to "The Courtship of Miles Standish" ... 749
The Burial of the Poet ... 752
Looked for Summer Days, The ... 457
Lost in Thought. From a Painting by Edouard Bissons ... 373
Love in a Steeple:
"She uttered a shriek of terror, stretched her hands out, and I saw her sway" ... 465
Love's Envoy, a Marble Statue. By Caroni Emanuele, of Florence ... 628
Lynx, The ... 692

Manuel:
"With all the strength that love could give I grasped the dripping form that Manuel raised to me as he swept by" ... 337
Melodramatic Aspects of the Franco-German War:
Germania at the Rhine ... 641
Napoleon III.; Count Benedetti; Scene before the Palace, Berlin; Announcement of War ... 644
King of Prussia Embracing the Crown Prince, before Setting out for the Field ... 645
Napoleon III. Receiving Congratulations of the Senate; Scene in French Senate on Declaration of War; King William Proclaimed Emperor in the Gallery of Mirrors, Versailles ... 648
Chateau of Bellevue, where Napoleon III. met the King of Prussia; Napoleon Passing through the Battlefield of Sedan, on his Way to Bouillon ... 649
Napoleon Arriving as a Prisoner in the Prussian Camp; Taking Exercise in the Gardens of Wilhelmshohe; Why there are no Old Trees in the Bois de Boulogne. 652
Chateau of Wilhelmshohe, near Cassel, where Napoleon III. Resided while a Prisoner ... 653
Messalina. From a Painting by Munkaczy ... 581
Messenger of Love, The. From the Painting by Ch. Chaplin ... 317
Midnight Lady, The:
"A young woman fell on her knees beside him, peering into his face with two wild, beautiful eyes. You're awake. Hush! rise and follow me" ... 225
Mignon ... 512
Millicent Berkeley's Dower:
"There, amid the moldering fragments of rich cloth, lay a skeleton" ... 177
Miss Henderson's Ring:
"The bull, halting as if struck by a thunderbolt, came floundering to the ground" ... 609
Mole, The Star-nosed ... 604
Mole's Home, The ... 605
Monkey Traps ... 372
Moonlight on the Mississippi ... 65
Morning at Loon Lake. From a Painting by James Hart ... 697
Mrs. Desmond's Ambition:
"Captain Thornton, I have listened long enough; you forget to whom you are speaking" ... 545
Murder in the Rue St. Denis, The:
"When Mr. Gabot had got as far as the hands, he saw that one of them was closed on something" ... 113
My Double Identity ... 689

PAGE

My Ring ... 604
Mystery of the Sea, The:
"They beheld the apparition of the murdered lady standing on the last step of the ladder" ... 369

Nasmyth and the Candlesticks ... 448
Nest, A Curious ... 20
New York's Water Supply, Past, Present and Future of:
Croton Lake and the Works at High Bridge ... 1
New York's Primitive Source of Water Supply: The Spring; The Draw-well; A Balance-pole Well; The Windlass; The Town Pump ... 4
Scene at a Tea-water Pump in the Last Century ... 5
Tea-water Delivered at the Door; Knapp's Tea-water Pump, Greenwich Street ... 8
Manhattan Reservoir, Chamber Street; Reservoir, Reade and Centre Street ... 9
Disused Portion of Croton Aqueduct; The Croton Stand Pipe, Ninety-seventh Street ... 12
Reservoir, Central Park, 1862; Pipe Chambers ... 13
High Bridge over Harlem River ... 16

One Picture:
"Truffi alone and old Giuditti penetrated the solitude of her quiet studio" ... 721
Only a Child ... 464
Our Adventures at the Bridge of Icononzo:
John Fighting the Guapacos ... 168
In the Depths ... 169
Our Home Tragedy:
"Something gleamed in Ann's hand. There was a loud report, and then Grappit reached after her wrists and tried to pinion them" ... 481
Out in the Rain:
Statuary ... 548

Palaces of the People, The:
New York's State Capitol, Albany, as Projected ... 408
Senate Chamber, Capitol, Albany ... 409
Assembly Chamber ... 412
Grand Staircase; General View of Capitol as Erected ... 413
Pallas Sand Grouse, The ... 41
Palm-leaf Hat, The Idyl of the ... 704
Passion Vine ... 416
Paying-teller's Story, The:
"'I think you have given me a thousand dollars too much,' she said, as she laid the roll down before me with artless simplicity" ... 433
Peasant Life in India:
A Grainseller in a Bengal Village ... 724
A Hindoo Grist-mill; Hindoo Threshing; A Hindoo Plow; Rural Life in India ... 725
Scene at a Village Well; Hindoo Grain-hackeries, or Bullock-carts; Method of Irrigation ... 728
Tailors and Seamsters at Work ... 729
Arrival of Relief in a Distressed Village; Scene in a Hindoo Village; Village near Bengal ... 732
Women at a Handmill—Villagers Worshiping the Sacred Cow ... 733
Perdita:
"The light draperies of her little bed were wreathed in leaping tongues of crimson and gold" ... 81
Pony, Sagacity of a:
Grimm Entering the Scullery and Taking the Cabbage; Grimm Surprising his Mistress by Entering the Dining-room ... 696
Portraits:
Ambler, James M. M., Surgeon of the "Jeannette" ... 264
Bach, Sebastian ... 180
Beethoven ... 197
Benedetti, Count ... 644
Bennett, James Gordon ... 260
Browning, Mrs. E. B. B. ... 29
Burns, Robert ... 356
Chipp, Lieut. C. W., Executive Officer "Jeannette" ... 264
Collins, Jerome J., *Herald* Correspondent ... 264
Danenhower, John W., Officer, "Jeannette" ... 264
De Long, G. W., Commander "Jeannette" ... 260
Dunbar, W., Ice-pilot ... 264
Garibaldi, Giuseppe ... 525
Handel, George F. ... 185
Heine, Heinrich ... 28
Hood, Thomas ... 24
Longfellow, Henry W., at forty-seven, fifty-five and sixty ... 741
Melville, G. W., Engineer "Jeannette" ... 260
Musset, Alfred de ... 21
Napoleon III ... 64

PAGE

Portraits—*Continued.*
Newcomb, R. L., Naturalist "Jeannette" ... 264
Prescott, W. H. ... 25
Rossini ... 188
Spohr, Ludwig ... 185
Talmage, Rev. T. De Witt ... 112
Print of a Finger, The:
"'Edward, you here!' The tone was as joyous as might be expected" ... 161
Priscilla, the Puritan's Daughter ... 256
Pyrenees, In the Land of the:
A Street in Fontarabia; Mowers Falling Down a Precipice ... 52
St. Savin ... 53
Pilgrims at the Grotto of Lourdes; Town and Fortress of San Sebastian ... 56
Church of St. Ignatius, at Manresa; Lequeito, on the Bay of Biscay ... 57
A Mountain Path; The Castle of Pau ... 60
An Inn in Northern Spain, near the Pyrenees ... 61
French Observatory on the Pic du Midi; Contrabandists Crossing the Pyrenees; Congress Hall, Andorra ... 64
Roland's Horn ... 69

Quiet Woodland Spot, A ... 193

Rebecca at the Well ... 77
Reverie, A ... 709
River, The ... 656
Rolf and I:
"There he was, my noble Rolf, the only man—I know it now—whom I could truly love and respect" ... 673
Romantic Incident of the Border:
Major McCulloch Making his Celebrated Leap ... 297
Rosa, a Gypsy Girl. From a Drawing by J. F. Portaels ... 453

Sainty's Christmas Gifts:
"And there, by the coffin of his dead child, Sainty met her old lover once more" ... 49
Salmon, A Gossip about the:
Salmon Spearing by Torchlight ... 621
Salmon Spearing on the Dee at Braemar, Scotland; Salmon Watching on the Rhine ... 624
Sappho's Despair ... 333
Sharpening the Reaping-hook ... 461
Sister Marguerite:
"She timidly, half-hesitatingly held out the finger destined for the ring" ... 40
Sisters of Charity, The ... 329
Soap, the Manufacture of:
Interior of a Soap Factory at Marseilles ... 244
Process of Making White Soap at Marseilles ... 245
Palm-oil Tree; Olive and Its Fruit ... 248
Peasants Gathering Varech, or Seaweed, on the French Coast ... 249
Negroes Making Palm-oil at Whydah; A Ceylon Oil-mill. 252
The Soap-bubble ... 253
Song of Labor, The ... 164
Spiders' Webs:
The Networking-spider; The Mygale, or Bird-killing Spider ... 172
The Trap-door Spider's Subterranean Tube; Spinnerets; Spider's Claw; Calamistrum of Amaurobius; The Trap-door Spider and its Home ... 173
Spider Engineering; A Spider Steadying its Web; A Snake Captured in a Spider's Web; A Spider Captures a Mouse ... 176
St. Cecilia, with St. Paul, St. John and Mary Magdalen ... 325
Strange Betrothal, A:
"The fragile vessel capsized, and those so lately full of reckless merriment were battling for life in the black, swift-running current" ... 753
Strasburg:
The Cathedral; Famous Astronomical Clock ... 280
Old Houses ... 281
Bombardment of the City ... 284

PAGE

Strasburg—*Continued.*
The Goose-market; The Fish-market; Germans Bombarding City ... 285
Study, After Sir Joshua Reynolds, A ... 36
Sun-dial, A:
At the Sun-dial ... 377
Figure Showing the Principle on which a Sun-dial is Constructed; The Gnomon ... 378
Figure Showing the Difference between a Siderial and a Solar Day; Figure Showing the Inclination of the Ecliptic to the Celestial Equator ... 379
Marble Sun-dial near the Monument of Thrasyllus, Athens; Shepherd's Dial; Roman Ham-shaped Dial; Curious Ancient Sun-dial ... 380
The Earth in Different Parts of its Orbit; Shell or Cup Dial; Compound Sun-dial in the Elgin Collection; Ancient Marble Dial ... 381
Swan and the Lamb, The ... 116
Swan Defending her Cygnets, The ... 596

Tapestry:
Specimen of Bayeux Tapestry; Specimen of Painted Tapestry Work ... 549
Original Design for Tapestry Work; Ruins of the Gobelin Factory ... 552
Louis XIV. Visiting the Great Tapestry Factory at Gobelin ... 553
Modern Tapestry; Upright Loom; Low Warploom ... 556
Ancient Flemish Tapestry; Dame Arithmétique Teaching her Art ... 557
Terrible Adventure, A:
"Rounding a curve in the path, I discovered, to my horror, a huge tiger"; "In stepping back to avoid the tiger's second spring, I fell over, followed by the tiger" ... 429
"Scrambling along the trunk, I got on the rock in the nick of time. The bullet crashed through the animal's brain, and with a dying howl he relaxed his grip and fell" ... 432
"The King is dead. Long live the King" ... 321
The Letter "S"; Or, The Jocelyn Sin:
"They had come out of the shrubbery close to the stile. On the other side General Jocelyn was bending over a dark object" ... 577
"The silent watcher in the anteroom clinched the tawny fists and glared at the two beautiful Jocelyns in malign rage" ... 705
The 9:30 up:
"We are enemies, Miss Reynolds, from this time forth." "His face turned toward the coming death" ... 17
Thistles in the Land of Don Quixote ... 597
Token, The ... 276
Tongoos, Group of ... 266
Trapping a Tiger:
"The frantic joy of the natives, the weird light of the torches, and the dead body of the tiger, formed a tableau which I shall not easily forget" ... 97
Two Pets, The. Engraved by Knesing, from a drawing by W. A. Cranston ... 713
Two Thrones ... 629
Type of Beauty, A ... 640

Under the Banyan:
A Banyan-tree across a Street in India ... 236
Seeking the Shelter of a Banyan-tree ... 237

Wattle Blossoms—An Australian Picture ... 660
"Where the Brook and the Willow Kiss" ... 420
Whispered Secret, The ... 400
Willow Patterns, The ... 144
Woodland Muses, The. From a Painting by Kaulbach ... 201
Writing on the Wall, The. (Humorous) ... 496

Zeb Hardacre's Christmas Eve:
Zeb Summoned to the Fairy Court ... 492
Zeb Rescues Sally from the Fairies ... 493

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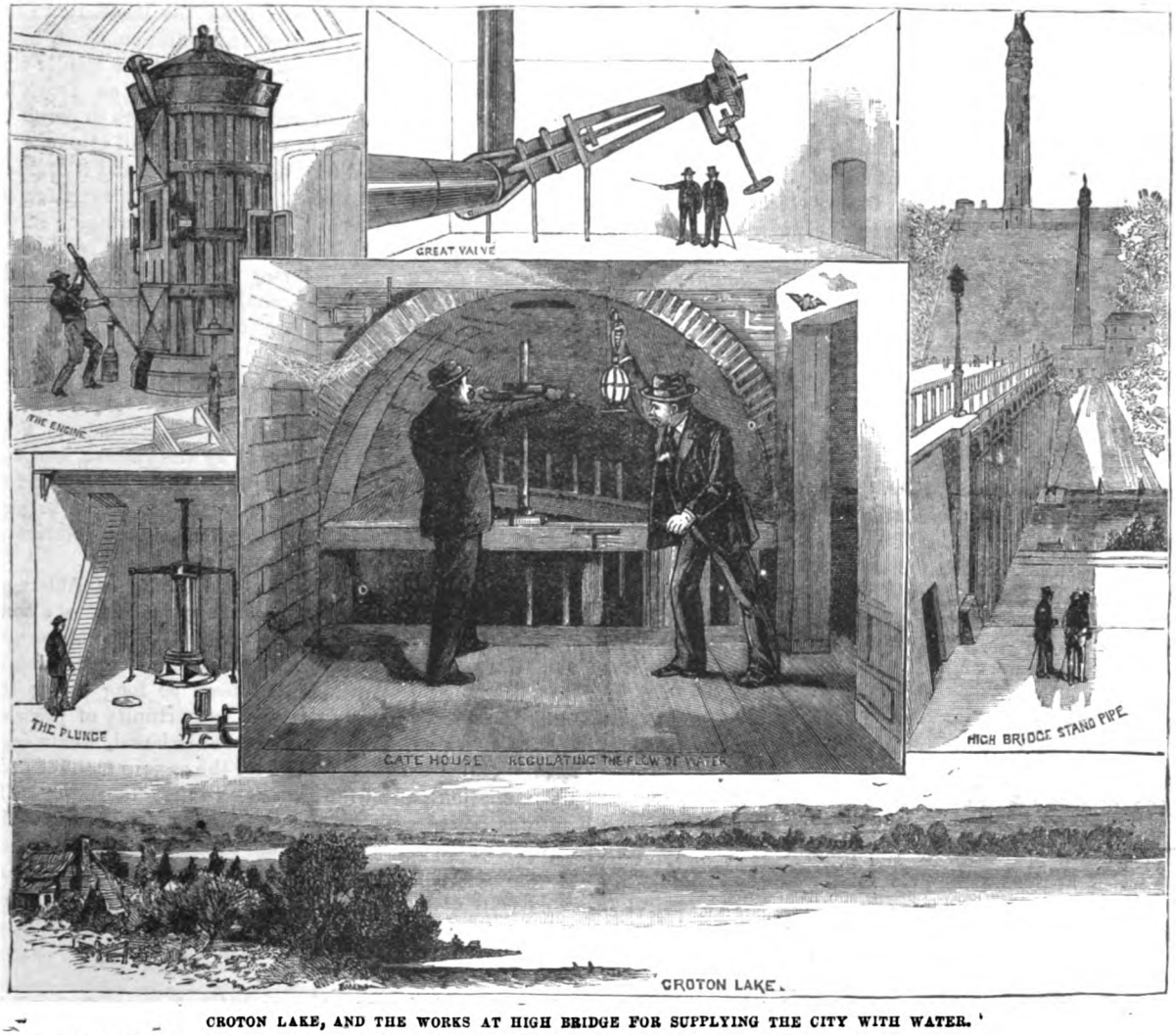
THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF NEW YORK'S WATER SUPPLY.

BY DOUGLAS CAMPBELL.

THE City of New York has to-day no subject of more vital importance than that of its water supply, and yet it has no question of even common interest so little understood. If our streets are not properly cleaned, every one can tell about the organization of the Street-cleaning Bureau, and will dilate upon the diseases and deaths caused by the foul pavements. Yet, from an insufficient water supply, sewer-gas pours into our houses, killing hundreds where exhalations from the streets kill one, and not a voice is raised, except to blame some official guiltless of all wrong.

The fact is, that the generation which has grown up since the introduction of Croton water knows almost nothing about the source and the manner of its supply. One portion seems to think it a subject fit only for the study of engineers, and therefore a question upon which the opinions of our officials must be conclusive; another, and, perhaps, a larger portion, derives all its information from



CROTON LAKE, AND THE WORKS AT HIGH BRIDGE FOR SUPPLYING THE CITY WITH WATER.

...who treat the subject, according to their Port... with profound ignorance coupled with an as...tion of infallibility. The misinformation derived from this source is naturally worse than ignorance.

But the most thoughtless person is aware of a few leading facts. He knows that years ago the water rose in all our houses to the upper stories, while now, unless he lives in some favored district, he has to pump it, or carry it up by hand. He knows, too, that however careful he may be of the water, he has numerous neighbors who waste it wantonly and wickedly, even in times of severe drought, and that they go unpunished and unchecked. He is also aware that but a short time ago the supply was said to be almost exhausted, and that but for the relief of bounteous rains we should have faced a water famine with all its horrors. This last experience, which may be repeated before the Spring floods come, shows where we are drifting, and it lends particular interest to an examination of the water question of the city. The facts are not open to many readers, for they are found in rare volumes and in unread official reports. But the subject is a very simple one, and can be understood with but slight attention.

Even before the Revolution the question of a water supply for New York was a problem of interest and difficulty. The city is located on an island, surrounded on all sides by salt water. The soil beneath it is peculiar, and contains few of those subterranean streams such as are found in abundance on Long Island, where pure, fresh water from distant hills forces its way under the Sound, and bursts forth in springs and fountains. Hence the sole resource of New York was found in wells, and these were mostly of an inferior character.

But at an early day the people showed great public spirit in the attempt to utilize these wells on a large scale.

In 1774, when the population of the city was only 22,000, the Corporation began the construction of a reservoir on the east side of Broadway, between what are now known as Pearl and White Streets, and for its supply a well of large dimensions was sunk in the vicinity of the Collect. For the purpose of defraying the expenses of this work the city issued paper money to the amount of £2,500, and bonds for nearly £9,000 more. Then the Revolution came, and caused the abandonment of this undertaking.

When peace was restored the subject of a water supply was again started, and its agitation was continued for half a century. As early as 1799 the people began to look beyond the limits of the island for streams which could be brought into the city, and the first one fixed upon was the Bronx River, in Westchester County, which was recommended by an engineer employed by the Common Council. Nothing, however, came of this project, for in the same year Aaron Burr secured the passage of his famous Water Bill, which, it was claimed, would solve the whole problem.

It was entitled "An Act to Secure a Supply of Pure Water for New York City," and still stands in full force as a monument to the cunning of the legislator, who was a fit prototype of many of our modern so-called statesmen. It endowed the Manhattan Company with existence so long as it should supply such of the inhabitants of New York with water as were willing to take it on the company's terms. The Corporation was empowered, with a capital of two million dollars, to erect dams and reservoirs, build aqueducts and lay pipes anywhere, and, in fact, do almost anything in its discretion toward furnishing a supply of water. Finally, a little section, slipped in at the end of the Act, provided that its surplus funds might be employed in buying bonds, or in any other financial transactions not forbidden by the constitution.

The company dug a few wells and laid some pipes. It was not a success as a Water Company, but it made a good bank, and in the latter capacity exists to-day. In order to retain its charter it is obliged to keep up its reservoir, where such persons as comply with its terms might doubtless still obtain a drink, if nothing more.

That the Manhattan Company did construct waterworks, was discovered by some residents on Bleecker Street about four or five years ago.

The Lorillards own property near Broadway, on that street. One morning their agent was astonished by the appearance of a tenant who, half out of his senses, declared that the back of his house had fallen into the earth, and was nearly out of sight; not only this, but the back yards of the adjoining houses had also disappeared.

Here was something new in geology? Was New York built over a crater of an extinct volcano, or was there a natural cave beneath the surface?

The agent hurried to the scene. Looking down on it from the adjoining building, nothing was in sight except a great cavern, which had swallowed up house, yards and all.

Finally some old maps were discovered, which showed that upon this spot the Manhattan Company had built an enormous well, or, rather, reservoir, for it was sixty feet in diameter, and nearly a hundred feet deep; when given up it had been covered over and forgotten.

Little relief being obtained from the Manhattan Company by the people of the city, the agitation again began for bringing in water from a distance at the public cost. And now all kinds of schemes were set on foot, but though none of them had enough supporters to carry the day, they each combined in turn to defeat all others.

Thus affairs went on for years in discord and confusion. It was proposed by some to pump up salt water for the extinguishment of fires, others suggested bringing in the Croton; others, again, the water of the Bronx, and some advocated going to New Jersey and tapping the Passaic. Reports were made without number, bills were introduced into the Legislature to carry out various schemes, but nothing was accomplished.

Finally, two events brought matters to a crisis. In 1828 property of the value of $600,000 was destroyed by a fire, mainly because of the difficulty of obtaining water. Four years later the city was scourged by the cholera, and this was attributed to the character of the drinking water furnished by the wells. Then the necessity of action became apparent, and a scheme was suggested for the solution of the subject which satisfied all parties.

In January, 1833, the Mayor and Board of Aldermen petitioned the Legislature for the appointment of a commission of five members, to be selected by the Governor, with the approval of the Senate, for the investigation of the various projects which had been so long before the public; this gave every party an opportunity of presenting their views before a disinterested tribunal, where each felt hopeful of success. A bill for the appointment of such a Commission passed the Legislature the following month, and was hailed with great joy. Under its provisions the Governor selected five taxpayers of the city, all gentlemen of character and business ability, to serve for one year as the Board of Water Commissioners of New York. They were not officials, nor were they experts, but as business men they sat like a jury, to hear and report upon the various schemes.

The Commissioners at once entered upon their work. Their first act was to appoint two engineers of eminence to

aid them in their labors. These were Canvas White and Major D. B. Douglass, of the United States Corps of Engineers, formerly Professor at West Point. Mr. White was unable to serve, and Major Douglass acted alone. He was probably the best man who could have been selected for the place. He was a man of great ability, and stood committed to none of the rival schemes.

Under instructions from the Commissioners, he at once proceeded to examine the various sources of water supply which were near the city, with the object of determining the cost of bringing the water from each, the amount to be obtained, and the character of the works which would be necessary. Meantime, the Commissioners held meetings, and examined the various plans laid before them, and these, as has been already stated, were numerous enough. Among them was a scheme about on a par with many now suggested. It was gravely proposed to build a dam across the Hudson, about two feet above the level of high tide. This dam, it was claimed, would retain all the salt water below it, while the fresh water above could be pumped up into reservoirs, by means of water-wheels operated by the overfall of water when the tide was low. The hydraulic power thus obtained, in excess of that required for pumping purposes, was to be sold to manufacturers.

In October, 1834, Major Douglass made his report to the Commissioners, in which he unqualifiedly recommended the Croton River as the source from which the city should obtain its supply of water. He said it could be brought in by a masonry aqueduct through one of two routes—the "inland route," or the "Hudson River route," the former being forty-three miles, and the latter forty-seven miles long from the proposed dam on the Croton to the distributing-reservoir at Murray Hill. He estimated that a minimum supply of 27,000,000 gallons per day could be delivered by the inland route, at a cost of about four and a half million dollars, and by the Hudson River route for about a quarter of a million more.

In November the Commissioners submitted their report to the Common Council, and in January of 1834 to the Legislature, fully indorsing the conclusions arrived at by Major Douglass. The Legislature, by a new Act, authorized the reappointment of a Commission with authority to adopt a plan of bringing in water for the city, the plan to be submitted to the Common Council, and, if approved by it, to be further submitted to a popular vote at the next charter election. If adopted by the people, the Common Council was authorized to issue water-stock to the amount of $2,500,000, and to instruct the Commission to proceed with the work. The Governor reappointed the old Commissioners, who at once proceeded to re-examine their former work, calling in another engineer to make additional estimates. In February, 1835, they made their final report to the Common Council, reviewing and rejecting the various schemes put forward in opposition to the Croton River project, and again recommending the plan of Major Douglass for an aqueduct of masonry from the Croton River. The cost of the work, with all needed pipes and appliances, was estimated at about five millions and a half. The Common Council approved of the plan; and when submitted to a popular vote, it was carried by an enormous majority. Directly afterward the Common Council "instructed the Commissioners to proceed with the work." In May, 1836, they began their preparatory measures, Major Douglass being appointed Chief Engineer. He proceeded with the location of the aqueduct and the preparation of plans until succeeded by John B. Jervis, under whose supervision all subsequent work was done, and whose name is inseparably connected with the water system of New York.

In May, 1837, the first part of the aqueduct was placed under contract. On the 27th of June, 1842, the water entered the receiving-reservoir in what is now Central Park, and on the 4th of July of the same year it was admitted into the distributing-reservoir at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. On the 14th of October the city held a grand celebration in honor of the event, which marks so important a point in its career. Well might its inhabitants rejoice. They had solved, and they thought for all time, the most perplexing problem which the city had encountered on its march to greatness. It had perplexed and baffled them until the appointment of this Commission had been suggested, and then its solution proved an easy matter. Since then the growth of the city has outrun even the wildest dreams of the men of that day, for its population has tripled, and its wealth increased eightfold, and this increase is largely due to the wisdom of the men who gave to the city its supply of water.

Now, let us see what they did.

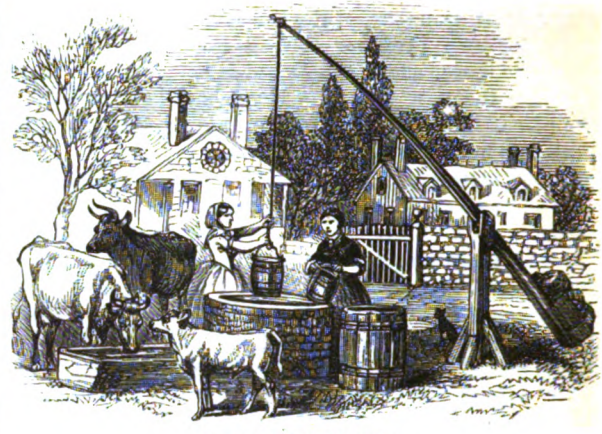
The Croton River is a stream about forty-five miles long, with numerous little tributaries. It rises in Dutchess County, and runs through Putnam and Westchester Counties, emptying into the Hudson above Sing Sing. It drains a territory of nearly four hundred square miles in extent, and this country is dotted all over with numerous lakes, some thirty-one in all, the largest of which is the well-known Lake Mohopac. In providing Manhattan Island as the site for a great city, nature seems at the same time to have adapted the Croton Valley for its water supply. To be sure, the Croton River is a stream which in time of drought dwindles to a little rivulet, but at other seasons of the year it swells to vast proportions. All that is needed is to catch and retain the surplus water at times of flood and store it for the months when the stream is low. For this purpose bountiful provision has been made, for the whole region is grooved with deep valleys, which require simply a short dam to make a reservoir of any size.

The men who built the Croton Aqueduct had all this in view in making their selection. They saw that in the future, as the city grew, a vast supply of water might be needed, and they reported that reservoirs could be constructed as required, from time to time, to meet the wants of the increasing population. At the time of their work they judged that only one would be needed in the Croton Valley, and that they built on the Croton River, about six miles from the point where it empties into the Hudson. This reservoir is now known as the Croton Lake. In one sense it is a reservoir, but its chief purpose is to serve as a settling basin for the impure water brought down in time of freshets. It was formed by building a dam across the Croton River, some thirty-eight feet in height, setting the water back six miles, thus forming a lake of a width varying from one-eighth to a quarter of a mile, and covering an area of about four hundred acres. From this reservoir or lake all the water is directly drawn with which the city is supplied, for the upper reservoirs afterward constructed empty their water into the Croton Lake in time of need. The Croton Aqueduct, which brings the water to the city, begins at the Croton Lake and ends at the receiving reservoir in Central Park. Through all its length, until it reaches High Bridge at the Harlem River, it is built of solid masonry, and is inside about eight and a half feet high and seven and a half feet wide. The top is rounded, forming an arch, and the original design was that it should be filled with water only to the point where the arch begins. With this view it was calculated that it would deliver about seventy million gallons of water daily for the consumption of the city. It has since been found practicable

NEW YORK'S PRIMITIVE SOURCE OF WATER-SUPPLY—THE SPRING.

to carry the water higher than was originally intended, so that it now conveys, when full, nearly one hundred millions. The Croton dam where the aqueduct begins is higher than Manhattan Island.

The engineering problem met in its construction was to find a route by which it could be built on a gradual and regular slope until it reached the city, for in no place was the water intended to run up-hill, but always on a gradual descent by its own weight. This route was found. It follows the Valley of the Croton nearly to the Hudson River, thence along the Hudson, through Sing Sing, Tarrytown, Dobb's Ferry, Hastings and Yonkers. From the latter point it leaves the Hudson Valley and crosses to the dividing ridge between the Hudson and East Rivers, and along this summit to the Harlem at High Bridge. At High Bridge the water enters iron pipes, in which it is carried across that splendid monument of engineering skill, and thence is conducted partly through an aqueduct



A BALANCE-POLE WELL.

and partly in pipes until it reaches Central Park. The whole distance to the latter point is thirty-eight miles, and the whole descent a little over forty-three feet.

In the progress of the labor which accompanied this result much interesting work was done. Beginning at Croton Lake, a tunnel, eleven feet deep, was cut in the solid rock on the west of the dam. Through this tunnel

THE WINDLASS.

the water is drawn out, and being taken from such a distance below the surface, it leaves behind the leaves, drift wood, and other rubbish, which are cleaned off daily. This tunnel is over two hundred feet in length ; at its lower end is the gate-house to the aqueduct. Here are heavy gates worked with screws, which regulate the flow of water through the aqueduct, and by which the water can be cut

THE DRAW-WELL.

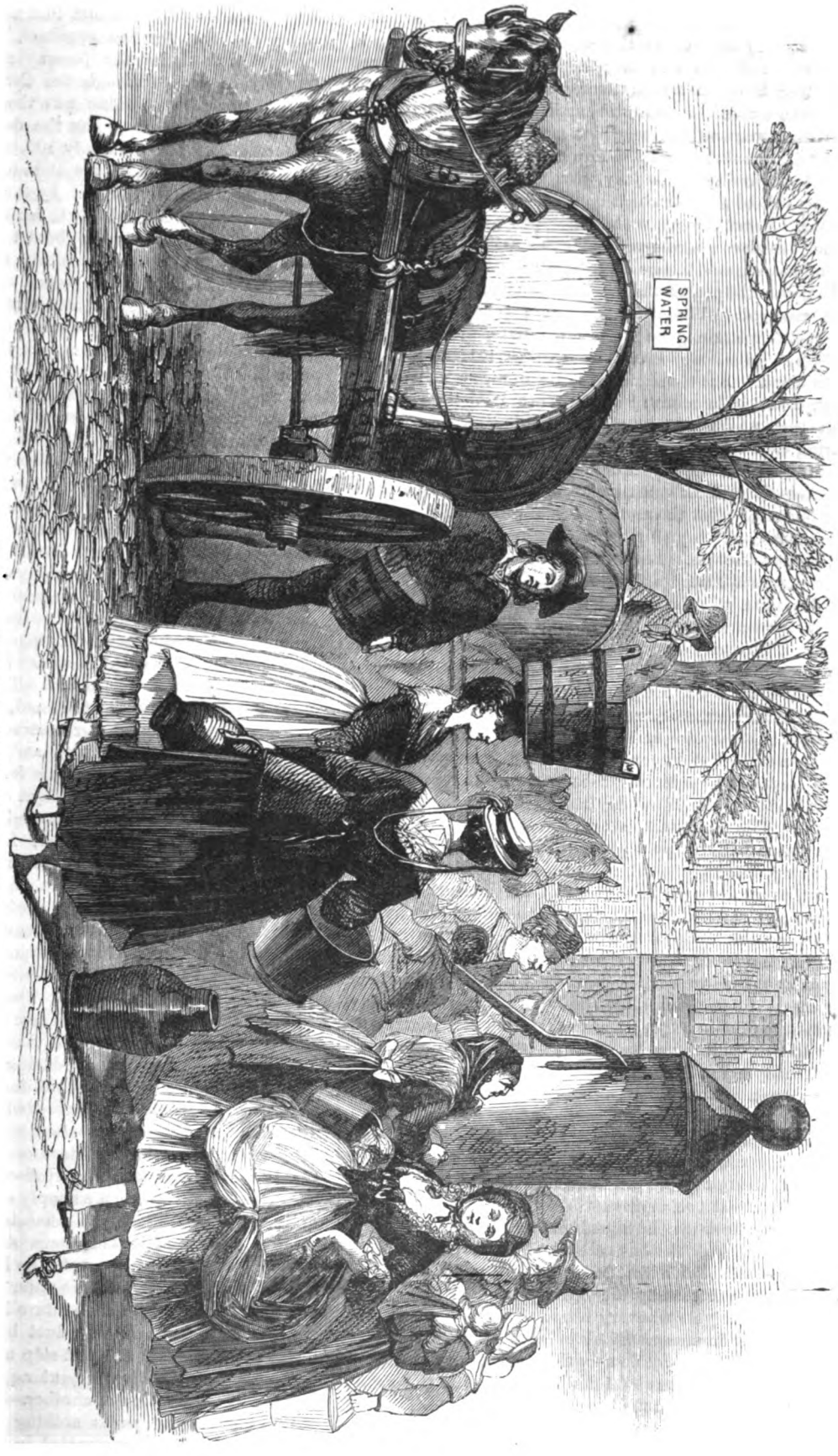
THE TOWN PUMP.

off altogether. Once a year these are closed, all the water is drawn out, and the whole interior of the aqueduct carefully examined.

In its course to High Bridge the aqueduct passes through numerous other tunnels, one of which is nearly a sixth of a mile in length.

Besides the tunnels, all of which were costly works, many bridges of great height and length were built to cross the numerous valleys encountered in the route. Of these, the chief and best known is the High Bridge, across the Harlem River. This point was regarded as the most difficult one in the whole undertaking.

The valley is very wide and deep, with sharp, precipitous banks; at first it was proposed to cross it with a low bridge, and in accordance with this plan, the work was put under contract, and some progress made in its execution. Fortunately the Legislature put a stop to this destruction of the river, by an Act requiring a bridge of at least eighty feet span, and having a distance of at least one hundred feet from high water to the under side of the crown. This gave us the



SCENE AT A TEA-WATER PUMP IN THE LAST CENTURY.

PAGE

Portraits—*Continued.*
Newcomb, R. L., Naturalist "Jeannette" 264
Prescott, W. H. 25
Rossini 188
Spohr, Ludwig 185
Talmage, Rev. T. De Witt 112
Print of a Finger, The:
"'Edward, you here!' The tone was as joyous as might be expected" 161
Priscilla, the Puritan's Daughter 256
Pyrenees, In the Land of the:
A Street in Fontarabia; Mowers Falling Down a Precipice 52
St. Savin 53
Pilgrims at the Grotto of Lourdes; Town and Fortress of San Sebastian 56
Church of St. Ignatius, at Manresa; Lequeito, on the Bay of Biscay 57
A Mountain Path; The Castle of Pau 60
An Inn in Northern Spain, near the Pyrenees 61
French Observatory on the Pic du Midi; Contrabandists Crossing the Pyrenees; Congress Hall, Andorra 64
Roland's Horn 69

Quiet Woodland Spot, A 193

Rebecca at the Well 77
Reverie, A 709
River, The 656
Rolf and I:
"There he was, my noble Rolf, the only man—I know it now—whom I could truly love and respect" 673
Romantic Incident of the Border:
Major McCulloch Making his Celebrated Leap 297
Rosa, a Gypsy Girl. From a Drawing by J. F. Portaels 453

Sainty's Christmas Gifts:
"And there, by the coffin of his dead child, Sainty met her old lover once more" 49
Salmon, A Gossip about the:
Salmon Spearing by Torchlight 621
Salmon Spearing on the Dee at Braemar, Scotland; Salmon Watching on the Rhine 624
Sappho's Despair 333
Sharpening the Reaping-hook 461
Sister Marguerite:
"She timidly, half-hesitatingly held out the finger destined for the ring" 40
Sisters of Charity, The 329
Soap, the Manufacture of:
Interior of a Soap Factory at Marseilles 244
Process of Making White Soap at Marseilles 245
Palm-oil Tree; Olive and Its Fruit 248
Peasants Gathering Varech, or Seaweed, on the French Coast 249
Negroes Making Palm-oil at Whydah; A Ceylon Oil-mill. 252
The Soap-bubble 253
Song of Labor, The 164
Spiders' Webs:
The Networking-spider; The Mygale, or Bird-killing Spider 172
The Trap-door Spider's Subterranean Tube; Spinnerets; Spider's Claw; Calamistrum of Amaurobius; The Trap-door Spider and its Home 173
Spider Engineering; A Spider Steadying its Web; A Snake Captured in a Spider's Web; A Spider Captures a Mouse 176
St. Cecilia, with St. Paul, St. John and Mary Magdalen 325
Strange Betrothal, A:
"The fragile vessel capsized, and those so lately full of reckless merriment were battling for life in the black, swift-running current" 753
Strasburg:
The Cathedral; Famous Astronomical Clock 280
Old Houses 281
Bombardment of the City 284

PAGE

Strasburg—*Continued.*
The Goose-market; The Fish-market; Germans Bombarding City 285
Study, After Sir Joshua Reynolds, A 36
Sun-dial, A:
At the Sun-dial 377
Figure Showing the Principle on which a Sun-dial is Constructed; The Gnomon 378
Figure Showing the Difference between a Siderial and a Solar Day; Figure Showing the Inclination of the Ecliptic to the Celestial Equator 379
Marble Sun-dial near the Monument of Thrasyllus, Athens; Shepherd's Dial; Roman Ham-shaped Dial; Curious Ancient Sun-dial 380
The Earth in Different Parts of its Orbit; Shell or Cup Dial; Compound Sun-dial in the Elgin Collection; Ancient Marble Dial 381
Swan and the Lamb, The 116
Swan Defending her Cygnets, The 596

Tapestry:
Specimen of Bayeux Tapestry; Specimen of Painted Tapestry Work 549
Original Design for Tapestry Work; Ruins of the Gobelin Factory 552
Louis XIV. Visiting the Great Tapestry Factory at Gobelin 553
Modern Tapestry; Upright Loom; Low Warploom 556
Ancient Flemish Tapestry; Dame Arithmetique Teaching her Art 557
Terrible Adventure, A:
"Rounding a curve in the path, I discovered, to my horror, a huge tiger"; "In stepping back to avoid the tiger's second spring, I fell over, followed by the tiger" 429
"Scrambling along the trunk, I got on the rock in the nick of time. The bullet crashed through the animal's brain, and with a dying howl he relaxed his grip and fell" 432
"The King is dead. Long live the King" 321
The Letter "S"; Or, The Jocelyn Sin:
"They had come out of the shrubbery close to the stile. On the other side General Jocelyn was bending over a dark object" 577
"The silent watcher in the anteroom clinched the tawny fists and glared at the two beautiful Jocelyns in malign rage" 705
The 9:30 up:
"We are enemies, Miss Reynolds, from this time forth." "His face turned toward the coming death" 17
Thistles in the Land of Don Quixote 597
Token, The 276
Tongoos, Group of 266
Trapping a Tiger:
"The frantic joy of the natives, the weird light of the torches, and the dead body of the tiger, formed a tableau which I shall not easily forget" 97
Two Pets, The. Engraved by Knesing, from a drawing by W. A. Cranston 713
Two Thrones 629
Type of Beauty, A 640

Under the Banyan:
A Banyan-tree across a Street in India 236
Seeking the Shelter of a Banyan-tree 237

Wattle Blossoms—An Australian Picture 660
"Where the Brook and the Willow Kiss" 420
Whispered Secret, The 400
Willow Patterns, The 144
Woodland Muses, The. From a Painting by Kaulbach 201
Writing on the Wall, The. (Humorous) 496

Zeb Hardacre's Christmas Eve:
Zeb Summoned to the Fairy Court 492
Zeb Rescues Sally from the Fairies 493

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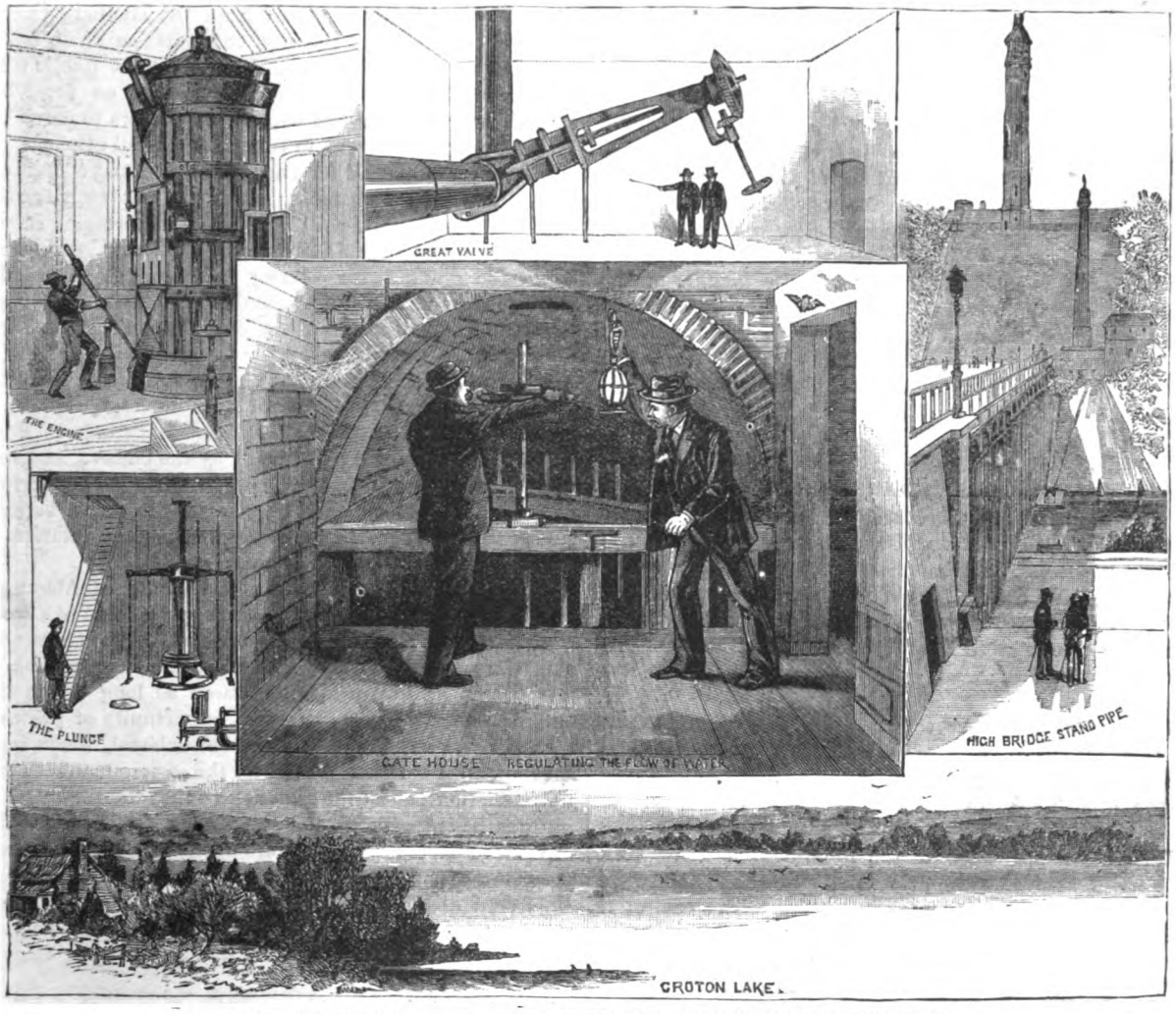
THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF NEW YORK'S WATER SUPPLY.

BY DOUGLAS CAMPBELL.

THE City of New York has to-day no subject of more vital importance than that of its water supply, and yet it has no question of even common interest so little understood. If our streets are not properly cleaned, every one can tell about the organization of the Street-cleaning Bureau, and will dilate upon the diseases and deaths caused by the foul pavements. Yet, from an insufficient water supply, sewer-gas pours into our houses, killing hundreds where exhalations from the streets kill one, and not a voice is raised, except to blame some official guiltless of all wrong.

The fact is, that the generation which has grown up since the introduction of Croton water knows almost nothing about the source and the manner of its supply. One portion seems to think it a subject fit only for the study of engineers, and therefore a question upon which the opinions of our officials must be conclusive; another, and, perhaps, a larger portion, derives all its information from



CROTON LAKE, AND THE WORKS AT HIGH BRIDGE FOR SUPPLYING THE CITY WITH WATER.

the reporters, who treat the subject, according to their custom, with profound ignorance coupled with an assumption of infallibility. The misinformation derived from this source is naturally worse than ignorance.

But the most thoughtless person is aware of a few leading facts. He knows that years ago the water rose in all our houses to the upper stories, while now, unless he lives in some favored district, he has to pump it, or carry it up by hand. He knows, too, that however careful he may be of the water, he has numerous neighbors who waste it wantonly and wickedly, even in times of severe drought, and that they go unpunished and unchecked. He is also aware that but a short time ago the supply was said to be almost exhausted, and that but for the relief of bounteous rains we should have faced a water famine with all its horrors. This last experience, which may be repeated before the Spring floods come, shows where we are drifting, and it lends particular interest to an examination of the water question of the city. The facts are not open to many readers, for they are found in rare volumes and in unread official reports. But the subject is a very simple one, and can be understood with but slight attention.

Even before the Revolution the question of a water supply for New York was a problem of interest and difficulty. The city is located on an island, surrounded on all sides by salt water. The soil beneath it is peculiar, and contains few of those subterranean streams such as are found in abundance on Long Island, where pure, fresh water from distant hills forces its way under the Sound, and bursts forth in springs and fountains. Hence the sole resource of New York was found in wells, and these were mostly of an inferior character.

But at an early day the people showed great public spirit in the attempt to utilize these wells on a large scale.

In 1774, when the population of the city was only 22,000, the Corporation began the construction of a reservoir on the east side of Broadway, between what are now known as Pearl and White Streets, and for its supply a well of large dimensions was sunk in the vicinity of the Collect. For the purpose of defraying the expenses of this work the city issued paper money to the amount of £2,500, and bonds for nearly £9,000 more. Then the Revolution came, and caused the abandonment of this undertaking.

When peace was restored the subject of a water supply was again started, and its agitation was continued for half a century. As early as 1799 the people began to look beyond the limits of the island for streams which could be brought into the city, and the first one fixed upon was the Bronx River, in Westchester County, which was recommended by an engineer employed by the Common Council. Nothing, however, came of this project, for in the same year Aaron Burr secured the passage of his famous Water Bill, which, it was claimed, would solve the whole problem.

It was entitled "An Act to Secure a Supply of Pure Water for New York City," and still stands in full force as a monument to the cunning of the legislator, who was a fit prototype of many of our modern so-called statesmen. It endowed the Manhattan Company with existence so long as it should supply such of the inhabitants of New York with water as were willing to take it on the company's terms. The Corporation was empowered, with a capital of two million dollars, to erect dams and reservoirs, build aqueducts and lay pipes anywhere, and, in fact, do almost anything in its discretion toward furnishing a supply of water. Finally, a little section, slipped in at the end of the Act, provided that its surplus funds might be employed in buying bonds, or in any other financial transactions not forbidden by the constitution.

The company dug a few wells and laid some pipes. It was not a success as a Water Company, but it made a good bank, and in the latter capacity exists to-day. In order to retain its charter it is obliged to keep up its reservoir, where such persons as comply with its terms might doubtless still obtain a drink, if nothing more.

That the Manhattan Company did construct waterworks, was discovered by some residents on Bleecker Street about four or five years ago.

The Lorillards own property near Broadway, on that street. One morning their agent was astonished by the appearance of a tenant who, half out of his senses, declared that the back of his house had fallen into the earth, and was nearly out of sight; not only this, but the back yards of the adjoining houses had also disappeared.

Here was something new in geology? Was New York built over a crater of an extinct volcano, or was there a natural cave beneath the surface?

The agent hurried to the scene. Looking down on it from the adjoining building, nothing was in sight except a great cavern, which had swallowed up house, yards and all.

Finally some old maps were discovered, which showed that upon this spot the Manhattan Company had built an enormous well, or, rather, reservoir, for it was sixty feet in diameter, and nearly a hundred feet deep; when given up it had been covered over and forgotten.

Little relief being obtained from the Manhattan Company by the people of the city, the agitation again began for bringing in water from a distance at the public cost. And now all kinds of schemes were set on foot, but though none of them had enough supporters to carry the day, they each combined in turn to defeat all others.

Thus affairs went on for years in discord and confusion. It was proposed by some to pump up salt water for the extinguishment of fires, others suggested bringing in the Croton; others, again, the water of the Bronx, and some advocated going to New Jersey and tapping the Passaic. Reports were made without number, bills were introduced into the Legislature to carry out various schemes, but nothing was accomplished.

Finally, two events brought matters to a crisis. In 1828 property of the value of $600,000 was destroyed by a fire, mainly because of the difficulty of obtaining water. Four years later the city was scourged by the cholera, and this was attributed to the character of the drinking water furnished by the wells. Then the necessity of action became apparent, and a scheme was suggested for the solution of the subject which satisfied all parties.

In January, 1833, the Mayor and Board of Aldermen petitioned the Legislature for the appointment of a commission of five members, to be selected by the Governor, with the approval of the Senate, for the investigation of the various projects which had been so long before the public; this gave every party an opportunity of presenting their views before a disinterested tribunal, where each felt hopeful of success. A bill for the appointment of such a Commission passed the Legislature the following month, and was hailed with great joy. Under its provisions the Governor selected five taxpayers of the city, all gentlemen of character and business ability, to serve for one year as the Board of Water Commissioners of New York. They were not officials, nor were they experts, but as business men they sat like a jury, to hear and report upon the various schemes.

The Commissioners at once entered upon their work. Their first act was to appoint two engineers of eminence to

aid them in their labors. These were Canvas White and Major D. B. Douglass, of the United States Corps of Engineers, formerly Professor at West Point. Mr. White was unable to serve, and Major Douglass acted alone. He was probably the best man who could have been selected for the place. He was a man of great ability, and stood committed to none of the rival schemes.

Under instructions from the Commissioners, he at once proceeded to examine the various sources of water supply which were near the city, with the object of determining the cost of bringing the water from each, the amount to be obtained, and the character of the works which would be necessary. Meantime, the Commissioners held meetings, and examined the various plans laid before them, and these, as has been already stated, were numerous enough. Among them was a scheme about on a par with many now suggested. It was gravely proposed to build a dam across the Hudson, about two feet above the level of high tide. This dam, it was claimed, would retain all the salt water below it, while the fresh water above could be pumped up into reservoirs, by means of water-wheels operated by the overfall of water when the tide was low. The hydraulic power thus obtained, in excess of that required for pumping purposes, was to be sold to manufacturers.

In October, 1834, Major Douglass made his report to the Commissioners, in which he unqualifiedly recommended the Croton River as the source from which the city should obtain its supply of water. He said it could be brought in by a masonry aqueduct through one of two routes—the "inland route," or the "Hudson River route," the former being forty-three miles, and the latter forty-seven miles long from the proposed dam on the Croton to the distributing-reservoir at Murray Hill. He estimated that a minimum supply of 27,000,000 gallons per day could be delivered by the inland route, at a cost of about four and a half million dollars, and by the Hudson River route for about a quarter of a million more.

In November the Commissioners submitted their report to the Common Council, and in January of 1834 to the Legislature, fully indorsing the conclusions arrived at by Major Douglass. The Legislature, by a new Act, authorized the reappointment of a Commission with authority to adopt a plan of bringing in water for the city, the plan to be submitted to the Common Council, and, if approved by it, to be further submitted to a popular vote at the next charter election. If adopted by the people, the Common Council was authorized to issue water-stock to the amount of $2,500,000, and to instruct the Commission to proceed with the work. The Governor reappointed the old Commissioners, who at once proceeded to re-examine their former work, calling in another engineer to make additional estimates. In February, 1835, they made their final report to the Common Council, reviewing and rejecting the various schemes put forward in opposition to the Croton River project, and again recommending the plan of Major Douglass for an aqueduct of masonry from the Croton River. The cost of the work, with all needed pipes and appliances, was estimated at about five millions and a half. The Common Council approved of the plan; and when submitted to a popular vote, it was carried by an enormous majority. Directly afterward the Common Council "instructed the Commissioners to proceed with the work." In May, 1836, they began their preparatory measures, Major Douglass being appointed Chief Engineer. He proceeded with the location of the aqueduct and the preparation of plans until succeeded by John B. Jervis, under whose supervision all subsequent work was done, and whose name is inseparably connected with the water system of New York.

In May, 1837, the first part of the aqueduct was placed under contract. On the 27th of June, 1842, the water entered the receiving-reservoir in what is now Central Park, and on the 4th of July of the same year it was admitted into the distributing-reservoir at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. On the 14th of October the city held a grand celebration in honor of the event, which marks so important a point in its career. Well might its inhabitants rejoice. They had solved, and they thought for all time, the most perplexing problem which the city had encountered on its march to greatness. It had perplexed and baffled them until the appointment of this Commission had been suggested, and then its solution proved an easy matter. Since then the growth of the city has outrun even the wildest dreams of the men of that day, for its population has tripled, and its wealth increased eightfold, and this increase is largely due to the wisdom of the men who gave to the city its supply of water.

Now, let us see what they did.

The Croton River is a stream about forty-five miles long, with numerous little tributaries. It rises in Dutchess County, and runs through Putnam and Westchester Counties, emptying into the Hudson above Sing Sing. It drains a territory of nearly four hundred square miles in extent, and this country is dotted all over with numerous lakes, some thirty-one in all, the largest of which is the well-known Lake Mohopac. In providing Manhattan Island as the site for a great city, nature seems at the same time to have adapted the Croton Valley for its water supply. To be sure, the Croton River is a stream which in time of drought dwindles to a little rivulet, but at other seasons of the year it swells to vast proportions. All that is needed is to catch and retain the surplus water at times of flood and store it for the months when the stream is low. For this purpose bountiful provision has been made, for the whole region is grooved with deep valleys, which require simply a short dam to make a reservoir of any size.

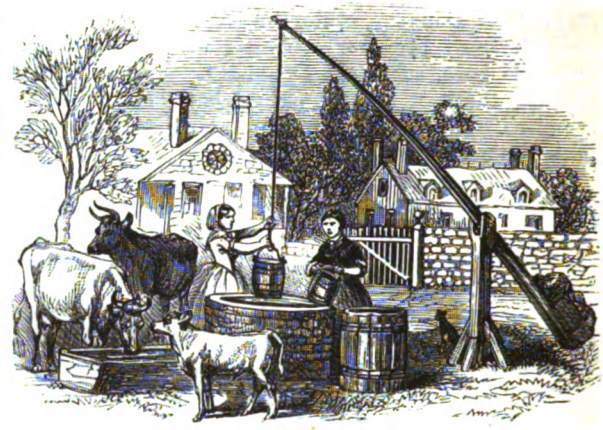
The men who built the Croton Aqueduct had all this in view in making their selection. They saw that in the future, as the city grew, a vast supply of water might be needed, and they reported that reservoirs could be constructed as required, from time to time, to meet the wants of the increasing population. At the time of their work they judged that only one would be needed in the Croton Valley, and that they built on the Croton River, about six miles from the point where it empties into the Hudson. This reservoir is now known as the Croton Lake. In one sense it is a reservoir, but its chief purpose is to serve as a settling basin for the impure water brought down in time of freshets. It was formed by building a dam across the Croton River, some thirty-eight feet in height, setting the water back six miles, thus forming a lake of a width varying from one-eighth to a quarter of a mile, and covering an area of about four hundred acres. From this reservoir or lake all the water is directly drawn with which the city is supplied, for the upper reservoirs afterward constructed empty their water into the Croton Lake in time of need. The Croton Aqueduct, which brings the water to the city, begins at the Croton Lake and ends at the receiving reservoir in Central Park. Through all its length, until it reaches High Bridge at the Harlem River, it is built of solid masonry, and is inside about eight and a half feet high and seven and a half feet wide. The top is rounded, forming an arch, and the original design was that it should be filled with water only to the point where the arch begins. With this view it was calculated that it would deliver about seventy million gallons of water daily for the consumption of the city. It has since been found practicable

NEW YORK'S PRIMITIVE SOURCE OF WATER-SUPPLY—THE SPRING.

to carry the water higher than was originally intended, so that it now conveys, when full, nearly one hundred millions. The Croton dam where the aqueduct begins is higher than Manhattan Island.

The engineering problem met in its construction was to find a route by which it could be built on a gradual and regular slope until it reached the city, for in no place was the water intended to run up-hill, but always on a gradual descent by its own weight. This route was found. It follows the Valley of the Croton nearly to the Hudson River, thence along the Hudson, through Sing Sing, Tarrytown, Dobb's Ferry, Hastings and Yonkers. From the latter point it leaves the Hudson Valley and crosses to the dividing ridge between the Hudson and East Rivers, and along this summit to the Harlem at High Bridge. At High Bridge the water enters iron pipes, in which it is carried across that splendid monument of engineering skill, and thence is conducted partly through an aqueduct

THE DRAW-WELL.



A BALANCE-POLE WELL.

and partly in pipes until it reaches Central Park. The whole distance to the latter point is thirty-eight miles, and the whole descent a little over forty-three feet.

In the progress of the labor which accompanied this result much interesting work was done. Beginning at Croton Lake, a tunnel, eleven feet deep, was cut in the solid rock on the west of the dam. Through this tunnel

THE WINDLASS.

the water is drawn out, and being taken from such a distance below the surface, it leaves behind the leaves, drift wood, and other rubbish, which are cleaned off daily. This tunnel is over two hundred feet in length ; at its lower end is the gate-house to the aqueduct. Here are heavy gates worked with screws, which regulate the flow of water through the aqueduct, and by which the water can be cut

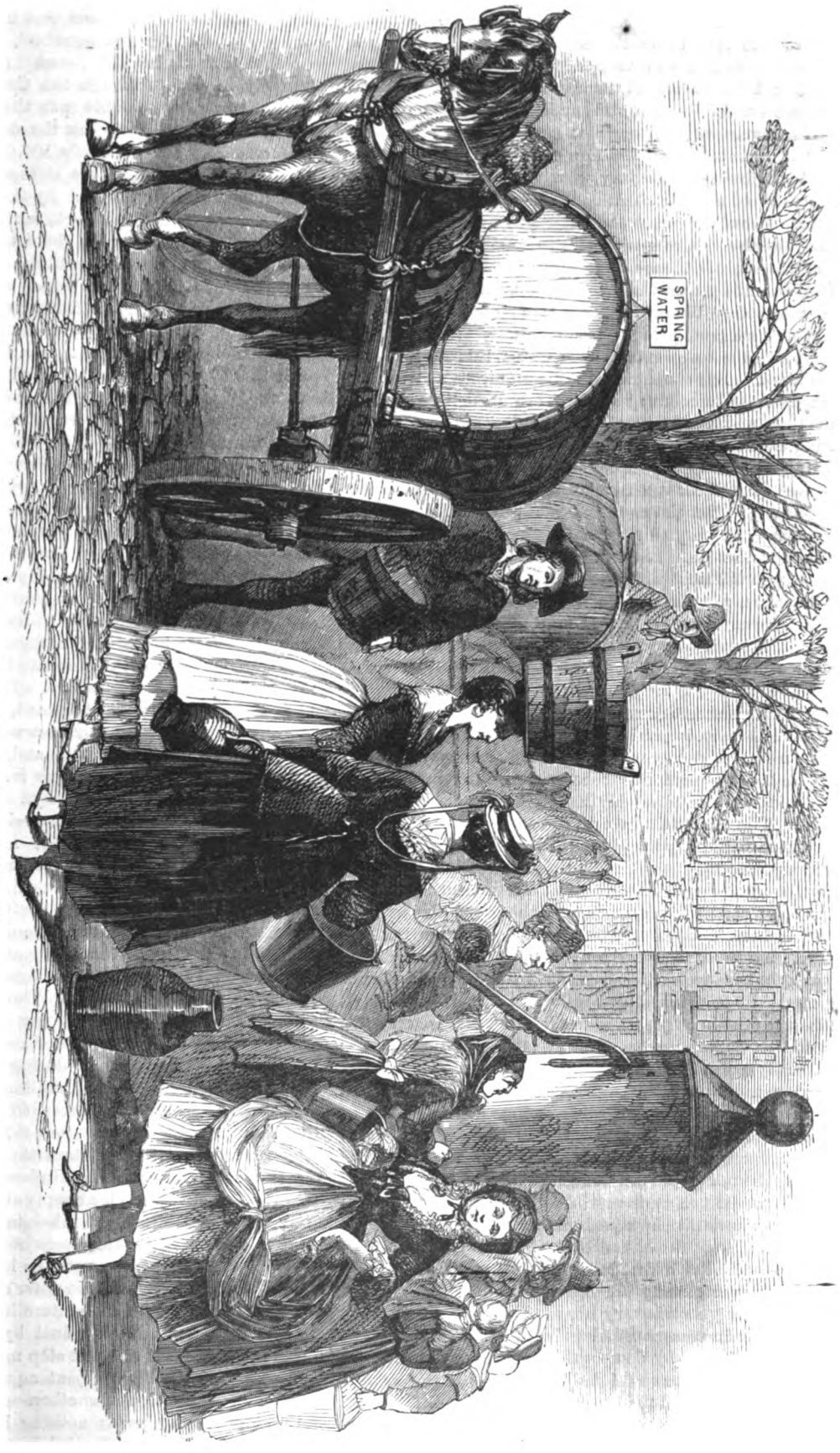
THE TOWN PUMP.

off altogether. Once a year these are closed, all the water is drawn out, and the whole interior of the aqueduct carefully examined.

In its course to High Bridge the aqueduct passes through numerous other tunnels, one of which is nearly a sixth of a mile in length.

Besides the tunnels, all of which were costly works, many bridges of great height and length were built to cross the numerous valleys encountered in the route. Of these, the chief and best known is the High Bridge, across the Harlem River. This point was regarded as the most difficult one in the whole undertaking.

The valley is very wide and deep, with sharp, precipitous banks; at first it was proposed to cross it with a low bridge, and in accordance with this plan, the work was put under contract, and some progress made in its execution. Fortunately the Legislature put a stop to this destruction of the river, by an Act requiring a bridge of at least eighty feet span, and having a distance of at least one hundred feet from high water to the under side of the crown. This gave us the



SCENE AT A TEA-WATER PUMP IN THE LAST CENTURY.

famous structure which still stands to-day, almost unrivaled in its beauty and perfection as a piece of engineering work. None of the other bridges on the route equal this in size or costliness, but many of them are beautiful in design and very expensive in construction. That they have all served their purpose so well, reflects great credit upon the men who carried through the project.

At its lower end the aqueduct empties into a receiving reservoir, situated in what is now Central Park. This is a large basin built of masonry, covering over thirty acres, and capable of holding about one hundred and fifty million gallons. From this point the water was originally carried to the distributing reservoir at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, and thence distributed through the city.

Thus it will be seen that the aqueduct begins and ends in a reservoir. When full, it will furnish to the city ninety-five million gallons of water daily, provided there is a supply at the upper end from which this amount can be obtained. But this amount is its limit, no matter how much water is in store; no more can be delivered daily than that which comes through this simple conduit. During the recent water famine a great deal was said about building another aqueduct, and much blame was cast upon Governor Cornell for vetoing a Bill passed last Summer for that purpose. But the scarcity of water did not arise from the fact that the aqueduct was insufficient. It was large and perfect enough. The trouble was, that for some cause there was insufficient water to keep it full. The supply was defective, not the aqueduct.

If a person in the country found that his cistern was empty on account of a long drought, he would have but a poor idea of the sense of a neighbor who should recommend him to get a larger pump to meet the exigency. Under such circumstances he would probably answer that he wanted more water and not more pump, except to duck idiots under. Yet in regard to the water supply of New York, just such senseless recommendations have been made in the press from day to day during the past few months. The aqueduct is to the city exactly what the cistern-pipe with its pump is to the cistern. If the water is used up, more pipes will not help the situation.

Now, to understand the cause of the recent scarcity, and to appreciate what is needed for the future, let us see what has been done to secure a storage reserve for the city. As has been stated, the Croton River is a stream of very unequal volume. The aqueduct can bring into the city nearly a hundred million gallons a day. But in dry seasons the Croton only furnishes a fraction of this amount. Prior to this Summer its smallest daily flow is said to have been twenty-seven million gallons, but this year it sank to about ten millions. The difference between the small amount found in the Croton River in time of drought and that required to fill the aqueduct has to be drawn from storage reservoirs, for the two receiving reservoirs in Central Park, though apparently of great size, only contain a supply for about twelve days.

The men who built the aqueduct foresaw this necessity, and made their calculations accordingly. They stated that although the Croton River, in times of drought, sank to a little stream, yet that by the Spring freshets its average flow during the year was very large. They estimated that if the surplus in seasons of abundance should be caught and retained, the yearly flow would be sufficient to supply a city of many millions of inhabitants. With the small population of the city at the time of introducing the Croton, little storage capacity was needed. It was estimated that 27,000,000 gallons a day would supply all the wants of the people, and as this was the smallest amount that the river ever furnished, no more was needed, except for a very temporary emergency. In accordance with this view, no reservoir was built in the Croton Valley, beyond the one made by the Croton dam, and that holds only 500,000,000 gallons available for the aqueduct, an amount equal to five days' supply at the present rate of consumption. Strangely enough, although the Croton Water Commissioners knew how variable was the flow of the Croton River, and although they saw the daily consumption run up from 27,000,000 to nearly 100,000,000 gallons a day, no addition was made to the storage reservoirs for over a quarter of a century, except by the construction of the new reservoir in Central Park, which was completed in 1862, and holds a supply for about ten days.

This, however, was not entirely their fault. In 1858 Mr. Alfred W. Craven made some surveys in the Croton valley, and selected sites for fifteen reservoirs. If all these should be constructed, they would hold a supply sufficient to last the city for two years, even if not a drop of water ran in the Croton River during all that time. Thenceforth the Water Commissioners persistently asked authority to commence the construction of some of these works, but no action was taken until 1865, when they were permitted to begin work on one. This was located at what is known as Boyd's Corners, on the westerly branch of the Croton. Its construction was the labor of years, and meantime came the droughts of 1869 and 1870. In the former year the city suffered from a partial water famine, the supply furnished for many days being only one-third of the usual amount. The next year Mr. Tweed gave some relief by acquiring the right to draw water from some of the lakes in Westchester and Putnam Counties, and so the immediate danger was tided over. But these experiences showed the necessity for action. The work on the reservoir at Boyd's Corners was hastened, and it was completed in 1873. Meantime another reservoir was begun on the middle branch of the Croton, and this was finished in 1878. The former holds a supply for about twenty-seven, and the latter for about forty, days.

These reservoirs with their natural lakes, which we have bought the right to draw upon, furnish all the water stored up for the city's use. A short time ago these gave out; the flow of the Croton River had dwindled down to almost nothing, and we were confronted with a water-famine. Had more reservoirs been begun in time the aqueduct could have had its constant daily supply, and no difficulty would have been experienced, except that always felt, of insufficient pressure. The yearly flow of the Croton River is sufficient to fill any number of reservoirs. During the year 1880 it was less than has ever been known before, and yet its average during the whole year was nearly two hundred and fifty million gallons a day. In some years the average has exceeded six hundred million gallons daily. It needs no expert skill to understand that if this water is retained, instead of being allowed to run over the dam and into the Hudson in the Spring, the Croton Valley will furnish a supply ample for the wants of a city of two millions of inhabitants. It seems idle, therefore, to talk of seeking some other source of supply. From no other place can water be brought so cheaply as from the Croton Valley, and no water can be found superior in quality. Some time in the future it will be necessary to supplement the present aqueduct by another of equal or larger capacity. But the first step needed is to secure a constant supply for the present aqueduct; then we can talk of the construction of another.

In the preceding pages nothing has been said about some works recently constructed in the city, which are a mystery to many persons. These form what are known as the High Service System, and for several years they have

been spoken of as promising relief to persons who suffered from an insufficient supply of water in their houses. What this relief is and how it has been obtained can be seen from a few words of explanation.

On the upper part of the island is a large tract of land which is higher than the aqueduct. Of course the houses in this section can obtain no water from the natural flow of the Croton. For their benefit a little reservoir was built about ten years ago on the elevated ground west of High Bridge. This reservoir contains, when full, about 11,000,000 gallons. The water is pumped up into it by large forcing-engines, and thence distributed into the houses in the vacinity of Washington Heights. All this is well enough. But a few years since pipes were laid from this high reservoir to a large number of houses which before were supplied from the ordinary mains. The consequence is that the houses on Murray Hill and other high points in the vicinity obtained water in their upper stories, while their neighbors could scarcely get it above the basement. This caused dissatisfaction, and led to the second High Service Works. These consist of two large pumping-engines located at Ninety-seventh Street, near Ninth Avenue, which force water into a stand-pipe, whence, under a great pressure, it is carried to all houses standing sixty feet above the tide. To the people thus favored this is a great boon. All through their houses they now have water pumped up for them by the city, and have no longer to labor with hand-pumps and tanks. But they now use, in consequence of this liberal supply, almost twice as much as before, and every additional gallon consumed by them is taken from the persons down-town who have no high service system. The aqueduct brings into the city, when it is full, about 95,000,000 gallons a day, and it can carry no more. This amount has for years been insufficient as the service has been managed. Of course if one house now gets more than it is entitled to, some other house must suffer. The high service system consumes about 10,000,000 gallons a day; more than one-tenth of the full supply. It benefits the population up-town who live in brown-stone houses; but their gain is at the expense of those whose houses are on lower ground.

Formerly the Murray Hill region was supplied from the distributing reservoir at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. In this reservoir the water accumulates at night, and then in the morning is sent into the houses below it, much higher than it otherwise would run. Since the introduction of the high service system the people around the reservoir no longer need its services, and hence, regardless of the other portions of the city, have clamored for its removal as an eyesore on Fifth Avenue. By the aid of the Department of Public Works they succeeded in securing the passage of a Bill at Albany last Winter to effect this object, and but for an injunction obtained by some public-spirited gentlemen, the scheme would have been carried through. In view of the recent scarcity of water, demonstrating the necessity of increasing rather than diminishing the reservoirs of the city, it is probable the approaching Legislature will reverse its hasty action.

A statement of the amount expended upon the water system of the city may well conclude what we have to say about the present supply. The Croton Aqueduct, with the reservoirs and necessary pipes for distribution, cost up to the year 1845 about $12,000.000, but this included interest on bonds. Since that date there has been expended upon new works, maintenance and repairs, about $28,000,000 more. In the latter estimate no interest is computed. The grand total cost, therefore, is abont $40,000,000. These figures are important in view of the agitation for the construction of a new aqueduct, much larger than the one now in use. With the increased cost of labor and materials such an aqueduct, with its necessary reservoirs and pipe connections, would cost at least $20,000,000, and probably this sum would swell to $30,000,000. To the interest upon this sum would have to be added enormous sums for maintenance and repairs. Before incurring so vast an outlay the situation should be well considered.

Two things, it appears to the writer, are needed in the way of additional works. The first and most important is a new and larger reservoir in the Croton Valley, to insure a constant and unfailing supply of water for the present aqueduct. The site for such a reservoir has been selected, but work upon it has not yet been begun.

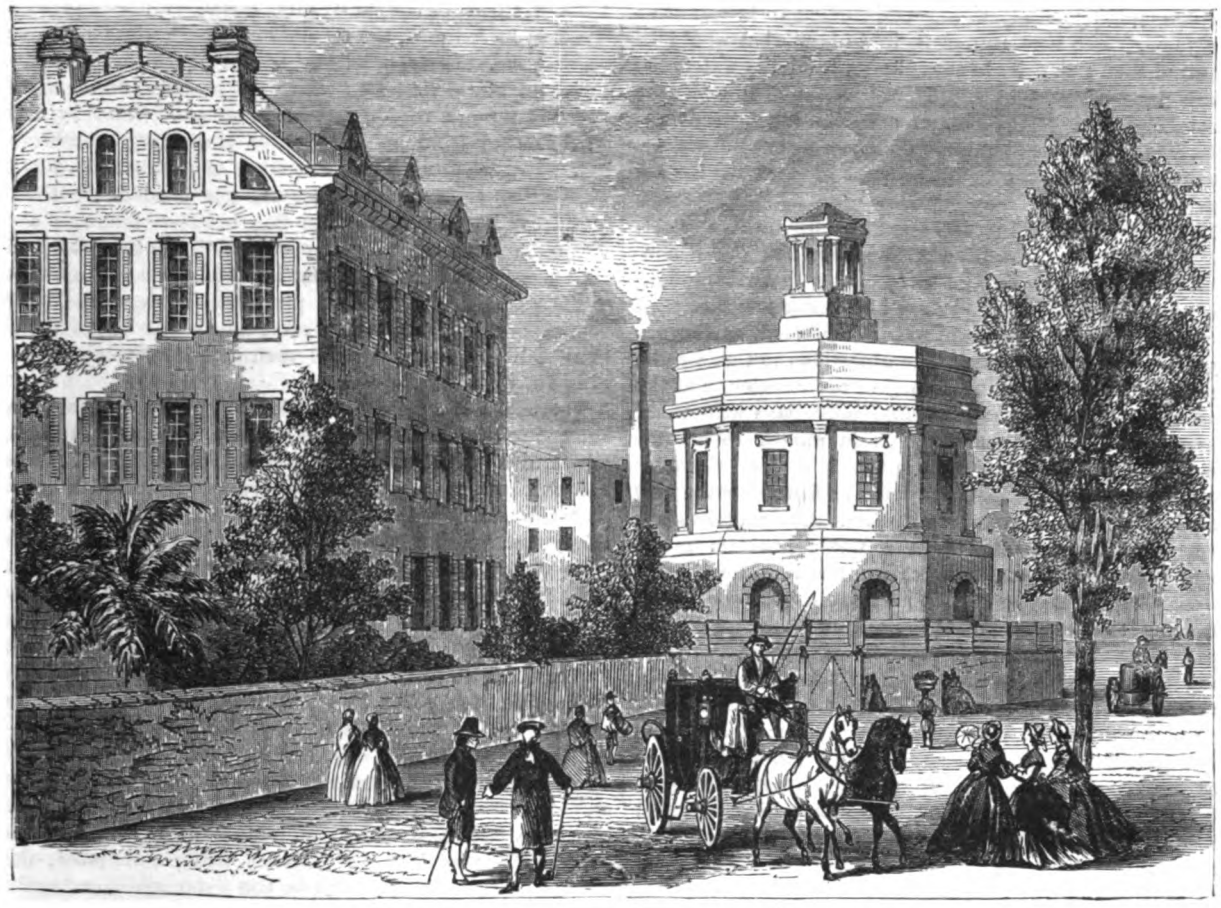
The second thing required is a small aqueduct to supplement the present one for use in case of accident to the larger structure, just as a prudent housekeeper in the country has a second cistern for time of need. If an accident should happen to the Croton Aqueduct, the flow of water through it would have to cease temporarily, and in that case it would be desirable to have another to fall back upon for the few days needed for repairs. But as the reservoirs in the city hold a supply for about twelve days, the new aqueduct built for emergency need not be one of large capacity. Such an aqueduct the Department of Public Works is now constructing from the Bronx River in Westchester County, under a law of the Legislature appropriating $1,000,000 yearly for this purpose. It is estimated that it will carry about 20,000,000 gallons a day, will cost about $3,000,000, and will be completed in two or three years. With the additional supply furnished by this aqueduct the people of New York will have about 100 gallons of water each per day. That they need more for their wants is scarcely credible.

Five years ago the Commissioner of Public Works published a table, showing the amount of water furnished to the inhabitants of the leading cities of Great Britain and America. Brooklyn and Boston each consume about sixty gallons a day per capita; Philadelphia, fifty-six; Baltimore, fifty; Providence, thirty; and Milwaukee, twenty-five; London, thirty-three; Liverpool, thirty; and Manchester, but twenty-one. New York, with 100 gallons a day for each inhabitant, heads the list; and yet we are told that we need as much more to make the supply sufficient.

It needs no argument to show that as the present water supply is managed, the people of New York do not receive sufficient water. A few years ago each house on the island was supplied to its upper stories. To-day, unless pumped up by hand, or at the public cost by the high service works, it scarcely rises above the second story in any house. This is a great evil and a prolific source of disease. Pipes and traps uncharged with water give free access to sewer gas, which taints the air of our bedchambers, and insidiously undermines the health. But no additional supply, however profuse, would afford for this evil more than a temporary remedy. Consumption, when unchecked, always outruns the supply, however ample. The experience of the City of Milwaukee is a good illustration of this truth. Its water is obtained from the lake, which, of course, is inexhaustible. The only thing needed is to pump it up, and the supply will be only limited by the capacity of the pumping engines. When the water was first introduced, it was proposed to give to each inhabitant all that he desired. Five years ago the city used about twenty-five gallons per head daily. But last year the head of the Water Department reported that each person in the city was using 125 gallons a day, and the rate of consumption or waste was rapidly increasing. New pumping engines had been put in use, but the cost of simply obtaining the water from the lake was so great that something

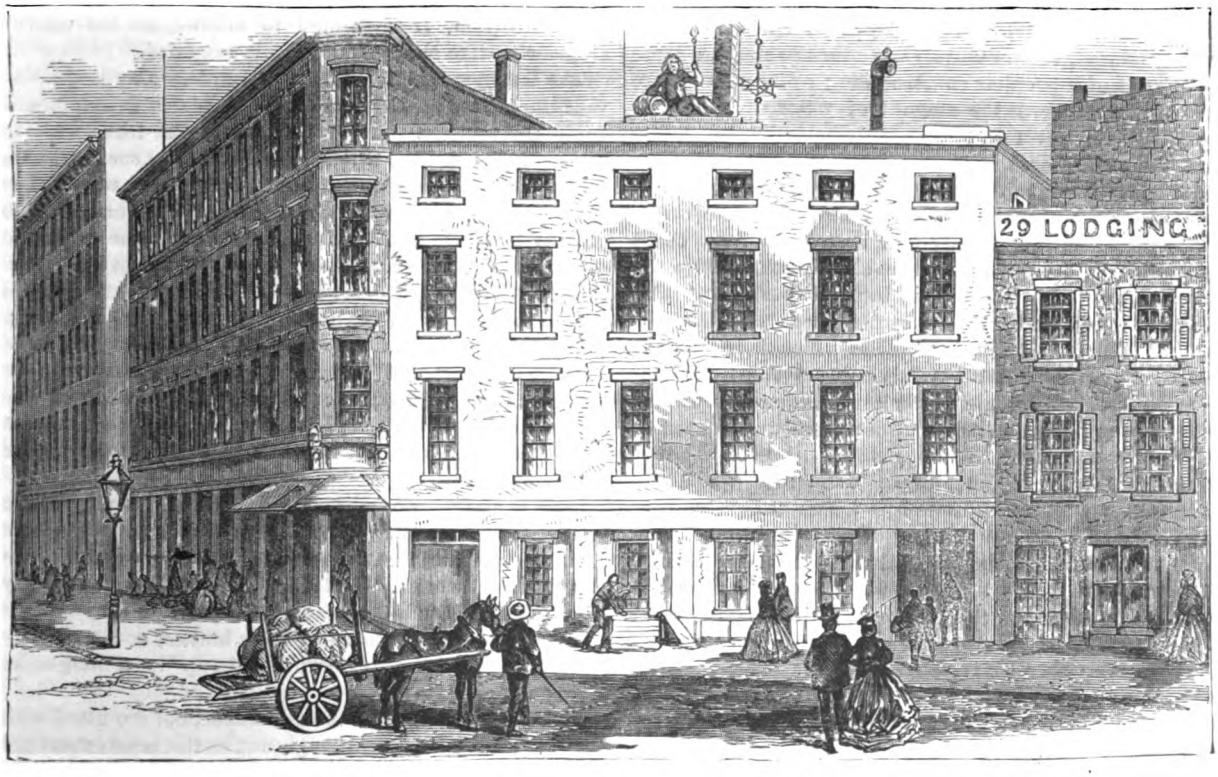
TEA-WATER DELIVERED AT THE DOOR.

KNAPP'S TEA-WATER PUMP, GREENWICH STREET.



MANHATTAN RESERVOIR, CHAMBERS STREET, NEAR CENTRE.

was imperatively needed to check this improvidence. He recommended the general introduction of meters as the only solution of the difficulty. If Milwaukee, with its small, scattered buildings, consumes 125 gallons per head, New York would make away with 300 gallons, and ask for more. If a new aqueduct is constructed, at a cost of



RESERVOIR, READE AND CENTRE STREETS, IN 1866.

$30,000,000, its supply would be insufficient in less than ten years. The wise course is to do now what would be required then; that is, to stop the waste of the water. If this is done the present supply will be found to be ample for the city, and $30,000,000 of needless expenditure will be saved. How this should be done is a fit subject for the examination of such a Commission as gave us the Croton Aqueduct forty years ago.

The writer has no theory of his own upon this subject, but plans enough have been suggested. The one which, at first glance, appears the simplest, is that adopted in Providence—namely, the placing of a water meter in each house, and charging for the water consumed, as the gas companies charge for gas. The objections to this are the expense of meters, the uncertainty of their action, and the inquisitorial visits of the miserable politicians who would be appointed to examine them from month to month. The objections are certainly powerful. But there is another system which has been tried in Europe with great success, which is free from difficulties. Several years ago Liverpool was confronted with a water problem much more difficult than that now encountered in New York. Its daily supply was so small that householders were only permitted to draw the precious fluid one hour out of the twenty-four. In that time they were expected to fill their tanks with enough to last until the next day brought around the looked-for hour. Relief was difficult, for a further supply could only be obtained from a long distance, and at a great expense. At this juncture an eminent engineer, named Deacon, appeared upon the scene, and astonished the world by a proposition which he stated and offered to establish. It was, that cities using water, wasted by leaks in the pipes and other methods more than half of their supply, and that this wastage could be detected and prevented by a simple and inexpensive plan. At length, being given permission, he proved his statements in every particular. His plan was, as he stated, very simple. He divided the city into 230 districts, each district being so arranged that all its water was supplied through a single street-pipe. Upon this pipe, after it left the main, and before being tapped for house connections, he placed, in an excavation under the street, a large water meter of a peculiar construction; other meters, like those for gas, record the amount of water which passes through them, but this shows, automatically, on a diagram, the rate of flow at every minute of the twenty-four hours. The water being turned on, a large sheet of paper, arranged for the purpose, is put in place. This is divided, by vertical lines, into twenty-four sections, for the hours of the day. Horizontal lines are also drawn to show the flow of water from 100 gallons to 6,000 per hour. The water, as it flows through the meter, records on this diagram, in blue or red ink, the rate at which it is running. Started, say at noon, the flow, though varying from minute to minute, will remain pretty constant until about four o'clock in the afternoon; then it decreases until eleven or twelve o'clock at night, then remains constant until about five in the morning, when it begins to increase again.

The diagram of each district is numbered. One man alone has access to the meters. In the morning he removes the diagrams; they are taken to the central office, where one man keeps the records. The whole system is so simple, by-the-way, that this man's time is only about half occupied by the whole work.

As the diagrams, with their red and blue lines, come in, they are inspected. Now, the important hours to be noticed are those from midnight till five in the morning. Then the use of water in the house has substantially ceased; but if the pipes or faucets leak, of course the flow through them goes on, and that is waste. When the system was first introduced, the results in some districts were very remarkable. Liverpool had had for years the system of house to house visitation which we practice here, only it had been more thorough and extensive. That is, men went around from house to house inspecting the plumbing. Yet, despite all that, in some of the districts which were using sixty gallons of water per head daily, it was found by the meter that the flow between midnight and five o'clock in the morning was at the rate of forty-six gallons per head daily. That is, nearly five-sixths of the water passing through the pipes was being wasted. Of course, these districts were exceptional, but it was found in all the districts that more than half the water was running away through leaks.

This much the meters proved; they did more, for they showed in which districts the waste was greatest—that is, which districts required most immediate attention. This being determined, the next question was to decide in which particular houses the waste was taking place, and here the system adopted was equally simple, and the new district meter proved equally effective. The most wasteful district being selected, the water is turned on so as to run through its meter, a diagram is put in place, and about eleven o'clock at night two inspectors begin operations. In the sidewalk in front of each house is a stop-cock to its water-pipe, protected by an iron cover. The inspector removes the cover, and with a wooden pole or his stop-cock bar as a stethoscope, can at once tell whether any water is running through the pipe. If it is, he shuts the stop-cock, and his companion notes in a book the number of the house, and the exact minute of shutting off its pipe. The round of the district being completed, the pair retrace their steps, turn on the water again, and again note in the book the minute of doing so. In the morning their report goes in. The diagram from the meter is then brought in, and a comparison of the two tells the whole story. Not only are the houses designated in which the waste is going on, but the exact amount of waste in each is pointed out by the effect produced as shown on the meter diagram, from minute to minute, as the various stop-cocks were shut off and again reopened.

The last step is, of course, very simple. Day-inspectors visit the houses in which the waste has been detected, and apply the remedy. At first, most of the leaks were in pipes in the cellars, which, but for some such system, would never have been detected. They occur now, but as the waste has been cut down, the large majority of the present leaks are in defective faucets. In some cases the meter shows that even after the stop-cocks have all been shut off, the flow still goes on. This shows that there is a leak in the main or in the house-pipe outside the stop-cock, between the main and the sidewalk. These are the most difficult to detect of all sources of waste, and are among the most serious. Perhaps in nothing is the value of this system better shown than here, for it at once shows that there is a leak, although, of course, it cannot point out the particular locality.

Such is an imperfect description of the system by which the City of Liverpool, without increasing its supply, has, at a trifling expense, risen from a state of water-poverty to that of redundant wealth. In 1873 its inhabitants could only have water at certain hours of the day; now they have it at all hours and all through their houses, and from any street-hydrant the water will shoot up to a height of eighty feet.

As in New York, the houses in Liverpool are fitted with baths and water-closets, though not to the same extent; it has large manufactures, and uses water extensively for

shipping and for railroads. Yet, by stopping leaks the whole amount of water used there daily for every purpose is less than twenty-one gallons per head. We, with ninety-three gallons per head running through our aqueduct, have an entirely inadequate supply.

Liverpool has a population of 725,000 souls. The cost of the whole system applied there, including the 230 meters for the districts, new pipes and the stop-cocks in front of each house, was under a quarter of a million dollars. Making a liberal allowance for the greater size of our city, the larger price of work and the change in our pipes, it is believed that the whole system could be introduced here for less than $1,000,000—that is, less than one year's interest on the proposed expenditure by our department. In conclusion, let me say that the administration of the system costs Liverpool the merest trifle. One clerk keeps all the accounts and books, and the whole work of night and day inspection is done by a little force of seventeen men.

Other towns besides Liverpool, notably Glasgow, Carlisle, Chorley and Prescott, have adopted the same system, and with the same results.

We have gone no further than to take up, recently, to a limited extent, the system of house to house inspection, which these towns tried and found to be a lamentable failure. It is expensive: for the inspectors have to visit every house, and waste their time over those in which there are no leaks, while the Deacon meter points out the wasteful districts, and then the particular houses which need a visit. It is inefficient, for no mere inspection of a house will detect the worst leaks, those underground or out of sight, where the water runs away into the drain or subterraneous streams for years without detection. The Commissioner of Public Works has lately had meters put in our hotels. The proprietor of one of these establishments made repeated complaints that he was being charged for more water than he used. He insisted that his meter was at fault. At length his complaints were so persistent that an investigation was made. The meter was proved to be correct, and he was told that his pipe must leak in the cellar. He declared that he knew better, as it was well laid. Upon being dug up, however, a break was found, through which 10,000 gallons a day were going to waste. This is no exceptional case. We must remember that in our old houses the pipes were introduced thirty-five years ago. They are partly underground and out of sight. No one ever thinks of looking at them, unless they become so defective that the supply gives out entirely. If the leak is only partial it will go on for ever, the water running into the sewers or finding a subterranean passage of its own; thus not only being wasted, but actually breeding disease. These leaks no system of mere house to house inspection will discover.

Next in importance comes the waste from defective plumbing in the houses. This is so common, that the house in which the faucets do not leak is an exception. Many of them are very old, the majority are of the poorest, cheapest character. Unless one has paid attention to it, he will scarcely believe how great is the waste from this source. Some time ago the inspectors heard the water running all night in a tenement-house down-town. An examination revealed the fact that in a front room occupied by an old woman and her husband the stop-cock was worn out, and the water ran through without intermission. Under orders of the authorities a new faucet was put on, and for twenty-four hours all was quiet. But on the second night the inspector again heard the familiar sound. Rousing the inmates of the house for an explanation, he was confronted by the old woman, who answered him that she was so used to the noise of the running water that she had found it impossible to sleep without it, and so had turned it on. This, it is said, is a true story; but whether true or false, it is founded on fact. In numberless tenement houses the pipes have been found so arranged by the tenants that the water runs all the time, day and night. This is convenient, for it saves the trouble of opening and shutting the faucets. These houses are subject to inspection, and the most glaring of these cases have been remedied. But the same thing goes on from year to year in private houses, where the inspector is never seen. The boarding-houses in which this occurs are numberless. Recollecting that an ordinary house-pipe will run off nearly 10,000 gallons a day, some idea can be formed of the amount of loss from this cause.

Such are the modes in which the ninety-three gallons per head of water in the City of New York are disposed of. When we recollect that the pipes and fittings are now old which thirty years ago were new, we can understand why it is that receiving as much water per head through the aqueduct as we did in 1850, we now have so much less for actual use. In very cold weather the waste is greater, when faucets are left open to prevent freezing in the pipes. But such occasions, although the only ones generally noticed, are comparatively rare. The waste from this source is insignificant compared with that which goes on every hour in the twenty-four, and every day in the year.

The amount of water actually used per head in the City of New York is very small. A high authority in the Croton Aqueduct Department informed the writer that his estimate of it was eleven gallons per day. If this is correct, nearly eight-ninths of the water which comes into the city is wasted. Inquiry at a Turkish Bath establishment showed that, according to their meter, a full Turkish Bath requires only about fifteen gallons of water. An ordinary shower-bath will use up four or five. During the last year, as has been already stated, meters have been placed in the hotels. In one it was discovered that they were using about 300 gallons daily for every guest and inmate of the house. The presence of a meter, and the necessity of paying for the water consumed, in a few days cut down the consumption one-half.

In view of these facts the people of New York may well pause before they decide to invest $20,000,000 or $30,000,000 in a new aqueduct from the Croton Valley. To be sure a Commissioner of Public Works has stated that the Liverpool system is not applicable to New York, but hydraulic engineers differ from his opinion. To make the system applicable would only necessitate a change in the street-pipes, and this could be accomplished at a tenth of the cost of the new aqueduct. Surely this whole question is of sufficient importance for a careful investigation. Can any better mode for securing this be suggested than the appointment of a Commission of tax-payers of New York, such as gave us forty years ago the present water system?

A CURIOUS PLAN OF REFORMATION.

Drunkenness, like the night, "with slow and noiseless footsteps," comes creeping, creeping everywhere. Insidious and without warning the day merges into night through the hazy twilight into the deep gloom of midnight with its phantoms and weird reflections, so drunkenness merges from the habit of smoking to tippling, from tippling to dram-drinking, from dram-drinking to the morning-appetizer, from this to stealing one's own liquor, and finally to any and every excuse to rise in the night

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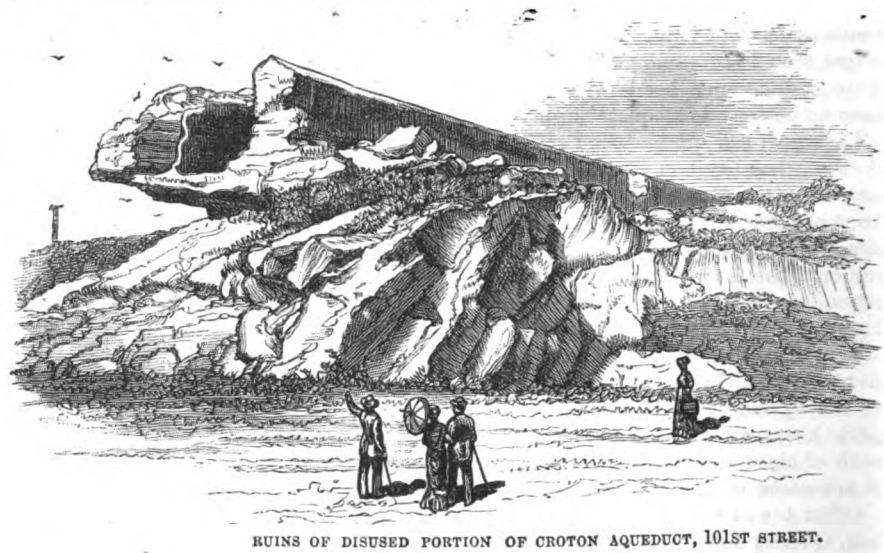
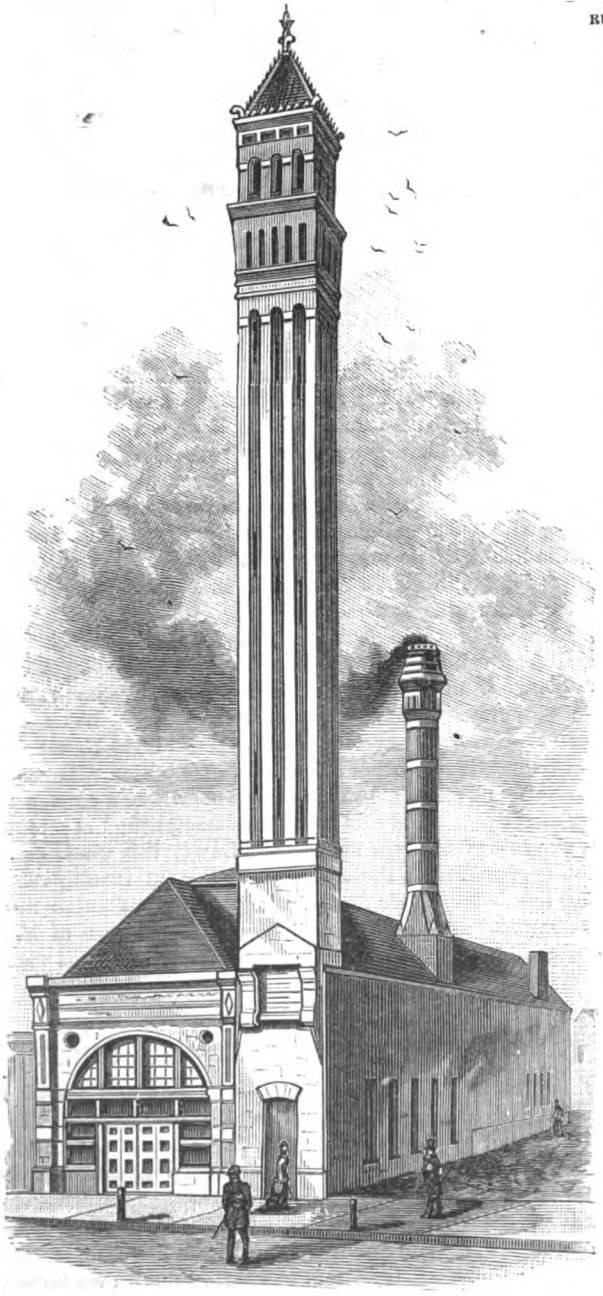
and take a drop just to quiet the frightened nerves. Toward morning black specks flit across the retina; the mind becomes confused and bewildered; insects of larger growth dart across the vision, swarming and buzzing about the head in countless myriads. The excited fancy pictures frightfully droll figures, grinning and gesticulating around his bedside. Some garment hanging on a chair is transfigured into an assassin about to assault him with a huge knife, whilst another aims a



RUINS OF DISUSED PORTION OF CROTON AQUEDUCT, 101ST STREET.



THE CROTON STAND PIPE, WEST 97TH STREET.

gun at him. Processions of departed kindred and friends pass and repass mournfully before him, ill, terror-stricken, he hops from his bed and seeks the sheltering arms of vacuity. He has horrors, *delirium tremens*, jimjams, the monkeys—for by all these names is this malady designated.

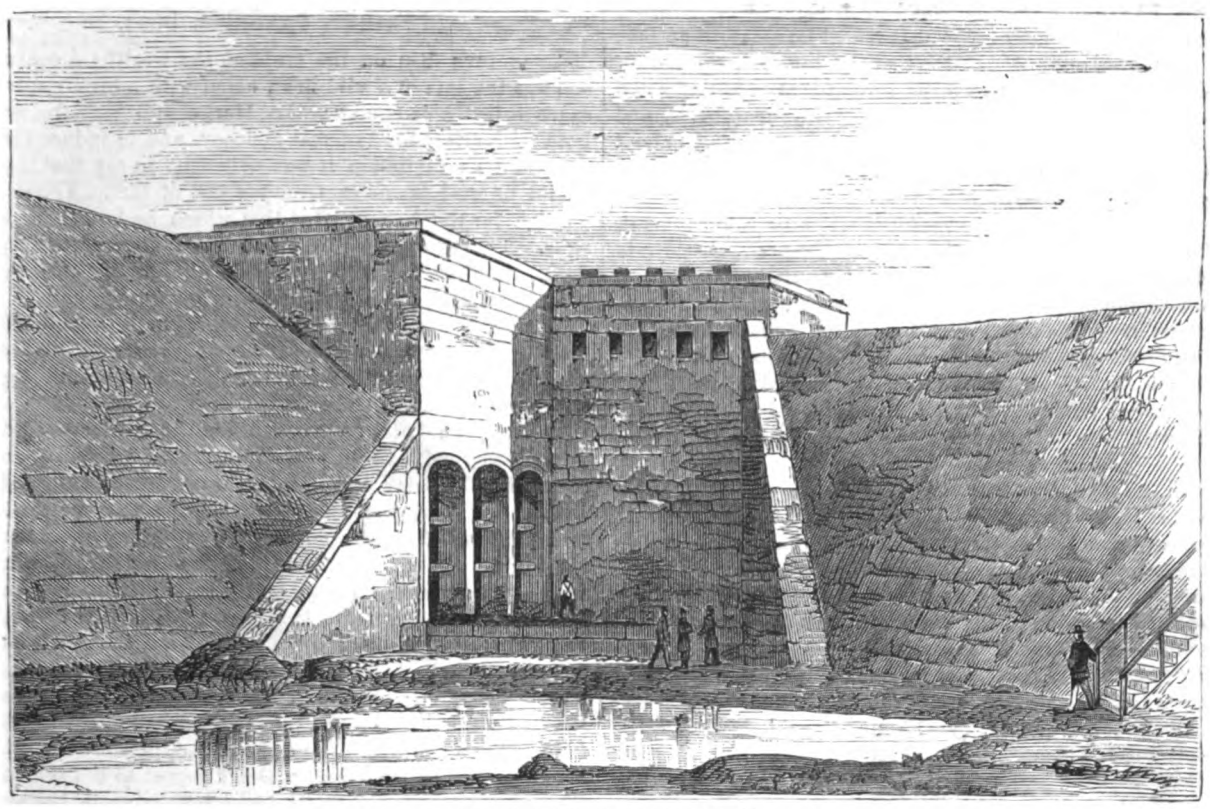
No country yet discovered is free from the baleful effects of some narcotic. America has its whisky, England, its beer; France, its wine; Germany, its lager; Russia, its brandy; China, its opium; Turkey, its coffee and tobacco, and all Oriental countries their hasheesh.

Drunkenness is more or less hereditary. A child begotten in drunkenness is almost sure to become and die a drunkard.

"These facts may best be shown
By a familiar story of our own."

Dick Lamb was the friend and lover of a dram. A stalwart soldier he; tall and straight as an arrow, he stood full six feet in his stocking-feet; of mild, kindly countenance. He'd lead a squadron up to the cannon's mouth with as much nonchalance as if he were escorting the belle of the ballroom to the first contra-dance. A favorite in the regiment, he was boon companion whithersoever he went. Excitable by nature, excitement was a necessity to him. He took his "tods" regularly, and worked them off like a man in the multiplicity of duties which devolved upon him. Dick drank his dram and cracked his jokes, and he might have grown old and drank, but at an evil hour Dick found himself at leisure and far removed from his comrades. Time hung heavy on his hands. No one to laugh with or sing to or to jest with, he took freely to his "tods." Then he'd nap and doze and ruminate upon bygone scenes. At first he took well to his meals, and was rather afflicted with a morbid appetite, increased by the numerous quiet potations he'd take at the bar. Then his appetite for food fell off, whilst that for drink increased.

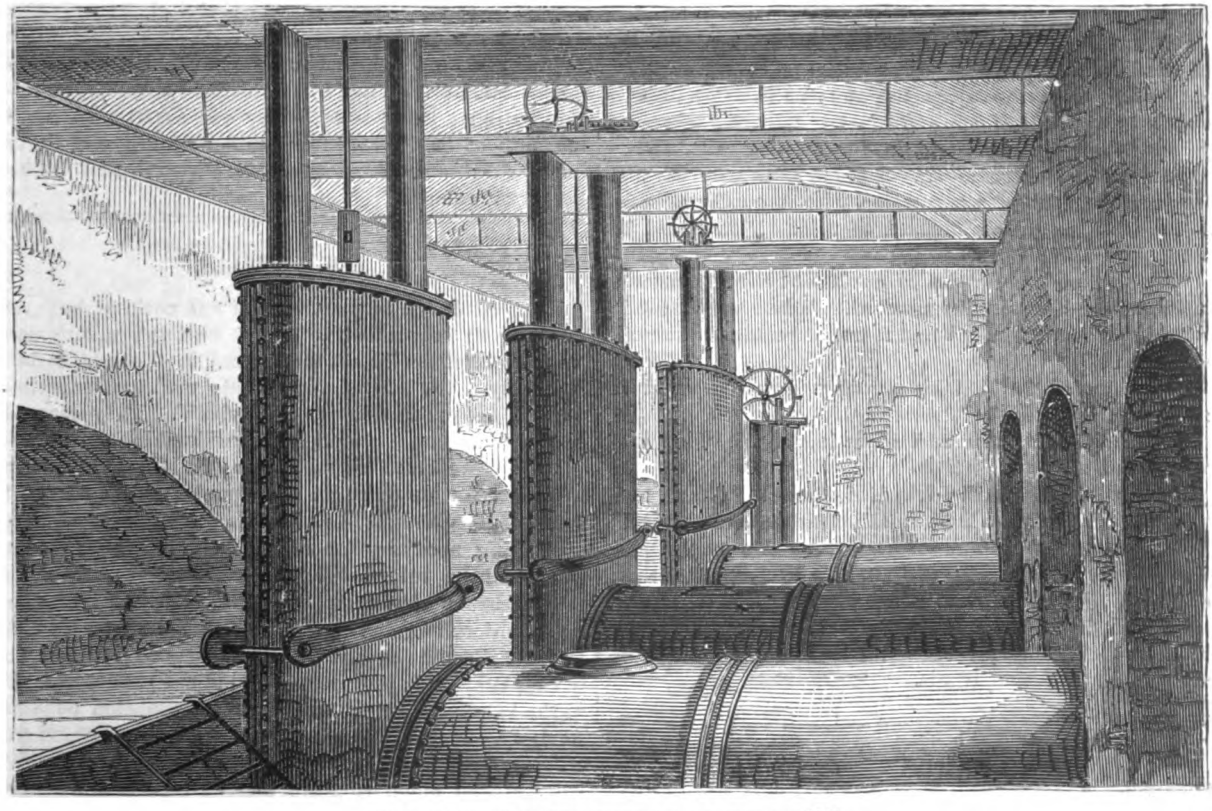
He no longer appeared at the *table d'hôte*, but complaining of indisposition, would have his meals sent to his room, with innumerable drinks during the day. Thus he lay from day to day, seeing no one, and scarcely rising from his bed, fast approaching the D. T. of surgeons. At length there happened in the village an old friend, but of a different regiment, Lieutenant H. Hearing of Dick's presence at the hotel, he called at his room to see him, and discovering his condition, at once determined upon the course to pursue. Descending from Dick's room, it was but a step across the plaza to McCormick's.



RESERVOIR, CENTRAL PARK, IN 1862.

"Mr. McCormick," said he, "my friend Dick is in a bad way over there at the hotel. I don't suppose he has any friends in town, and he may die. In that event here are ninety-two dollars, which I wish expended on his funeral and on a headstone over his grave. Make a note of it, if you please, and give me a receipt for the money. The receipt for the money no sooner in his hand than Lieutenant H. returned to Dick's room. With a melodramatic air, he greeted his old friend.

"Dick," said he, "you're in a bad way, old fellow. I'm



PIPE CHAMBERS OF THE RESERVOIR ADOPTED IN 1862.

sorry I have to leave you, but I must go. Before leaving, however, let me assure you that it will be all right; I take it that you must die. Don't worry yourself, old fellow, about your funeral; I've taken care of that. I've deposited with McCormick money sufficient for your funeral, and for a headstone, besides; so don't worry yourself about such trifles. Good-by, old fellow; I must be off to my post. Good-by! God bless you!"

Dick was surprised—overwhelmed with astonishment. That he—the *beau ideal* of a soldier, the *preux chevalier* of a bold dragoon—should find himself in such condition as that a comparative stranger should seek him out and contribute from his small pittance of pay sufficient to bear his funeral expenses before his death! The effect was instantaneous. Dick, with an effort, aroused himself from the torpor drink had brought him into, called for a bath, and with that will God had vouchsafed him, he dressed, and descended to the lower hall. Here he promenaded, in an indifferent manner, for some moments. Then going to the "bar" he imbibed a strong "cocktail." Thus set up, he proceeded to the front door on the plaza. Whilst standing here a boy was passing with the corpse of an infant smothered in roses on a tray—a Mexican child. Dick accosted the bearer with the question as to what a funeral would cost; this one, for example. The reply was vague and undeterminable. So, girding up his loins, he lounged across the plaza to McCormick's store.

Good-morning, Mr. McCormick," said Dick, in the most careless tone. "What's the news? Has H. gone yet?"

"Oh, yes! he has gone. He left an hour ago."

"A good fellow. Did he leave any message for me?"

"Yes and no. Lieutenant H. left a deposit for your benefit. He left ninety-two dollars to defray your funeral expenses."

"Ah!" said Dick, "give me the money, please. I do not mean to die yet, and I shall remit it to him with my sober compliments, and best wishes for his health and prosperity."

Dick returned to his room, packed up his traps, and was off that evening for his post. Arriving at my post, *en passant*, the doctor told me the story as I have told it to you.

I gave them quarters, and in the evening called to see how they were getting along. I found Dick with his feet immersed in a tub of warm water, with a goodly proportion of what he called mustard therein. Dick called to me.

"Major," said he, "this is curious-smelling mustard. It doesn't smell to me like mustard. Take a whiff of it."

Taking a whiff, I discovered it not to be mustard at all, but curry.

"Never mind," said Dick; "curry is just as good as mustard in this case."

'Twas the warm water and cleansing of the parts that was needed.

Some years afterward Dick died, burnt out, thus verifying the old poetical adage, "Habits are stubborn things."

By the time a man has turned forty his ruling passions have grown so very hearty there's no clipping of their wings.

Poor H. died before Dick. The latter, hearing of his death, sent the amount he had left with McCormick to his kindred in Pennsylvania.

DON'T try to study that for which you have no real inclination. Forced doctors, lawyers, ministers — forced anythings—are generally failures.

VOLTAIRE'S FAVORITE DISH.

A FAVORITE dish on the table of the wealthy a century ago was the ears of a wild boar, eaten with a highly spiced sauce called *à la Grecque*. La Harpe and Voltaire were both excessively fond of that delicacy, and to induce them to accept an invitation it was sufficient to say that there would be wild boars' ears on the bill of fare. Voltaire's passion for the dish equaled that which he had for asparagus. The two writers were one day invited by Madame de Saint Julien to a literary soirée, after which they were to sup on wild boars' ears, without ceremony, and as an additional attraction to this party, Voltaire was to read his tragedy of "Tancred." It was an event in Paris fashionable circles, and Madame de Saint Julien was besieged with solicitations to be invited to it.

Voltaire, on being presented by the mistress of the house, was received with great applause, and began to read his work. Madame de Saint Julien was seated behind the author, her mind absorbed by the supper that was to terminate the soirée, and appearing to pay more attention to the movements of her servants than to the tragedy. Presently a valet came in quietly on tiptoe to stir the fires, and as he stooped down the lady whispered to him: "Have you got the boars' ears?" "Yes, madame, the coach from Auxerre, which arrived this morning, brought a boars' head from near Coulanges." "Ah," replied the mistress, "now my mind is at ease;" then, not heeding the signs of impatience made by Voltaire, she added, in a low tone, but loud enough to be heard, "Don't forget to tell the cook to serve them *en menus droits*, and not to spare the mustard and new wine in the sauce."

Voltaire, on hearing these words, stopped short in his reading, and turning to Madame de St. Julien said: "Mustard, madame, mustard and new wine! What profanity!" "Yes, sir," she returned, "they are delicious *en menus droits* with that sauce." "Not to my taste, my madame," exclaimed Voltaire, exasperated; then, making a low bow to the lady of the house and closing his manuscript, he walked majestically from the room without finishing his reading, and left the house, not even waiting for his carriage. When the moment of surprise caused by this outburst had passed, every one asked what was the meaning of it. "Only this," said La Harpe —"Voltaire likes boars' ears with a sauce of his own, and he has a horror of mustard."

DIVING-BELLS.

THE first diving-bell we read of was nothing but a very large kettle suspended by ropes, with the mouth downward and planks to sit upon fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks at Toledo made an experiment with it before the Emperor Charles V. They descended in it with a lighted candle to a considerable depth.

In 1683 William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. Charles II. gave him a ship with everything necessary for his undertaking, but being unsuccessful he returned in great poverty. He then endeavored to procure another vessel; but failing, he got a subscription, to which the Duke of Albemarle contributed. In 1687 Phipps set sail in a ship of two hundred tons, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first all his labors proved fruitless; but at last, when he seemed almost to despair, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure that he returned to England with the value of £500,000 sterling; of this sum he got

about £20,000, and the duke £90,000. Phipps was knighted by the king, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of the present noble house of Mulgrave.

Since that time diving-bells have often been employed. On the occasion of the breaking in of the water of the Thames during the progress of the tunnel beneath it, Mr. Brunel frequently descended in one to the bed of the river. Diving-helmets, supplied with air by a force-pump, are of more recent date, and have proved of great use in submarine exploration; but these bid fair to be at last superseded, so far as the supply of pumped air is concerned, by the new and remarkable system of Mr. Fleuss, which requires no supply of air from the surface.

A $1,500,000 DIAMOND FOUND.

From all accounts the wonderful Koh-i-noor, or "Mountain of Light," the property of her Britannic Majesty, is eclipsed by a recently discovered diamond found in South Africa, and now in the possession of Mr. Porter-Rhodes, who is, I believe, the fortunate discoverer of the gem. The weight of the newly-found stone is one hundred and fifty carats. It is uncut, but from its peculiarly favorable shape is not expected to lose more than ten carats during the process. The diamond is as big as a very large walnut, and is described as "like a hailstone in sunlight, of a bewitching transparency, and brilliant whiteness no other precious metal can vie with." Most Cape diamonds are of an inferior yellowish tinge, which detracts from the value of the stones; but this specimen is not only the largest ever discovered, but of a purity unsurpassed by any of its compeers. I understand that the stone was recently shown to the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House, and that his diamonds, when placed beside the Porter-Rhodes stone, were seen to be "off color." Offers for his property flow in upon the lucky owner from all parts of Europe. The first offer received was £50,000; the most recent one was £100,000. The owner's bankers, I hear, are willing to advance £60,000 against the security. The stone will not, it is thought, change hands under £200,000, which is just £60,000 more than the famous Koh-i-noor is valued at. Mr. Porter-Rhodes asks the trifling sum of £300,000, or $1,500,000 for his property, and does not seem in any hurry to dispose of it. It is rumored that a Russian prince is in treaty for the jewel.

THE INGENUITY OF ANTS.

In the hotter parts of the earth (says the Rev. J. G. Wood), where ant-life attains its fullest development, it is scarcely possible to keep provisions of any kind. The only protection that is of the slightest efficacy is to place the vessel on a table, and immerse each leg of the table in a basin of water. Even then care must be taken that the water be kept perfectly clean, as if any small floating objects should fall into it the ants will use them as rafts; and if dust be allowed to accumulate on the surface the insects will crawl over it. They will even scale walls, creep along the ceiling until they are over the table, and then allow themselves to drop upon it. Many species go on foraging expeditions, which are managed with as much order and discipline as a body of foragers in a modern army. The most redoubtable of these foragers are called driver ants, and there are several species of them, each having its own way of foraging. Those which are best known belong to the genus *Eciton*, and inhabit tropical America. In these creatures the division of labor is remarkably carried out, the workers being broadly divided into laborers and soldiers. The latter are very much larger than the former, and act as officers while the column is on the march.

Mr. Bates, the well-known traveler, in describing a column of drivers, some hundred yards in length, has the following remarks on the officers and their duties:

"The large-headed individuals were in proportion about five in one hundred to the small individuals, but not one of them carried anything in its mandibles. They were all trotting along outside the column, and distributed in regular proportion throughout the whole line of army, their globular white heads rendering them very conspicuous among the rest, bobbing up and down as they traversed the inequalities of the road."

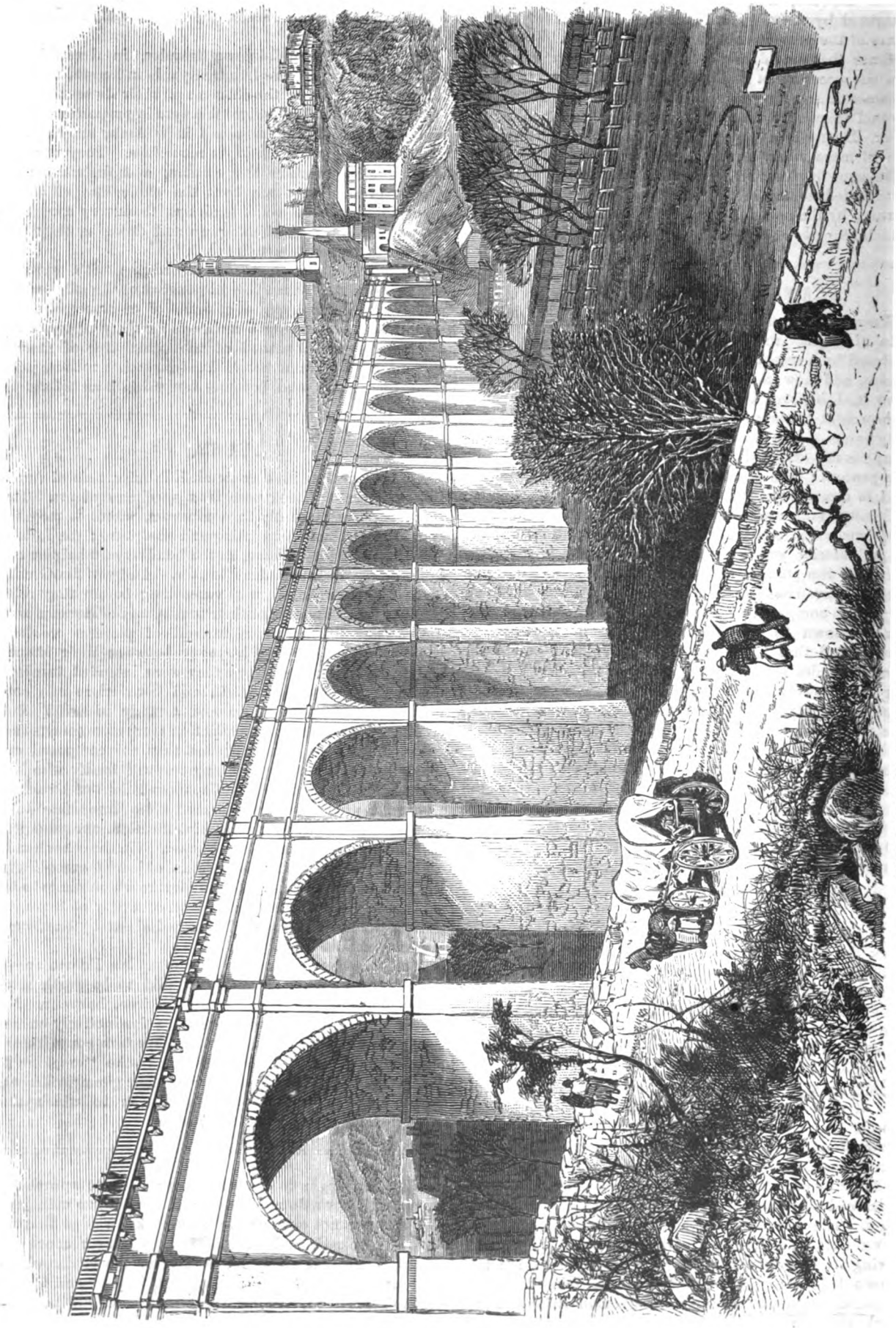
Can anything be more in accordance with existing military principles than this disposition of the officers and privates? From such a column of numbers, branch columns are perpetually thrown out for the purpose of exploring the neighborhood of the actual line of march. When such a column has fulfilled its task it retires, joins the main column, and becomes merged in it as before.

VASES.

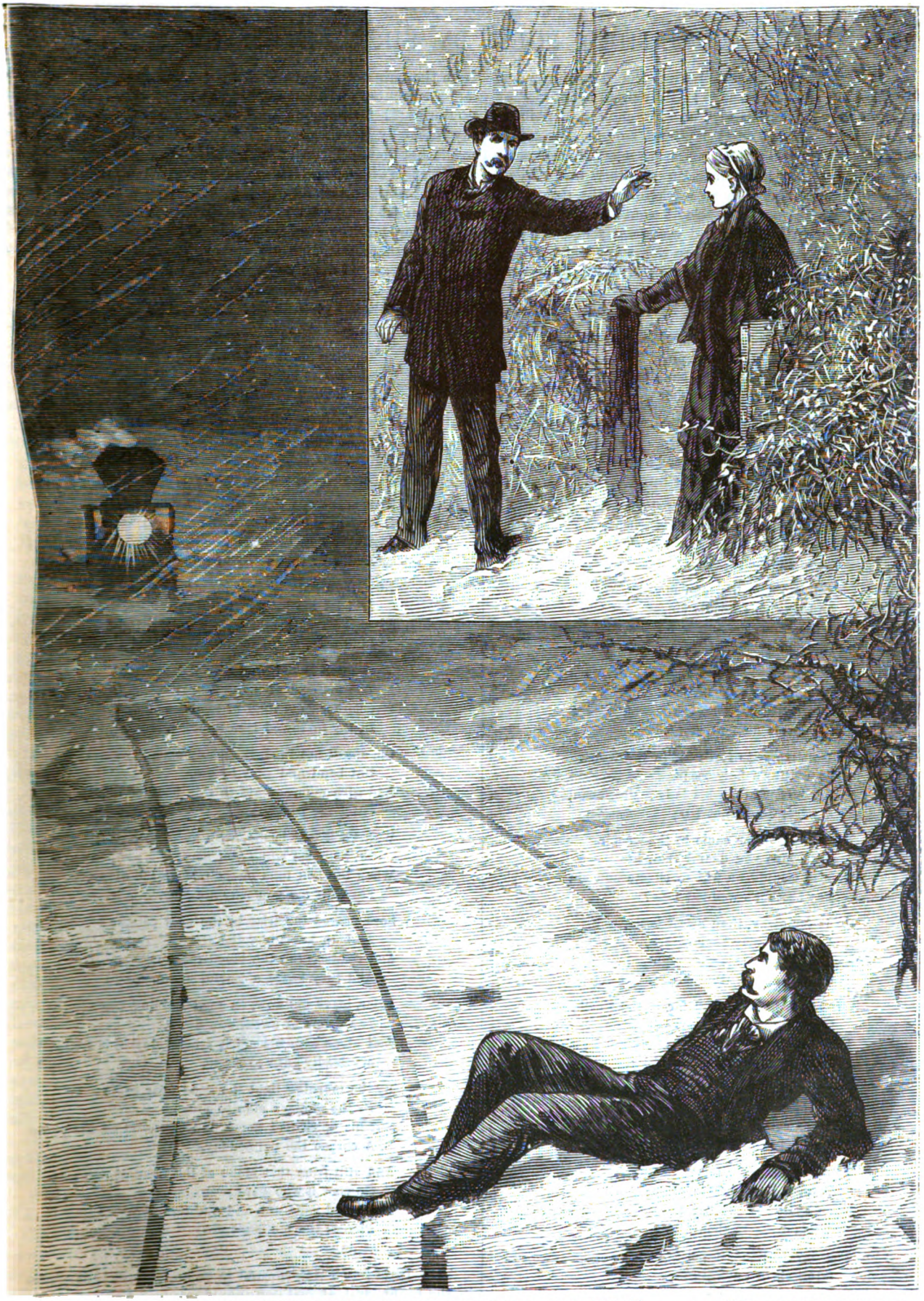
A Chinese vase, it is contended, is an article of furniture, whereas a Greek vase is a specimen of art. The latter belongs naturally to a museum, where it may inspire the student of painting and sculpture; the former is found, without surprise, in the boudoir of a lady or the dining-room of an opulent banker. And yet the Greeks decorated their houses with vases long before they relegated them to the uses of their tombs, as the Romans also did. They painted them instead of pictures on their walls; they contrived a harmony between their shapes and those of the buildings they were intended to ornament; they gave them plinth and base, frieze and cornice, and each was a charm and a study in itself. But could there be conceived a collection more monotonous and exhausting to the mind's interest than one composed exclusively of Chinese jars, as any one will testify who has ever visited the vaults of the Japanese Palace of Dresden, where the whole is only redeemed from immediate dullness by a scholarly system of classification, chronological and illustrative of the different types. On the other hand, a Chinese vase standing alone is an object of exceedingly little attraction in itself. It is a picture which wants to be set in a frame, to be associated with a variety of tones, to be reflected by mirrors, to be draped about by handsome curtains, and so forth.

If all this be true—and the argument is a French one—your Chinese vase can scarcely be said to be worth anything in itself. It is only partially true, however. No doubt the Chinese value their ware instinctively on account of certain qualities which, by Western connoisseurship, are only prized at second-hand—the "crackling," for instance; but it is the same with their gigantic flowers, dragons and chimeras—objects such as to which the Greeks never gave expression or form.

When we begin to live out of ourselves, to appreciate interests that we do not share, and sympathize with joys and sorrows not our own, to respect knowledge that we have not gained, and wisdom from whatever source it comes, then shall we be released from the chains which keep us back from seeing much that is true, and feeling much that is good, and our lives will become full and rich to ourselves, and precious to others.



THE HIGH BRIDGE OF THE CROTON AQUEDUCT OVER HARLEM RIVER.



THE 9:30 UP.—"WE ARE ENEMIES, MISS REYNOLDS, FROM THIS TIME FORTH. GOOD-NIGHT!" . . . . "HIS FACE TURNED TOWARD THE COMING DEATH. AS THE LOCOMOTIVE ROUNDED THE BEND, HE COULD SEE HER TALL COLUMNS OF SMOKE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MR. H. G. ATKINSON, contributing the following poem to the London *Athenæum*, says: Its origin is interesting equally in an artistic, literary, and psychological point of view, showing out of what few and simple elements a genius like Scott could, with scarcely an effort, concoct a pleasing story. My late father, an architect, was a friend of Scott's, and helped him as a friend in the decoration and finishings of Abbotsford. Scott would often dine with my father when in London, and was greatly interested in the garden. In one corner there was some rockwork, in which were inserted some fragments of stone ornaments from the ruins of Kilburn Priory; and crowning all was a large, irregularly shaped stone, having a deep red stain, no doubt of ferruginous origin. This stone was sent to my father by Lord Mulgrave, in one of his cement vessels, my father having been struck with its appearance on the shore at Whitby; and from these simple, really unconnected facts Scott made out the following story, in verses which might be regarded as a kind of friendly offering in return for services rendered. Here are the lines; I had supposed them lost, but my sister, in turning over some old papers, found a copy—

THE MUCKLE STAIN, OR THE BLEEDING STONE OF KILBURN PRIORY.

For the blessed rood of Sir Gervase the good
The nuns of Kilburn pray,
But for the wretch who shed his blood
No tongue a prayer shall say.

The bells shall ring and the nuns shall sing
Sir Gervase to the blest,
But holiest rites will never bring
His murderer's soul to rest.

Now tell me, I pray, thou palmer gray,
Why thou kneelest at this shrine,
And why dost thou cry so eagerly
Upon the help divine?

Oh, tell me who the man may be,
And what his deadly sin,
That the Church's prayer for his soul despair
The mercy of Christ may win.

I cry at this shrine on the help divine
To save the soul of one
Who in death shall lie ere morning light
Upon this ancient stone.

Sir Gervase rode forth far in the North
To Whitby's holy see;
In her bower alone his lady made moan,
A fairer could not be.

His false brother came to the weeping dame:
Oh, I love you dearer than life.
Hence! would you win to shame and sin
Thy brother's wedded wife?

He is far away, thou sweet ladie,
And none may hear or see,
So, lady bright, this very night,
Oh, open your door to me.

Sir Gervase rides forth far in the North,
'Tis long ere he comes back,
And thine eyes shine out like stars by night
From thy hair of raven black.

The fire shall burn at the door stone
Ere I open my door to thee,
And thy suit of hell to Sir Gervase I'll tell,
And a traitor's death thou wilt die.

Then fare ye well, Dame Isabel,
Thou lady of mickle pride;
Thou shalt rue the day thou saidst me nay
When back to thee I ride.

The day declined, the rising wind
Sung shrill on Whitby's sands;
With ear down laid and ready blade,
Behind a rock he stands.

Sir Gervase rode on in thought alone,
Leaving his men behind;
The blow was sure, the flight secure,
But a voice was in the wind:

False brother, spur thy flying steed,
Thou canst not fly so fast
But on this stone where now I bleed
Thyself shalt breathe thy last.

That stone was then on Whitby's shore
And now behold it here!
And ever that blood is in mine eye,
And ever that voice in mine ear!

Now, thou palmer gray, now turn thee, I pray.
And let me look in thine eye.
Alas! it burns bright with a fearful light
Like guilt about to die.

That stone is old, and o'er it has rolled
The tempest of many years;
But fiercer rage than of tempest or age
In thy furrowed face appears.

Oh, speak not thus, thou holy man,
But bend and pray by me,
And give me your aid in this hour of need,
Till I my penance drie.

With book and beads, with ave and creed,
Oh, help me while you may;
When the bell tolls one, oh, leave me alone,
For with me you may not stay.

Sore prayed the friar by the gray palmer
As both knelt o'er the stone,
And redder grew the blood-red hue,
And they heard a fearful groan.

Friar, leave me now, on my trembling brow
The drops of sweat run down,
And alone with his spirit I must deal this night
My deadly guilt to atone.

By the morning light the good friar came
By the sinner's side to pray;
But his spirit had flown, and stretched on the stone
A corpse the palmer lay.

And still from that stone at the hour of one—
Go visit it who dare—
The blood runs red and a shriek of dread
Pierces the midnight air.

As a little boy I determined to go and sit on that stone in the night, and at last conquered my fear and sat there triumphantly, and have never feared anything since.

THE 9:30 UP.

"I know very well, James Gilraith, that you don't care for me any longer."

"You are not certain of that," he said, in a dogged tone.

"I am. Don't you suppose my heart tells me so? You are tired of me. Any person could tell that I am no longer to you what I used to be before"—her voice quivered, and she hid her face against the gate—"before Ella Wolf came."

"You silly little thing, you are jealous again," he laughed.

"I know I am, and I don't pretend not to be. Oh, Jim, I do love you so! I can't help it. I ought to have more pride about me than to act as I am doing; but I would sooner die than lose you."

"Why, Lu, you talk as if there were no other men in the world. There are plenty much better-looking men than I am, and superior to me in every respect. You might have your pick of the best."

She put her hand on his arm almost as if he were already slipping away from her, and that touch could hold him. For she loved him, indeed, and they were to have been married. She had his dainty gold ring, with a single pearl in it, on her finger then. But since the last six weeks he had met a Miss Ella Wolf, from the city of B——.

Lu Reynolds was pretty enough for a country girl, but how plain before this gorgeous Miss Wolf, dressed in her wondrous silks that would stand alone! Lu had, it is true, great blue eyes, that were very captivating, and a rosy mouth and dimpled cheeks; but her complexion was tanned, and alas! the sun, despite coal-scuttle bonnets, had freckled her, too. And somehow her hands had got so brown and vulgar-looking, that she almost hated them. Her chestnut hair could not be managed, and she couldn't wear earrings, because her ears had never been pierced.

These things she had never noticed till since the last six weeks.

Jim had liked her well enough, and was as little aware of her imperfections as herself. But, lo! Miss Wolf from B—— appeared, and poor Lu's sad lack of so much that was necessary was ruthlessly unvailed. Miss Wolf's complexion was as fair, smooth and velvety as pearl-powder at one dollar per box could make it. Her cheeks had no sunburn on them, but bloomed with that faint *soupçon* of red which so beautifies the pale rose. Her hair was something glorious—a very dream of enchantment. Her figure and carriage nearly surpassed imagination itself. She had diamonds in her ears, and her fingers were stiff with rings, and at the end of a valuable gold chain which hung around her neck was attached a tiny Geneva watch, which was a miracle to Lu, who had never seen anything in the shape of a watch less dainty than her father's enormous turnip, that wound up with a noise like a clock, and Jim's silver chronometer, that was a railroad timepiece, and scarcely an ornament.

Miss Wolf sang also, and accompanied herself on a guitar, wrote verses, and read them aloud very graciously, and even sketched.

All this helped to make the old story—Jim Gilraith was dazzled, and poor Lu entirely eclipsed.

The six weeks had passed by for Jim like an intoxicating vision of that length. He went to see Miss Wolf every day at least once. She lived a good three miles from his office, but he did not care for that, nor for the snow and cold. She tolerated his visits, even flirted slightly with him, but, as several village authorities justly said, "Anybody with half an eye could see plainly that Ella Wolf was only amusing herself, and didn't care for Jim in reality a bit."

However, it was a sad business for Lu. She loved Jim truly and well, and there she now stood with him by the gate, the snow deep on the ground, the wind cold, and her heart more desolate and bleak than all.

She was so miserably jealous, that she felt she could die with something even like joy. Anything rather than continue to bear that pain in her breast—that fang gnawing there sharper than the vulture's beak!

Jim, though, seemed quite calm. He was flattered by the girl's jealousy, but certainly not much moved.

"How you do hate Miss Wolf, don't you, Lu?" he said, laughing.

"Hate her? I could — well, I won't say anything wicked; but if she were drowning, and I by, I wouldn't do more than hold out a straw to see if she would follow the proverb and clutch at it. Jim, *please* don't visit her again."

"I must. It wouldn't look well to drop off suddenly."

"Then say that you won't go there till next Sunday."

He shook his head.

"Can't; I'm going to-night."

"To-night!"

"Yes; I can't stand the dreariness of that confounded office more than three times a week," he said, in a tone expressive of his extreme disgust.

"Come over to see *me*. We can talk, or play cards, or do what we please."

"Cards bore me, Lu, as you're aware. I like music. What a pity you don't sing!"

Lu evidently thought so, too. It was plain, then, that he was resolved to go.

She could have cried, but contrived to keep the tears back. Suddenly a thought struck her.

"But, Jim, you can't go to-night," she cried, "for you must attend to the switch when the 9:30 passes."

"That's nothing. I shall arrange all that," he said, quietly.

"How?"

"Pres Ames will look after the switch. I'll give him a drink for it."

"Ames!" exclaimed Lu, clasping her hands, and looking up to him with a sudden fear in her eyes. "Oh, Jim, take my advice and do not trust to that Pres Ames. He drinks so, and cannot be depended on. If the train should be switched on to the other track, it would meet the express, and you know what the dreadful result would be. Take heed, Jim."

"Lu, you are really getting silly. Don't you suppose that I am fully aware of the importance of attending to the switch? Ames drinks a good deal, it is true, but never too much when he has business on hand. Besides, I don't believe a gallon of liquor would seriously affect him, he is so used to it."

"Oh, if you ever cared anything for me, I implore you by the memory of that vanished love to listen and be guided now! Don't risk so many lives for the sake of spending a few hours with that heartless girl. She is only laughing at you in her sleeve, Jim. You are not good enough for her. Your foolish admiration flatters and amuses her, and you may rest assured that she is ridiculing you in all the letters she writes to her friends at home. She is not the sort of person to be satisfied with love such as you could give her, and love alone. You could give

her nothing else, Jim, for you are not rich. You are only a clerk at a little railway stopping-place. She wouldn't marry a man who had less than five or ten thousand dollars a year, and, above all, she wouldn't marry an awkward countryman such as she views you to be. These are plain words, my own darling boy, but they are truths."

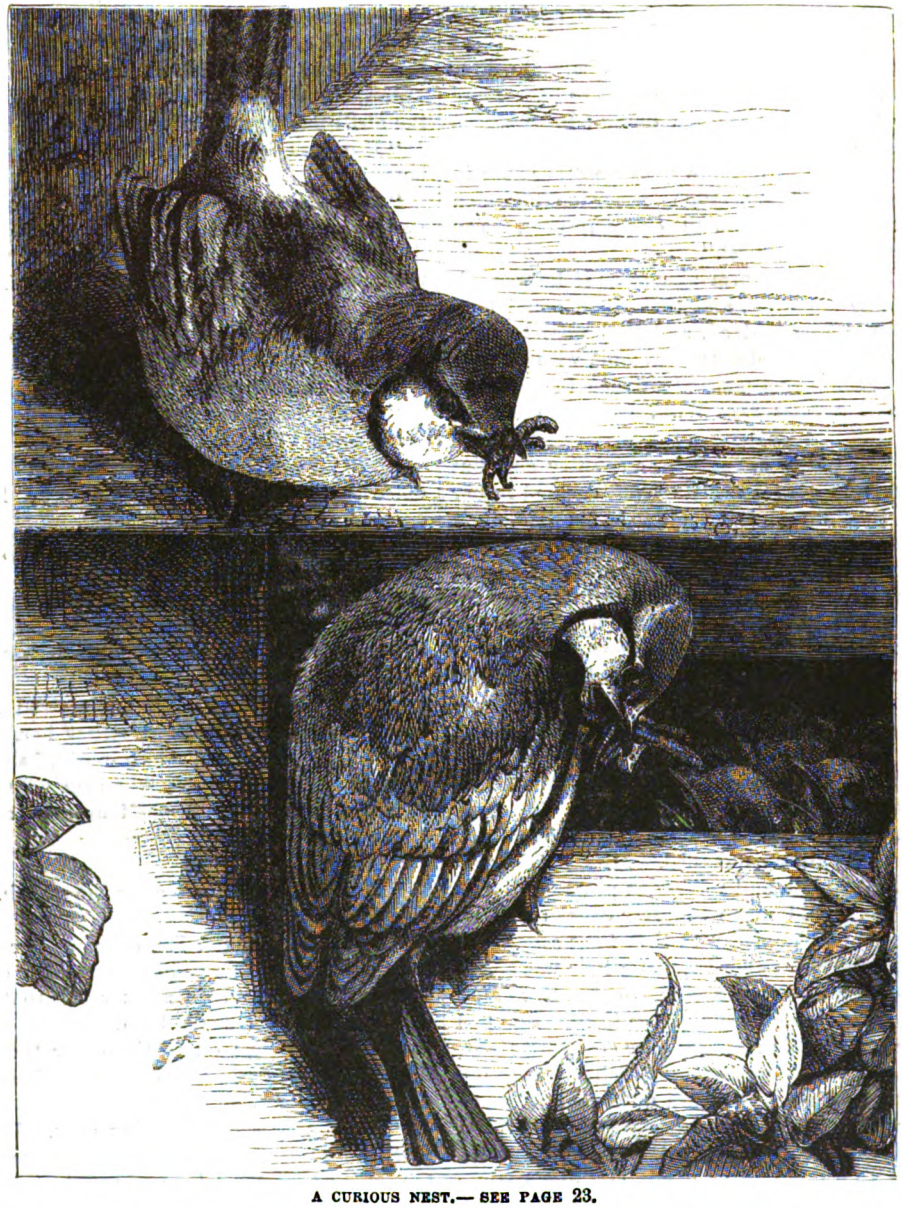
He was simply fiendishly angry.

During the torrent of her speech his face turned red and white alternately with anger and surprise, and when she at length finished, his handsome countenance was so contorted with passion, that it seemed absolutely festered and sore.

"Truths, Miss Reynolds!" he said, really gnashing his teeth. "Then you certainly have a nice opinion of me. Upon my soul, it is well for you that you are not a man. So, with all your love, you, in reality, only consider me 'a poor clerk,' and 'an awkward bumpkin,' and a laughing-stock for everybody! I congratulate you upon your telling the truth for once. You call yourself a lady, I suppose, and you have spoken plain words to me. I call myself a gentleman, and will reciprocate. In the first place I advise you to cultivate a little decency. It is not modest to follow a man up as you do me. I am sick and tired of you, and everybody knows it; therefore it looks very bad for you to pursue me in the bold fashion you've been doing——"

"Jim, you are forgetting yourself. You must not talk so to me, and you will be sorry when you are again in your senses."

"I am in my senses at last, thank heaven! Now mark this, if you please: I don't wish to have anything more to do with you; so don't speak to or notice me in any manner hereafter. The ring you have you can throw in the fire. We are enemies, you understand, Miss Reynolds, from this time forth. Good-night." He turned his back upon her and walked away.



A CURIOUS NEST.— SEE PAGE 23.

She stood there a while looking after him, and the snow began to fall again sadly around her.

The Winter day was closing in.

As for him, he strode on toward the village. How angry he was, and how savagely he hated her!

Yes, it was really hate. All she had said repeated itself in his mind until his rage almost maddened him.

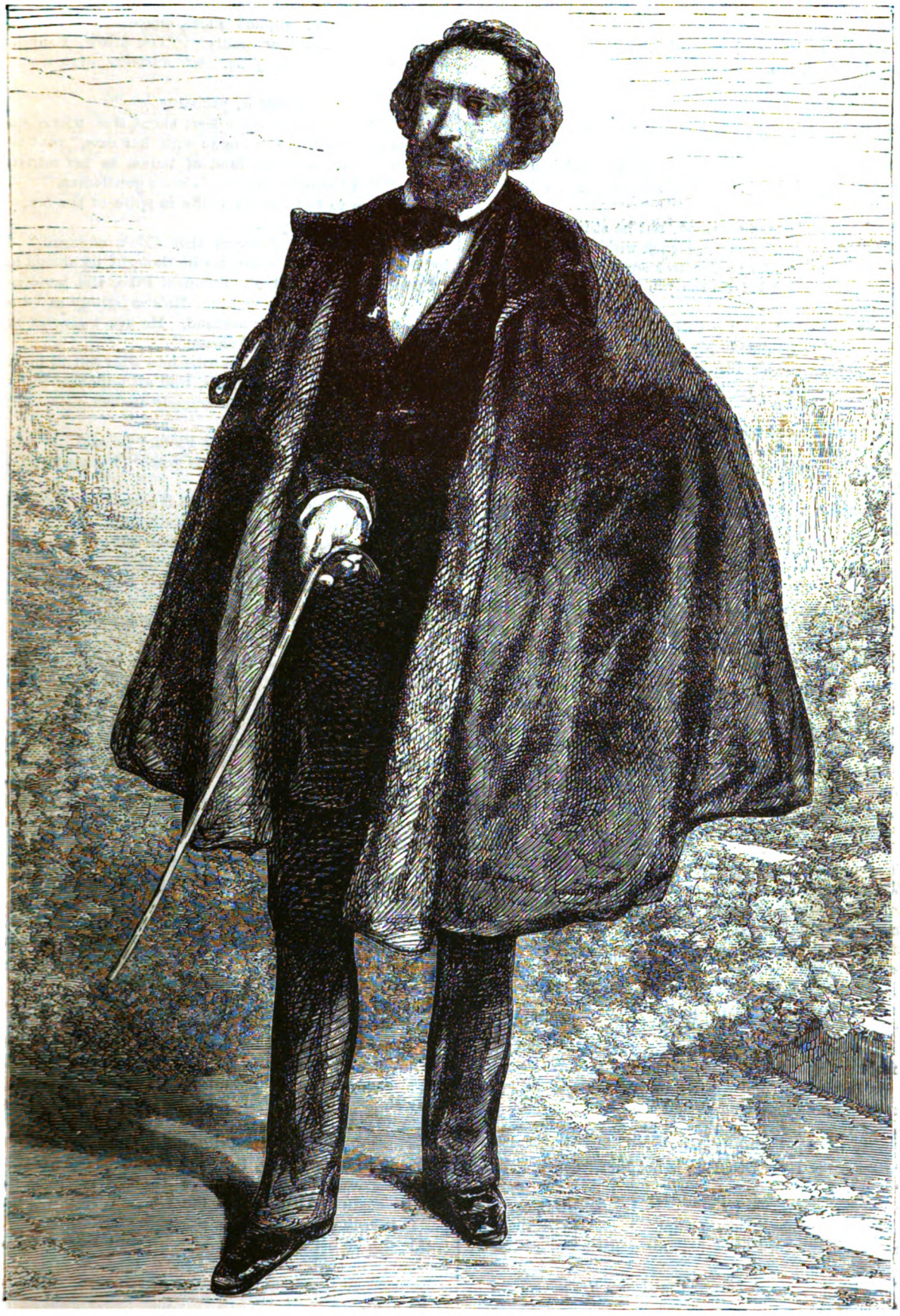
"A poor clerk!—a country bumpkin!" he exclaimed, aloud. "To think that the girl would *dare* to use such language to me! Well, I am rid of her at last, and that's a blessing, for I didn't see my way out of the entanglement. Snowing again, by Jove!" he said, glancing up. "What a nuisance! I shall have to walk to Miss Wolf's, for of course I can't borrow old man Reynolds's horse after the row with his daughter. First of all, I must see Pres Ames."

He found this Mr. Pres Ames at his usual place of resort, which was, of course, the village tavern. Mr. Ames was a social being, and liked to mix with his fellow mortals—especially to mix whisky-toddies with them. In the ardent and industrious performance of the latter he had acquired an extremely red nose, a breath which was not altogether like the south winds blowing over violets, and a condition of nerves that gave him the seeming of a person suffering from chronic ague.

However, at the appearance of Jim in the tavern he came forward very briskly, for his instant conjecture was:

"Something's up when Jim Gilraith comes here. Probably a drink in prospect."

"Pres, I want you to do something for me this evening," said Jim, coming to the point at once. "I am going



DISTINGUISHED INVALIDS.— ALFRED DE MUSSET. FROM A DRAWING BY GAVARNI.— SEE PAGE 24.

down the country on some business, and can't be here when the 9:30 comes up from B——. Will you attend to the switch?"

Mr. Ames smiled and rubbed his elbows; but looked rather doubtful, too.

"Well, you see, Jim, it's a monstrous cold night, and the snow's fallin' agin. My clothes and shoes ain't none too thick, and it's a good two hours' job. It'll take me an hour, or nigh that, to git from here to the switch."

"But you can shelter yourself in the tool-house. I'll give you a pint of the best whisky when I return to-night."

The drunkard's eyes sparkled, but he still hesitated.

"I tell you what," said he, struck with a new idea, "the whisky'll be as good as a fire to keep me warm. Give it me in advance, and I'll do the job for you as well as you could yourself."

"Very well; but don't get drunk."

"Drunk!" exclaimed Mr. Ames, with indignation. "Did you ever see *me* drunk?"

"No, nor sober. Well, I can depend on you, I suppose?"

"You can, and no mistake."

"Then here's the key of the switch, and here's the money to buy your whisky with. You may buy the very best."

The bargain was thus concluded, and the two parted.

Jim struck out again into the snowy night.

White desolation lay piled upon the earth as far as the eye could reach, and still the feathery flakes came softly down.

As Jim walked along the track his spirits rose considerably. Somehow he was not as angry as he had been before, thinking over Lu Reynolds's words, and, indeed, he even smiled.

"Poor foolish girl! I oughtn't to have been so harsh, after all," he mused. "What is that line of Byron's? A certain uncomfortable place has no fury like a woman scorned. His lordship knew the sex well. She was jealous, and, of course, not very mindful in her choice of language. She loves me to desperation; but," he whispered, softly, his heart throbbing, "perhaps somebody else cares a bit for me, too—more, possibly, than anybody, or even she herself, suspects."

This comforted him nearly all the way.

When he saw the lights in the windows of the house where Miss Wolf was staying, his whole body thrilled.

Impatiently he sprang up the bank from the track, passed through the gate, ascended the piazza steps, and knocked at the door.

He was let in by Miss Flora Anderson, Miss Wolf's friend.

"*You*, Mr. Gilraith!" exclaimed the young lady, in genuine surprise. "And is it possible that you have walked all the way from the village! Come in and warm yourself. We have a perfect conflagration in the parlor-stove."

He took off his snowy hat and coat and obeyed. The fire was, indeed, roaring there; but Miss Anderson had evidently been enjoying it alone.

"How sorry I am that Ella is not here," continued she.

"Where is she?"

"Oh, she ran down to B—— to-day, and won't return till the 9:30 comes. But I suppose we can contrive to amuse each other without her for a little while—can we not?"

The disappointment overwhelmed him to such an extent that he could scarcely answer.

He resolved instantly not to remain, and began to cast about for some excuse that would enable him to leave.

"I presume she went to town on some shopping expedition?" he said, to gain time.

"No, not quite," replied Flora, simpering a little, and glancing at him rather archly. "You know, I suppose, that Ella is not precisely her own mistress, even if she *is* unmarried."

"Her father and mother, probably——"

"Oh, she doesn't care the least about *their* wishes when they don't happen to coincide with her *own*," continued the young lady, who was fond of italics in her conversation. "But there is somebody *else*—a gentleman."

Jim began to feel awfully chilly in spite of the fire.

"Indeed!" he gasped.

"Yes: it's no great secret that Ella's engaged." He braced himself in his chair, for he thought he should fall. "She is to marry old Mr. Solomon Pike, the jeweler, in the Spring. I don't envy her. He's as stingy as he can be, and as cross as Jack's hatband. He won't give her anything to eat but bread-and-cheese."

It would be difficult to describe how Jim felt at this announcement; but he knew this, that all hope was for ever gone, and that he had been extremely foolish.

He rose.

"I must be off already, Miss Flora," he said. "I only had a moment to stop, and it is gone. I must be at the switch in time for the train."

This was a feeble subterfuge, but it served, and presently he once more found himself out-of-doors.

The snow was coming down faster than ever, and he found walking a matter of no little difficulty.

However, he went on rapidly as he could, but sick at heart.

What a laugh everybody in the village would have at him—perhaps were having already!

At length he reached the tool-house; but no light was burning in the window, and the switch had not yet been arranged.

"Ames hasn't come," he said, a shade concerned. "The snow makes the walking bad for him. It's nine o'clock, and he should be here. I'll keep on up the track and meet him."

But he walked some distance, plowing with much labor through the snow, and still no sign of the man he expected.

He strained his eyes through the white thick mist in the hope of catching the gleam of an approaching lantern, but none was visible.

Seriously alarmed, he pressed forward with more energy—but not with more speed—than ever. He stumbled and floundered across the ties, and occasionally slipped upon the smooth rail, but still he pursued his way.

Suddenly, far away, he heard a shrill, ominous note.

It was the whistle of the distant locomotive!

"She's at H——, and must be here in twenty or twenty-five minutes. My God! if I had only listened to Lu's words, and attended to this thing myself! The snow trips me at every step. What has got into my legs? They seem to bend under me."

He fought the storm manfully, and staggered blindly on.

To add to his struggle, the wind began to sweep against his breast down the narrow cut where the road was laid, and he could no longer face the tempest, but was compelled to tack obliquely like a ship.

"It will be better as I come back; but I must run all the way," he said. "Helloa! I see a light."

Rousing all his strength, he dashed forward, crying out as he went.

The light halted. At last he came up, breathless.

Some men whom he knew—one with a lantern were

about to bear a bundle of snowy rags, for such it seemed, into the woods.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Pres Ames, frozen to death."

"What! Oh, heaven! I deserve this! Let me search his pockets. He has the key of the switch, and the 9:30 will be here in twelve minutes! Don't stare, but tear his rags from him and find my key!"

They fell to work, rifling the dead man's pockets and explaining at the same time.

"Somebody gave the poor devil a dollar to get a pint of whisky," said the man with the lantern. "Pres bought the cheap kind, and got three pints. At a quarter to nine he left the tavern to go down the track to the tool-house, he said; but he was very drunk, and could scarcely walk or speak. He seems to have gone part of the way, and to have fallen and laid there. He's stiff as an icicle."

Jim, with a wild shriek, threw up his hands. The key was not to be found.

At this same instant they all heard the whistle of the coming train as it passed the station below.

It would be at the switch in nine minutes!

James Gilraith turned from the crowd, and plunged like a madman along the track in that direction.

"All those lives will be on my soul before the sun rises to-morrow! She who will have made me the murderer will be one of my victims! Oh, Lu, if I had only listened to you! Well, I shall die with the rest."

At the tool-house the train should leave the track on the right hand and take that to the left.

It would now, instead of this, continue its journey on the right, and soon afterward meet the lightning express from W——, and both would inevitably be ground to atoms!

Jim Gilraith determined not to survive the frightful catastrophe, but to let his own destruction precede, and, if possible, expiate part of his crime.

The ground began to rock under his feet, and he could already hear the rumbling thunder of the approaching engine.

He fell upon his knee, and then stretched himself across the rails of the track on the right.

Afterward the world would understand, and, perhaps, pity. His face he turned toward the coming death.

The great lantern in front of the locomotive shot forth its single shaft of white light, and as she rounded the bend he could see her tall columns of smoke, the sparks and cinders falling beneath her wheels, and could feel the quaking of the earth under her mighty tread.

Suddenly the whistle screamed, waking the echoes of the desolate earth far and wide.

She was at the switch, and but a few yards from him.

He closed his eyes and waited.

The next instant the train had swept by him, with rattle and roar, down the track on the left hand!

He caught a glimpse of some one on horseback following, and then he lost consciousness.

* * * * * * *

"Jim, are you awake—really? Are you in your senses, *really*, you bad boy?"

He turned on the bed, and looked toward the fire.

She was there, his own Lu!

And now she came to him with something in her hand.

"Drink this, Jim. Doctor Scott has just gone. You've had an *awful*, *awful* time of it, and once we were almost ready to give you up. You've been talking the greatest nonsense I ever listened to."

"Lu, the train was switched off all right, wasn't it? I did *not* dream that, did I?"

"No," she said, quietly. "I switched the train off for you, Jimmy. I felt kind of worried about your giving the key to Pres Ames, as you said you were going to do, and about a quarter to nine I slipped out of the house, saddled the mare, and started for the switch. A quarter of the way there I met Pres Ames—drunk and incapable, of course. I took the key from him, and hurried to the tool-house, and when the 9:30 came by the left track was ready to receive her. You told me not to meddle with your affairs, Jimmy; but I couldn't help it that once. I won't do so again. When you are well and strong, you can go away and do as you please, you know; and, as you wish it, we'll be enemies. In fact, we are enemies now."

"And you don't love me any longer, Lu?"

"Oh, yes, I do! The Bible commands us to love our enemies, you know. I always follow my Bible, Jim."

"You saved Miss Wolf's life as well as mine, Lu. She was on that train."

"I know she was. I saw her get out of it at the station. I suppose you'll be calling over to see her this afternoon, won't you?"

"Come here."

"What for?"

"I want to tell you what a villain I've been, and I want to hear you tell me that you will never be my wife."

"I never will be your wife, then."

"Never?"

"Well, not if you don't wish to marry me."

"But if I should wish that I had perished last night rather than lose you—what?"

"Well, rather than you should be so wicked as that, I——"

He didn't wait to hear more, but drew her quickly to his bosom, kissed her, and their quarrel was ended.

A CURIOUS NEST.

Birds sometimes select curious places for building their nests. They seem impressed with a sense of man's friendliness for them, and believe themselves safe under his protection from the attacks of their feathered foes. Perhaps, however, no more curious spot was ever chosen by these builders of homes without hands than that of which Mr. Harrison Weir has made a spirited drawing. It was no less than a letter-box, where epistles prosaic as well as the most sentimental, pathetic, affectionate and touching were dropped by human hands. Neither correspondents nor letter-carriers molested the parent birds; they built their nests, the eggs were laid, and in due season hatched without the brood sustaining any injury from the strangeness of their birthplace.

Etymology of Bric-à-Brac.—The etymology of the name *bric-à-brac* is rather vague. It probably comes from the old French expression, "De bric et de broque," which means "from right and from left; from hither and thither." The word "bric" signifies in old French an instrument used to shoot arrows at birds with, and some etymologists derive the word "brac" from the word "brocanter," to sell, or exchange, the root of which is Saxon, and also the origin of the word "broker." Its signification in pure English is "second-hand goods," but it has of recent years been used to indicate objects of some artistic value made in olden times, and which are much esteemed by modern collectors. Under the name *bric-à-brac* are included articles of porcelain, glass, enamels, bronzes, woodwork, ivories, etc.

DISTINGUISHED INVALIDS.

By M. E. W. Sherwood.

So accustomed are we in this age of the world to the healthy, hearty, long-lived men of letters—the well-fed children of genius, the Tennysons, Bryants, Longfellows, Hartes, Macaulays, Thackerays, Dickenses, Dumases, Stowes, Cherbuliezes, Howells, Jameses and the like, that we have almost forgotten the old legend that "Invalidism and inspiration are near allied," and that a genius must necessarily be hungry, and, presumably, very sick, or, not a genius.

No doubt the powerful impetus of starvation often jogged the reluctant machinery which brought the divine spark from the brain of the author to the ear of the public. No doubt the children of genius had been also smothered sometimes by prosperity and too much health. Many a Charlotte Brontë may have been born in Mayfair who could have written "Jane Eyre," had her great soul been left to wander in Haworth Churchyard. No doubt there is sometimes a prosperity, and a vigorous animal health which is a clog to the vital manifestation of the spirit, but we have long since learned that neither starvation nor ill-health were the necessary concomitants of a poet's existence. He can dine well; off his last edition, in these piping times.

THOMAS HOOD.

But at what wells do the modern poets drink? Where do they go for their heavenly food? Do they not sometimes look in the Grecian vase of Keats, poor dying boy! Are not the pages of that wretched sufferer, Poe, turned over with a longing eye? In the ranks of prose-writers, what so inspiring as the patient example of Blind Prescott, who declared, with a pathetic playfulness, that he "saw all his visions with half an eye"!

And, indeed, the books of political and literary and social and poetical prophecy—are they not often opened to us by the trembling hand of a sufferer? by some wanderer of the night, to whom God has denied his greatest gift—sleep? Are not the invalids still in the advance guard, the men on the watch-tower, looking for the day star on high? To the world, what room is so dear as the sad London bedchamber where Elizabeth Barrett Browning passed so many dismal and glorious years, and into which no image of health, vivacity and vigorous outdoor life came, but her dog, Flash?

What lesson have we of greater sublimity than that offered by Hood, torn by suffering and yet keeping the gloomy world of healthy people laughing at his jokes? Dropping from those pale lips, too, the sweetest and most comprehensive maxims of resignation and patience? We know and feel that genius must suffer in some way. Even the men apparently the most robust have had to conquer a position. Contact with the public is often unpleasant to the sensitive genius. As some one says, "It is like the wind which fans the large flame, but which extinguishes the small one, and the thankless work which Genius has to do, the self-sacrifice which she requires from so many sides, frightens many away, whilst the feeling of duty, which demands that something be done for the benefit of society, if one has the stuff for it, is much less often found than could be wished for in the honor of mankind."

The greatest and most important obstacle, however, which Genius has to overleap is ill-health, that suffering body which was once considered the inevitable accompaniment of the higher gifts. It has been suggested that the public were not ill pleased to hear that the poem grew out of the author's life-blood. The misery endured by Pope, by Keats, by Savage, poor wretch! certainly endow them with a certain interest. There was an explanation

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

for genius like that which revealed the reason for the hectic cheek, which had a charm for the lower order of minds, the less generous order.

We have now got to believe that some of the most healthy bodies have carried about the most exalted and gifted souls, and it only remains to us to admire that force in genius which enables it to rise above the misery of the body, and to use imperfect tools, even blinded eyes and paralyzed limbs, happy, indeed, if the poetic, creative faculty remain unimpaired, and the man who forcibly conquers disease and suffering by the mere power of will, remains the spiritual warrior, and is of those heroes who do not touch the earth, but who battle for supremacy high up amid the clouds. All human beings should feel the proudest pleasure in the triumph of such a man.

And such an one was the German poet, Heinrich Heine, wit, philosopher and critic. This man's place in literature is unique. He has done much toward forming a new literary gospel—the gospel of frankness and sincerity. He pricked many a bubble.

This great genius was born at Dusseldorf, on the 15th of December, in the year 1799. His father was a Jewish merchant, in a city and country which then, as now, oppressed the Jews. Napoleon, however, held Dusseldorf at this period; he had initiated the plan of placing the Jews on an equal footing with the Christians. To their eyes he seemed almost a Messiah, delivering them from the yoke of civil and political servitude.

Heine never lost sight of the terrible sufferings of his people, nor of the gentler rule of the invader. To him Napoleon was even a demi-god. He said of him later (with that wild wit so often confounded with ribaldry and atheism), "that the Kings of Europe were afraid to die, for fear that they should meet Napoleon Bonaparte," and many are the lyrics from his pen by which he commemorates his undying, eloquent gratitude to the great Emperor. The mercantile instincts of his father strove to make of "Harry," as he was called—after an English friend—a banker, but a generous uncle interfered, and the scholarly, thoughtful youth was sent to the University of Bonn, in 1819. His favorite studies were poetry and philosophy; he plunged deeply into legendary lore, and read, as all poets should, the "Nibelungenlied."

He was temperate, even in the use of beer and tobacco; he took much exercise in the fencing school; he was of a reserved and sensitive nature, having few confidants, and seldom spoke of his sentiments. His delicate, fine shyness aped pride. Rousseau says of him that "He was one of those who are ashamed of having wept." "It was this dread of yielding to softer emotions which caused Heine to array his Cupids with cap and bell, and to endow every one of his Graces with a club foot"—so says one of his eulogizers. "His praise turns to irony, his censure to humor, every collocation of subjects arouses his wit, love is succeeded by scorn, rapturous delight by serpents' stings, all uttered in songs that hint the deepest soul-life of their author."

Heine went through the University with the usual love affair, and the usual quarrel with a fellow-student, then tried the life of gay cities. Berlin, with its theatres and opera, its literary and musical coteries, helped to cultivate this rare genius. In vain did his practical uncle and father try to make a lawyer of him. He resolved to make himself independent of these relatives, and to devote himself to literature. At Göttingen he passed a successful examination, and matriculated at the "*baptismal font.*" Thenceforth he was *Heinrich Heine*. He had long ceased to be a Jew in aught but race, but it is to be feared that he was baptized only in order to be freed from political and religious disabilities. "The certificate of baptism is the ticket of admission to modern culture," he afterward said. He travelled for five or six years, visited England, the North Sea and Italy, was employed on editorial labors at Munich, and wrote the "Reisebilder," which brought him great and surprising fame. His poems were immediately recognized as of surpassing beauty and melody. They are perfect specimens of lyric poetry.

Some of them are witty, mocking, gay, satirical stanzas; others over-freighted with a morbid tenderness; all are masterly and mysterious. The political tendency of his writings soon caused him to be outlawed, and Germany became intolerable to Heine. He decided to go to Paris, that lovely city of the Bohemian of all nations—the city which holds comfort for all the disappointed children of genius.

Heine's impression of Parisian life are varied and brilliant, and are reflected in his letters from Paris—letters on the French stage, the *salon*—and the "Confessions."

The latter is probably the wittiest and most epigrammatic book of the century. It was here, alas! that his martyrdom and his heroism began. In 1847 his weak frame broke down, and he received a shock from which he never recovered; a paralytic stroke laid him on his bed, from which he never again rose. For eight years he lay on his couch—the use of his limbs gone; so wasted that a woman could lift him; the sight of one eye lost, that of the other greatly dimmed, and requiring that the palsied eyelid should be lifted and held up by the finger, and suffering, besides this, paroxysms of nervous agony.

The astonishing force of spirit with which he retained his activity of mind and his gayety through all this suffering, the care with which he composed his remarkable poems and books on this "long deathbed," can never be sufficiently described. He dearly loved his absent mother, and never allowed her to know of his terrible sufferings; they were his secret. Heine was that unhappy object—a Jew out of his own camp. His enforced baptism broke the moral strength of his character, and led to his ill-fated atheism. On his long deathbed he sought consolation and a momentary self-forgetfulness in the poetry and traditions of the Jews. But this sentiment was one of race and family, not of creed. It was the strange history and tragic fate of the children of Israel which fascinated the poet, but when he came to die he said, with a smile, "Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier." He believed in God in spite of himself.

In his "Gods in Exile," "Atta Froil," "Romancero," and "Germany: A Winter Tale," the whole strength and grace of the poet's genius are manifested.

"The highest intellectual endeavor, the wildest passion, the tenderest emotion, the hope and heartbreak of his age, find a voice in his verse," says some unknown worshiper at his shrine. "His deepest thoughts, his saddest memories and forebodings, he clothed in tales which, as mere stories, delight the schoolboy, in language whose superficial meaning the laborer can understand and enjoy, and in measures which the peasant girl can sing to her old ballad tunes."

This is Heine's greatness. Heine's style attained, in both prose and verse, to the very highest perfection. His tender idyllic essays remind one of Charles Lamb. His terrible invective and satire leave Dean Swift and Voltaire far behind, and yet on their jagged outlines hang flowers of delicate beauty. He had studied the homely grace and the simplicity of the ballads and popular songs of the common people, and had mastered their language. While through all crept the weird and terrible tone of the seer, to whom the abysses of our miserable human nature were

revealed. The scoffer, the hero, the sufferer, the poet, "Mephistopheles and Faust combined," such was Heine.

And yet so grand is the man's genius that he sought always to establish a true intellectual balance; to this we owe the value of his work, its wisdom and its force. Over his terrific satire he pours the light of some romantic ideal. To him the spiritual world is always present—a silent reality by which the whole must be judged.

This lyrical intensity, this passionate temperament, this enormous sincerity, was allied to the quickest wit, the most rollicking humor ever known amongst the children of men. He said things in an epigram which will remain texts for many a sermon; he summed up all our speculations in a word. He found strength, freedom, even, in that terrible work of comparing the outside world and its pitiful absurdities with the internal world of pure and lofty aspirations. Both were real to him, and although from his great throne of suffering *he* could not determine whether or no the "Universe was a monster jest of a great Aristophanes in heaven," yet we who have felt his magical grace and power are bound to acknowledge, amid the high and holy feelings which his genius evokes, that this fierce, daring, unscrupulous thinker; this patient, heroic, tender sufferer, was no atheist and no unforgiven sinner, but a giant chained to the rock, preserving his intellectual honesty amid his doubts and fears, and visited by sweet and stately visions of what man ought to be, while knowing what he is. His insight was that of the poet and not of the man of the world, and by that high standard must he be judged.

There is another sick-bed, another invalid life, which holds its teaching for us, from which came some work which renders us for ever debtors to the brain from which it sprang. Less grand, less generous, and less powerful than the muse of Heine was that of Alfred de Musset, but in their sufferings the two poets may claim some brotherhood. To us who have enjoyed "La Nuit d'Octobre," "Un Caprice"—that exquisite work—a "Nuit de Décembre," the "Contes d'Espagne," "Un Spectacle dans un Fauteuil," and his many poems, dramas, and criticisms, the truth appeals fervently—the truth that genius closely allied with weakness, both of body and mind, and of morale, *is genius still*, and, as such, unapproachable by mere talent.

The healthy poet of to-day sighs, and not without reason, for that marvelously conceived and well executed art of the poet Alfred de Musset, who could not as a man stand against the current which attacked him, but who could tell the world of his sufferings in terms so moving that he could convey to others the warning he himself could not take.

Alfred de Musset was the son of an old and noble race, and was born on the 11th of December, 1810, in a street near the Hotel Cluny. He was a delicate and nervous child from his birth. He writes thus of himself: "During the wars of the Empire, whilst the husbands and brothers were in Germany, sad mothers brought into the world of France a sickly, pale, nervous generation. Born between two battles, educated at college to the roll of the drum, hundreds of children looked about them with a frightened glance, and tried their feeble muscles. From time to time their bloody fathers appeared and clasped them to their gold-embroidered bosoms. Then, setting the child down on the ground, the father would remount his horse and disappear. One man alone lived in Europe; the rest of the human race were killed to leave more air for him to breathe. Each year France made a present to this man of three hundred thousand young men. It was the impost paid to Cæsar."

In spite of this terrible summing up of Napoleon's reign; in spite of his telling us in his "Confessions d'un Enfant du Siecle," "that he was afflicted with the sickness of the time in which he lived," Alfred de Musset, and his mother, and his brother, idolized the great Napoleon. Neither Béranger nor Heine were greater worshipers of Napoleon than these Mussets, who had suffered so much from the troublous times. When their hero fell, then fell for them the whole youth of France. "There were no more men left; there were only corpses and demi-gods," he says.

But his beautiful genius was born of exactly this troubled and contradictory time. His excitable imagination, his irritation and discontent, his frail and feeble health (threatened at one time with consumption, then dragging him through the tortures of heart-disease), all led to the growth and to the after-development of the finest poetic faculty known in France during the last fifty years. It is a significant fact that Alfred de Musset translated De Quincey's "Opium-eater" into French. There was much in common between them.

Musset's youth was spent in follies which led to no good; in wild dissipations, and in fits of remorse, which were as weak as they were brief. Wrapping himself in an old yellow dining-coat with many capes, he would roll on the floor, whence he cried, in lamentable tones, "Leave me to my despair." Yet in the intervals of his butterfly life and the old yellow coat, he produced those exquisite things, "Contes d'Espagne." Out of the sickness and the discord of his life came his most penetrating work. His style is ever that of masking deepest feeling with flashing gayety. He has piercing penetration of character, and a mastery of words which no poet has excelled. In the background of his brilliant picture there is ever a grim horror or Fate awaiting. It is like those pictures of Venice in which the beauty flirts in the foreground, and the bravo lurks behind the pillar, except that it never seems to be melodramatic. It led to that development in French art of which the "Duel after the Masquerade" is the most immediately remembered example, and to a world of imitators in poetry and the drama. He said to his brother, the wise and prudent Paul de Musset, when he remonstrated with him for his riotous living:

"Precisely because I am young ought I to know everything? I wish to learn by experience. I feel in myself two natures: the one acts, the other reflects. If the first one does a foolish thing the other can profit by it."

There was no arguing with a clever genius like this. When he broke down with a hemorrhage his kind brother sent him to Italy, where he met and fell in love with George Sand, who treated him with alternate tenderness and cruelty. This acquaintance led to two books: "Lui et Elle," and "Elle et Lui," written by George Sand and by Paul de Musset, in which each tells the story. It is the harshest side of George Sand's character which is exposed in her treatment of this consumptive poet.

It must, in truth, be set down that this weak and ill-balanced man had many love affairs. He loved, and was loved by many women; but his love never brought happiness with it—the fatal inequality of his character prevented it. He was capricious; his mood passed from the most violent enthusiasm to the most passive calm. He had startling ways, eccentric habits. Inconsistency and weakness followed him all the days of his life.

But no one poet has expressed with so much exactitude and beauty the doubts, the sorrows, and the aspirations of the time in which he has lived. As a prose writer he filled the columns of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* with admirable criticisms upon Rachel and the existing drama,

HEINRICH HEINE.

wrote many dramas, and some prose tales. His prose is as trenchant and his literary prophecies were as inspired as his poetry is delicate, beautiful and original.

De Musset died, in 1857, of a disease of the heart, then not well understood. Indeed, every year of exciting life developes new diseases of the heart and of the brain. He had always been a terrible sufferer. He said that he had not known an hour without pain.

As a dramatist, he was severely used while he lived, but after his death France tardily acknowledged the great merit of his work. "Une porte ouverte ou Fermée," "Il ne faut jurer de rien," "Le Chandelier," "Les Caprices de Marianne," still testify to his merits.

"La Nuit d'Octobre," which is a dialogue between the poet and the muse, was produced at the Theatre Français on the anniversary of the poet's death. The dialogue consists of the despairing lament of the poet for his lost love, mixed with expressions of wild hatred for the woman who has betrayed him. He then turns to the muse for consolation and encouragement. It is an exquisitely beautiful thing, and shows the finest side of the wayward character of this distinguished invalid, Alfred de Musset.

Amongst the remarkable living men of genius who are also invalids, the greater proportion of readers will be astonished to hear mentioned John Ruskin; yet his constitution is feeble. He leads a secluded life. "He has, says one of his friends, "as little robustness of physique as can well be conceived, and no kind of excitement is suitable for him." In 1872 he sank into a condition of such exhaustion that for a while it was believed impossible that he should recover. He has, however, like many another chronic invalid, outlived healthy and hearty men. He used to lecture to assemblages of working men, but of late reaches them by his little periodical or tract, which he calls "Fors Clavigera." The ill health of Mr. Ruskin probably explains what so many of his admirers have often wondered at: The fact that he is never present at the literary dinners or the social entertainments which bring the artists and men of letters together. He is always conspicuously absent at these London symposiums.

It is now thirty-eight years since John Ruskin electrified the world with his "Modern Painters, the Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all Ancient Masters." This self-sufficient little volume, which the author at once "defiantly flung down as a gage of battle," was a challenge to all preconceived beliefs and prejudices, but it won the field, inasmuch as that it became the text-book of a new school of thinkers. Ruskin taught the English public to look at nature with their own eyes, and to judge of art by the help of nature. He shook the conventionality and apathy out of the ideas of a generation. He came as the exponent and the vindicator of the fame and the genius of Turner, believing *that* to be a vindication of the purest art. He persuaded himself that the cause of true art was identical with the cause of truth. From an art-critic he became a moralist, a philosopher, a preacher, and whenever his great intellectual honesty has told him that he was mistaken, he has humbly confessed himself to his public—a course of conduct which, while it has shaken his power as an expert, has increased the world's respect for him as a man.

Ruskin was born in London presumably some sixty-five years ago. He inherited wealth enough to enable him to live without work and to gratify his tastes and pleasures. He has written and worked for the pure love of art. He married a Scotch lady, from whom he afterward separated, with no scandal attaching to either party. The lady is now Mrs. John Millais, universally respected. Ruskin henceforth devoted himself to literature. Those "masterpieces of eloquent declamation," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and the "Stones of Venice," have become a part of the language. But while he has his admirers, who are to be numbered by thousands, Ruskin also has his detractors, who declare him to be self-conceited, turgid, impracticable and despotic. No man has contradicted himself so recklessly; but he is brave, and true to nature, fresh, eloquent, and to some people an inspired prophet.

Ruskin's second gospel, after Turner, was Mr. Carlye, and in this worship he appeared badly. He echoed him slavishly and with no apparent coherency. But, on the whole, Ruskin remains as the best Diogenes of the nineteenth century. His worships are so sincere and his hatreds so outspoken; he is always charming when he talks of an old European city, always rather absurd when he treats of political economy, delightful as a theorist in architecture, perfectly impracticable when one would build a house.

Ruskin lives on Denmark Hill, a suburb of London, near Dulwich and the Sydenham Crystal Palace. His house is filled with pictures and statues and books. Here in an elegant retirement lives the most distinguished of our living invalids, a man whose teaching has well-nigh revolutionized opinion in England, who has seen life with his own eyes, who has given us art doctrines of inestimable value—such is John Ruskin.

Octave Feuillet, our fourth and last distinguished invalid,

is one who perhaps would object to the name and title, and yet we are told that Octave Feuillet is not a strong man in body; that he cannot stand the noise of Paris; that when the guest of the Empress (who was very fond of him) he could not join the imperial party at dinner on account of his nervousness; that the buzz of a fly will keep him awake all night; that he goes to bed at eight in order to rise in time for his water-cure and long walks.

This delicate and fine writer, to whom we owe "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," "Sybille," "Dalila," "Monsieur de Camors," "The Cheveu Blanc," and "Julie de Trève Cour," is one of the most respectable of men. His life is cleanly; he is well rooted in religion, and he is sincere and truthful almost to a fault. In point of time as an author he followed George Sand and Alfred de Musset, and he was moved by the passion and power of that Romantic school. He has a respect for everything which touches art, a love for graceful speech and action. He dislikes anything rude or ungainly. Amongst his literary characteristics may be noted a capricious fancy and a devotion to the niceties of language. He is seldom gay; he has the sadness of the poetic nature.

He has passionate power when he chooses to wield it, and a charm which cannot be described. It is like the song of the woodland thrush. But his great claim to the gratitude of the world is that he has striven to invest honest men and women with the passion of romance, to rob vice of its seductive traits, to make virtue attractive. To stand on the edge of the flower-decked precipice without falling in, to tamper with the dangerous, has, of course, been his fate as a novelist occasionally; but his mind is naturally judicial and moral. He makes "badness a malady arising from a contracted intelligence." Evil has not that power in his work which it so enormously has in the novels of his contemporaries.

Indeed, he was taunted with his morality by his witty *confrères*; and, tired of his rose-colored fame, he tried his hand at the melodramatic and realistic in "Monsieur de Camors," probably one of the most powerful novels of the decade. But this was a sporadic effort. The purest of modern French novel-writers, Octave Feuillet, from his quiet and reserved corner of the Temple of Fame, has seemed to touch Vice (in his necessary contact with the problems of existence) with a clean finger, and as if but to push her away. Of course, Feuillet's plays and dramas and novels cannot all be characterized as of the most inoffensive morality. But contrasted with the bulk of French literature, his style and matter are purity itself, and we cannot deny that as playwright and author, one of the most complete men of our day is the distinguished invalid, Octave Feuillet.

OBSEQUIES OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.—Preparations were set on foot and a catafalque, which had served before on similar occasions, was erected, and on the following day this celebrated service was actually performed. The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church shone with a blaze of wax lights, the friars were all in their places at the altars and in the choir, and the household of the Emperor attended in deep mourning. The pious monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds and bearing a taper, to see himself interred and to celebrate his own obsequies. While the solemn mass for the dead was being sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the glittering throng and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, the curling incense, and the glittering altar, the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas whereon Titian had pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansions prepared for the blessed.

THE most characteristic mark of a great mind is to choose some one important object and pursue it through life.

MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By Julia Goddard.

Through the midnight air is ringing
Angel chorus o'er the earth,
Tidings blest to mortals bringing
Of the Holy Christ Child's birth;
Glorious through the wide world resting
In the folded arms of peace,
Goes the song, death's waves o'erresting,
Song of triumph ne'er to cease.

Lo! the star, the Christ revealing,
Bright above in heaven doth shine,
Eastern princes, lowly kneeling,
Bow before the Babe Divine.
Israel's sceptre is victorious,
Jesse's rod as ensign stands,
Calling to a kingdom glorious,
People from far distant lands.

Swells the song, "A Son is given;
Unto us a child is born";
Earth takes up the strain of heaven,
On the blessed Christmas morn.
Hail! All men lift up your voices,
Hail the newborn King of Kings;
And whilst earth in praise rejoices,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rings.

LA JEUNE; Or, ACTRESS AND WOMAN.

"Just in time for the theatre. You'll come, Ulster?"

"Decidedly not."

"And why?"

"Because I prefer a cigar, a novel, and my bottle of Cliquot."

"But every one goes," began Brooke, in a dissatisfied tone.

"True, and for that reason I keep away."

"You used to be as fond of it as I am."

"At your age, I grant it; now, I'm ten years older and wiser. I'm tired of that as of most other pleasures, so go your way, my boy, and leave me in peace."

"Come, Ulster, don't play Timon yet. You are lazy, not used up nor misanthropic, so be obliging, and come, like a good fellow."

Fanning away the cloud of smoke from before me, I took a look at my friend, for something in his manner convinced me that he had some particular reason for desiring my company.

Arthur Brooke was a handsome young Briton of four-and-twenty; blue-eyed, tawny-haired, ruddy and robust, with a frank face, cordial smile, and a heart both brave and tender. I loved him like a younger brother, and watched over him during his holiday in gay, delightful, wicked Paris. So far, he had taken his draught of pleasure with the relish of youth, but like a gentleman. Of late he had turned moody, shunned me once or twice, and when I alluded to the change, affected surprise, assuring me that nothing was amiss. As I looked at him, I was surer than ever that all was not right. He was pale, and anxious lines had come on his smooth forehead; there was an excited glitter in his eyes, though he had scarcely touched wine at dinner; his smile seemed forced, his voice had lost its hearty ring, and his manner was half petulant, half pleading, as he stood undecidedly crushing up his gloves while he spoke.

"Why do you want me to go? Is it on your account, lad?" I asked, in an altered tone.

"Yes"

"Give me a reason and I will."

He hesitated, colored all over his fair face, then looked me straight in the eyes and answered, steadily:

"I want you to see Mademoiselle Nairne."

"The deuce you do! Why, Brooke, you've not got into a scrape with La Jeune, I hope!" I exclaimed, sitting up, annoyed.

"Far from it; but I love, and mean to marry her if I can," he answered, in a resolute tone.

"Don't say that, for heaven's sake. My dear boy, think of your father, your family, your prospects, and don't ruin yourself by such folly," I cried, in real anxiety.

"If you loved as I do, you wouldn't call it folly," he said, excitedly.

"Of course not; but it would be cursed folly, nevertheless, and if some friend saved me from it, I should thank him for it when the delusion was over. Love her if you will, but don't marry her, I beg of you."

"That is impossible; she is as good as she is lovely, and will listen to none but honorable vows. Laugh if you will—it's so; and actress as she is, there's not a purer woman than she in Paris."

"Bless your innocence, that's not saying much for her. Why, my dear lad, she knows your fortune to a sou, and makes her calculations accordingly. She sees that you are a simple, tender-hearted fellow, easy to catch, and not hard to manage when caught. She will marry you for your money, spend it like water, and when tired of the respectabilities will elope with the first rich lover that comes along. Don't shoot me; I speak for your good; I know the world, and warn you of this woman."

"Do you know her?"

"No, but I know her class; they are all alike, mercenary, treacherous and shallow."

"You are mistaken this time, Ulster. I know I'm young, easily gulled, perhaps, and in no way your equal in such matters; but I'll stake my life that Natalie is not what you say."

"My poor boy, you are far gone, indeed! What can I do to save you?"

"Come and see her," he said, eagerly. "You don't know her, never saw her beauty or talent, yet you judge her, and would have me abide by your unjust decree."

"I'll go; the fever is on you and you must be helped through the crisis or you'll wreck your whole life. It always goes hard with your sort."

My indolence was quite conquered by anxiety, and away we went, Brooke armed with a great bouquet, and I mentally cursing his folly in wasting time, money and the love of his honest heart on a painted butterfly.

We took a box, and from the intense interest we showed in the piece, both of us might have been taken for ardent admirers of "La Jeune." I had never seen her, though all Paris had been running after her that season, as it was after any novelty from a learned pig to a hero. Having been bored by her praises and annoyed by urgent entreaties to go, I perversely set my face against her, and affected even more indifference than I really felt. I was tired of such follies, and for a year or two had felt no interest in any actress less famous than Ristori or Rachel.

The play was one of those brilliant trifles possible only in Paris; for there, wit without vulgarity is appreciated, and art is so perfect one forgets the absence of nature. The stage represented a charming boudoir, all mirrors, muslins, flowers and light. A coquettish soubrette was arranging the toilet as she delivered a few words that put the house in good humor by whetting curiosity and raising a laugh, in the midst of which Madame la Marquise entered, not as most actresses take the stage, but as a pretty woman really would enter her room, going straight to the glass to see if the effect of her costume was quite destroyed by the vicissitudes of a bal-masque. She was beautiful—I could not deny that, but answered Brooke's eager inquiry with a shrug and the cruel words:

"Paint, dress, wine or opium."

He turned his back to me, and I devoted myself to the study of the woman he loved. She looked scarcely twenty, so fresh and brilliant was her face, so beautifully molded her figure, so youthful her charming voice, so elastic her graceful gestures. Petite and piquant, fair hair, dark eyes, a ravishing foot and hand, a dazzling neck and arm, made this rosy, dimpled little creature altogether captivating, even to one as *blasé* as myself. Gay, arch and full of that indescribable coquetry which is as natural to a pretty woman as her beauty, La Jeune well deserved the sobriquet she had won.

Being a connoisseur in dress, I observed that hers was in perfect taste—a rare thing, for the costume of the Louis Quatorze era is usually overdone on the stage. But this woman had evidently copied some portrait, for everything was in keeping—coiffure, jewels, lace, brocade; and from the tiny patch on her white chin to the diamond buckles in her scarlet-heeled shoes, she was a true French marquise. Even in gesture, gait and accent, she kept up the illusion, causing modern France to be forgotten for the hour, and making that comedy a picture of the past, and winning applause from critics whose praise was tame.

Through the sparkling dialogue, the inimitable by-play, romantic incident and courtly intrigues of the piece, she played admirably, embodying not only the beauty and coquetry, but the wit, *finesse* and brilliancy of the part. I was interested in spite of myself; I forgot my anxiety, and found myself applauding more than once. Brooke heard my hearty "Bravo!" and turned with an exultant smile.

"You are conquering your prejudices fast, *mon ami*. Is she not charming?"

"Very. I never questioned her skill as an actress, and readily accord my praise, for she plays capitally. But I'd rather not see her my friend's wife. Just fancy presenting her to your family."

He winced at that as his eye followed mine to the stage, which just then showed the marquise languishing in a great *fauteuil* before her mirror, surrounded by several fops, while her lover, disguised as a *coiffeur*, powdered her hair and dropped *billet doux* into her lap.

Fascinating, fair and frivolous as she was, how could he dream of transplanting her to a decorous English home, where her name alone would raise a storm if coupled, even in jest, with his?

He looked, sighed, and sat silent till the curtain fell, then applauded till his gloves were in tatters, threw his bouquet at her feet as she reappeared, and turned to me, saying, with unabated eagerness:

"Now come and see her at home—the woman is more charming than the actress. I am asked to supper, and may bring a friend with me. Come, I beg of you."

To his surprise and satisfaction, I consented at once, but did not tell him what had induced me to comply. It was a trifle, but it had weight with me, and hoping still to save my headstrong friend, I went away to sup with La Jeune.

The trifle was this: After one of her best scenes she left the stage, but did not go to her dressing-room, as she must re-enter in a moment.

From our box we could command the opposite wings; a chair was placed there for her, and sinking into it, she waved away two or three devoted gentlemen who eagerly approached. They retired, and, as if forgetting that she could be overlooked, La Jeune leaned back with a change of countenance that absolutely startled me. All the fire, the gayety, the youth seemed to die out, leaving a weary, woeful face, the sadder for the contrast between its tragic pathos and the blithe comedy going on before us.

Brooke did not see her. He had seized the moment to sprinkle his flowers, already drooping in the hot air.

I said nothing, but watched that brief aside more eagerly than her best point. It was but an instant. Her cue came, and she swept on to the stage with a ringing laugh, looking the embodiment of joy.

This glimpse of the woman off the stage roused my curiosity, and made me anxious to see more of her.

As we drove away I asked Brooke if he had spoken yet, for I wished to know how to conduct myself in the affair.

"Not in words; my eyes and actions must have told her; but I delayed to speak till you had seen her, for, willful as I seem, I value your advice, Ulster."

"Have you spoken of me?"

"Yes, once or twice. Some one asked why you never came with me, and I said you had forsworn theatres."

"How did she take that blunt reply?"

"Rather oddly, I thought, for, looking at me, she said, softly, 'It would be better for you if you followed the example of your mentor.'"

"Art, my child, all art; warn a man against anything, and he'll move heaven and earth to get it. How will you explain this visit of your mentor, who has forsworn theatres?" I said, nettled at having that sage and venerable name applied to me.

"It will be both gallant and truthful to say you came to see her. She bade me bring any friend I liked, and will be flattered at your coming, if you don't put on your haughty airs."

"I'll be amiable on your account. Here we are. Upon my word, mademoiselle lodges sumptuously."

As we drove into the courtyard lights shone in long windows of La Jeune's *appartement*, and the sound of music met us as we passed up the stairs.

Two large, luxurious rooms, brilliantly, yet tastefully decorated and furnished, received us as we stepped in unannounced. Half a dozen persons were scattered about, chatting, laughing and listening to a song from a member of the opera troupe then delighting Paris. Supper was laid in the further room, and while waiting till it was served, every one exerted themselves to amuse their hostess in return for the delight she had given them.

Mademoiselle seemed to have just arrived, for she was still *en costume*, and appeared to have thrown herself into a seat as if wearied with her labors.

The rich hue of the garnet velvet chair relieved her figure admirably, as she leaned back, with a white cloak half concealing her brilliant dress. The powder had shaken from her hair, leaving its gold undimmed as it hung slightly disheveled about her shoulders. She had wiped the rouge from her face, leaving it paler, but none the less lovely, for in resuming her own character, that face had changed entirely. No longer gay, arch or coquettish, it was thoughtful, keen and cold. She smiled graciously, received compliments tranquilly, and conversed

wittily; but her heart evidently was not there, and she was still playing a part.

I made these observations and received these impressions during the brief pause at the door; then Brooke presented me with much *empressement*, plainly showing that he wished each to produce a favorable effect upon the other.

As my name was spoken a slight smile touched her lips, but her dark eyes scanned my face so gravely, that in spite of myself I paid my compliments with an ill grace.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 30.

"It is evident that this is not monsieur's first visit to Paris."

From another person, and in another mood, I should have accepted this speech as a compliment to my accent and manner, but from her I chose to see it in an ironical jest at my unwonted *maladresse*, a feminine return for my long negligence. Anxious to do myself justice, I gave a genuine French shrug and replied, with a satirical smile which belied my flattering words:

"I was about to say No, but I remember to whom I speak, and say Yes, for by the magic of mademoiselle modern Paris vanishes, and for the first time I visit Paris in the time of the Grand Monarque. The illusion was perfect, and, like a hundred others, I am at a loss how to show my gratitude."

"That is easily done; madame is hungry; oblige her with a *morceau* of that *paté* and a glass of champagne."

Her mocking tone, the sparkle of her eye, and the wicked smile on her lips, annoyed me more than the unromantic request that made my speech absurd.

I obeyed with feigned devotion, telling Brooke to keep out of the way still longer, as I passed him on my way back. He had withdrawn a little, that I might see and judge for myself, and stood in an alcove near by, affecting to talk with a gentleman in the same sentimental plight as himself.

Mademoiselle ate and drank as if she was really hungry, inviting me with such hospitable grace to do the same that I drew up a little table and continued our *tête-à-tête*, while the others stood or sat about in groups in a pleasantly informal manner.

"My friend is much honored, I perceive. Mademoiselle shows both taste and judgment in her selection, for, though young for his years, Brooke is a true gentleman," I said, observing that of all the many bouquets that were thrown at her feet his was the only one she kept.

"Do you know why I selected this?" she asked, with a quick glance after a slight pause.

"I can very easily guess," I replied, with a significant smile.

She glanced over her shoulder, took up the great bouquet, and plunging her dimpled hand into the midst of the flowers, drew out a glittering bracelet, saying, as she offered it to me, with an air of pride that surprised me very much:

"I kept it that I might return this. It may annoy your friend less to take it from you, therefore restore it with my thanks, and tell him I can accept nothing but flowers."

"Nothing, mademoiselle?"

"Nothing, monsieur?"

I put my question with emphasis, and as she answered she flashed a look at me that perplexed me, though I

LA JEUNE; OR, ACTRESS AND WOMAN.—"PLUNGING HER DIMPLED HAND INTO THE MIDST OF THE FLOWERS, SHE DREW OUT A GLITTERING BRACELET."—SEE PAGE 30.

thought it a bit of clever acting. Taking the bracelet, I said, in a tone of feigned regret:

"Must I afflict the poor boy by returning his gift with such a cruel message?"

"If you would be a true friend to him, do what I ask, and take him away from Paris."

Her urgent tone struck me even more than this unexpected frankness, and I involuntarily exclaimed:

"Does mademoiselle know what she banishes thus?"

"I know that Sir Richard Brooke would disinherit his only son if that son made a *mésalliance;* I know that I regard Arthur too much to mar his future, and—I banish him."

She spoke rapidly, and laid her hand upon her heart as if to hide its agitation, but her eyes were fixed steadily on mine with an expression which affected me with a curious sense of guilt for my hard judgment of her.

There was a pause, and in that pause I chid myself for letting a pair of lovely eyes ensnare my reason, or an enchanting smile bribe my judgment.

"Mademoiselle understands the perversity of mankind well. It will be impossible to get Arthur away after a command like yours," I said, coldly.

She deliberately examined my face, and a change passed over her own. The earnestness vanished, the soft trouble was replaced by an almost bitter smile, and her voice had a touch of scorn in it as she said, sharply:

"Then Telemachus had better find a truer Mentor."

A gentleman approached; she welcomed him with a genial look, and I retired, feeling more ruffled than I would confess.

As soon as I joined Brooke in the alcove he demanded in English, and with lover-like eagerness:

"What is your opinion of her?"

"Hush; she will overhear you!"

"She speaks no English—she is absorbed—answer freely."

"Well, then, I think her a charming, artful, dangerous woman, and the sooner you leave her the better."

"But, Ulster, don't joke. How artful? Why dangerous? I'll *not* leave her till I've tried my fate," he cried, half angry, half hurt.

I told him our conversation, gave him the jewel, and advised him to disappoint her hopes by departing without another word.

"You think she means to win me by affecting to sacrifice her own heart to my welfare?" he said, as I paused.

"Exactly; she did it capitally, but I am not to be duped; and I tell you she will never let so rich a prize escape her unless she has a richer insight, which I doubt."

"I'll not believe it! You wrong us both; you distrust all women, and insult her by such bare suspicions. You are deceived."

"I *never* am deceived; I read men and women like books, and no character is too mysterious for me to decipher. I tell you I am right, and I'll prove it if you will keep silent for a few weeks longer."

"How?" demanded Brooke, hotly.

"I'll study this woman, and report my discoveries to you; thus, step by step, I'll convince you that she is all I say, and save you from the folly you are about to commit. Will you agree to this?"

"Yes; but you'll take no unfair advantage; you'll deal justly by us both, and if you fail——"

"I *never fail;* but if such an unheard-of thing occurs, I'll own I'm conquered, and pay any penalty you decree."

"Then I say done. Prove that I'm a blind fool, and I'll submit to your advice; will forget Natalie, and leave Paris."

Grateful for any delay, and already interested in the test, I pledged my word to act fair throughout, and turned to begin my work. Mademoiselle was surrounded by several gentlemen, and seemed to have recovered from her fatigue. Her eyes shone, a brilliant color burned on her cheek, she talked gayly, and mingled her silvery laughter in the peals of merriment her witty sallies produced. As we joined the group some one was speaking of tragedy, and assuring La Jeune that she would excel in that as in comedy.

"*Mon Dieu,* no; one has tragedy enough off the stage; let us feign gayety in public, and laugh on even though our hearts ache," she answered, with a charming smile.

"Yet I can testify that mademoiselle would act tragedy well, if I may judge by the sample I have seen."

I spoke significantly, and her eye was instantly upon me, as she exclaimed, with visible surprise:

"Seen! where?"

"To-night, as mademoiselle reposed a moment in the wing, between the fourth and fifth acts."

She knit her brows, thought an instant, then, as if recalling the fact, clapped her hands, and broke into that ringing laugh of hers, as she cried:

"Monsieur has penetration! It is true, I was in a tragic mood, for the spur of one of my buckles wounded my foot cruelly, and I could not complain. Behold how I suffered," and she showed a spot of scarlet that had stained through silk stocking and satin shoe.

"Great heaven! and does mademoiselle still wear the cruel ornament? Permit me to relieve this charming foot," cried one of the Frenchmen, in a pathetic tone; and going down upon his knee, undid the buckle.

I was leaning on the back of her chair just then, and during the little stir said, quietly:

"I congratulate mademoiselle, for if a pin-prick can call up such a woeful expression, her rendering of a mighty sorrow would be wonderfully truthful."

"I believe it would."

She looked up at me as she spoke, and in those beautiful eyes I fancied I read something like reproach. For what? Had I touched some secret wound, and was her explanation a skillful feint, as I thought it? Or did she feel, with a woman's quick instinct, that I was an enemy, and set herself to disarm me by her beauty? I inclined to the latter belief, and instantly saw that if I would execute my purpose, I must convince her that I was a friend, an admirer, a lover, even. It was evident that simple Brooke had allowed her to perceive that I did not approve his suit; this hurt her pride, and she distrusted me. Deciding to warm gradually, I looked back at her, saying, gently, as if replying to that reproachful glance alone:

"I sincerely hope mademoiselle may never be called upon to play a part in any tragedy off the stage, for smiles, not tears, should be the portion of La Jeune."

Her face softened beautifully, and the dark-curled lashes fell, as if to hide the sudden dew that dimmed her eyes.

"You are kind; I thank you," she murmured, in a tone that touched me, skeptic as I was. "I receive much flattery, and value it for what it is worth; but a friendly wish, simple and sincere, is very sweet to me, for even a path strewn with flowers has its thorns."

She spoke as if to herself more than to me, and fancying that sentiment might succeed better than sarcasm, I began one of those speeches that may mean much or little; but in the middle of it detected her in a yawn behind her little hand, and stopped abruptly. She laughed, and with the arch expression that made her face piquante, she said, with a shake of the head:

"Ah, monsieur, that's but a waste of eloquence. I detect false sympathy in an instant, and betray that I do. Pardon my rudeness, and turn me a charming compliment; that is more in your style."

"Mademoiselle is fatigued; we are unmerciful to leave her no time for rest. Brooke, we should go," I said, repentantly.

"I *am* tired," she answered, with the air of a sleepy child. "*Au revoir*, not adieu, for you will come again."

"If mademoiselle permits," and with that we bowed ourselves away.

For a month I studied La Jeune in ways as skillful as unobtrusive. I made four discoveries, reported them to Brooke, and flattered myself that I should be able to save him from this fascinating yet dangerous woman.

My first discovery was this. Fearing to rouse suspicion by too suddenly feigning admiration and regard, I began with an occasional call, contenting myself, meantime, with cultivating the friendship of a gossipy old Frenchman, who lodged in the same house. From him I learned various hints of Natalie, for the old gentleman adored her, and was as garrulous as an old woman. He said there was one room in mademoiselle's suite that none of the servants of the house were allowed to enter.

Several times a week, early in the morning, when her mistress was invisible to every one else, Jocelynd, the maid, admitted a man, who came and went as if anxious to escape observation. He was young, handsome, an Italian, and evidently deeply interested in all concerning Mademoiselle Nairne.

"A lover, without doubt," the old man said.

I agreed with him, and Brooke, on learning this, could be with difficulty restrained from demanding an explanation from La Jeune.

My second discovery was made unexpectedly. One night, when she did not play, I went to see her on pretense of finding Brooke, who, I knew, was not there.

Mademoiselle was out, but expected momently, so I went in to wait. I heard her arrive soon after and enter an adjoining room, followed by the maid, who cast a glance into the *salon* as she passed. I stood in the deep window idly looking into the street below, and Jocelynd did not see me, for I heard her say:

"There is no one here, mademoiselle. Pierre was mistaken, and Monsieur Ulster did not wait."

"Thank heaven! I am so fatigued I can see no one tonight. Count this for me. I have been playing for a high stake, but I have won, and Florimond shall profit by my success."

I heard the clink of money, and noiselessly stole away, saying to myself as I went to join Brooke:

"She gambles; so much the better."

A week afterward I chanced to be in one of those dark little stores in the Rue Bonaparte, where cigars, cosmetics, perfumery, and drugs are sold. I was standing in the back part of the shop selecting a certain sort of toilet soap which I fancied, when a woman came in, and, beckoning the wife of the shopman aside, handed her a peculiar little flask, saying, in a low tone:

"The same quantity as usual, madame, but stronger."

The woman nodded, disappeared, and returned; but having left the stopper on the counter, she passed me with the flask uncorked, and I plainly perceived the acrid scent of laudanum. I knew it well, having used it during a nervous illness, and left the shop convinced that La Jeune was an opium-eater, like many of her class, for the woman I had seen was Jocelynd.

The fourth discovery was that some secret anxiety or grief preyed upon mademoiselle, for during that month she altered visibly. Her spirits were variable, her cheek lost its bloom, her form its roundness, and her eyes burned with feverish brilliancy, as if some devouring care preyed upon her life.

I could mark these changes carefully, for I was a frequent and a welcome guest now. By imperceptible degrees I had won my way, and making Brooke my pretext, often led her to speak of him, fancying that topic the one most likely to interest her. Soon I let her see that she had wakened my admiration as an actress, for I was as constant at the theatre as Brooke. Then I, with feigned reluctance, betrayed my susceptibility to her charms as a woman, and by look, sigh, act and word, permitted her to believe that I was one of her most devout adorers.

Upon my life, I sometimes felt as if in truth I was, and half longed to drop my mask and tell her that, with all her faults and follies, I found her more dangerous to my peace than any woman I had ever known. More than once I was tempted to believe that had I been a richer man she would have smiled upon me in spite of Brooke and the unknown Florimond.

As time passed, this fancy of mine increased; for I observed that with others she was as careless, gay and witty as ever; but with me, especially if we were alone, her manner was subdued, her glance restless, timid and troubled, her voice often agitated or constrained, her whole air that of a woman whose heart is full, and pride alone keeps her from letting it overflow.

To Brooke she was uniformly kind, but cold, and often shunned him. At first I believed this only a ruse to lure him to the point, but soon my own penetration, vanity, if you will, led me to think that for a time, at least, she would hold mercenary motives in check, and let the master-passion rule her in spite of interest.

This belief of mine added new excitement to my task, and my undisguisable absorption in it roused Brooke's jealousy, and nothing but a promise to hold his peace till the month was up restrained him from ruining everything, for he refused to accept my discoveries without further proof.

On the last day of the month I went to Natalie at noon, knowing that Arthur would speak that night. I had never been admitted so early before, but sending in an urgent request, it was granted.

I scarcely knew what I meant to say or do, for although my friend and I were freed by mutual consent from the pledge we had given one another, I was scarcely ready to fetter myself with a lifelong tie, even to Natalie, whom I no longer disguised from myself that I loved.

I dared make no other offer, for in spite of the gossip and prejudice which always surrounds a young and beautiful actress, I felt that Natalie was innocent, from pride if not from principle, and would be to me a wife or nothing. I loved my freedom well, yet half resolved to lose it for her sake, for in spite of past experiences, I was conscious of a more ardent love at eight-and-thirty than any I had known in my youth.

Natalie came in, looking pale, yet very lovely, for her eyes possessed the soft lustre that follows tears, and on her face there was a look I had never seen before.

She wore a white cashmere *peignoir*, and was wrapt in a soft white mantle. Her hair hung in loose, glittering masses about her face, and her only ornament was a rosary of ebony and gold that hung from her neck.

The room was shaded by heavy curtains, which she did not draw aside, and as she seated herself in the deep velvet chair her face was much in shadow. I regretted this, for never having seen her by day, except driving, I

wished to see and study her when free from the illusion which dress and lamplight can throw about the plainest woman.

Her hand trembled as I kissed it, her eyes avoided mine, and while I paid my compliments, she listened with drooping lids, a shy smile on her lips, and such a quickly beating heart that the rosary on her bosom stirred visibly.

"Then you love me? You ask my hand? and give your happiness into my keeping?"

"I do."

"You forget what I am—forget that you know nothing of my past; that my heart is a sealed book to you, and that you have seen only the gay side I show the world."

"I forget nothing, and glory in your talent as in the

A STUDY.— AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

This agitation, coupled with her unusual welcome, banished my last doubt, and before I had decided to betray my passion, the words passed my lips.

As I paused, breathless with the impetuous petition I had made, she looked up with an unmistakable flash of triumph in her eye, an irrepressible accent of joy in her voice, as she answered, with a smile:

fame it wins you. I know you better than you think, for during a month I have studied you deeply, and I read you like an open book. I have discovered faults and follies, mysteries and entanglements, but I can forgive all, forget all, for the sake of this crowning discovery. You love me; I guess it; but I long to hear you confess it, and to know in words that I am blest."

She had questioned eagerly, with her keen eyes full on my face as I replied, but in the act of answering my last speech she rose suddenly as a swift change passed across her face, and in a tone of bitterest contempt, uttered these startling words:

"You say you know me well; you boast that you never are deceived; you believe that you have discovered the secret passions, vices and ambitions of my life; you affirm that I have had a lover, that I gamble, eat opium, and—love you. That last is the blindest blunder of the four, for of all the men living, *you* are the one for whom I have the supremest contempt."

I had risen involuntarily when she did, but dropped into my seat as if flung back by the forceful utterance of that last word. I was so entirely taken by surprise that speech, self-possession and courage deserted me for the moment, and I sat staring at her in dumb amazement. In a voice full of passionate pride, she rapidly continued, with her steady eyes holding me fast by their glittering spell:

"You were wise in your own conceit, and needed humbling. I heard your boast, your plot and pledge, made in this room a month ago, and resolved to teach you a lesson. You flatter yourself you know me thoroughly, yet you have not caught even a glimpse of my true nature, and Arthur's honest instinct has won the day against your worldly wisdom."

"Prove it!" I cried, angrily, for her words, her glance, roused me like insults.

"I will. First let us dispose of the discoveries so honorably made, and used to blast my reputation in a good man's eyes. My lover is an Italian physician, who comes to serve a suffering friend whom I shelter; the laudanum is for the same unhappy invalid. The money I won was honestly *played for*—on the stage, and the secret love which you fancied that I cherished was not for you—but Arthur."

"Hang the boy; it is a plot between you!" I cried, forgetting self-command in my rising wrath.

HOW BRIGANDAGE WAS PUT DOWN IN TURKEY.—"ON TO THE HOOK WITH HIM!" ROARED THE OLD PASHA."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

"Wrong again; he knew nothing of my purpose, never guessed my love till to-day."

"To-day! he has been here already!" I exclaimed; "and you have snared him in spite of my sacrifice. Good! I am right in one thing—the richer prize tempts the mercenary enchantress."

"Still deceived; I have refused him, and no earthly power can change my purpose," she answered, almost solemnly.

"Refused him! and why?" I gasped, feeling more bewildered every moment.

"Because I am married, and—dying."

As the last dread word dropped from her lips, I felt my heart stand still, and I could only mutter, hoarsely:

"No! no! it is impossible!"

"It is true; look here and believe it."

With a sudden gesture she swept aside the curtain, gathered back her clustered hair, dropped the shrouding mantle, and turned her face full to the glare of the noonday light.

I did believe; for, in the wasted figure, no longer disguised with a woman's skill, the pallid face, haggard eyes and hollow temples, I saw that mysterious something which foreshadows death. It shocked me horribly, and I covered up my eyes without a word, suffering the sharpest pang I had ever known. Through the silence, clear and calm as an accusing angel's, came her voice, saying slowly:

"Judge not, lest ye be judged. Let me tell you the truth, that you may see how much you have wronged me. You think me a Frenchwoman, and you believe me to be under five-and-twenty. I am English, and thirty-seven to-morrow."

"English! thirty-seven!" I ejaculated, in a tone of utter incredulity.

"I come of a race whom time touches lightly, and till the last five years of my life, sorrow, pain and care have been strangers to me," she said, in pure English, and with a faint smile on her pale lips. "I am of good family, but misfortune overtook us, and at seventeen I was left an

orphan, poor, and nearly friendless. Before trouble could touch me Florimond married and took me away to a luxurious home in Normandy. He was much older than myself, but he has been fond as a father; as faithful, tender and devoted as a lover all these years. I married him from gratitude, not love; yet I have been happy and heart-free till I met Arthur."

Her voice faltered there, and she pressed her hands against her bosom as if to stifle the heavy sigh that broke from her.

"You love him; you will break the tie that binds you, and marry him?" I said, bitterly, forgetting in my jealous pain that she had refused him.

'Never! See how little you know my true character," she answered, with a touch of indignation in her voice that now was full of a pathetic weariness. "For years my husband cherished me as the apple of his eye; then, through the treachery of others, came ruin, sickness, and a fate worse than death. My poor Florimond is an imbecile, helpless as a child. All faces are strange to him but mine, all voices empty sounds but mine, and all the world a blank except when I am with him. Can I rob him of this one delight—he who left no wish of mine ungratified, who devoted his life to me, and even in this sad eclipse clings to the one love that has escaped the wreck? No, I cannot forget the debt I owe him. I am grateful, and in spite of all temptations, I remain his faithful wife till death."

How beautiful she was as she said that! Never in her most brilliant hour, on stage or in salon, had she shone so fair or impressed me with her power as she did now. That was art, this nature. I admired the actress, I adored the woman, and feeling all the wrong I had done her, felt my eyes dim with the first tears they had known for years. She did not see my honest grief; her gaze went beyond me, as if some invisible presence comforted and strengthened her. With every moment that went by I seemed passing further and further from her, as if she dropped me out of her world henceforth and knew me no more.

"Now you divine why I became an actress, hid my name, my grief, and for his sake smiled, sung, and feigned both youth and gayety, that I might keep him from want. I had lived so long in France that I was half a Frenchwoman; I had played often, and with success, in my own pretty theatre at Villeroy. I was unknown in Paris, for we seldom came hither, and when left alone with Florimond to care for I decided to try my fortune on the stage. Beginning humbly, I have worked my way up till I dared to play in Paris. Knowing that youth, beauty and talent attract most when surrounded by luxury, gayety and freedom, I hid my cares, my needs, and made my *début* as one unfettered, rich and successful. The bait took; I am flattered, fêted, loaded with gifts, lavishly paid, and, for a time, the queen of my small realm. Few guess the heavy heart I bear, or dream that a mortal malady is eating my life away. But I am resigned; for if I live three months and am able to play on, I shall leave Florimond secure against want, and that is now my only desire."

"Is there no hope, no help for you?" I said, imploringly, finding it impossible to submit to the sad decree which she received so bravely.

"None. I have tried all that skill can do, and tried in vain. It is too late, and the end approaches fast. I do not suffer much, but daily feel less strength, less spirit and less interest in the world about me. Do not look at me with such despair; it is not hard to die," she answered.

"But for one so beautiful, so beloved, to die alone is terrible," I murmured, brokenly.

"Not alone, thank heaven; one friend remains, tender and true, faithful to the end."

A blissful smile broke over her face as she stretched her arms toward the place her eye had often sought during that interview. If any further punishment was needed I received it when I saw Arthur gather the frail creature close to his honest heart, reading his reward in the tender, trusting face that turned so gladly from me to him.

It was no place for me, and murmuring some feeble farewell, I crept away, heart-struck and humbled, feeling like one banished from Paradise; for despite the shadow of sorrow, pain and death, love made a heaven for those I left behind.

I quitted Paris the next day, and four months later Brooke returned to England, bringing me the ebony rosary I knew so well—a parting gift from La Jeune—with her pardon and adieu, for Arthur left her and her poor Florimond quiet under the sod at Père la Chaise.

HOW BRIGANDAGE WAS PUT DOWN IN TURKEY.

About fifty years ago, in the reign of Sultan Mahmoud, the brigandage for which the Turkish Empire has always been notorious rose to such a height in one of the remoter provinces of European Turkey, that for the time being the robbers seemed to be absolute masters of the whole district.

Couriers were murdered and their dispatches rifled, Government convoys plundered, Government money carried off, despite the strong accompanying escort. Not a caravan could pass without being attacked, and the local trade was almost destroyed in consequence. What was to be done? The Government sent down pasha after pasha to put matters to rights, but all in vain. Things seemed only to get worse and worse, till at last it really looked as if the brigands were to go on robbing till there was nothing left to rob.

But the Sultan, who had massacred thousands of his best soldiers for an attempt at mutiny, was not the man to let his authority be defied in this way. He looked around for a man fit for his purpose, and he did not look in vain.

Nazif Pasha, the Governor in Eastern Armenia, had just come to Constantinople to settle certain matters which could not be well disposed of in a dispatch. His fame had gone before him, for the province that he ruled, formerly one of the most turbulent and unmanageable in the empire, was rapidly becoming quite orderly.

Tradition had already spread one of the pasha's feats widely abroad. On one occasion, a bullying official, supported by half a dozen armed followers, had bearded him on his own judgment-seat, and flatly refused to obey his orders. The words were scarcely uttered when Nazif whipped out a pistol and shot the bully dead on the spot; as Nazif's soldiers rushed in at the report, he pointed significantly to the six armed retainers, who were instantly seized. Half an hour later all six were hanging in front of the house, with their dead master in the midst of them.

This was just the kind of man whom Sultan Mahmoud wanted, and he lost no time in sending for him to the palace.

Nazif came, and was at once admitted. He was a short, fat man of middle age, with a beard as white as snow.

But there was no sign of decrepitude about his strong, thickset figure, and his hard mouth was still as firm as when it had given orders to kill all the Russian prisoners after the battle of Rustchuk, twenty-one years before.

He bowed low as he entered the Sultan's presence, and then, folding his hands upon his breast, waited to hear what his master had to say to him.

"Nazif, my servant," said Mahmoud, at length, "men say that thou art good at obeying orders."

"There is but one God in heaven, and but one Sultan on earth," answered the Pasha. "When the Sultan speaks, all men must obey."

"Good," said the Sultan. "Supposing a man had defied my authority and I ordered you to punish him, what would you do?"

"Were he my own brother, he should die," answered the Turk, with a stern gleam in his small gray eye which showed that he meant what he said.

"Listen, then," said Mahmoud. "The Pashalik of Novi-Bazar is overrun with robbers, who plunder everything as they like. Not a piastre (five-cent piece) of revenue can I get from that district, and not a caravan dares to pass through it. I have sent down governor after governor, but nothing seems to do any good. What sayest thou to that, my servant Nazif?"

"Commander of the Faithful," replied the old man, with curious emphasis, "it is a true proverb which saith that it fares ill with the flock when the dog that guards them is the wolf's brother."

A sinister smile flickered over the Sultan's immovable features.

"I understand," said he. "Thou wouldst say that the district officials are themselves in league with the robbers."

"The Sultan hath spoken it," answered Nazif Pasha, bowing.

The two men looked at each other.

Mahmoud's smooth, impenetrable face was passionless as ever, but there was a cruel gleam in his eyes which boded no good to the men of whom he spoke; and Nazif's grim smile showed that he quite understood it.

"Wilt thou undertake, then, to guard the flock and to hunt down the wolves?" asked the Sultan, at length.

"Let the Commander of the Faithful give his servant *full power* to act as he may think fit," said Nazif, "and, with the blessing of Allah, it shall be done."

"Thou shalt have it," quoth the Sultan.

That same night Nazif Pasha started for Novi-Bazar.

The first thing he did on his arrival there was to summon all the district officials to meet him; and they, having no idea of the man with whom they had to deal (for news travels slowly in Turkey), came at once.

When they were all assembled the new governor made them a speech, which, though short, was very much to the purpose.

"Brothers, it hath pleased our father—the Sultan—to send me down here to assist you in taking charge of this province; and I hope we shall all work together." (Universal professions of goodwill from the listeners.) "Now, the Commander of the Faithful has been gracious enough to give me full power to do as I think fit; and as I know well that his wish is to give you all what you *deserve*" (emphasizing the last words somewhat singularly) "I double your salaries from this day forward." (General applause.) "To this gift I attach only one condition—namely, that whenever a robbery is committed in any district (and I understand there have been a good many here of late), the official in charge of that district shall instantly be put to death." (Visible sensation among the audience.) "Now, what do you say?"

The listeners hesitated a moment; but, after all, what could such a proposition be but a joke? and the offer of the double salary was not to be despised. One and all assented and went home in high glee.

A day or two after this conference a robbery *was* committed in one of the adjacent districts, and the resident official, never dreaming that his compact with the Pasha was anything but a farce, presented himself before the latter, attended by several of his companions, with an obsequious smile upon his face, and a string of fine phrases in his mouth about his deep regret that such a thing should have happened, and his readiness to "make every effort to bring the culprits to justice," etc.

Old Nazif heard him to the end in grim silence, but with an ugly smile glimmering through his forest of white beard. Then, when the others ceased to speak, the Pasha's compressed lips opened, and let out the word:

"Guards!"

In rushed two Turkish soldiers, so briskly that it was evident they knew what was coming.

"On to the hook with him!" roared the old Pasha, "and let these other fellows stand by and see it done, to teach them what they may expect if they play any tricks!"

Two minutes later the wretched man was swinging upon steel hooks by the shoulder-blades, after the Turkish fashion, while his comrades fled from the fatal spot in horror. But it was remarked as a curious fact, that, from that day forth, so long as Nazif Pasha's administration lasted, *not a single robbery was committed in any part of that province.*

SISTER MARGUERITE.

ONE night, as we sat smoking on the piazza of the Gregoires, I noticed and remarked a strange old ring on the finger of our host.

"It is only an old French family ring," he answered.

There were present three of us, besides Madame, his wife. From the moment he sat down with that ring on his finger madame had been fluttering around him, now beside him, now before him, and again behind him. He seemed to know she had something to say or do, but was willing to let her go through her feminine manœuvres before coming to the point.

"But so strange a piece of workmanship must have a history. Please let us enjoy the story and our cigars together," said I.

This was the culminating point for madame. Under the pretext of fixing his cravat, she managed to kiss him, as she thought, unseen; then, with a faint little gesture of defiance, she vanished.

This is the substance of his story:

These Gregoires were Creole folk, originally from lower Louisiana—she from the parish of St. Landry, and he from Orleans. But in early life he came here to St. Louis, and joined the trading parties of St. Vrain and Bridger. With them and the trappers of Chonteau or Berthold he traveled, hunted and frollicked away eight years of his life, precisely as many another one of his countrymen had done before him.

The death of his father at this time compelled Pierre Gregoire to return to New Orleans and look after the interests of the business left to him.

That business required him to visit Opelousas, and in that old French village he first came in possession of the strange old ring which had so much to do with his after-life.

One day, when examining the curious old odds and ends of a little Jewish watchmaker, he noticed this old ring. He offered to buy it, but the watchmaker declared it

priceless. Finally the owner offered it for ten dollars—about its value as old gold—and Pierre became the owner. It had been left with the jeweler to be repaired, and in some way had been overlooked and forgotten.

Pierre Gregoire had danced and flirted with the fair ones of Opelousas for a week, and was going away heart-whole, when he was told that Mademoiselle Duval, the belle of the village, had not yet made her appearance; but no more time could then be devoted to love or beauty.

It was in the Spring of 1850. That terrible scourge, the yellow fever, had swept over the land the year before, and already the Creoles were hastening to the comparative safety of more northern regions.

Arranging his business as speedily as possible, Pierre took boat for St. Louis, intending to spend the Summer there or further north. Every boat was crowded with people trying to get away from the pestilence.

When his boat reached the mouth of Red River a considerable number of passengers was added to the number already too great. Among these newcomers, but without male companion or protector, were two ladies. One, always closely vailed, was apparently a Sister of Charity, and the other, an old woman of sixty, seemed to be her companion. They were plainly French, and that fact caused them to find favor in the eyes of Pierre Gregoire.

SISTER MARGUERITE.—"SHE TIMIDLY, HALF HESITATINGLY HELD OUT THE FINGER DESTINED FOR THE RING, WHICH SHE PERMITTED THE OTHER HAND TO PLACE UPON IT."

There was no stateroom for these ladies, and Gregoire and his room-mate gave up theirs to them till some one, in leaving the boat, should make room for them.

The lower deck was crowded with German emigrants, who met with many mishaps, and one that came near proving serious. Among other freight taken on board at a way-landing were many bags of castor-beans. Unfortunately for the Germans, these were placed within easy reach. The German mind reasons slowly but conclusively. The conclusion in this case was simple enough. Beans as an article of food were highly esteemed in Germany. How much better, then, must they be in fertile America! The result was disastrous to German confidence.

For a little time it seemed as if the fever was sweeping over the boat like a whirlwind.

Before the boat reached Cairo, Gregoire was suffering from intolerable pains in the head and back, and all the premonitory symptoms of fever. So rapidly did the disease develop itself, that it soon became necessary to place some person in charge of the sick man, to prevent him from drinking immoderate quantities of water.

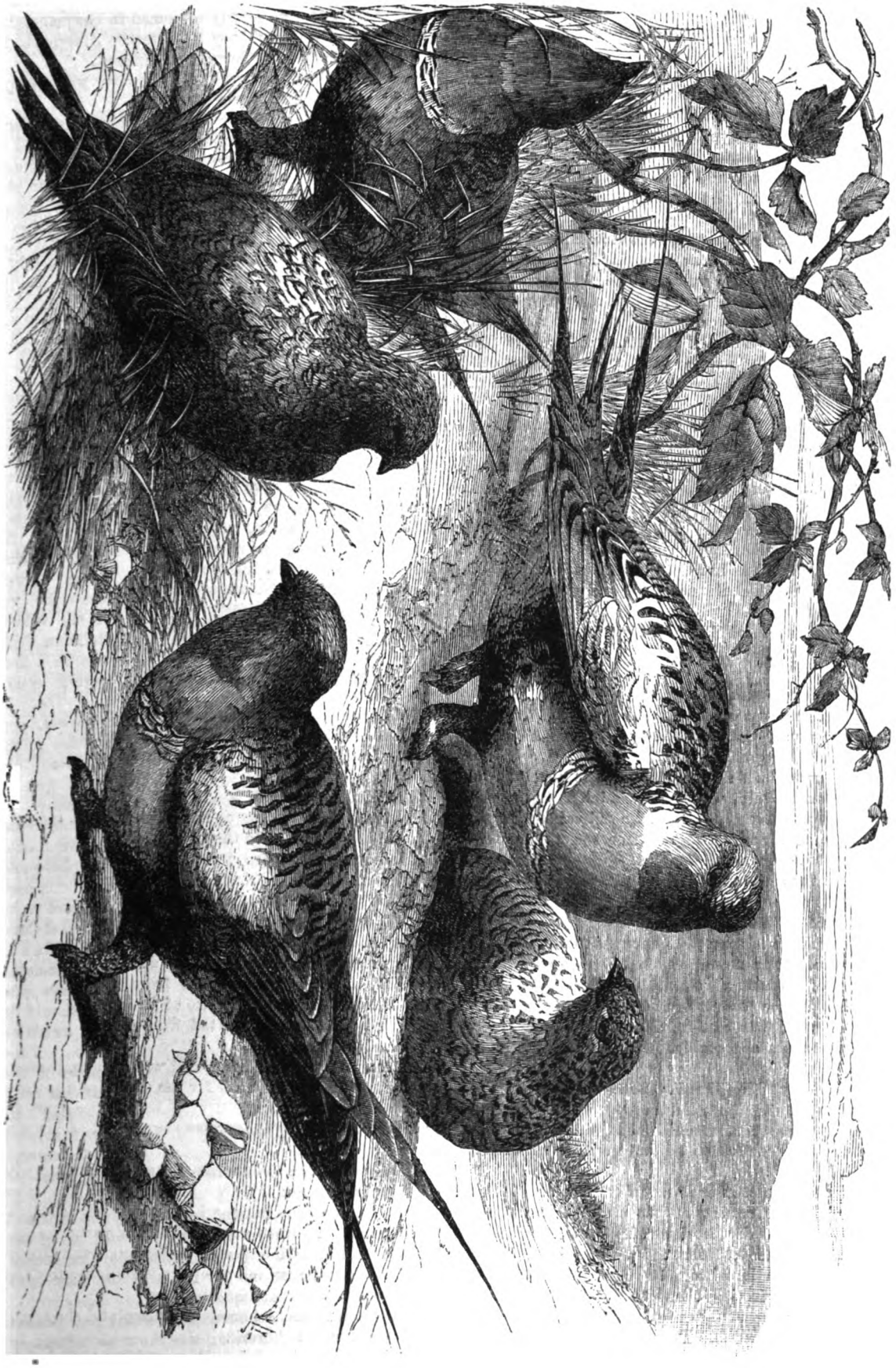
The Sister of Charity and her companion took charge of the sick man and attended to his wants.

Before the boat reached Cape Girardeau he was in the wildest delirium. He was in a dangerous condition to be removed, yet another day or two on board without physician or medicine was certain death. The Sister and her companion were to be landed at Cape Girardeau, and insisted that the sick man should be put ashore also. The captain of the boat was only too glad to have it so, and the ladies and their patient were soon domiciled in the little hotel of that quaint French town.

For days afterward the patient required all the care and skill of his nurses. He was again living the wild life of the frontier. He was hunting buffalo with the Comanches and Apaches, or dancing and flirting with the dark-eyed señoritas of Santa Fé or Albuquerque.

Finally the physician declared his patient had passed the crisis, and now good nursing was the most necessary means toward convalescence.

The first ray of reason brought with it the consciousness



THE PALLAS SAND-GROUSE.—SEE PAGE 43.

of extreme weakness, and the delicious sensation of a soft, cool hand upon his forehead.

Hours afterward, when he awoke from sleep, he felt the same soft hand applied as before.

He tried to look up and speak, but a girlish voice bade him keep very still and be silent.

With returning strength he sometimes saw a little figure, clad in black and always closely vailed, arranging his drinks, and flitting noiselessly about the room.

Now, sometimes when he feigned sleep, a hand touched his forehead, but it was not the soft, cool hand he at first thought so delicious.

But it is needless to narrate all the slow hours of convalescence. Pierre Gregoire, as he gained strength, found the old lady was his sole nurse. The little Sister never visited him. When he asked for her, she was generally occupied with her devotions.

One day he did indeed ask her name, and was told she was called Sister Marguerite. But when he asked other questions, the old lady's answers were vague and unsatisfactory.

The next morning the old lady came in, and after performing sundry sick-room duties, informed him that Sister Marguerite and herself were to leave that day for St. Louis, on a boat then hourly expected. This was most unexpected news for the patient. He thanked the old lady for her great kindness to him; and would she accept some little token of his gratitude?

She had simply done her duty, and there was no occasion for thanks. She could not accept any present. She was forbidden to do so.

He asked her to send Sister Marguerite, that he might thank her, and perhaps she would accept some trifling present.

Sister Marguerite sent him word that she was too busy to see him, for the expected boat was already at the landing; but she would not refuse a trifle, since he was so anxious to show his gratitude.

If he did not attach any special value to a strange, old ring on his watchchain, would he send her that, which she would keep as a curiosity? If he did value it highly, she did not care for anything else, for she was, perhaps, doing wrong to accept anything.

He sent her the ring and asked her address in St. Louis, that he might some day call and thank her in person, but no answer came to this last message.

Pierre Gregoire was soon well enough to take boat for St. Louis, also. Here he met Colonel Du Barry, who was an old friend of his father. Colonel Du Barry invited him to make his house his home, adding that although madame, his wife, was absent, Miss Duval, his niece, would do the honors acceptably. He accepted the invitation.

At dinner he met Miss Duval. She was quiet, refined, and somewhat too dignified, he thought, but exceedingly pretty; and, to his great astonishment, she wore a ring, a perfect fac-simile of the one he had given to Sister Marguerite.

Was it possible that two such rings existed, and both so old and worn? He could not yet presume to ask concerning it. The next day, however, he did ask permission to look at it. He was told that it was an old family relic which some ancestor had brought over from France, and the colonel coming in just then, added there was an old tradition that the ring would only fit the fingers of brides.

He tried to put it on, and Pierre tried also, but it was too small. Miss Duval replaced it on her finger, and laughingly remarked that it fitted very well, although she was not a bride.

Pierre then told the story of his giving a fac-simile of that ring to his nurse, Sister Marguerite. He did not see the quick sign given by Miss Duval imposing silence upon her uncle, but he concluded by saying he must immediately seek out Sister Marguerite and thank her.

That afternoon he visited the Mother Superior of the Sacred Heart, and asked if she could give any information concerning Sister Marguerite. She could not, but if he would call again, perhaps she could.

When he called again he was told Sister Marguerite was away, and no one knew when she would return.

Days and weeks of intimacy with Miss Duval had wrought out for Pierre Gregoire the old, old problem. He had learned that life, without love, was only a shadow.

He had pleaded his case tenderly yet manfully, but the lady was coy. She hesitated and postponed her answer, and finally that answer was unfavorable. He also noticed that she no longer wore the old gold ring. He could not understand her.

A messenger from the Mother Superior informed him that Sister Marguerite had returned, and he called to thank her. She was closely vailed, as before, but the sound of her voice was so strangely like Miss Duval's that he was in the clouds, and scarcely knew what he said to the Sister.

When he met Miss Duval again that evening she was in extraordinary good spirits. They sang together, and she told him strange old tales of the early times in Louisiana. When Pierre Gregoire retired that night he was more in love with Miss Duval than ever.

Is it not singular that the innocence of these dear creatures increases in precisely the same ratio with our passion and infatuation?

Miss Duval had persisted in declaring her belief that Sister Marguerite was a myth. She was positive that two such rings did not exist, and she would only be convinced when she saw another such ring with her own eyes.

What could he do but promise to ask Sister Marguerite for the loan of the ring, that he might satisfy the incredulous lady?

The Mother Superior kindly told him his visits to Sister Marguerite were too frequent, and they must cease.

So that put an end to the matter of the ring.

These courtships are interminable. Yet they are the very cream of life. Since there is so much of watery skim-milk to follow, let us linger a little over our cream.

On the piazza of the Du Barry mansion the master was sitting in a huge armchair, with his coat off, asleep. He had prudently covered his head and face with his handkerchief, to prevent annoyance from the flies. A thick vine in front shut out the glare of the sunlight. An open window beside him permitted a cool draft through the darkened parlor.

Within the parlor Miss Duval was pacing restlessly to and fro, and listening, as if for the sound of a footstep.

Now and then she would stop before the great mirror, to adjust some ringlet, or place some fold of her drapery in a new position.

Finally she acted a curious bit of pantomime with the old ring upon her finger. She drew off the ring and stepped before the glass with drooping eyelids, and a meekness never before exhibited on her part.

She timidly, half hesitatingly held out the finger destined for the ring, which she permitted the other hand to place upon it.

It was a fine piece of amateur acting, and she seemed to be satisfied with it herself.

A step on the graveled walk caused her to sink back on the sofa, and imitate a condition very nearly approaching sleep. The visitor was Pierre Gregoire.

Seating himself beside her, he commenced a course of conduct that was injudicious, and probably exasperating, for she seemed indignant. Yet there was no striking demonstration, and after a little they settled down into a condition that can be imagined, but need not be described.

A loud sneeze from the piazza suddenly and rudely interrupted the dream of these young people. Miss Duval attempted to move from such close proximity to the gentleman, but a strong arm prevented.

The curtain had been drawn still further back, and standing beside her husband was Madame Du Barry.

Pierre Gregoire recognized her as his late nurse, and the companion of Sister Marguerite.

A general laugh followed.

"Madame," said the colonel, "I call your attention to the unhappiness that old ring is causing your niece and this gentleman. I see how it will end, and I may as well give you my benediction, in the language of the legend on the ring, 'God bless you, my children.' History repeats itself again."

Here Miss Duval attempted to run away, but was prevented by her lover. The colonel continued:

"In connection with this repetition of history, is a remarkable instance of female fickleness and inconstancy. Greatly against my will, I consented that a certain young lady should take the vows of a Sister of Charity. She adopted the dress of that Order, but before a vow had been taken she asked my consent to her marriage with a certain gentleman. But stranger than that, I have reason to believe the gentleman had not yet offered himself to the lady. I consented then, as I shall again. 'God bless you, my children.'"

Poor Marguerite Duval could not join in their merriment, but tried in vain to hide her blushes.

A little afterward, one cloudless Summer morning, a throng of carriages filled up the narrow street in front of the old French cathedral.

The merchant hurrying to his business stopped a moment to catch a sight of the bride.

The stout old market-woman, as she sat in her cart, waiting for the carriages to pass, when she caught a glance of the fair young face, involuntarily crossed herself and said, "God bless her!" while the hard lines of her sunburnt face relaxed into a smile, as she remembered her own wedding morning.

The birds twittered in the trees, and the flowers in the old garden beside the church exhaled a faint perfume when the wedding-party moved up the aisle in the dim light.

The bishop pronounced the solemn words that made Pierre Gregoire and Marguerite Duval man and wife, and the old ring sealed the compact that bound two hearts and lives for ever.

"And this is the story of the old ring," said our host.

Our cigars had long before burned out, and now we were joined by madame and her two daughters. The three seemed girls alike.

The elder daughter took the ring from her father's hand, and putting it on her finger, said:

"It fits me now quite well."

"Let me try it on," said another Marguerite. "Why, it fits me, too."

"I feared as much," said the father. "But is it not unreasonable to expect History to repeat itself twice in a single day?"

But it did, though.

Dear friend, you and I, perhaps, are left alone. This old ring belongs to the Gregoires. Let them keep it. Other rings have served as well. Other mornings will be as sunny and cloudless. Other flowers will exhale their fragrance, and other hearts will be as tender and true.

Let us be patient.

THE PALLAS SAND-GROUSE.

The sand-grouse derives its name from its chief *habitat*, the sandy deserts of Africa and Asia. It is a gregarious bird, the pairs assembling in large flocks. One kind, the pintailed sand-grouse, swarms so that boys kill many by throwing sticks at them. Some have been led to believe that this bird is that which our Bible translators, in their ignorance of natural history, call the *quail*, and that its immense flocks furnished food to the Israelites in the desert.

The sand-grouse has long pointed wings, giving it great powers of flight. In some varieties there are two long fine tail-feathers. Its legs are short, and it runs with great rapidity, carrying the breast close to the ground. Seen approaching, it has consequently a rather comical effect, as it seems to have no legs.

The female builds no nest, but lays her eggs on the bare ground. The young run about and do for themselves almost as soon as they leave the shell.

The upper part of the plumage is dusky brown and mottled with buff; the tail, buff, with brown bars; the breast, pale buff marked with white.

The three-toed or Pallas sand-grouse—so called from the great traveler and naturalist who first made it known to science—was found in Western Asia, especially in the arid deserts in the neighborhood of the Caspian and Sea of Aral.

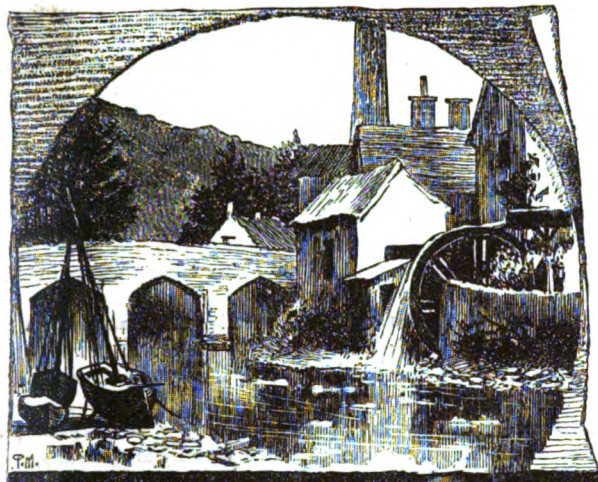
Not long ago a small flock of them wandered far into Europe, and specimens were obtained for the first time in Denmark, Holland, and in two places in England. These sand-grouse have been discovered to be abundant in the neighborhood of Tien Tsin, in China, on the river-banks, and in the adjoining fields of millet. They are captured in multitudes by the Chinese, and brought into the markets.

The *Syrrhaptes*, although generally resembling the ordinary sand-grouse of the sandy deserts of Asia and Africa in its general structure, is remarkable for the peculiar form of its feet, which are exceedingly small. The hind toe is altogether wanting. The front toes are united together throughout their length, and form a broad, flat foot, the sole of which is thickly covered with strong horny papillæ, and terminates in broad and flattened nails.

A second species of this same singular form of bird inhabits the highlands of Thibet.

This is the way an American lady describes the manner of eating the famous "sweetmeats" in Turkey: A goblet of water is provided for each guest; two spoon-holders, one for the spoons before they are used, and one for soiled spoons. You take a spoon, fill it with talli (which is always something very sweet and delicious, either made of oranges, citron, currants with the seeds all picked out with a needle, rose petals, or what is most delicious, a sugar paste flavored with flowers, violets, acacia, lavender, etc)., take it all into the mouth, place the spoon in the proper holder, take a glass of water and drink until the talli is entirely washed down the throat. This must be done as speedily as possible, however much you may wish to have the "sweetness long drawn out."

It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but it is far more profitable to do better work yourself.



"HE WENT STRAIGHT UP TO KATIE, HOLDING OUT HIS HAND."

THE CHIMNEY AT LISGARVAN MILL.

It was when I was courting Katie that the accident I'm going to tell you about happened. But for that same accident I don't think Katie an' I would be man an' wife this day, for, you see, my father was set again' the match, Katie being on y a laborer's daughter, while he himself was foreman in the mills, getting good wages, and thought a deal of by his employers. An' if it wasn't for Katie, I don't think I'd be here now to tell you about it, for 'twas she that saved my life, through hitting on a plan that never once came into the heads of me or of my comrades—ay, or of those that you'd have thought would know better than any of us.

I was not brought up to my father's trade, having been taken, when young, by a brother of my mother's, a master bricklayer living in the town. When my uncle died I came home to Lisgarvan for a bit, just to see my father, and finding that they were at work on the new buildings at the mills, I looked for employment there, an' got it at once.

Lisgarvan Mill is a flour mill, an' a pretty place it was in those days, with the river running just by the old red-brick buildings, an' the big water-wheel always going round an' round. The river falls into a larger one a little lower down, an' the tide comes up as far as the mill, so 'tis in boats that most of the corn is brought in an' the flour carried away.

'Tisn't half so pretty a place now; there are big white-washed buildings alongside of the old brick ones, the big wheel is stopped, an' you hear the whirr of the engines instead of the sound of the water. But they makes a power of money there, an' gives a deal of employment.

As I was saying, I got taken on as a bricklayer. Katie's father was working there, too, an' I used to see her bringing him his dinner, and, after a bit, I began to think that I'd like to have her bringing me mine, too. She was as pretty a girl then as you'd see anywhere—she's good-looking to this day—an' I soon became that fond of her that I'd have done anything a'most to get her. She herself was willing enough; 'twas my father that made the difficulty. He was a proud man—as proud in his way as any gentleman, an' he was right down mad at the notion of my marrying a laborer's daughter.

To be sure I was earning good wages, an' might have married without asking any one's leave if I'd been so minded but I didn't like to go again the old man that had always been good to me. Besides, Katie was just as proud as himself, an' would have nothing to say to me unless he was satisfied. I got the master to speak to him, but sure 'twasn't a bit of use.

"How would you like, sir," he says to the master, "if I had a daughter, to have Master Philip take up with her, an' wouldn't that be the same thing?"

I believe that the master didn't think it would be at all the same thing; but my father wouldn't hear reason from him any more than from me; so Katie an' I had just nothing for it but to wait in the hope of his coming round, an' very little hope we had of that same.

"I TIED MY KNIFE TO THE END OF IT."

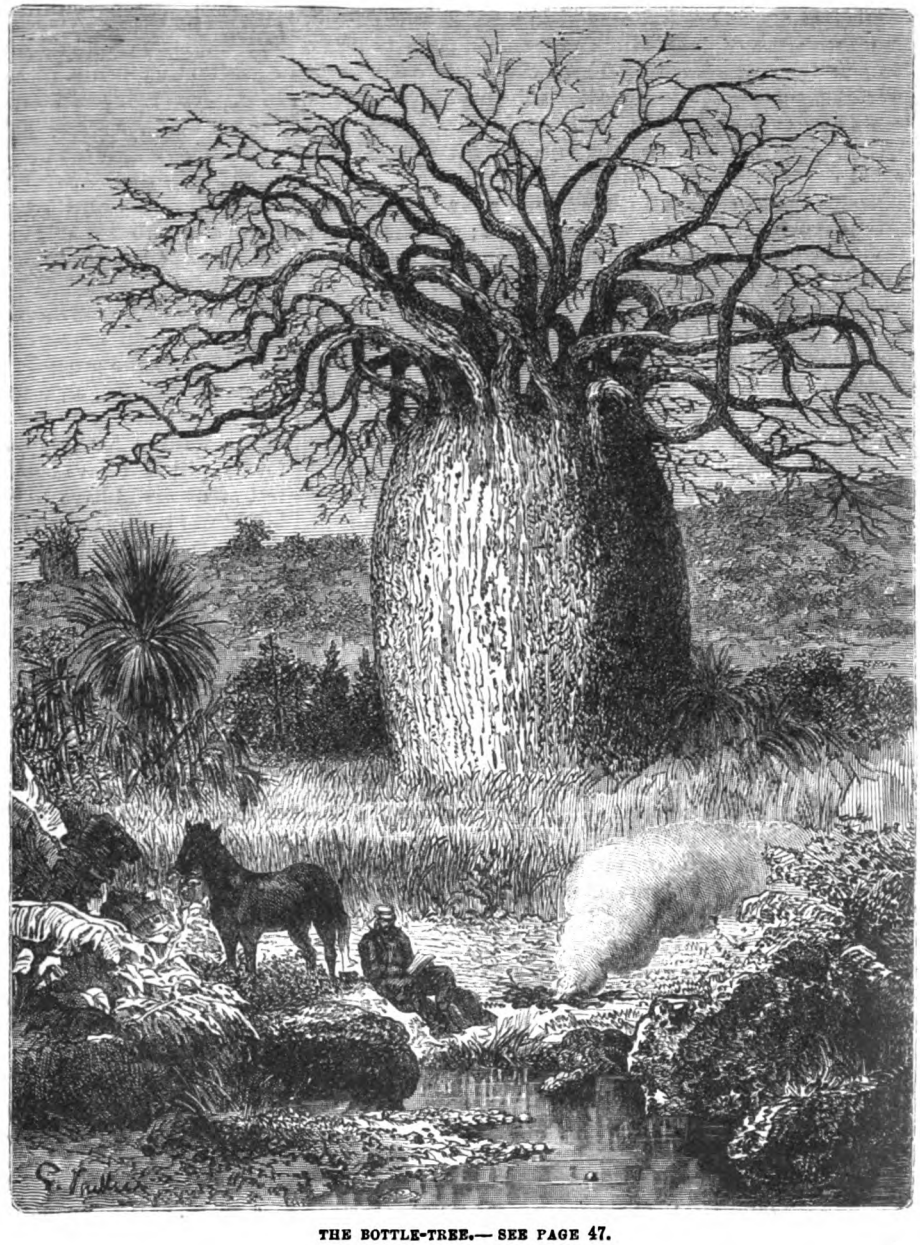
As we were putting up a steam-engine in the mill, we had, of course, to have a big chimney, an' we got a man down from town to build it—one of them chaps that builds chimneys an' nothing else, an' thinks nobody

knows anything about it but theirselves. I was working along with him, and, indeed, 'twas I that built the most of it, an' a right good job it was. 'Twas finished by Christmas—ten years ago this Christmas coming on—all but the lightning-conductor, and that was not put up owing to the master's wanting to make inquiries when he'd go to London, an' to see for himself what would be the best kind to use.

The master was a scientific sort of a gentleman, an' had ideas of his own—sometimes they'd be better than other people's, sometimes maybe not so good. At any rate, there was a delay about the conductor, an' in the meantime the engines were at work, an' the big chimney was smoking away like blazes. Mr. Brown, the strange workman, had gone away, saying, very condescending like, that he was sure Jim Forde (that was me) would be able to fasten the rod to the chimney as well as he could do it himself. He took all his scaffolding with him, but before he went away he fixed a beam with a pulley in it into the top of the chimney, an' left a long rope hanging through it, so that a man could be hoisted up at any time; an' there the rope hung dangling, week after week, until the master come home, bringing the rod along with him.

Once it had come, there was no good losing any more time in fixing it, so one Saturday afternoon in January up I went on a plank, slung securely at the end of the rope, my tools along with me, an' settled myself astride on the stone coping. 'Twas rather late in the day, but the morning had been too wet and stormy to work, an' the master was as impatient to get the job done as if it hadn't been himself that was hindering it all this time. I was as much at home atop of the chimney as I was on the ground, an' I worked on without once looking down until my job was finished, an' I was putting up my tools. Then, all of a sudden, I heard a rattling noise, an' looking over, I see the plank going down very fast. I called out, "Hello, there! send that up again, will you?" but the only answer I got was a loud laugh, for all the world like silly Jerry the natural's; and, sure enough, there he was, standing by the windlass, jumping an' clapping his hands. I looked about for the man whose business it was to manage the windlass, but not a sign of him was there, an' in a minute I heard the rattle of the pulley again, an' saw that the rope was running through it in the wrong direction. I made a grab at it, but 'twas jerked out of my hand, an' before I could catch it again the end had slipped through, an' there I was, more than a hundred feet from the ground, not knowing how in the world I was to get down, an' Jerry dancing and capering below, calling out, "Come down and thrash me now, Mr. Forde, won't you?" Then I remembered that, a few days before, I had found this boy annoying Katie, an' had given him a cut with a switch I had in my hand. He had slunk away without a word at the time, but it seems he remembered the blow, and took this way of being revenged.

Well, at first I was scarcely frightened, expecting, somehow, that, once the people below knew of the fix I was in, they'd find some way or other of getting me out of it. But when I come to think of it, deuce a bit of a way could I hit on myself, an' sure I knew more about chimneys than any one else in the place. 'Twas getting late, too; there wouldn't be much more than another half-hour of daylight, an' the wind was rising—I could hear it whistling through the trees. By this time people knew what



THE BOTTLE-TREE.—SEE PAGE 47.

had happened, an' a crowd was collecting; I could see them coming from all parts, for, of course, I had a view all about me. I saw a boy go up to the door of the counting-house, an' presently Master Philip came out, running as if for his life. When he came, he took the command like, an' began giving directions; an' the people, who had only stared at first, now ran here an' there as he sent them. First they brought out a long ladder, an' fixed it on the roof below the chimney. I could have told them that 'twas too short, knowing as I did the length of every ladder in the place; but somehow, though I heard their shouts plainly, I could not make them hear mine; it seemed as if the voices went up, like smoke. Then there was a great delay while they went for a long ladder; and this, too, didn't reach halfway. A man climbed up it, however, an' called out to know had I a bit of string in my pocket that I could let down. Not a bit could I find. I had had a big ball only the day before, but I had taken it out of my pocket an' put it on a shelf at home. I took off my braces, an' fastened them an' my pocket-handkerchief together; but they didn't near reach the top of the ladder, so that plan had to be given up.

All this time the wind was rising, an' I was getting numb with the cold, an' stiff and cramped from being so long in the one position. There was a big clock right over the gateway just opposite, an' I saw that it only wanted twenty minutes of five; it would be nearly dark at five, an' once the darkness set in, what little hope I had would be gone.

Master Philip seemed to have gone away by this time, but there was my father among the crowd; an' who should I see standing next him, an' holding on by his arm, but Katie! They had forgotten everything but the fright about me, an' he seemed to be talking to her, an' comforting her. After a bit I saw Master Philip again; he had a big thing in his hand looking like pocket-handkerchiefs stretched over a frame, and I saw that it was a kite, an' that they meant to send a string up to me in that way. But you never, in all your life, saw such an unmanageable kite. First 'twas too heavy and then 'twas too light, and then the time they seemed to lose making a tail to steady it! I heard after that part of that same tail was made of bank-notes Master Philip took out of his pocket when he could get nothing else quick enough. He got them all back later, for not a man, woman or child in the place would have touched one of them when they saw him using them in that way.

When the kite did go up at last, the wind was so high that they could not manage it properly. It came very near me once, an' I made a snatch at the string, nearly over-reaching myself in doing so; but I missed it, an' just then there came a terrible gust of wind, the string broke, an' the kite was carried away, an' stuck fast in the branches of a big tree behind the master's house. I looked over at the clock to see how much time was left me, an' I found that I could not see the hands any longer; the darkness had come on in the last few minutes. Then I gave up all hope, for I knew I never could hold on till morning. I tried to think of death, an' to make myself ready for it, but I couldn't—not a prayer nor a good word could I call to mind, only going over and over again in my head the way 'twould all happen—how the people would go away one by one, how I'd be left alone in the darkness an' the howling wind, an' how, at last, I'd not be able to hold on any longer, an' fall, an' be found in the morning all crushed out of shape.

The people below seemed to have given up all thought of helping me now, an' were standing quite quiet. 'Twas so dark by this time that I could not distinguish the faces at all; I could just make out Master Philip in his dark suit among the white mill-men, an' poor Katie. She was crouching down on the ground now, her apron over her head. All of a sudden I saw her leap up with a great cry, an' clap her hands, an' call out something. Then there was a confused shout, as if every one in the crowd was saying the same thing at the same time, an' then Master Philip, making a sign to silence them, put his two hands up to his mouth, and sang out in a voice that came up to me above the noise of the wind:

"*Take off your stocking and ravel it: the thread will reach the ground.*"

At first I didn't understand him, being dazed like, but then the meaning came on me like a message from heaven. I got off one of my socks with some trouble—nice new ones they were, too, of Katie's own knitting, that she had given me for a Christmas-box—an' with the help of my teeth I loosened one end of the thread. It gave readily enough after that, an' when I had a good piece of it ripped I tied my knife to the end of it to make it heavy, an' let it drop, ripping more an' more of the sock as it went down. Then I felt it stop, an' presently there came a shout telling me to wind it up again. Very slowly an' carefully I did it, fearing the string would break, and when the last bit of it came up there was a piece of strong twine tied to the end of it. The twine in its turn brought the rope I had gone up by, an' then I felt that I was safe. I managed somehow to put it through the pulley, an' to haul up the plank, an' as soon as they had fastened the other end to the windlass below, they gave me the word to come down. I was so numb and stiff that I could not fix myself on the plank, but I managed somehow to cling to the ropes with my hands.

Down, down I came, every turn of the windlass making the voices seem nearer an' nearer, an' when I was within a few feet of the ground there were a dozen pairs of arms ready to catch me, an' a score of hands held out to me, an' a hundred voices to welcome me. An' there was my father waiting for me, an' Master Philip, saying, "But for the girl he'd have been up there still. Not one of the rest of us would have thought of the stocking; 'twas the brightest idea I've come across this many a day. She has saved his life, Forde, and you can't refuse your consent any longer." But when I looked round for Katie, she was nowhere to be seen. She must have slipped off as soon as she saw I was safe.

Master Philip hurried my father an' me away, I didn't quite know where, I was so dazed; but in a minute or two I found myself in a warm, lighted dining-room at the master's house, an' Master Philip pouring out a glass of brandy for me, an' shaking hands with my father. I was glad to get the brandy, for I was worn out with fright an' cold; but as soon as I could, I made my escape, an' went down to Katie's cottage. I hadn't been there five minutes when there was a knock at the door, and in walks my father. He went straight up to Katie, holding out his hand.

"Katie, my girl," he said, "I've come to ask your pardon for anything I've ever said or done against you; an' if you an' Jim are still of the same mind, I won't hinder you from marrying. 'Tis you have the best right to him, for you saved his life."

"And 'tis proud an' glad I am that I was able to do that same, Mr. Forde," said Katie.

"And you'll marry him, won't you, my dear?"

"If you're satisfied, sir."

"I am, my dear, quite satisfied."

And with that he kissed her; and from that day to this he and Katie have been the best of friends. He lives with

us for the last year or so, for he was getting a little past in his work, an' the master pensioned him off. He is very happy with us, an' he is never tired of telling the children the story of the way that their mother's cleverness saved my life.

THE BOTTLE-TREE.

Trunks of trees assume at times curious forms, though we are apt to conceive the tall cylindrical as the only shape, with the variations formed by knots and boles and branches. Some are perched in air on supports like the mangrove and cabbage-palm, or are buttressed like the tropic trees which Nature in building secured like a good architect against the hurricanes of the warmer climes.

Then there are trees where the trunk is free from branch or excrescence, but bulges out in odd shapes. As several of the varieties assume the form of some vessel for holding water, they are generally known as bottle-trees.

Among these are the Delabechia Rupestris of Australia, the wood of which abounds in a mucilage resembling gum-tragacanth, and when shavings are boiled in water they are almost entirely dissolved. These trees grow to a height of thirty-five to sixty-five feet, with huge branches on the summit; the leaves are narrow, and from four to seven inches long; the blossoms are in pannicles, but are not striking in form or color. The trunks grow luxuriously in sandy soil, and are from twelve to thirty-five feet in circumference.

In the forests of Brazil the Pao Barrigudo (*Chorisia ventricosa*) arrests the attention of every traveler by its odd ventricose shape, which is rather that of a turnip than a bottle, however, in spite of its name.

Africa, also, has varieties which, from the inordinate and disproportionate size of the trunk, have been styled bottle-trees.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S "BEST MAN."

The custom of a bridegroom being attended on his marriage by a friend or relative, who is styled the "best man," so practiced at weddings in the present day, is of great antiquity, descending from our Saxon ancestors. In their time marriages were always celebrated in the house of the bridegroom. On the day before the wedding all his friends and relatives, having been invited, arrived at his house, and spent the time in feasting and preparing for the approaching ceremony. Next came the bridegroom's company, mounted on horseback and completely armed, who proceeded in great state and order, under command of one who was called the forwistaman or foremost man, to receive and conduct the bride in safety to the house of her future husband. The bride, in her turn, was attended by her guardian and other male relatives, led by a matron who was called the brideswoman, and followed by a company of young maidens, who were called bridesmaids. The Saxon forewistaman of the ninth century is the prototype of the English "best man" of the nineteenth.

A Literary Curiosity.—Among the manuscripts lately acquired by the library of the Athenian Chamber is a roll of thick paper about a finger in width and one thousand feet long, on which the various anagrams of the name Constantinople are written. These different anagrams are arranged in alphabetical order and amount to no less than 40,135. This roll was written apparently in England in the last century.

SHOOTING-STARS.

On Autumn nights, as through the town I stray,
I scan the sky with interested eyes;
For if, while yet the trailing meteor flies,
A wish is made, it will come good, they say.

Dear child, my wishes ever flow toward thee!
There fallen star, and straight with eager start
I make great vows that I may win thy heart,
That in thy exile thou may'st think of me.

An idle fancy, yet it lulled my pain.
I cherished it, since comfort else I lack;
But now the Winter comes, the nights grow black,
And for the wandering star I look in vain.

SAINTY'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

By Helen W. Pierson.

"URE, it's a quare name ye call the gurl," said Mrs. McGonegal, as she held out her cup for more tea, with one eye on the hot buns and another on a slender young figure to be seen through an open window, where the odor of honeysuckles blew in softly on the somewhat heated cheeks of the two women. "Is it wan of the blessid saints she's named after, now, Mrs. Malone?"

"If she was, sure she wouldn't be disgracin' the rest av thim," said the fond mother, holding a spoonful of quivering rubies in the shape of currant jelly toward her guest. "Is it no more, thin? Sure, yer appetite's failed intirely!"

"It's bin failin' fast since when I sat down here!" answered Mrs. McGonegal, with a fat laugh.

A comfortable-looking woman she was for a Winter scene, having cheeks like cranberries, and three pink chins; but she was rather warm and overblown in appearance on this hot July night.

"The way av it was this," began Mrs. Malone. "She was born on All-Saint's Day, and one of the blissed Sisters was with me, the nurse having been called to some fine lady before me. What I'd a done widout Sister Angela at all, at all, I don't know. You know the pious cratures are ready for ev'ry emargency, and when she laid eyes on the choild, 'Sure, it's a little angel,' sez she; and faith, it had the litle rings of golden hair and the swatest blue eyes, even thin. 'An have ye a name ready for the darlin'? she asked, an' I sez, 'Nothin' better than Mary Ann, and it don't seem to suit her at all, at all.' 'Call her Angela, then,' says the Sister, and I wouldn't go agin her will. A fine name, ye see, but a trifle Frenchy, to my thinkin.' So the Sister took to her amazin', and was her godmother, and taught her loads of fine things, and made a lady of her. But somehow we got to callin' her 'Sainty,' bein moindful, I suppose, of the day she was born; and a thrue saint she is to me since her father died—may the heavens be his bed!"

There was a great deal of simple faith implied in this last adjuration, as Mr. Malone had frequently made the earth his bed in his lifetime, when too drunk to reach his legitimate couch. A man with some education and ability, but fond of hilarious company, he had squandered his money in riotous living, and left his little family nothing but the house they were in and a few acres of land. But good Mrs. Malone had canonized him already.

"You're blessed in yer children, sure," said the complaisant friend, "and I often say it. An' Fred's the foine young man—let alone a bit of wildness as gives flavor to him, as a body might say."

HER FIRST OFFER.— BY E. F. BREWTNALL.

"Fred has a sowl above farmin', more's the pity!" answered Mrs. Malone, with just a shade on her good-looking face. "He's a ganius, is my Fred; and oftin whin he's out in the field, instid of plowin' he's a compozin' a 'Song to a Daisy,' or the loike of that."

"Which is lighter work, by a good sight, I'm thinkin'," said Mrs. McGonegal, with a laugh.

"And a dacent fellow is Allen Forsyth," said Mrs. McGonegal, reaching out a hand absently and drawing back the fourth bun.

Outside, the July twilight was full of faint flower-scents and silence. The last bird had twittered itself to sleep in its leafy cradle, the crickets only and the katydids said something now and then about the weather. The dead-

SAINTY'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.—"AND THERE, BY THE COFFIN OF HIS DEAD CHILD, SAINTY MET HER OLD LOVER ONCE MORE." SEE PAGE 47.

"An' it's the gold faver's on him now, worse luck," said Mrs. Malone, complacently, looking rather mournfully into her teacup. "But ye should hear him talk of pannin' out hapes and hapes of gold, and the foine house he'll build. Oh! he lives in the clouds, does my Fred. It's the way of ganiuses, I believe. There, now, young Allan's come. Sainty is that shy she wouldn't bring him in forninst ye; but sure ev'ry wan knows he's waitin' on her."

gold of the harvest-fields had not all been gathered in, and afar over the distant hills a serene purple light was hovering. The sky, with the paley-gold of sunset still lingering in the west, a shadow of the gorgeous glories that had passed, was full of cool, pearly tints and delicate greenish hues. And Sainty had been standing drinking in all this beauty, and preferring it to the tea and gossip at her mother's table. Dutiful child as she was, it was

her fortune to have been educated beyond her station—or was it a misfortune?

Looking at her in that golden calm, you would say that she was fitted to grace any station. Her hair had darkened from the baby gold to some warm charming tint, deep, yet glittering. It was gathered into a low coil at the back of her neck, but rippled over her head wave on wave, and hung in bright tendrils over a broad, sweet brow. Her eyes were purple as pansies now, as if they had caught color and depth from the years. Her skin was fair, not pale, with just a hint of color in the cheeks and a fuller glow on the sweet lips. She wore a pale-pink lawn, daintily trimmed, and decked with knots of ribbon—her one gala dress, fashioned by her own deft fingers. It became her as the rose-leaves become the rose. No wonder Alan Forsyth forgot his resolve to wait for better prospects before he bound her to him. No wonder he stumbled into a blundering but passionate avowal of his love, and heard with rapture the single word that crowned his hopes.

"I have always been poor, you know, Alan; so I have no extravagant ways to unlearn!"

"I expect an advance at the New Year, darling," he said, looking at her rapturously. "Sainty, the day will come when I shall deck you in silks and laces and diamonds. I feel a power within me, an undeveloped power, and I know that I can do something in my profession if I have a chance. Jarvis has thrown out strong hints, and, indeed, I have been privately informed that I am to have that chance in the New Year. So as soon after that as possible, my dearest, let the wedding-bells ring out."

And Sainty buried her face in his bosom with a glad thrill, and promised all.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Malone has an attack of the "rheumatiz." The fields are all decked in Winter ermine, and the twigs sheathed in crystal that looks very fine, but must send a deathly chill to the poor thing's heart!

"It looks very chilly, to my thinkin'!" says Mrs. Malone, as Sainty lays something very white and dainty, like a Summer cloud, upon the bed. "Sure, white satin is the proper thing, and I wore it myself, and looked, your poor father said, like a June rose. Arrah! and it's little like a rose I am this minute, barrin' the pain that's a-stickin' into me like thorns or needles."

"Yes, it looks rather cool," answered Sainty, shaking it out and placing creamy-hued knots of satin ribbon here and there upon it to note the effect; "but I'm satisfied, and so is Alan—though, poor fellow, I know he would enjoy lavishing everything upon me, and he's as anxious to see this as if it was sewn with seed pearls."

"Sure, an' this house'll be like a grave widout ye, Sainty, my darlin'!" said Mrs. Malone, looking at her mournfully, "and me often not able to lift my fut. But I'm not the wan to stan' in the way av yer happiness; and if Fred, now, would give over his dramin' and schamin', and find a nice gurrul to bring here, I'd give her a warm welcome; but it seems as if ye were takin' the sunshine out of my heart, Sainty."

The young girl dropped her finery to give the old mother a hug and kiss, when a step below on the frozen path made her look out. Well, she knew by her heart-throbs who was coming, and throwing the dress over her arm she went down to meet him.

"Why did you not put it on?" he asked, as he enfolded both in an embrace which threatened utter destruction of the delicate fabric.

"Oh, no! it must be fresh to you on that day!" answered Sainty, with a smile.

"Fresh as the foam new-bathed in Paphian wells," answered Alan, gayly. "Sainty, do you know that to-morrow is Christmas Day, and I have brought you a present?"

"Indeed! I am not accustomed to that sort of thing. What is it like?"

"Like a prisoned dewdrop—a transformed sunbeam—an electric spark"—and Alan held before the girl's wondering eyes a superb ring.

"Oh, Alan! but this must cost a mint! Oh, you extravagant boy! I am sorry——"

"It was such a bargain, Sainty, I could not resist it. Positively, when I thought of it sparkling on your little white dimpled hand I caved in. It was a chance that comes but once in a lifetime, and I could not let it pass. Besides, you know it will always be worth its price."

"Yes; but Alan, dear, it will not suit my wardrobe. It will be laughing, as one might say, over this cheap tarletan and all the other poor things."

"Never mind, my darling; in time we'll have things to match it!" exclaimed Alan, "and you are always a jewel yourself, you know, of the very first quality;" and then he pleased himself with putting the ring on, and kissing the little hand in every one of its dimples, with various other foolish devices in which lovers seem to find ineffable bliss.

A week afterward Fred Malone, flushed, and unsteady in his gait—no unusual thing with him—came into the warm kitchen where Sainty, with her sleeves turned up, was rolling out biscuit; Mrs. Malone, being still disabled, sat by the table, giving directions. Nothing prettier than Sainty could be imagined as she stood there, her cheeks rosy with the warmth of the room, her eyes full of the light that so often fades with our first youth. Her round, white arms and slim, straight figure, full of the supple vivacity that comes with perfect health.

"I say, Sainty," hiccoughed Fred, without preliminary, "your feller's sloped."

It was one peculiarity of this interesting young man that, although aiming at lofty flight in his poetical frenzies, he groveled among slang in his everyday conversation.

Sainty stared at him as if she did not comprehend.

"Oh, yes, fact; had it from good authority. Old Jarvis himself said he heard Alan was sweet on my sister, been givin' her diamonds, and such, and wanted to know when we'd seen him last."

"Sure, it was a week ago this blessed day," said Mrs. Malone. "Ochone, my darlin'! don't belave it; it will be cleared up."

"Divil a clear!" exclaimed Fred, nonchalantly. "He'd a-bin raised at New Year's, and he was so sure of it he began borrowing beforehand. Somethin' blew the thing on him, and so he gave the concern the 'nasty shake,' as the boys say. Sainty, you're well rid of him."

Sainty sat down suddenly with a perfectly ghastly face. Everything seemed floating away into black space. A strange numbness came over her, and the pulses of life suddenly stopped. Only through all she seemed to see her lover's face—white, despairing—with all hope and love dashed out of it. Was he, indeed, gone—gone without a sign, a word to the girl to whom he had pledged his life? It was too incredible! Her own Alan! He could not have done it! He would know how such a blow would crush her heart and life.

"Oh, ye omadhaun!" cried Mrs. Malone, in wrath. "Ye kilt yer sister intirely, ye blunderin' spalpeen! It takes a man to brake bad news delicately, don't it, now?"

And then she forgot the rheumatiz and the tea-biscuits,

and went over to the poor girl, who scarcely seemed to recognize her, and petted and fondled the cold hands, and made her drink hot tea, and called her all the pet baby names she had loved, and at last, with Fred's assistance, they took her into her own room and laid her on her little white bed, where she lay for hours as one dead.

When the world became real to her again, like a glimmering dawn, her mother put a note in her hand. She could not read it then, but she knew it was from Alan, and she held it fast, as a drowning mariner clings to the frail spar which is all his hope.

Great thrills of pain went through her whole being, and she lay with folded hands and half-articulate prayers through all the brief Winter day—that faded so soon in pale eclipse.

At last, when left a few moments alone, she rose and made her way with tottering steps to where the lighted candle stood. Then, as one who goes to read her doom, she opened the letter:

"MY OWN DARLING—Yes! I dare to call you so, Sainty, though it's the last time. It breaks my heart to say it—*the last!* I have been a sanguine fool; I made so sure of things that my impatience led me into crime. You know now what I have done! I expected to pay back that money from my first month's salary. That diamond tempted me, for one thing. If I had waited it would have been gone; and I was so sure—so fatally sure! Oh, Sainty, my own! have I indeed lost you? This pang goes deeper than all—this anguish pierces to the bone! But I can never claim you now—I, a felon, a wanderer on the face of the earth! I go to lose myself in the West. Would to God I could lose memory itself! But no; why should I forget? For, oh, Sainty! I shall feel, wherever I may be, even in an alien clime, the sense of what has been—of your sweetness and the love that blessed me. But I cannot trust myself to say more. I know the end has come. My God! the end has come! ALAN FORSYTH."

Sainty read these lines over and over, as one who learns a lesson by heart. It all seemed so impossible. Her wedding dress lay there finished to the last coquettish knot of ribbon, and as she raised her eyes it met her like a ghost. Oh, could such things be? She could not bear the mockery of that ghostly dress in which she had pictured herself so often leaning on his arm, and she took it up suddenly, but with reverent hand, as one touches the beloved dead, and buried it from her sight. Then she sat down, as it were, beside its grave and wept.

Oh, if there were any Lethe upon earth, how many of us would turn to pilgrims for one dear draught of those waters of forgetfulness! How gladly we would blot out all we wish to remember, if with it could be obliterated all we would forget! Make a clean sweep! Oh, waters of oblivion, wash out the words that swayed our hearts—the smiles that were our sunshine—the "touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." Let the memory of that voice that with "good-day, made each day good," die out for ever. Let the kiss, whose recollection thrills us with an endless pain, never stir our pulses again. Let us stagnate in unending calms. Let us wear ourselves out in fruitless action; let us dash ourselves madly against the bars of fate. Let us do anything but *remember!*—for that way madness lies!

Ten years of storm and sunshine had passed over the world and over Sainty's life. The little farm has passed into other hands. The good old mother has not been able to migrate to the Western gold-fields with her erratic son. She has gone a longer journey, to a land whose gold is incorruptible and fadeth not away.

It is Sainty's lot to forsake all she has known or cared for, and to follow the fortunes, or, rather, the misfortunes, of the visionary Fred. Poor prop as he is, he is all she has to cling to now.

So it happens that on Christmas Eve she stands at the window of a poor, bare little room and looks out upon the huts of a mining town. There is a glimpse of snowy mountain peaks in the distance, with a clear, frosty sky above, but around her the beautiful has no place.

A noisy grogshop is near her; she can hear the oaths and the songs all the louder for the festive time, and sometimes a rough man staggers by. No wonder she is haunted by a dream of another Christmas Eve of pure and perfect happiness.

Ah, she has not found oblivion yet. She wears the ring still, though its superb splendor is so out of keeping with all else—though it is in itself like a beacon-fire of memory that can never go out.

Often and often has Fred cajoled and threatened and begged that she would sell the ring and help him out in an emergency, but she has held it fast. It is the one bright thing literally in her life.

Ten years have changed her, as needs must be. She is paler now—indeed, her face is perfectly colorless, even wan. The great eyes are full of the pathos of pain. You would say this woman had a history; that she had borne the touch of fire in some fiery furnace of grief; that the waves of time had not beaten against her without leaving a scar.

Standing in the gathering gloom in her black dress, she looks like a shadow, and she is, indeed, but the shadow of her former self.

At this moment, hidden from her by the night, two tiny figures are making their painful way toward the straggling street—two curly-headed little lads of six and eight, who should have been saying their evening prayers at some one's knee in the firelight of home that blessed moment. Oh, how spitefully the wind nipped the poor little fellows through their thin clothing! Surely it was not tempered to these shorn lambs, but was a very wild beast of a wind, growling at them savagely and snatching at their garments and setting its keen teeth in their very hearts.

"Only a little further, Archie," said the elder, "and I shouldn't be surprised if we found papa in the morning; and won't he be glad that we've started out to make our fortune, and perhaps we'll have a big nugget when we see him!"

"I'd rather have a piece of bread," gasped little Archie, with a shiver.

"Well, now, open your mouth and shut your eyes!" exclaimed the elder, with a heroic attempt at playfulness; "there, what's that?"

"One of Mrs. Macgruder's saleratus biscuits," said Archie; "but it tastes better now she isn't near enough to box my ears!"

"Papa will call us brave little men when he learns all," said the other. "How poor mamma died so suddenly before she could tell us where he was; and how cruel Mrs. Macgruder was to us! We could not bear it—so there was nothing to do but to get up and git—was there, Archie?"

The pretty little forlorn fellow answered, "No," in a spiritless way. They had, in fact, been walking all day, and their stock of courage was at a low ebb. A day's walk in that stinging atmosphere was no light work for two such children, but the elder played his part gallantly. He carried a spade in his hand and had the air of a warrior going to the battle. They passed out of the street to a place where there was a shelving bank. Looking carefully along this, the elder shouted:

"Here is one!"

"One what?" asked Archie, sleepily.

"A dugout that some one has given up. You'll be as warm as toast in a minute. Oh, I am so glad! I was

IN THE LAND OF THE PYRENEES.—A STREET IN FONTARABIA. SEE PAGE 54.

afraid I would have to dig one, and my hands are so cold. See! I will just clear away the rubbish, and then—then we'll have supper, Archie. You didn't think I kept a restaurant, did you now? ' Well, I do; only some things are just out."

It was wonderful, the spirit of that boy! He actually puckered his half-frozen lips into a whistle as he worked. Soon the floor of the deserted dugout was cleared, and the two crept in, staying near the door for light.

"Here you are," said the elder boy, cheerily, "two roast taters; not so very hot, you know, and salt, and a bit of boiled beef; and look!—look! all for you, Archie! —a piece of pie."

Archie's sleepy, forlorn eyes lighted up a little.

"It's Christmas Eve," he said, suddenly. "Don't you remember how we hung up our stockings last year? I wish I could do it to-night. 'Tain't like Christmas if you don't hang up your stockings."

"Why, who in the world could put anything in here?" said the other, with a laugh.

"Oh, an angel could come down!" said Archie, with beautiful faith.

"But you don't think there are toyshops in heaven?"

"Oh, I don't know. There is everything nice there," answered Archie.

"No. I'll tell you what will be best of all," said the elder. "To-morrow we will find papa. I know it. I feel it in my bones, as old Mrs. Macgruger says; and we will go up to him and say, 'Papa, here are two Christmas gifts for you.' Oh, how he will laugh, and take us in his arms and kiss us!"

Archie could eat no more, and he was very cold.

"I will say my little prayer to you," he said, sleepily, and he knelt on the ground by his brother's side, murmuring, "Now I lay me," in a tired, faint voice. "If I should die before I wake——"

Ah, those words stirred no alarm in the childish heart. That grim phantom, feared of man, that lies in wait for us all, seemed very far off from these little ones that night.

"You get as far back as you can, Archie, cos' it's warmer in there, and I'll lie next the door and keep off the wind," said the heroic little man.

Soon the cold benumbed them into a chilly sleep. The night came on with its clear frosty sky and myriad stars as these forlorn babes slept on. There was no robin-redbreast there to cover them with leaves.

But suddenly there is a dull sound—a sort of heavy thud! What is it like? Like the clod upon the coffin-lid! The earth has fallen in upon the little lads! Is it not, indeed, a clod upon a coffin? Then there is for a moment silence! Archie's troubled sleep has lapsed into perfect rest! He is not cold any more, although rigid as

IN THE LAND OF THE PYRENEES.—MOWERS FALLING DOWN A PRECIPICE.

marble! He is transported into a world of light and warmth and undying bloom! The leaves do not fade upon the Tree of Life! The waters of that stream that maketh glad the city of our God are never frozen! No frost can touch the undying fruits that grow in the gardens of Paradise! It is well for little Archie; his Christmas Day dawns in heaven!

His short pilgrimage is over. Rest for the tired little feet that will tread no longer life's dusty highways! Peace to the little folded hands that have dropped all life's burdens! Joy to the weary eyes that will never open again on a world of sorrow and of sin—but behold, instead, the glory of the New Jerusalem and the ineffable love and tenderness which shines in the face of Him who took little children in His arms and blessed them!

The elder boy is not killed; he is only stunned and bruised. He awakens with a weight upon his breast, and his hands feel as if pinned to the earth. But he struggles manfully, and frees himself at last. He knows Archie is under all that earth. He himself has been saved by being so near the entrance. He knows his own puny strength is unavailing to save his brother; so he creeps out from among the ruins with sobs and cries, if haply some kind soul will help him.

Strange that Sainty, looking out in the early dawn for the wayward brother, who has been keeping the festival all night with some riotous companions, should be the first to see the child. How tenderly she takes his little frozen hands and leads him to the fire, while he tells her, in a choked voice, interrupted by sobs, his pitiful story!

"And he's dead—oh, I know Archie's dead!" he said,

ST. SAVIN IN THE PYRENEES.—SEE PAGE 54.

burying his head in his benumbed little hands and crying bitterly!

Soon help goes out to bring in the little body, for, as we know, Archie is indeed dead! It is Sainty's hands that prepare him for the grave. It is Sainty who cuts off the little golden curl "for papa," who lays the little limbs straight, and makes the shroud, while the brother looks on with awed and wondering eyes, and clings to her as to his sole friend.

Poor little lamb! there were no flowers to lay in his hands; the earth was too bare and frozen, and all the

tender blossoms were held back within that icy prison. But Sainty, with the longing for the beautiful which had been her joy and torment through life, suddenly went to a wooden box and took out a white tarletan dress.

How many dreams of bliss she had shut up within its folds!—all her hopes—all her young life and love for ever dead!

She unloosened the knots of cream-white satin now, and decked poor Archie's plain little shroud with them. Then with deft hand she fashioned white roses from the thin tarletan—ghosts of roses, indeed, without color or perfume, looking as if wrought from a snow-wreath, but fitting enough to go down into the grave with the dead boy!

"We ought to put his name on the coffin, dear," she said to the lad at her side.

"His name's Archie Forsyth, and mine's Alan," answered the child. "Oh! what will papa say when he finds his own Archie's buried up in the ground?"

"Alan Forsyth!" murmured Sainty, as the wedding-dress fell from her hands. Had she evoked him by bringing out this ghost of the past?

It would seem so, indeed, for at that moment there was a hurry in the street and a step at the door.

"Here's the father of the kid!" exclaimed a burly miner, pushing his way in. "He happened into the town this morning. He's bin to where he left the boys, and found they'd hooked it. Here you are, comrade!"

And there, by the coffin of his dead child, Sainty met her old lover once more!

He told her his whole story. How he had married one far below him, because he could not bear his loneliness; but how her image had always lived in his heart. He, too, was changed, but he had not lost his old charm. Sainty could not see him lean over his darling's coffin without longing to comfort him.

And so the old, old story repeats itself. Time brings comfort to all, and—

> "Hope itself will smile at length,
> At other hopes gone from us."

And the day came when Sainty put on the wedding-dress—yes, the very same—for Alan would have it so; and it was easy to hide the place from whence poor Archie's roses had been gathered.

Sainty often looks back to that strange day, and remembers how God brought her her heart's desire. And little Alan says "He and papa were her Christmas Gifts."

IN THE LAND OF THE PYRENEES.

By Frederic Daniel.

The abuse so copiously showered on Spain by foreigners arises from their own shallow misconceptions or ignorance of true causes. To understand properly the history of the country, its present condition and the character of its inhabitants, it is indispensable to look beneath the surface. When this is done, the national outcome is found to be "strange," "queer," etc., only in its uniqueness, the like of the fate that befell the Iberian Peninsula having happened to no other civilized nation.

Its invasion by the Moors is the true cause of the part played in the world by Spain. Its present backward condition is directly traceable to them. During a period of eight centuries, the Moors, or Mohammedan Arabs, held it in their iron grasp. During this time, that is to say, the longer portion of the national life, it was kept in a constant state either of enslavement or struggling revolt under the Saracen yoke. The elements contending face to face were such as to allow room for nothing else save bitterness and bloodshed, unattended by any thought of an advance in the general development and improvement of the country. The conflict between the two distinct races, begun in the eighth and ended at the close of the fifteenth century, was an absorbing one and without a parallel. The loss of eight centuries in time was in itself an immense drawback; but a far greater one sprang from the physical and moral impress left by the invaders on the nation—an impress, indeed, which is only too deplorably apparent to-day.

While, therefore, the other nations of Europe had progressed with the times, Spain found itself, at the close of the Moorish rule in the fifteenth century, virtually set back where it was in the eighth century, with the additional drawback referred to—furious, vindictive, wounded on all sides, in morals, faith and patriotism, amidst a sea of darkness. To have survived such a colossal and unique calamity may well be the national boast. True, it was aided in the great struggle, and, had it not been, there can be no doubt that it would have fallen a permanent prey to Mohammed.

The aid came from ecclesiastical Rome, even as civilizing colonies had come to its shores from imperial Rome. The Church of Rome saved and redeemed Spain. In view of this leading fact in the situation, any expression of wonder that Spain has ever been the most Catholic of nations, and that its Kings and Queens should bear the title of "Catholic Majesty," may fairly be set down to the credit of puerility, not to say imbecility.

Long deprived of its autonomy, the country recovered itself through Rome, and, as a natural consequence, became thoroughly obedient to the Papal See. Gratitude, faith, patriotism and many other motives combined to render the obedience strictly passive, and, of course, unhealthily so, but the extreme was unavoidable.

At the rise of Mohammedanism, Spain was already a Christianized, flourishing land. After overrunning North Africa, the Caliphs at length, in the beginning of the eighth century, found it feasible to water their cavalry on the shore of the Strait of Gibraltar. Africa had been an easy conquest. They peered across the Strait, only thirteen miles wide, into a land which was a paradise beside Africa. They resolved to capture it for, and enjoy it under, their Crescent flag, and this they did with a vengeance.

An immense horde, composed only of able-bodied warriors, crossed at Gibraltar, and, armed with fire and sword, swept over the Peninsula, gradually subjecting it to the Koran. Beside their advance, Cromwell and his Puritans with horse-pistols and Bibles trotting over "merrie old England," were only pasteboard brigands, or, at best, sneak-thieves. The fierce Saracen invaders stopped at nothing—Mohammed and Koran were fated to prevail, and bloodily prevail they did! In accordance with their usual indulgence in polygamy, the invaders took fresh wives from among the Spanish maidens, in addition to choice importations of "houries" subsequently made from "home."

The poor innocents of Spaniards were relatively at the mercy of the diabolical invasion; they had no armies, few weapons, nor had their religious zeal, entirely latent, been expressly warmed up to a white heat for the purpose of conquering and laying waste a world. The sheep were taken unawares upon this visit of the wolves, according to good wolf practice. But Spanish patriotism waxed in precise ratio as it was roughly handled and trampled upon. Rome appealed to it and directed it with an unconquerable

will. Wherever it could be replanted and reared, there the Cross was made to confront the deadly onset of the Crescent.

The long centuries of woe and shame, the ups and downs on either side, at last came to an end. The barbarians were driven back into Africa, bag and baggage; and the last remnant of the invasion, in the persons of a million Moorish settlers, or squatters, were expelled from the soil by a decree of Ferdinand and Isabella—the same who lent such a gentle ear to Columbus when he offered to discover America for them, but, as it has happily turned out, for us.

The unavoidable and compulsory inoculation of Arab blood into the native race during such an extended period was necessarily noxious to the Spaniards. It went directly to animalize them. The Moors having landed with a system of faith and morals fundamentally false, as a matter of course the examples they set up could only be false ones. The code they introduced was based exclusively on might, or brute force, and sensuality; it tended to cultivate all the lowest appetites, to inflame all the animal passions. It was only too successful in working a world of damage among those who were involuntarily subjected to it. The invasion having taken firmest root in the south, even at this day the southern Spaniards are pre-eminently Moorish in physical and mental characteristics. Such was the deleterious infliction left behind by the barbarian conquerors and settlers.

What many American authors and newspaper scribblers have, in their overweening enmity to Catholicism, written about "alhambras," "mosques," "tolerance, learning, industry and energy of the Moors" may safely be classed as the merest "poppycock"—to use a Westernism—tawdry rubbish. The exact reverse is the historical truth, the outcome of the facts as they occurred. What learning or civilization could the Moors give when they not only had none to impart, but the very falsity of their chief doctrines and practices prevented them from becoming civilized themselves? What kind of energy and industry could that have been which only aimed at sapping the lifeblood of the nation? No, if the Spaniards had not been stirred up through their patriotism, and ably, persistently directed by Rome, Spain would probably now be a "sick man" in Europe, precisely another Turkey, or as sick as Egypt, as Persia, as Barbary, as Arabia itself.

On the expulsion of the Moors, Spain's national career began. The nation having been so long running in a bad groove, its efforts were, of course, exercised in accordance with the bent received, viz.: in foreign wars and conquests, on the low level of physical force rather than in the intellectual arena. Work was done with the sword in the field, but not with the pen in the cabinet and study, for there had been no preparation or training for the latter. There was only readiness to do what the Moors had taught—fighting. Hence it is that Spain's "glories," supported by no intellectual background and groundwork, so rapidly faded. Art, science, literature, etc., were not available to the nation in its time of need, when its arms had declined. Thus, its highest achievements were small beside those of the other more fortunate nations, which had been all the while advancing intellectually in the race. Its soil grew no great men, no mighty geniuses, as were developed by other lands. Indeed, with few exceptions, it failed even to rear clever men—though some of old Rome's most eminent men had been of Spanish birth and origin. The mediocrity of such triumphs and men as it did produce has ever been, and still is, conspicuous to the outside world, which, in consequence, looks upon the Peninsula as wrapped in the darkness of a shadow. Its military occupations in Italy, its wars with France, Holland, England, its colonizations in America and elsewhere, all constituted but so much temporary brilliancy; when this had faded the nation dwindled back on itself, melancholy, isolated, unrespected. The "famed Spanish Infantry," the "cohorts of Cortez," Philip II.'s intended "Armada" for the squelching of England, were unwept, unhonored and unsung in an incredibly short space of time after the dwindling process set in. The set-back through eight centuries of Moorish invasion was the true cause of Spain's infinitely weaker calibre when put on trial with the rest of Europe.

Italy, even longer than Spain, was deprived of its autonomy, having recovered its independence, lost on the fall of the Roman Empire, only in 1870. But there was a vast difference in the quality of the two invasions from which both suffered. The Moors were—Moors; the French and Germans, who so long ruled Italy merely by means of their disciplined armies, were civilized members of the Caucasian family, and, not being settlers, to a great extent left the Italians to themselves. Hence Italy enjoyed elbow-room, and was enabled to give birth to many great men and memorable performances in all the highest walks known to man. With such greater advantages, it is not strange that the Latin nation made, and is at present making, far greater progress than the sister peninsula. "Circumstances alter cases," quoth the proverb, truly.

But Spain, too, it may at length be most positively asserted, is launched on the road of improvement, "modernizing" in a remarkable manner, in view of the disastrous past. Railroads, telegraphs, education and the general spirit of the age are making irresistible inroads among the "Dons." It could not be otherwise than that these "Dons" should be suffering from the grave defects of character, morally and mentally. Their many bad points are patent, but there are some offsets to these. Dignified in personal appearance, their manners are courteous; hospitality is their delight; and, if not over-intellectual, they are certainly a chivalrous, brave and resolute people. Whatever may be said, too, they evince the average amount of veracity among the nations. If you have a fancy to call France, Germany and Italy nations of liars—(England claiming to be the pink of truthfulness on the one extreme, Russia of mendacity on the other)—then you can add old Spain to the list: scarcely otherwise.

Without a due appreciation of the sequence, during its career, of cause and effect—according to the historical record and the actual outcome practically observed—Spain is an enigma puzzling the most inquisitive. "Such a fine country, so admirably situated, inhabited by sixteen millions of people, and yet never heard from: what can be the matter with Spain?" This query is often propounded.

What the matter is has above been outlined. Keeping, therefore, the causes well in mind, it becomes easy to note the effects; for neither can one read nor write a description of Spanish people, ways and places in a comprehensible manner if the main factors that have molded them in their present shape are left entirely out of sight. Mysteries, of man's making, at least, vanish under a proper light.

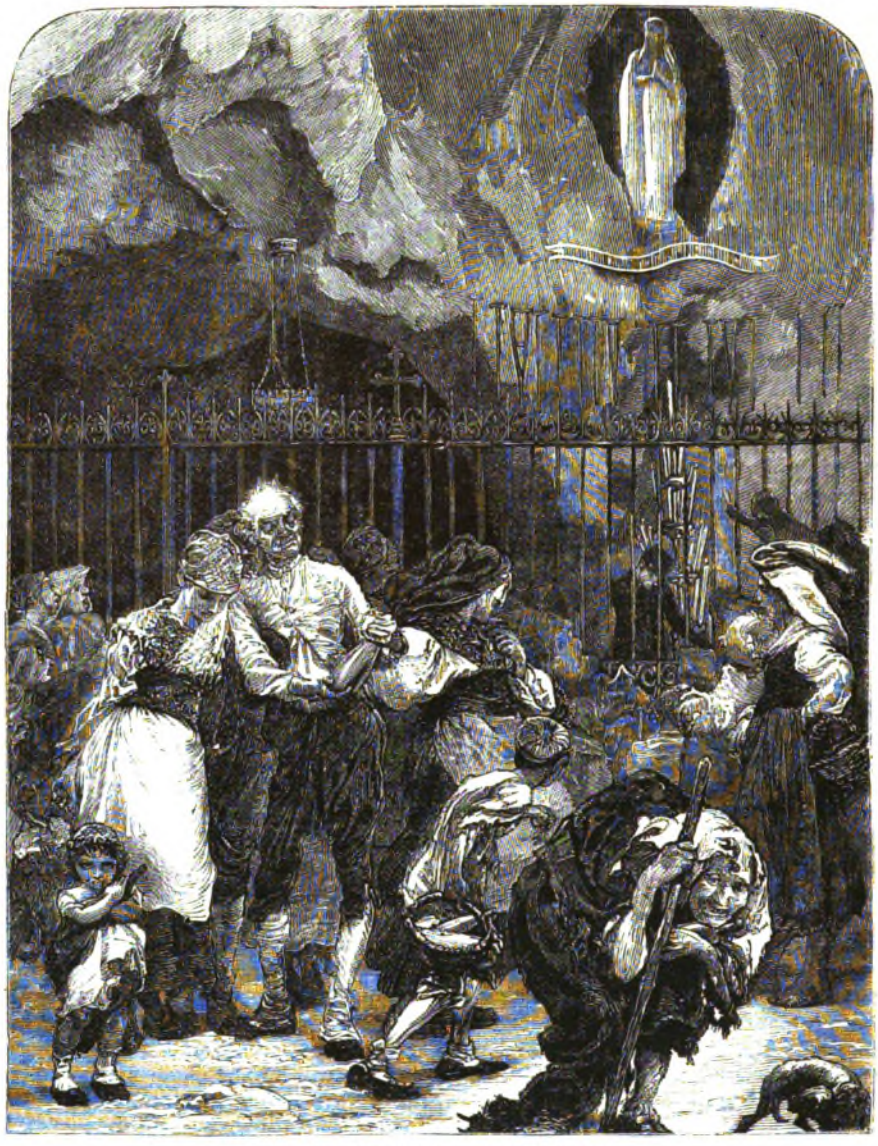
Among all European countries Spain has been, and is, the most neglected by tourists and travelers. It is, indeed, considered a more out-of-the-way region than Turkey or Egypt, and less interesting. The difficulty of language—for foreign tongues go for little in Spain—and of railway and stage traveling, the frequent political disturbances, the liability to brigands, the uncomfortable feeding and sheltering at the inns and hotels, seem to have combined to render the lovely chain of the Pyrenees

Mountains separating the Peninsula from France an insuperable barrier in the eyes of the bulk of wayfarers. Those few strangers who do cross this imaginary barrier are from the United States and England. Frenchmen rarely or never cross the chain; they see enough of Spain at the foot of the mountains on their own side of the frontier. When they do visit their next-door neighbors, it is in armies, with banners flying and drums beating, on mischief bent; and, what is somewhat remarkable, such visits have never been returned by the "Dons."

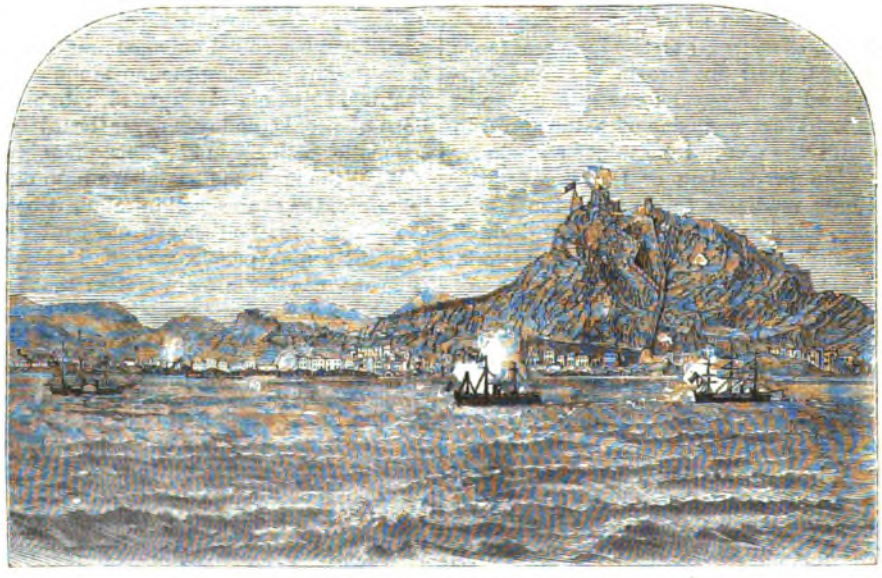
Two railway routes to the land of the Pyrenees may be taken by the traveler desirous of crossing those mountains. The one most often availed of is the line from Bayonne to Vitoria, on the western or Atlantic coast; the other is from Perpignan to Barcelona, on the eastern or Mediterranean coast.

The voyager running down from Paris, which is the great continental starting-point for *everywhere*, finds himself already, on alighting from the train at Bayonne, to have one foot in Spain, so decided is the Spanish appearance of things in general around him. Bayonne belongs to France, yet it is not an exaggeration to say that Spain begins there. It is there that one first sees mantillas going to church, signboards written in French and Spanish, and hears the first sounds of the quick, raspish and waspish Castilian tongue. One-half the faces met are Spanish. Fat bullocks dragging carts, heavily-laden mules attended by genuine muleteers, dressed in their picturesque costumes, leave the foreigner in no doubt as to his being in close vicinity to the regions perambulated over by Don Quixote on his beloved Rosinante. The buildings and the arcaded streets are quite in the Spanish style.

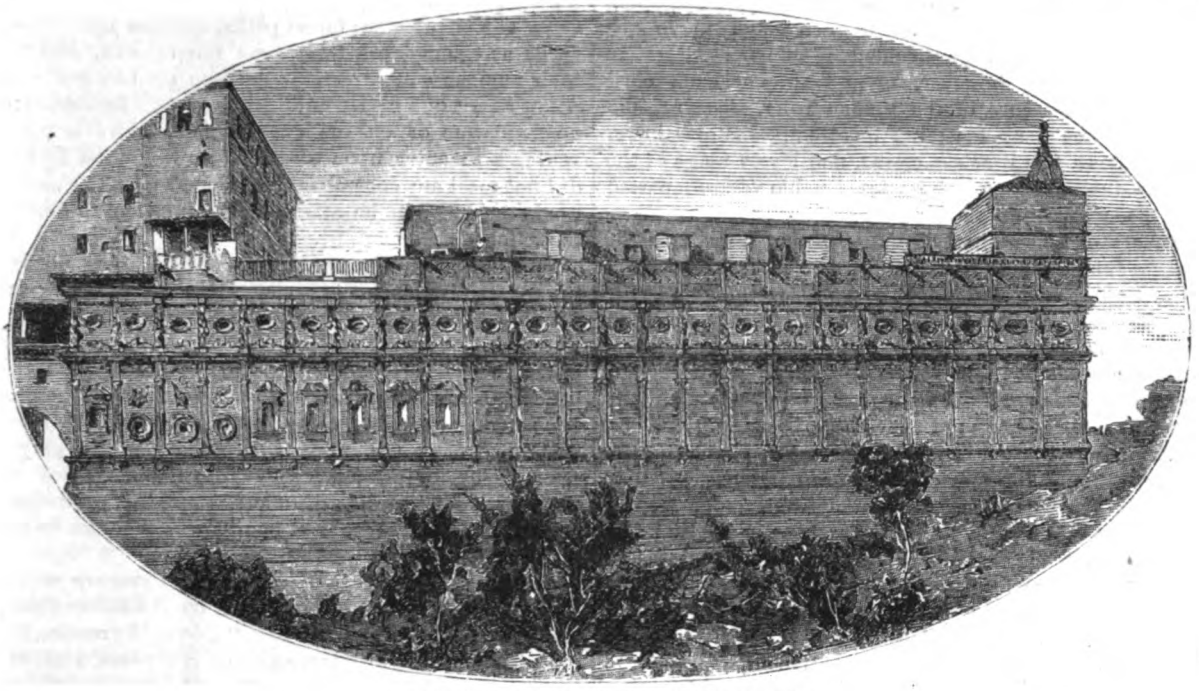
Bastioned by Vauban, Bayonne is a first class fortress, and has a strong garrison, its bands playing twice a



PILGRIMS AT THE GROTTO OF LOURDES.



TOWN AND FORTRESS OF SAN SEBASTIAN.

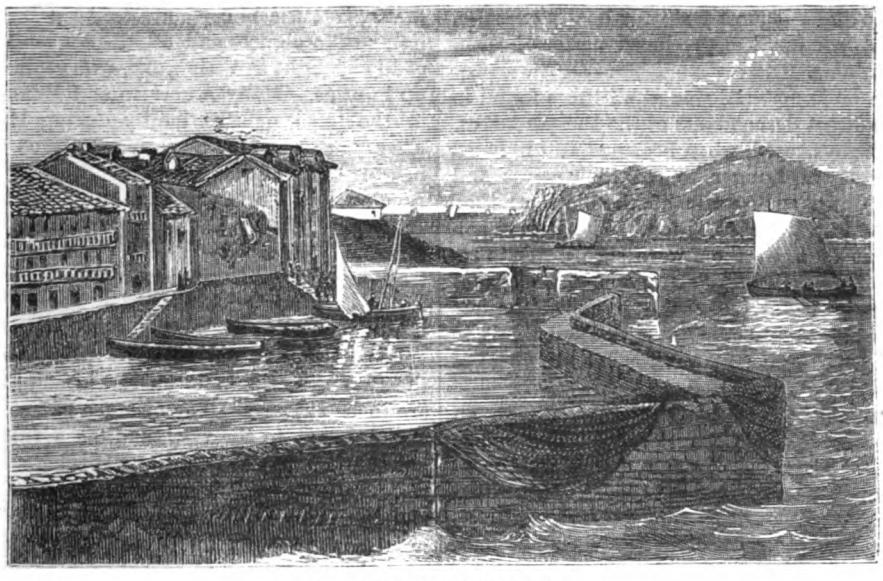


CHURCH OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA, AT MANRESA.

week in Summer, on the parade-ground, and thus assembling a fine muster of the fashionable belles from Biarritz, as well as of the local Basque girls. The former attend in carriages and pony chaises, to show off their Parisian finery, while the latter walk quaintly about to exhibit their graceful bearing and their plain but coquettish headgear.

Within a few miles of the town, on the left bank of the Bidassoa, lies the old picturesque Spanish village of Fontarabia, close to which the Duke of Wellington crossed the fords and surprised and defeated Marshal Soult. Almost throughout the whole of the "Department of the Lower Pyrenees," in which Bayonne is situated, are to be found a number of English families of limited means, who look pretty much as if they had permanently settled in it. At Biarritz they do a bit of business in addition to living pleasantly and cheaply in a good climate. It is their practice to take a house by the year, sublet it during the three months' tourist season, and retire, meanwhile, to the neighboring villages, where provisions are at half the Biarritz season prices. Bayonne, where the modern bayonet was invented, and where French and Spanish Basques are equally at home, was the chief Carlist centre during the recent war which Don Carlos waged to get possession of the Madrid throne.

The glories of Biarritz, within a half-hour's ride of Bayonne, have been considerably curtailed since the fall of Napoleon III.'s empire. That monarch built it up expressly as an ocean bathing-place for himself, his wife, and his court. In his day it was the fashionable Imperialist rendezvous. It is a little village, located on an exceedingly ugly spot, without any vestige of gardens or groves. The few large houses which were erected by Napoleon III. and some of his ministers are in strong contrast with the dwellings of the villagers, and only serve to exhibit the ugliness of the place. The largest of his structures is the "Villa Eugénie," which he put up expressly to please the Empress, and called after her; but it looks more like a barrack than a villa. All this expensive imperial finery was called into existence in order to create a Summer residence for his wife when she should become a widow, and, when at last she was left alone, she found it impracticable to live anywhere in France. It was under the softening influence of sea and mountain at Biarritz that the late Emperor and Bismarck used to take their friendly arm-in-arm



LEQUEITIO, ON BAY OF BISCAY.

walks, and that the fate of Europe was then and there thought to be decided upon between them in broken doses. In reality they decided nothing, at least in union. Probably, however, upon taking at such close quarters the measure of the French ruler, Bismarck did there first make up his mind to attempt his overthrow. Biarritz has a fine beach, a casino, and lovely views of the sea and the Pyrenees, but its fashionable value departed with the late empire.

A short distance down the coast from Biarritz is St. Jean-de-Luz, the only real Basque town in France, though it has a number of Basque villages. Everything is at St. Jean-de-Luz as of old, the piety, the virtue of the people, their quaint sharpness, their dialect, costumes, the agility of their movements, down even to their blue berrets and hempen sandals. The Basque region extends over the Pyrenees into the northern provinces of Spain on the one side, and into the southern department of France on the other side; and the Basque folks are a famous, peculiar set. The Basque is a sturdy mountaineer, and a fighter *par excellence*. His ancestors, who were ever fighting but never conquered, had all been ennobled by the princes to whom they swore allegiance, and he has, consequently, invariably maintained a bold attitude before all visitors to his mountainous home. He talks freely to prince or peasant in his harsh-sounding native dialect — "the Basque." His bold look, well cared for person, his cheerful and bright, but somewhat dreamy eyes, show that neither the majesty of the nature surrounding him nor the violence of an enemy are capable of intimidating him. He is all passion, and brooks no offense, from whomsoever; withal he is good-natured and kind. Dancing is his favorite recreation in spare moments, for he is thrifty and industrious in various occupations; s long others, smuggling across the frontier, and then he is not averse to being known as a "*contrabandista*."

The dancing is quite an original affair The regular Basque *fandango* can always be seen on Sundays on the squares or plazas in every village. The orchestra, as a rule, consists of a bad violin and a still worse horn. Two big empty casks, with two planks on them, two old chairs on these planks, and two bad musicians upon the chairs, are deemed sufficient to enliven the dance. The sounds got out of the instruments are horrible; nevertheless, the graceful movements of the male and female dancers are not the less pleasing to the spectator. Perpetual wars have developed in the Basque a taste for bodily exercise, and this, with outdoor air, has produced perfect health, agility and gracefulness.

Fierce and invincible material was at all times found in these more or less direct descendants of the Iberian tribes, which, as tradition says, used, when besieged and reduced to the last extremity of hunger, to eat their wives and children, salting down such parts of the flesh as they could not consume in a fresh condition. The Roman soldiers who went out to fight them were sure never to return, and the Moors, after having conquered the whole of the peninsula, could never enter the so-called Basque provinces. The Spanish Basque never would submit to conscription, and has always fought for his privilege of not being compelled to fight.

Between the two lines of railway crossing, there are, on the whole length of the Pyreneese chain, several roads, with post-coaches, old-fashioned inns, little custom-houses and innumerable paths and short cuts well known to the smuggling fraternity. Here the Basque "contrabandista," or smugglers, are at home. The roads are excellent and most picturesque, and the horses and mules of the locality go at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, owing partly to facilitating slopes. On the right and left of every one of them are forest paths, trodden only by shepherds and smugglers from time immemorial, and, as to their number and directions, baffling all but the expert. A few admit of a clever mule passing with its burden, but no gendarme or custom-house officer, however valiant, ventures to enter upon them, for he would be lost if he did not meet any contrabandista to show him the way, and would be killed if he attempted to interfere to break up the fellow's traffic.

In addition to the natural proclivity of all borderers toward free trade, some special causes are at work to produce an extraordinary amount of smuggling across the Pyrenees. A considerable difference exists in the duties levied in the two *limitrophe* countries on certain articles, hence the frontier population on both sides of the mountains make a regular profession of smuggling. The same thing occurs at Gibraltar, where the English play the same tricks for passing goods into Spain free of duty. Nothing short of a line of officers posted along the whole length of the Pyrenees, and almost close enough to touch each other, could prevent smuggling.

The most fashionable resort in the Pyrenees region is the watering-place of Pau, situated on the River Gave, in the French department of the "Lower Pyrenees." Its reputation has greatly increased of late years, and in the Winter season it is thronged with Americans and English. It is a neat, pretty little town of twenty thousand inhabitants, and was formerly the capital of Bearn and Navarre. It is celebrated as the birthplace of Henry IV., the "Good King," who was so valiant in battle, and on account of his joviality and courage is the hero of France, the most beloved of all the Kings given by the House of Bourbon to that country.

The principal square contains a bronze statue of him, and the chief object of interest in the town is the old castle in which he was born, and in which are shown his cradle and bed. Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's generals, and later King of Sweden, was also born at Pau; he left it as a drummer-boy, having been the son of a saddler. After he became King he sent from Stockholm some fine presents to decorate the castle.

It is a curious coincidence that Bernadotte abandoned the Catholic religion to secure the throne of Sweden, and Henry IV. abjured Protestantism to sit on the throne of France. Henry was wont to say, "*Paris vaut bien une Messe!*"—Paris is certainly worth a Mass. Owing to the influx of foreigners and all the conveniences and luxuries of life brought in their wake, everything at Pau has gone up in price. Many American and English families reside in the town or its vicinity during the Winter season. There is a casino for gambling, and fine fox-hunting in the neighborhood for the *jeunesse dorée*, or gilded youth of London and Paris. Music, promenading, driving, balls and parties enliven the place for the foreign fair sex. The climate is delightful, and its mildness renders Pau attractive to invalids. Indeed, originally it was an invalid resort exclusively; but fashion always follows the invalids, as young folks like to be near their ailing parents.

From Pau, as from all the French towns at the foot of the Pyrenees, the most charming views of the mountains are to be enjoyed. The distance is just sufficient to lend enchantment to the view, and, as a rule, mountains look better when you are away from them and not confined in their ruggedness. The Pyrenees, seen from the proper standpoint of distance, are certainly the loveliest chain of mountains in Europe. Not grand and imposing like the Alps, but soft and pleasingly picturesque. Their crests are not covered with perpetual snow, as they are much

inferior in height to the Alpine range. The atmosphere of the Pyrenees is remarkably transparent—indeed, its brilliant luminosity is unique.

Not far from Pau is the now famous little hamlet of Lourdes—famous for its miraculous water, arising from a spring at which the Holy Virgin is said to have appeared, about twenty years ago, to a very pious peasant girl. When the first news of the apparition was bruited among the peasantry of the locality, there was a rush to get water from this spring, in the belief that its miraculous gifts would cure every ailment, and the aged, the blind, the lame and diseased all flocked around the supposed holy spot. The source, springing from a ledge of rock, was railed in, a statue of the Virgin was placed in a niche excavated above, and lamps lit in her honor. The water was bottled and distributed to all comers as fast as those in charge could deal it out. Splendid donations were made by wealthy visitors to keep up the establishment and adorn the neighborhood, and a chapel was built to "Our Lady of Lourdes." Some pilgrimages from the rest of France and from all countries were made to it; and the legend, embellished and enlarged, circulated throughout the world. Its vogue is still maintained, and the annual number of pilgrims and curiosity-lovers is up in the thousands.

The peasants have implicit faith in the legend, and can always be seen worshiping around the spring and at the shrine in the chapel. The dwellings in the hamlet itself are dingy, melancholy-looking huts, rendered still more so by the grandeur of the mountains close by. Quite a number of books and pamphlets have been written to explain the manner and meaning of the apparition, almost forming what may be called a Lourdes Library.

In the valley of the Luz, upon a hill-slope and immediately on the edge of a road, are the remains of the Abbey of St. Savin. This old church was, it is said, built by Charlemagne; its stones, dingy and crumbled, lie in a tumbled condition, and the floors, disjointed, are inlaid with moss and grass. From the garden of the abbey a magnificent view of the valley is to be had, especially at sunset.

The old monks led a quaint, peaceful life at this spot, with the grandeur of mountain scenery always to charm their eyes. The brigands, smugglers, robbers and drunkards who passed along the road never gave them the slightest bother or uneasiness. St. Savin is one of the sights which the mountaineers always recommend to the Pyranean *voyageur*.

Excursions are frequently made from Bayonne and Pau to Eaux Bonnes, Eaux Chaudes, St. Savin and Pic du Midi. The latter, though somewhat difficult to ascend, repays for any trouble in getting to its top. It is the highest peak of this section of the Pyrenees. The view is superb over the whole chain as far as the eye can reach. No sign of human habitations is visible except as mere specks, large villages and towns in the valleys beneath seeming as only mites. The only beings to communicate with are mountains piled on mountains, gray and barren in their enormity, arranged as in an amphitheatre, seated in an eternal congress, as it were.

There are other famous peaks, among them Pic Nethon, Pic d'Aine, near which are Ronceveaux, celebrated in Ariosto's verse, and the height from which his hero Roland gave a call to arms with his powerful horn, an image of which is shown.

Corresponding to Bayonne, on the Atlantic, stands Perpignan, on the Mediterranean side. Perpignan, which is a military stronghold, is thoroughly Spanish in its language, dress and character, although it has belonged to France since the middle of the seventeenth century. It has a population of twenty-five thousand. The citizens take no little pride in showing the exact spot where the Emperor Charles V., having taken the fancy to make the grand rounds and discovering a sentinel asleep at his post, pushed him off into the ditch, took his gun, and stood sentinel until relieved by the guard. The town has considerable commercial importance in the wine, wool and silk lines, but is very dull to foreigners, especially those who are bent on crossing the mountains and seeing Spain itself. The view of the sea and mountains to be had from the citadel is extremely fine.

After crossing the chain from Perpignan, the first large town reached is Barcelona, which has one hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants, and is the largest commercial centre in Spain. It was named after Amilcar Barca, the father of Hannibal. There are few public buildings, it being largely devoted to manufacturing business. The Cathedral is a Gothic structure, and the principal theatre the largest in Europe; the fountains are very numerous, and some of the monumental ones are very fine specimens. The one dedicated to Ferdinand and Isabella has its four faces decorated with bas-reliefs, one of which represents Columbus in the presence of their Catholic Majesties, and another Boabdil giving up the keys of Granada, when it was captured from the Moors.

Barcelona has always been noted as the most troublesome city in its opposition to constituted authority; it is at present the nest or seminary of all kinds of liberal movements, especially of Republicanism as conceived and shaped by a Spanish brain, and the stand it takes in times of revolutions—which are so liable to happen at any time of the Spanish "morrow"—has always great importance in the estimation of the rest of the Peninsula.

Twenty miles from Barcelona is situated the little village of Manresa, which is chiefly interesting for its noted Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, after whom it was called. Of course, however, it need scarcely be said that this is not the only church in Spain called after the celebrated founder of the Order of Jesuits, for his fame is such that he can never be neglected anywhere in the land of the Pyrenees. The Jesuits, since their institution as a religious Order, have always held the first rank in the management of ecclesiastical affairs in the country. Their founder decreed that they should devote themselves entirely to the service of Jesus—hence their title—by works of piety, zeal and learning. In Spanish schools and higher institutions of educatien they have exclusively taken the lead; and the best educated Spaniards have always either been themselves Jesuits or educated and reared by the Order.

On the frontier line, crossing the very summit of the Pyrenees, is Andorra, where only last year certain speculators attempted to plant a grand free gambling casino, like that at Monaco, near Nice. The French and Spanish Governments both forbid the project, for though Andorra is supposed to be an independent Republic, standing on its own bottom, like San Marino in Italy, its area is so jammed in between the two great countries as necessarily to be under their control. The frontier line runs right across the district, which has only one village, Andorra proper. Few travelers ever visit the locality, which is one of the most barren and uninteresting in the whole range.

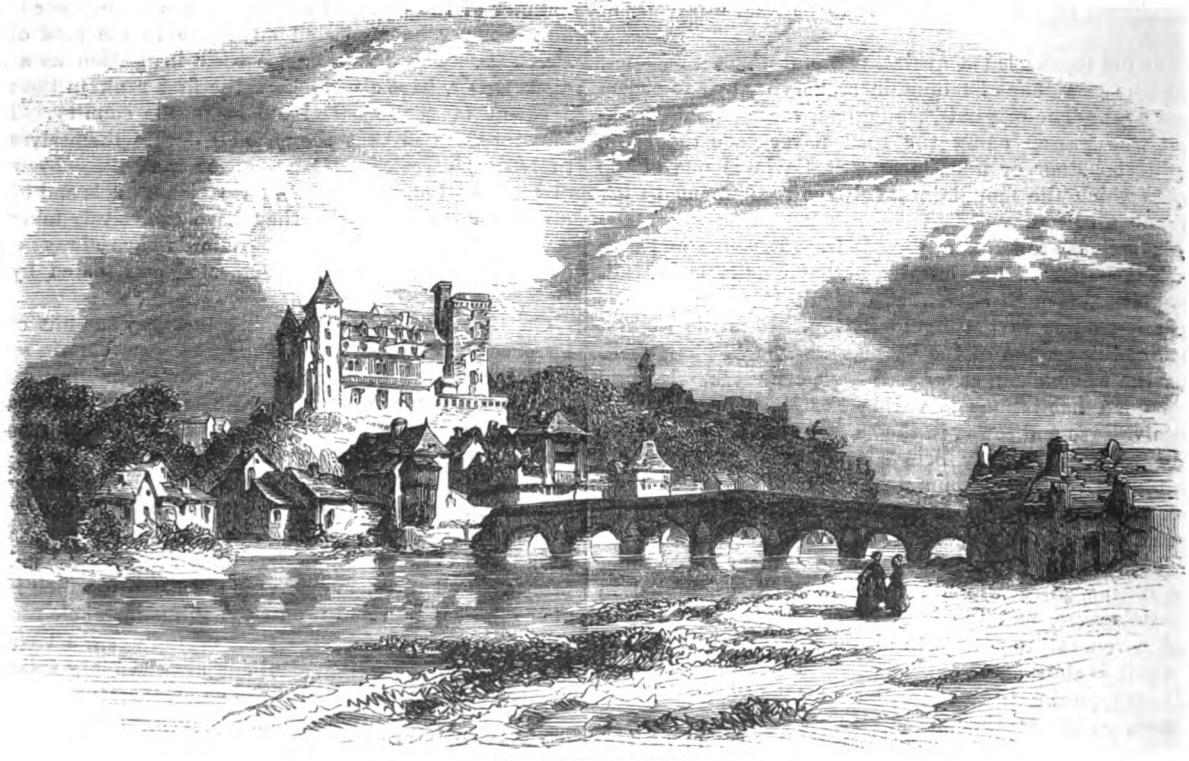
St. Sebastien, a fortified port at the western terminus of the Pyrenean frontier, contains about twenty thousand inhabitants. It is regarded as one of the strongest fortresses in the Peninsula, as Gibraltar has been stolen by the English, and yields no room for a Spanish foot. The town has been modernly rebuilt, as Wellington and his

A MOUNTAIN PATH.

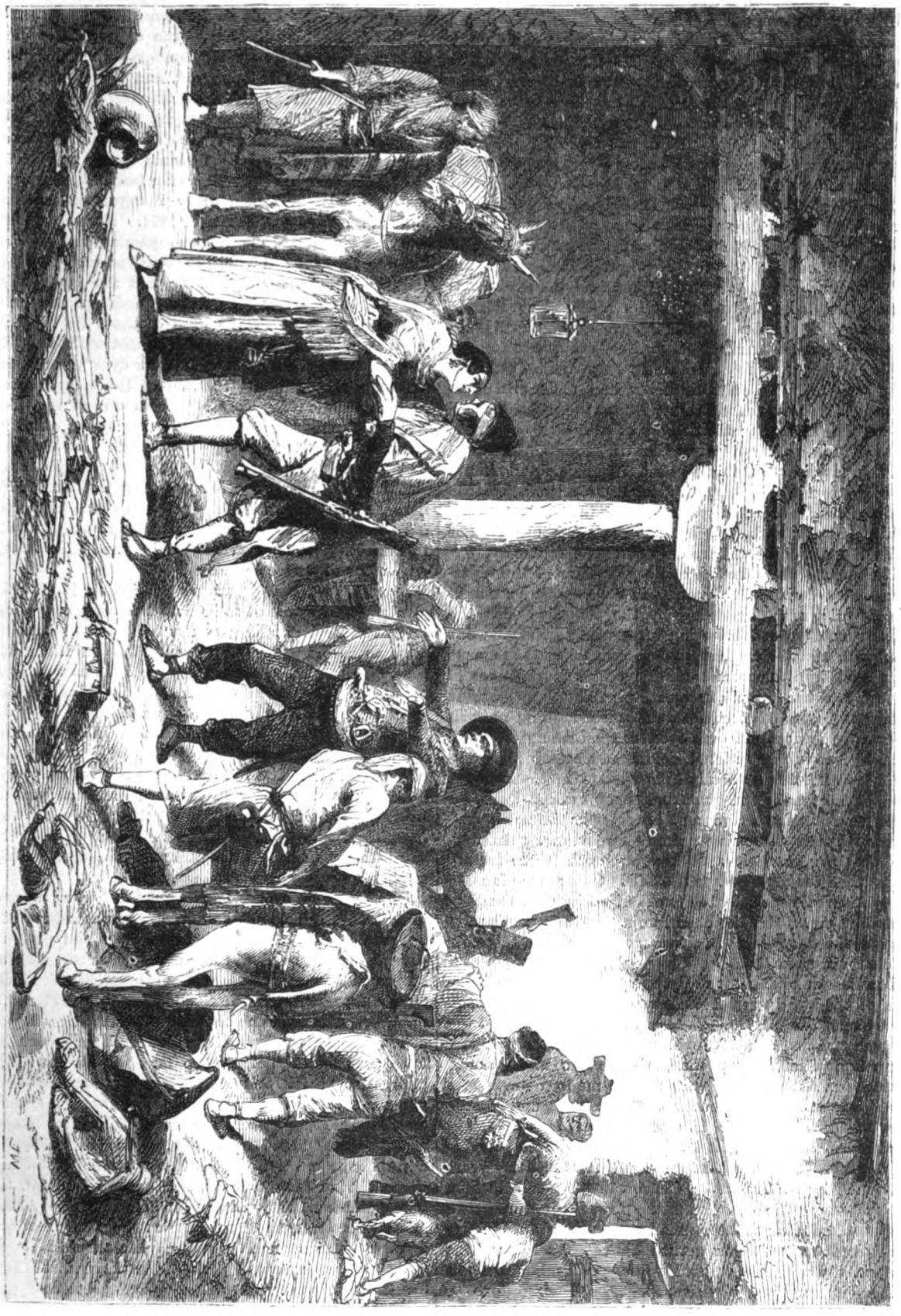
soldiers played havoc there in 1813 by reducing the old one to ashes, in the wars with the Napoleonic legions. The French were besieged in it, and, after the siege terminated, the English and their Portuguese allies set fire to the houses, pillaged the citizens, violated the women, and even danced by the light of the flames. Wellington and his crew were a merry lot when they took it in their heads to be merry.

Vitoria and Burgos are next after St. Sebastian the most notable points on the railway line from Bayonne to Madrid, the capital. The former has fifteen thousand inhabitants, and was the scene of a victory won by Wellington over the French in 1813. It was his last victory during the "Peninsular War." Burgos is one of the most famous cities in Old Castile, as having been the birthplace of the "Cid," Rodrigo de Bivar, the national champion of Spain in her delivery from the Moors. The "Cid," sung in Corneille's elegant verse, is the hero of Spain, and songs and poetry in his honor are as plentiful as editions of "Don Quixote," Cervantes' great work, which in itself may be said to form the whole literature of the Peninsula. The "Cid," it is related, was never defeated; alive, he whipped the Moors, and, dead, his corpse was miraculously strapped to a steed and driven out to attack the invaders, when he routed them with tremendous carnage. Such is the legend; but legends and proverbs are very solid things in old Spain.

In no other country of Europe have medieval ways and



THE CASTLE OF PAU.



AN INN IN NORTHERN SPAIN, NEAR THE PYRENEES.

costumes been so faithfully and steadily adhered to as in Spain. The peasants, men and women, dress in the same fashions that prevailed five hundred years ago. Their attire may be said to be stereotyped, but it certainly is very becoming and pretty. The short, fancy jacket and knee-breeches are universal among the men, and loose-flowing gowns of loud, gaudy colors envelope the women. Sometimes the latter wear the short masculine vest. The headgear of the men is the traditional cap, or berret, but the women are content to wear nothing save a cloth covering laid on their shining black locks, often plaited and falling down behind over their shoulders. The men are compactly built, and so are the women; their movements are full of gracefulness, and their attitudes, as seen around the public fountains or in the wayside inn, where the gatherings are very lively and gleeful, are of such unconscious naturalness as to delight an artist, The Basque peasant-girl—as, indeed, the Pyrenean women in any of the most obscure hamlets—is a lithe, well-proportioned, healthy specimen of womankind; they are industrious, carry heavy weights on their heads, and undergo a large amount of walking and climbing, always in the most cheerful spirits. Music is the delight of all. It is, however, quite a rude quality of music, as the mountaineer musicians are a primitive, untaught set. Flageolets and simple boards, upon which catgut strings are affixed, are the favorite instruments; bagpipes are also in use. The mandoline and guitar belong by right to the south—to fair and soft Andalusia—and are only exceptionally heard.

The shepherds and other cattle guardians of the Pyrenees are also remarkable features in the mountain scenery. Flocks of goats, numbering by the thousand, are frequently encountered browsing on a valley or slope; one man, with his staff and trusty dog, is sufficient to manage them and keep them out of all danger. The goats are of a very fine kind, and are most valuable; one scarcely knows which to admire most, the queer-looking animals with their glaring, innocent eyes, or the dreamy shepherd himself, arrayed in tattered colors, and seeming so outlandish and foreign to anything human in the civilized line. Occasionally the goats and sheep come to grief, for there are not a few wolves and bears in the mountain fastnesses. These devouring animals are regularly hunted, but the breed contrives to keep up, such is the facility with which they can escape the rifle. Other game is more easily secured, especially the flocks of wild pigeons as they periodically sail over the chain, going north or south; few birds make their home in these mountains, and there are no chamois, as in the Alps.

The Basque towns in the Pyrenees formed the real theatre of the war begun in February, 1873, and ending in December, 1874, of Don Carlos to get possession of the Spanish throne. The Basques were his mainstay in this campaign, which, at the time, attracted so much notice throughout the world, thanks to the modern newspaper correspondent. It was the second Carlist war, and like the first, failed. To give an idea of its scope, it is necessary to glance at the facts that led up to its outbreak.

The first Carlist war had been undertaken forty years previously by the Pretender, Charles V.—also called "Don Carlos"—upon the accession to the throne of the now living ex-Queen Isabella; that campaign was obstinate and bloody, but Isabella succeeded in getting the upper hand, and the Pretender was banished, and subsequently abdicated his claims—it has since been contended, only conditionally. Isabella was frequently disturbed by revolts and revolutions, but her reign endured until October, 1868. At that date a revolution took place, under the leading statesmen at Madrid, which caused her to flee and take refuge under the wing of Napoleon III., at Paris. Spain remained without either a monarchical or any other form of settled government until 1870, when Bismarck proposed to place on the vacant Madrid throne the dapper little Prince of Hohenzollern, of Kaiser William's royal stock and household. Napoleon III. demurred, and it was on account of this insignificant pretext that the terrible war between Germany and France was fought. Before it had ended Amadeus, son of Victor Emanuel of Italy, was offered the throne by General Prim (the same leader who had been most instrumental in overthrowing Isabella), and agreed to accept it. He was pomposly inaugurated as King at Madrid on the 1st of January, 1871. For this work Prim was assassinated while he was passing in his carriage through the street, during the royal ceremony.

Amadeus soon found that he had not got on a bed of roses. He was a foreigner, not a Spanish prince—and that was crime enough in the eyes of those he had come to reign over. The reception that he met with from his new subjects was a freezing one; in their eyes he was not only a foreign intruder, but the son of the blasphemous and excommunicated king of Italy, who was at that moment trampling under his feet the dazzling crown of St. Peter, at Rome. He had fondly hoped that all the Spanish factions and parties would be disposed to unite on him. Nothing of the sort occurred. Carlists, Isabelinos, Republicans, Internationalists, Intransigents—each and all saw in his accession an excellent opportunity to work up the national feeling on their particular side, and their intriguing operations at once commenced.

Amadeus made a journey over Spain; it did him no good; and he returned to Madrid perfectly conscious that he had achieved nothing by the trip; but still he did not abandon all his hopes—(nor would his ambitious wife let him, for the throne was all hers)—and was willing to do his best to win the sympathies of the population of the capital. A good cavalier, he showed himself every day on horseback. His wife and himself drove daily in an unpretentious manner on the Prado, the fashionable promenade of the city. His box at the opera was seldom empty, and he did all that he could to enjoy the national pastimes as heartily as the most true-blue Castilian. Once a week, at least, there were a banquet and ball at the palace. But in vain—they were only attended by diplomatists and his own imported set of courtiers.

The Queen, his ambitious wife, fared even worse—the Madrilenese had no pity for her, as she was neither of royal nor noble blood, and was loudly greedy and pretentious, though her husband did command their respect through his royal birth. There was no humiliation which the female representatives of Spanish nobility did not inflict upon her, whenever the occasion offered. One day on the Prado the Parisian bonnets, which had for a considerable time past found their way so far down as Madrid, suddenly disappeared, and the ancient big tortoiseshell comb and the national mantilla of olden days were revived as by magic. The noble ladies thereby aimed to show the "new queen" that they were blue-blooded "Españoles," and that she was not. A still more pointed insult came in the refusal of any noble duchess, when requested, to hold her newly-born baby at the baptismal font. At length, and on the strength of this last stroke, the "new queen" threw up the sponge. Amadeus himself had long previously grown sick and tired of the farce of his royalty. He intimately felt that this king's play business did not pay; he got out of it neither money, honor nor pleasure, and with his wife's finally given consent, he resolved to abdicate.

On the 12th of February, early in the morning, long

before the most pious "señoras" had dressed for early Mass, several plain carriages were conveying the royal family of Amadeus, wife and baby, from the palace to the railway station. The Queen had to be borne on a litter, the King himself lifting her into the carriage. They shipped direct to the frontier of Portugal, whence the inexperienced, weak youth dated a proclamation of advice to "his good Spaniards!" "My good wishes," said the unlamented, "have deceived me, for Spain lies in the midst of a perpetual conflict. If my enemies had been foreigners, I would not abandon the task; but they are Spaniards. I wish neither to be the King of a party nor to act illegally; but, believing all my efforts to be sterile, I renounce the crown for myself, my sons and heirs." This was pathetic, but its pathos only touched the ex-royal family, not the bold Spaniards. Their time had at length come to deal, and straightway they began to shuffle the pack, unmindful of all else. In strict truth, the mock royalty had scarcely left the palace ere a "Republic" was proclaimed, the Senate and Cortes amalgamated under the title of "National Assembly," in the French style, and a new ministry was seated in the cabinet.

"Spain a Republic!—what next?" The news fairly took away the breath of everybody in Europe, so unexpected and stunning was it. Anything rather than that from old Spain! But the telegraphic dispatches were emphatic—official. Nevertheless, people at once nodded their heads, giving a sly laugh or wink, and spoke of the new-born as "premature." They knew best. The new Republic lasted only the same length of time that Amadeus had reigned; it gave place to the present sovereign, King Alfonso, on the 1st of January, 1875. But the career of the short-lived republic was stormy, for it was precisely upon its outbreak that Don Carlos took the field in behalf of his claims to the throne, the opportunity having been considered by him a most excellent one to avail himself of.

The Carlist motto, "Patria, Dios y Rey"—God, Fatherland and King—was unfurled, and every peasant of the northern provinces rushed to take up such arms as were at hand, and the Pretender, Don Carlos himself (Carlos VII., written "C 7." on the flag and buttons used), entered the Pyrenees to organize his army. The Basque and Navarre peasants knew little of him; it was quite enough for them that he was "El Rey," and that his name was Carlos; as, until lately, the name of "Napoleon" was always enough to gladden the French peasants. They venerated him in the old tradition, and many of them firmly believed that he was the son of the same Don Carlos (Charles V.) under whom their fathers, and in some cases even themselves, had fought in the early days of Isabella.

During the old Seven Years' War innumerable calamities had been inflicted by the Madrid government upon the Basque provinces, and hence the rising of the mountaineers was based on a traditional feeling of hatred. The Pretender, being at first pressed for cash and arms, could make little headway; but by degrees he received aid from the Legitimist party in France, and thus was enabled to smuggle over arms and provisions from the south of France, as well as along the Biscay coast from England. The Carlists, however, suffered many hardships, and throughout had to confine themselves to the Pyrenees region, and act on the defensive. Madrid had too many resources, the whole bulk of the Peninsula, to draw upon, in suppressing them.

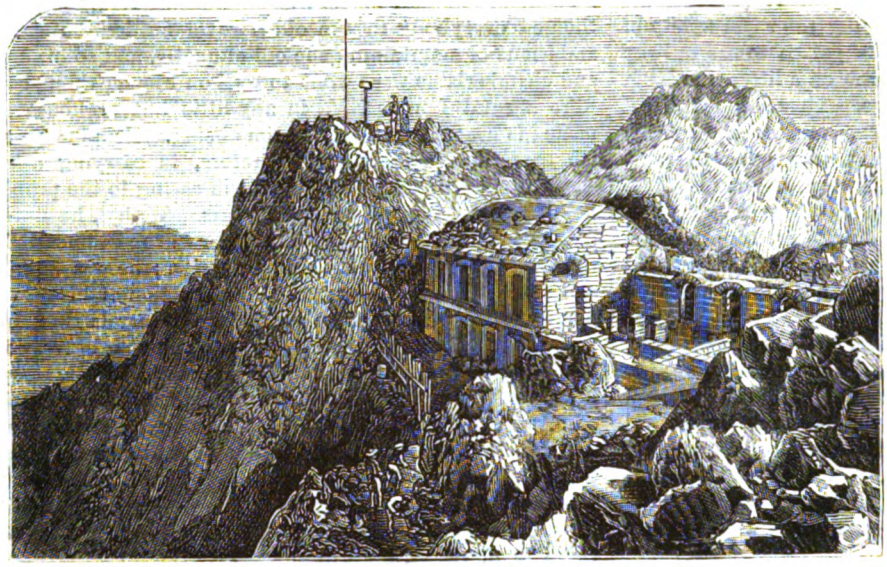
Don Carlos, at the time of his attempt, was twenty-six years old. He was then a powerful-looking man, about six feet one, and when in his uniform and with his Basque cap, quite filled the bill of a picturesque brigand chief. He entered upon Spanish soil—the soil of *his* kingdom, as he called it—quite pleased to play the part of a king, and thou-ed everybody in the olden royal fashion. He was ambitious of maintaining the old etiquette, and so his aids and chamberlains were wont to wait on him as though he were a rural Louis XIV., in any little hut or house he made his headquarters for the time being. Genuine Spanish grandees took a pride, therefore, in carrying away slops after he washed himself, and in seeing to the proper polishing of his top-boots and spurs. Withal, he never displayed any strength of mind either in the cabinet or in the field during his brief mountain reign; he was merely a figure-head, a high liver, and the direction of his movement was given out into the hands of Generals Elio, Lizarraga and Dorregaray. The Don displayed bravery in battle, and, after fighting, it was his delight to eat, sleep, hear music, smoke cigarettes and chat with the noble officers on his staff, always brilliant and numerous. As a mere matter of personal taste, it is probable he was glad to get rid of the discomforts of his mountain-kingdom, when it did fall into the power of King Alfonso. In 1876 he visited Mexico, and thence, during the Philadelphia Centennial, visited the United States.

His army was always poorly organized and equipped, and always contended against overwhelming odds. The priests, women, children, old and young men throughout the Pyrenees, were devoted to him. They did all they could to favor the cause, and their houses were always open in the most hospitable manner to officers and soldiers. The fighting was exclusively on the guerrilla system; isolated bands, under this or that leader, attacked the enemy wherever there was the slightest showing for success.

Among these bands was that, now become historical, of the notorious cura, Santa Cruz. He was brought up in the Almshouse of the picturesque old town of Tolosa. An ardent Carlist, his peculiar manner of fighting his band of a thousand men won him a name even outside of the Pyrenees. He looked upon the band as his own individual army, merely helping the cause. His marches were rapid, his attacks fierce and successful, with little or no quarter given or received. He was dictator over his band and over every hamlet and district he passed through; his discipline for both was of the most summary and strict kind. When his men fought, they fought—for they knew what to expect from him if they failed to exert themselves to the utmost. He, of course, had innumerable squabbles with the superior generals of Don Carlos—but he never yielded to them. He asserted, as his excuse, that he had accomplished more for the cause than all of them put together, though he was not a military man, and only a poor curate.

Soldiering, by-the-way, was never considered incompatible with theology in Spain; for, not to speak of more olden times, Ignatius Loyola was a soldier before he became a recluse and founder of the Order of Jesuits. In short, Santa Cruz aimed to imitate, and he did, the example set during the first Carlist "Seven Years' War," by an obscure priest of Villaviado, named Geronimo Merino, who began to fight at the head of a small band and soon became quite a legendary figure in the Carlist annals, even as Santa Cruz now has become.

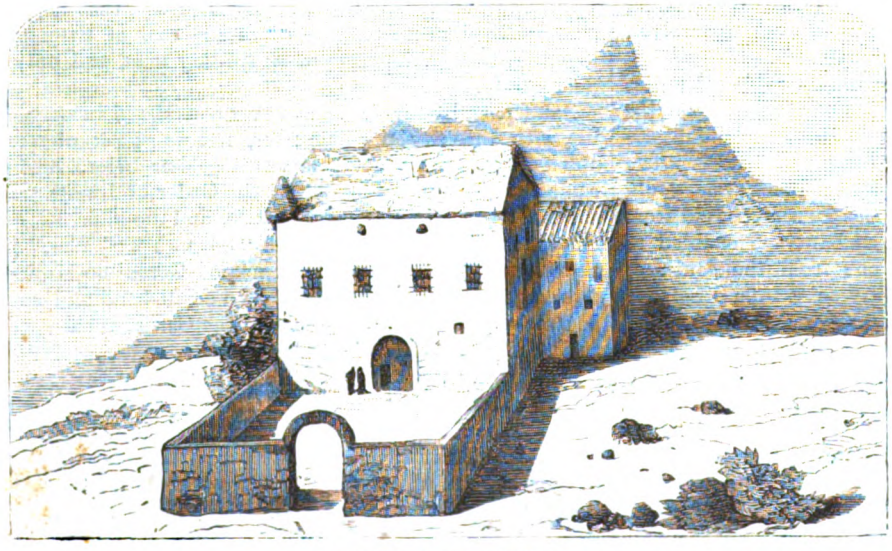
The temperament and traditional notions of the Basque people combined to give Don Carlos an enthusiastic support as soon as he unfurled his flag and entered the Pyrenees. Their devotion was most effectively shown in the manner in which the wants of the Carlist columns were attended to. When the Republicans passed, all that still existed in the way of horses, cattle, sheep and pigs were high up in the mountains, and no rations could be



FRENCH OBSERVATORY ON THE PIC DU MIDI, PYRENEES.

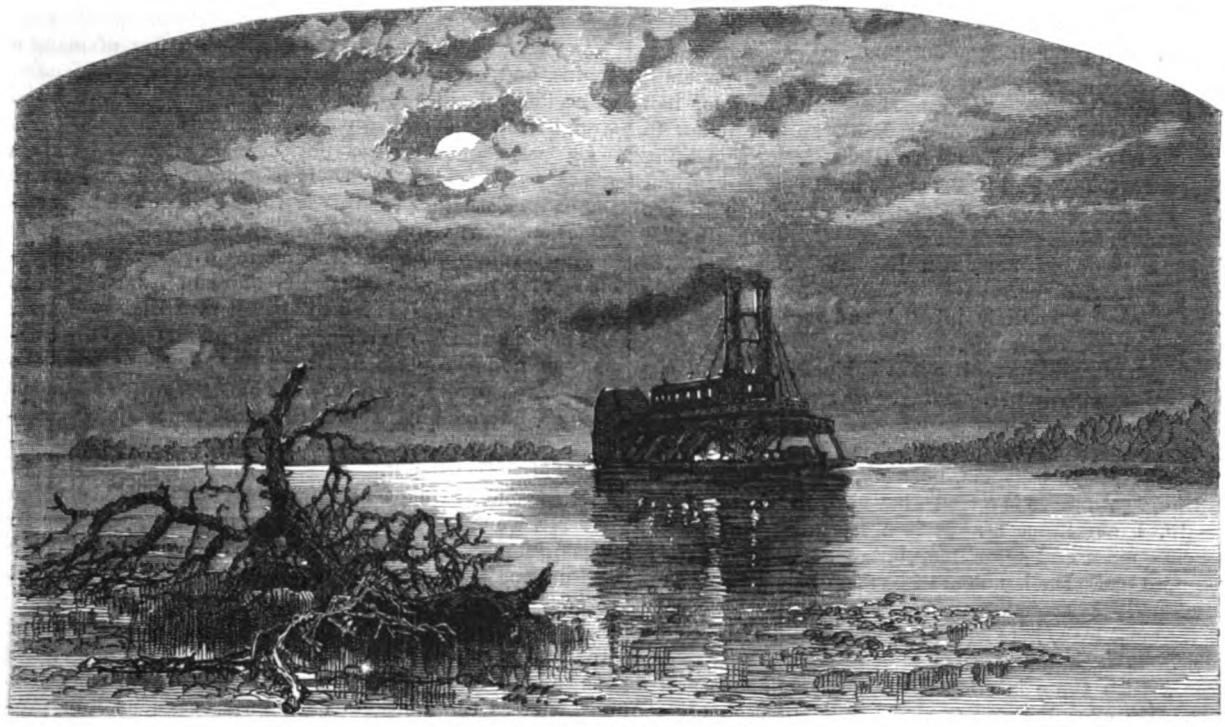
got by any human power under several hours' time; while when the Carlists came along, everything was at hand. When the Republicans passed, the men were all away from the villages, including the priest and the alcalde, and the Republican officers had to put up with such news and indications about the enemy as old women and children could give; while the smallest Carlist band was informed in every possible way by the members of the town council, who were the first to welcome it, and every man of the village was quite ready to risk his life for the sake of getting the band out of danger. But in spite of all such devotion, neither the bands nor the organized corps of the Carlists ever succeeded fairly in getting down out of the mountains to occupy the fertile plains of Spain they so much coveted and fought for so bravely. The whole movement was doomed to failure, and the Don and his generals finally agreed to the terms of capitulation offered them by the generals of King Alfonso in the first few weeks after the latter's coronation at Madrid. Don Carlos was very recently expelled from France by M. Grévy's Government and took refuge in England. He still expresses hopes of succeeding at some future day in capturing the throne of Spain.

CONTRABANDISTS CROSSING THE PYRENEES.



CONGRESS HALL, ANDORRA.

JOHNSON AND THE SCOTCH.—Doctor Johnson preferred Goldsmith as a historian to Robertson. Such a judgment can be explained by nothing but Johnson's dislike to the Scotch. Once, when Boswell had mentioned Robertson in order to meet Johnson's condemnation of Scotch literature in general, Johnson had evaded him: "Sir, I love Robertson, and I won't talk of his book." On another occasion he said that he would give to Robertson the advice offered by an old college tutor to a pupil: "Read over your compositions, and whenever you meet with a passage which you think particularly fine, strike it out."



MOONLIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

LEONIE: EMPRESS OF THE AIR.

By GERALD CARLTON,

Author of "Eileen Aroon," "Jasper Delaney," "Adam Ferguson," "Mark Mereton's Money," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I SWEAR TO YOU THAT THIS IS STRANGE TO ME—MY HANDS ARE FREE FROM BLOOD!"

Mr. Nathaniel Ferrett enters the room—a stout man with a hydrocephalus head, and a round, moon-like face, a thick, stubbly crop of red hair, and a rapid utterance.

Mr. Nathaniel Ferrett drops quietly into a seat, places his hat carefully upon the floor, and withdrawing a notebook from his pocket, plunges without preamble *in media res*. As he enters, Mrs. Gaythorne, with the remark, "I feel faint," opens the window, and hurriedly examines the thoroughfare. A glance from her assures Herbert that at present, at any rate, there is no occasion for alarm.

Mr. Nathaniel Ferrett reads his statement like a boy reciting his lesson. He does not move his eyes from the notebook. He is apparently unconscious of the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Gaythorne.

"Since the day we received instructions," pursues this gentleman, with the greatest volubility, "No. —, Washington Square, has been strictly watched. First day something occurred; nothing much since. On the first day, about one P. M., a gentleman answering description, and whose name I ascertained to be Tomkins, called there. He asked for Mr. Gaythorne. 'Gone,' the girl said. 'Gone,' he repeated—then he swore a trifle—indeed, if I may be allowed to say so, he swore a good deal. As he was generally misconducting himself, a lady left the house. I knew her. She appears every night at Rice's Circus. She is 'Leonie, Empress of the Air.' He followed her. 'Miss Courtlandt?' he asked—then *she* took to swearing. In the end, however, she acknowledged to it, and they sailed off very comfortably together."

Eloise looks at Herbert. Herbert looks at Eloise.

"I didn't follow. My orders were to watch the house. A few minutes afterward another lady knocked at the door——"

Herbert becomes uncomfortable; the eyes of Eloise are fixed upon him.

"She, also, wanted Mr. Gaythorne."

Herbert starts up. He becomes suddenly interested in an engraving suspended from the wall.

"'Gone,' said the litt'e servant. 'How is that?' asks the lady. 'Gone,' the little girl replied, 'to get married. Then the lady, without a word of warning, measured her length upon the stone steps."

Eloise watches Herbert's movements intently. He abandons the pictures, and studies, with extraordinary earnestness, the aspect of the sky.

"I ran to her assistance. It was some time before we brought her to. When we did, she told me that her name was Ann Tomkins——"

Eloise starts. Her husband remains deeply immersed in cloud-gazing.

"And that she lived near Central Park. I got her a carriage and sent her home."

"Well?"

The "well" comes rather faintly from Mrs. Gaythorne.

"Pretty nearly all, ma'am. This morning Mr. Tomkins called for Miss Courtlandt's trunks. He drove them to the Grand Central depot. They were addressed to Englewood, Raven Hotel."

"A bird of ill-omen," muses Eloise.

"Eh? Beg pardon—thought you spoke; that's all, ma'am. Thirty dollars paid as a deposit will cover our charges. Any further commands?"

"None whatever. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, ma'am," jerks Mr. Nathaniel, picking up his hat and returning the notebook.

"Ah, that's a strange case in this morning's papers—isn't it, sir?" he observes, standing with the door half open. "Haven't seen it, eh? Well, an old fellow in Burkett's Court, off the Bowery, a bookseller or something of that sort, found dead in his store, head battered in, and his brains strewn all over the place. I believe there's great excitement in New York over it. Good-morning."

With a profound bow, Mr. Nathaniel Ferrett leaves them once more alone.

The heavens lose their interest, and very intently Mr. Gaythorne regards his wife.

Her frame trembles and her face is bloodless. Still she meets his eye without flinching. She rises slowly and approaches him.

He draws back slightly as she takes his arm.

"Herbert," she whispers, hoarsely, "I am innocent of this thing. As there is a God above me, as there is a hell beneath, I am innocent. It is a fearful complication; suspicion must rest upon me, but I swear that this is strange to me. My hands are free from blood."

Herbert looks scared.

"We must leave here as quickly as possible," he coldly replies.

For a time there is silence. She moves about noiselessly. He eyes her askance. They avoid each other's gaze. Herbert tears the morning's paper into fragments.

"I feel such an irresistible desire to read it, and I know that I had better not."

"You don't think, Herbert, that I murdered him?" she asks.

"No," he replies, with some hesitation, averting his face. "No, I don't think *that*."

After an interval, during which Eloise dressed for walking, she says:

"What did Ann Tomkins know of you?"

"She was very good to me once, and I promised to marry her; that is all."

That was all! He had promised to marry her!

He wishes now very much that he had married her. Very much does he wish that the woman standing by his side still bore the name of D'Ancre.

"I see now," remarks Eloise, "what my next card must be."

Herbert simply says, "Oh!" He's not thinking of eighty thousand a year, but of a dingy store in Burkett's Court, and the battered form of an old man, and the brains scattered upon the floor.

"I shall," resumes Eloise, "run down to Englewood, and see this adventuress calling herself Miss Courtlandt."

"What on earth can my old uncle Courtlandt have to do with it?" thinks Herbert.

He knows nothing about his uncle's will. His wife had only told him that if his sisters remained single for two years he would come into money.

Again he simply observes, "Oh!"

"You will go to Philadelphia and wait for me?"

"Yes."

"Be very cautious. Good-by."

So they part, little dreaming how long it will be ere they again meet.

CHAPTER IX.

"D'ALBO SWEARS THAT SHE IS DEAD."

It is a trite observation that the momentous incidents of our lives arise from our least considered and most trifling actions. Strange that so often the grand future is ordered, not by the heroic, but by the futile, efforts of the present.

As accident has roused the slumbering fire of many a genius, and given to the world some of its greatest men, so accident decides for the morally unstable, between the straight and the crooked paths.

Chance cannot create, but chance often determines whether the good in a man is to grow at the expense of the bad, or whether the bad is to prosper to the utter destruction of his virtue.

The turning-point in Mr. Tomkins career was the purchase of a five-cent play at the store of Ezra Isaacs, in Burkett's Court. This led to speech with Eloise d'Ancre, and speech with Eloise d'Ancre brought him into the company of no less a personage than Leonie, Empress of the Air! A peep into the future was not permitted. Had it been so, he would have seen the most tremendous consequences springing from his acquaintance with the *soi-disant* Miss Courtlandt.

At the end of Chapter Six it will be remembered that we left Mr. Tomkins and this daring trapeze performer in Washington Square; the former elated at his valuable and unexpected discovery, the latter seeking a convenient place to slake her fevered tongue.

Apart from the golden visions of the future—visions of wealth for himself, and a humiliating retaliation upon Eloise—the fact that he is walking with so renowned a character as the Empress of the Air occasions him prodigious satisfaction. The cloud vanishes from his brow, the hat is given an extra inclination, a cigar is gayly lighted, and there is such a devil-me-care air about him, that more accomplished men of the world regard him, as he fondly believes, with a pronounced gaze of envy.

It is true that she is not the most desirable companion—this boisterous, irrepressible, vehement Leonie. She is coarse and defiant in manner, and she has sudden outbursts of fury truly alarming. Still there is a grandeur about her insolence, and a magnificence in her effrontery, which at once charms and awes him. He trembles sometimes, but vanity and greed will brave and suffer much.

They proceed some little in silence.

The woman is eagerly scanning the past. No trace or hint can she find of Courtlandt; nothing likely to guide her to an explanation of the object which first led her to adopt this appellation.

Before D'Albo, the gypsy, memory failed. Before D'Albo, the gypsy, was there anything to remember? Was she born with him? She can recall a life of travel, a life of misery, a life of excitement. Bleak Russian roads, the dust of Madrid and the luxury of Paris. She has traversed Europe. Years ago, with the cutting whip of D'Albo, the gypsy, urging her forward; more recently led by her own sweet will. Scorning the public who supported her; terrifying the managers who engaged her—imperious and savage. A phenomenon of phenomena—a lady acrobat without a master! Without even a slave—alone!

She remembers much, for she has gone through much; much that were as well forgotten, little that is worth treasuring. She can give a thousand reasons for choosing almost any other name; not one for calling herself Courtlandt.

"No matter," she mutters to herself, with a short, bitter laugh; "it will be as easy to prove me a Courtlandt as anything else. *Allons!*" she says to Tomkins, pushing open the door of a rather frowsy restaurant in a street contagious to Broadway, "we will drink here."

They enter a dull, smoky room. Its appearance is anything but satisfying.

"Waiter," Leonie calls, sharply, "champagne and brandy."

She eyes the people in the place with a lofty disgust.

"Stop!" she cries, suddenly, as the man is cutting the wire of a bottle of Moet, "this hole stifles me—and they feed like beasts. Pah! it is not fit for cats. We will go—come."

She rises majestically and sweeps grandly out. Dick follows. The waiter stares aghast at the retreating figures, exclaiming in awe-stricken tones, "What a tigress!"

So they walk to Broadway, and finally enter a first-class establishment.

"Ah," says Dick, complacently seating himself and looking round, "this is an improvement, if you like. Sort of place for heavy swells and the genuine article."

Fate plays fantastic tricks with us. Had Mr. Tomkins staid in Washington Square two minutes later, he would have seen his sister, Ann, placed in a carriage by Mr. Nathaniel Ferrett, and much future trouble would thereby have been saved. As it was, he just missed her.

His thoughts revert for a moment to her; he wonders what she can want in Washington Square, and he determines to surprise her to-night by his knowledge of her movements.

"Heavy Swells?" echoes Leonie; "ah! ah! you are right, my hero. You wicked man," she cries, as the waiter approaches, "I have been here an hour, and you have not offered to serve me. Some broiled oysters, quick, and a bottle of Renouf, quick—quick—quick."

"I should like a little veal," says Tomkins, in a timid manner.

"Bring him," roars Leonie, furiously, "a salmon cutlet; the fool doesn't know what to eat."

Very much abashed, Mr. Tomkins waits for the ordered delicacy. He watches his companion narrowly. She pours her champagne into a large glass. He does the same. At one gulp she drains it. With as little hesitation he empties his.

"That is the way," she says, approvingly; "that is the way. Never sip champagne. Half a pint—heavens, what life it gives you! I drink champagne in the morning; at night, brandy. I sometimes mix them; that also is good. Oh, yes, when you are sad. Now, *mon brave*, tell me of the old gentleman with all the money—my father; *mon Dieu!* yes, my father."

Dick can tell her nothing more than the reader already knows.

"He longs, then," she asks, in a theatrical air, not without the suspicion of a sneer, "to find his long-lost child; he yearns to make atonement for his cruelty to—to—to my mother! My mother!" she repeats, in a grave, thoughtful tone, becoming serious—"my mother!"

"It's the dream of his life," replies Tomkins. "It would make a different man of him."

"Ah," returns Leonie, with considerable satisfaction, "then there is not much difficulty. The old——" she was going to say "fool," but corrected herself, and substituted "man."—"the old man knows that Marian Brentford died in the tent of D'Albo, the gypsy. Before dying she gave birth to a daughter. I was born in the tent of D'Albo, the gypsy. They call me Courtlandt. It is as clear as this glass."

"D'Albo swears that you are dead."

"Let the villain swear. Am I not alive to contradict him?"

"I mean," Dick explains, "that he swears the daughter of Ralph Courtlandt is dead."

"You fool," she cries, savagely, "am I not his daughter? You mean precisely what you said. You mean," she adds, in a lower tone, "that *we* are to have this eighty thousand a year."

She lays strong emphasis upon the pronoun.

Dick remains silent.

"Do you think," Leonie continues, impatiently; "are you such a blind idiot as to imagine that an imbecile man, craving for a daughter, will not receive her when she comes without much questioning?"

"It would be easy enough to impose——"

"Ah!"

The exclamation is so threatening that Dick stops short.

"It is just this," he blurts, desperately, making a strong effort to appear calm; "it isn't reason that he will receive any one whom D'Albo will not acknowledge. D'Albo has seen the girl; D'Albo knew the girl. The old man has never seen the child at all. D'Albo swears that she is dead. If you step forward and declare that you are the daughter of Marian Brentford, you don't stand a cent's worth of chance unless D'Albo supports you."

"Oh, you sharp, quick-sighted, eagle-eyed donkey," she sneers; "doesn't D'Albo hate Ralph Courtlandt as only D'Albo can hate? To gratify his malice, will he not keep father and daughter apart? Do you not see my drift? We have been puppets in the hands of a revengeful gypsy. The more D'Albo declares against me the stronger will be my father's belief in my identity. In spite of D'Albo, he will take me to his heart—I will be his heiress."

"I don't say," retorts Dick, doggedly, "but what you might get over the old man; but there will be other people more than anxious to establish the falseness of your claim."

"Others? Bah! I will strangle them. What others?"

"There is a nephew and two nieces who would endeavor to oust you. And then, D'Albo, I only saw this gentleman once. That was quite enough for me. He won't remain indifferent; I guess not. He will be either for or against you! Remember, you will be surrounded by enemies, and, as sure as my name is Richard, you'll fail unless the gypsy is with you."

For a considerable time Leonie remains silent. At length she asks, in a softer tone than she had hitherto employed:

"If D'Albo declares for me?"

"Then there is not the slightest difficulty. Courtlandt will acknowledge you as his daughter. The other side will not care to fight. In fact, if the old man is with you, they can't."

"And you will stick to me? Will you work with heart and soul to prove my identity?"

"There's my business——"

"Great heavens! he talks of *his* business when I have eighty thousand a year at stake. And what is this precious *business* of yours worth?" she asks.

Mr. Tomkins receives from the respectable firm who employs him the weekly stipend of fifteen dollars. When speaking upon this subject to Eloise d'Ancre, a nervous dread lest his importance should be underrated prompted him to magnify this sum to twenty dollars.

He now feels it necessary to again call into use his imaginative faculties—purely in deference to the imperious creature before him. The hebdomadal wage was, without hesitation, declared to be twenty-five dollars.

"I owe it to her," he sighs. "She would feel hurt if she thought she was talking to a man earning less."

"Write out your own agreement," cries Leonie, impulsively. "I engage you as my agent at thirty-five dollars a week. And I promise if I succeed to old Courtlandt's money to allow you two thousand a year. Waiter, pen and ink. Put it all down; I will sign."

CHAPTER X.

"WOMAN'S LOVE AND MAN'S BASENESS."

LEONIE, "Empress of the Air," has the vaguest idea of the value of money.

Up to a ripe age she had known it not. D'Albo had in some fashion provided for her wants. When she broke the rod of her taskmaster, and, free as the air over which she claimed sovereignty, commenced life for herself, fortune poured gold into her lap. Engagement succeeded engagement. No matter how extravagant her terms, managers cheerfully paid the enormous salary she demanded, and it must be confessed they did not lose by the transaction.

The auriferous stream, however, scarcely keeps pace with her prodigality. She is heavily in debt, but want of money has never yet inconvenienced her. Credit she has to almost any amount—that is, anywhere in reason.

The prospect of eighty thousand a year pleases Leonie. Money is convenient, and, besides, it will render her completely independent of "those pigs, the managers." She will not abandon her profession—not while she has youth and health. Women who excel in feats of strength and agility follow their calling with the greatest enthusiasm. She sneers at applause, but the excitement of the arena is her life. She loves the death-like silence which accompanies her most dangerous tricks; she loves to look upon the sea of nervous faces; and, above all, she loves the burst of cheers which greets her success. She loves to terrify the fools, she says; and she loves to win their admiration.

Away from the circus Leonie is not capable of prolonged efforts. She is an impulsive woman, and at the moment determines that Courtland's money shall be hers.

A litle delay or a little opposition and she would abandon the struggle. Those who opposed her would get a good half an hour's abuse, and in less than a month the whole matter would have ceased to trouble her.

An agent just then will be very useful to Leonie. If the agent can get eighty thousand annually for her, what is two thousand a year to pay for it? So in her reckless way she makes Dick this offer. As he does not know her character, he accepts her terms with considerable satisfaction. He hastily draws up a rough agreement, to which she, without hesitation, affixes her signature.

"The first thing to be done," says Dick, as he carefully puts the agreement in his pocket, "is to see D'Albo, and to coax him to tell the truth."

The truth will not trouble Leonie much. She is quite indifferent whether she obtains the money honestly or not.

"I will see him myself," she returns, "at once. You must meet me to-night at Rice's Circus. We will conclude our plans. Drink."

"Directly you get his acknowledgment that you are the child of Marian Brentford," he replies, "we had better proceed to Englewood, and see your father. He knows me. Any other proofs——"

"Proofs? What other proofs can there be? You talk like a madman. You don't know what tent-life means. We come into the world, and there is nothing to mark our entrance; we leave it, and who misses us? Why, D'Albo might have murdered me when I was a child, and the world would be none the wiser. Ah, Richard, gypsies don't trouble the sexton much—they are their own grave-diggers."

Leonie talks softly, and for the first time there is a trace of melancholy in her voice.

Dick shudders.

"Your sudden disappearance would have attracted notice," he suggests.

"You are wrong. We appear and we disappear, and who notices our coming and our going? I should not have been his first victim. I saw him once—by heaven, it was an awful night!—she was a year older than myself—but, bah! Eloise was a beast, and deserved it."

"Eloise?" echoes Dick.

"What do you know of Eloise?" she bellows, in her old tone. "*Allons!* We have talked too long. Get me a carriage. I will pay these wretches."

She throws a ten-dollar bill at the waiter, and insolently tells him to keep the change—so insolently that he barely thanks her. She jumps into the carriage.

"Remember," she cries to Dick, "to-night. *Mon Dieu*, how strange I feel!"

For some few minutes Mr. Tomkins remains standing upon the sidewalk, plunged in thought. He cogitates upon the strange way in which this woman had mentioned the name of Eloise.

"Must be a coincidence," he mutters; "there's more than one Eloise in the world. It's a rather uncommon name—but there, the Eloise she knew, so far as I could make out, was murdered, so that settles it."

Still he cannot dismiss the matter from his mind.

"Gracious!" he continues, "what a funny thing it would be if this precious couple knew each other!"

He crosses Broadway, and strikes for the Bowery. Again he passes the store of Ezra Isaacs, as he has a call to make some few streets beyond Burkett's Court.

The shutters of the old book-store are still closed, and he notices it is past four o'clock.

"Bless me," he exclaims, in surprise, "how quickly the time has passed! Just have comfortable time to get home, have supper, and then start for Rice's. I said I would take Ann out to-night; she shall go, too. Won't she be surprised to see Leonie so affable with me! I sha'n't tell her anything about it till we get there. Thirty-five dollars a week; why, I shall be regularly amongst the heavy swells now, and the genuine article."

When he reaches his little home, he is disappointed at not seeing his sister's expectant face at the window. He opens the tiny door, and what is very unusual, she does not come to greet him.

"I hope she's returned," he declares. "I *do* hope that she has returned."

She is not in the house, and there is a dreary, deserted appearance about the place, which chills Mr. Tomkins's heart. It is getting dusk now, and, with a strange feeling of dread, which he can neither account for nor overcome, he lights his lamp.

Upon the mantelpiece there is a letter. It is addressed to him, and it is in Anne's handwriting.

He holds it in his hand for a long time; he cannot find courage to open it. He feels that evil tidings await him. He is very pale. His heart almost ceases to beat. At length his trembling fingers break the seal; he reads his sister's letter.

For a moment Dick is unconscious, and then, with a wail of anguish, he falls upon his knees and sobs bitterly.

It is not much, either, this letter. It is only the old, old story—woman's love and man's baseness.

"It would drive me mad," she writes, "to remain at home now. Forget me, darling Richard; you will never see my face again. Oh, my best of brothers, God knows what agony I suffer for my sin!"

With all his petty vanity, with all his meanness, with all his want of rectitude, Dick loves his sister. He wrings his hands and cries aloud. He sobs as though his heart will burst.

"Oh! Ann, Ann," he moans, "why did you leave me? I would have forgiven you. Oh, my darling Ann, this is more than I can bear."

He is convulsed with grief. Every object that meets his eyes serves to remind him of his idolized sister.

"Why did she go—why did she go?" he cries, in heart-rending accents. "I would have given my life to have made her happy. What is it all to me, now that I have lost you, my darling, darling Ann?"

"It is very shocking to witness Dick's terrible misery. It seems as though each sob would choke him. He suffers intensely.

At length he grows a little calmer.

"I wonder," he mutters, "who the scoundrel is? I never dreamt of such a thing. How wretched this place looks now! Here are all my little presents to her"—again he bursts into tears.

From the appearance of Ann's room it is easy to see that she had left in the greatest haste. Everything is in confusion. A bundle of letters rests upon a box—evidently forgotten. Almost mechanically Dick takes it up and examines the writing. The top letter is so folded that it shows the signature. As his eye falls upon it he starts. Then he opens the bundle, and hastily reads the one which had first attracted his notice.

The expression of his face entirely alters. Grief is swamped by an even stronger feeling of rage.

ROLAND'S HORN.—SEE "IN THE LAND OF THE PYRENEES," PAGE 54.

"So," cries Dick, through his closed teeth, "Herbert Gaythorne is the man who has robbed me of my sister. Herbert Gaythorne shall pay the penalty!"

He says nothing more. But the look of rigid determination which accompanies the declaration is more eloquent than words.

Quietly and without more tears, Dick examines every portion of the house. He carefully closes each window and door; he empties a little cashbox which he keeps in his writing-desk; he puts on his overcoat, and he leaves the house.

First he calls upon an aunt who is living in the neighborhood. She is out. He, however, leaves the keys of the house with her, and a short note, to the effect that he desires her to take care of his home until he returns, and he says, "I do not know when that will be." Dick's next visit is to the residence of the principal of the firm of lawyers.

Mr. Ketcham is very much astonished at the visit, and still more astonished when Tomkins informs him that the firm will see him no more.

"Very strange," mutters Mr. Ketcham—"very strange. I should like to know what Dick's been up to—not embezzling the firm, I hope?"

CHAPTER XI.

"HE IS DEAD—I AM A WIDOW."

THE business of the New York and Havana Bank was transacted chiefly by correspondence, and bankers' clerks were its principal visitors; but the general public knew it not.

Its offices were most unpretentious, and its working-staff consisted of a manager, cashier and junior clerk, together with a melancholy-looking messenger. The manager, Edward Delmar, is tall, broad-shouldered, with curly, auburn hair and a ruddy, handsome face. His complexion is marvelously clear; the blue eyes are full and sympathetic; there is a slight hardness about the well-shaped mouth, but the entire expression is genial, honest and kindly.

Conscientious and good-natured as Edward Delmar is, he is far from being a favorite at the bank, and the reason is easy to understand.

Left an orphan when a child, a bachelor uncle of fair means adopted him. It was orignally intended that he should enter one of the learned professions, but he developed no love for medicine, he hated law, and his ideas were far too unsettled to justify him entering the Church.

It happened that his generous relative had considerable interest in the NewYork and Havana Bank; and when the manager of that steady-going concern, having unexpectedly succeeded to a handsome income, sent in his resignation, the directors elected Edward as a suitable gentleman to fill the vacant post.

For six months he worked with his predecessor, and was initiated thoroughly into the mysteries of his office.

Now, this appointment of a stranger—a stranger, moreover, unaccustomed to business life—was very galling to the cashier, who yearned for advancement, and who had for years regarded the position as his own. It enraged the junior clerk, for the elevation of the one meant the progress of the other; even the melancholy messenger looked dubious.

To make matters worse, Edward Delmar had a very rigid sense of duty. It was, he knew, a great thing to jump from college into so responsible an appointment, and he determined to deserve the confidence of his directors. He worked thoroughly himself, and he insisted upon the three employés under him keeping strictly to their duties. He called attention to the slightest neglect, and unpunctuality he severely reproved. Had the business been his own, he would possibly have been less stringent. Working for others, he conceived it to be his duty to keep an even absurdly rigorous watch over the interests of his employers.

The junior clerk, Tom Van Buren, had been an old friend of Edward Delmar's, and it was through his interest that he had obtained his situation. This fact, however, did not improve matters.

Tom was a racketty young fellow, who specially objected to early rising. When the new manager was appointed he presumed upon their old friendship, but he found, much to his disgust, that during business hours Edward Delmar recognized no such claim. When he left the office he was as he had ever been, but a coolness arose between them, and upon one side, at any rate, a feeling of actual dislike replaced the old one of affection.

Edward Delmar is surrounded by enemies, and should misfortune or disgrace overtake him, the satisfaction of the three employés will be great, indeed.

"You are very late this morning, Van Buren," says Delmar, with a certain amount of severity in his tone, as this young gentleman jauntily enters; "very late, indeed."

"I see it is a *little* beyond the time," Van Buren replies, with an ill-suppressed yawn; "the truth is, I overslept myself—entirely unavoidable—shan't occur again. Nature evidently intended that gentlemen for the slave-trade," he adds to Simeon, the cashier, when they were alone; "with a stout whip in his hand, and the bare backs of a lot of helpless black devils, I guess he'd be at home. I wouldn't have that man's disposition for the wealth of New York. I can't understand it—he has changed so thoroughly. I really liked the fellow once. I have made up my mind to one thing, though—I won't stand it any longer; I will leave."

"Don't do anything of the kind, Tom," Mr. Abel Stimson decisively advised. "Wait, my boy, wait. Patience is sure to be rewarded, Tom, sure."

The cashier speaks slowly, and lays great emphasis on the adverb. He lowers his voice and continues, cautiously:

"*I'm* not going to stand it much longer, but I don't mean leaving, Tom. That's not my remedy. If other people don't know their position and their business, other people must leave, Tom. I have been here over fifteen years, Tom, and I'm not going to abandon the bank to the mercy of the alien and the interloper. The alien and the interloper," pursues Mr. Stimson, dwelling upon his chosen epithets with considerable satisfaction, "has trampled upon the traditions of the New York and Havana Bank. Since its foundation, the junior clerk has in due course become cashier, and the cashier blossomed into manager. The springs are stopped, and the machinery is disordered. The alien and the interloper has stepped in and severed our connection with the past. There is but one thing to be done; the alien and the interloper must be removed. I say," continues the wrathful cashier, with increased vehemence, "that he must go—go!"

"I guess you've struck the right nail there," says Van Buren; "go he must."

"Can I see Mr. Edward Delmar, please?"

The two gentlemen turn, in some confusion, toward the quiet, sweet voice. A lady is standing at the counter.

She had entered noiselessly, and so engrossed were they with the discussion of their wrongs that they did not before notice her.

Mr. Stimson becomes immediately absorbed in a gigantic ledger, while Tom announces Mrs. Carados.

Eloise looks wonderfully well. She still wears the black silk, with the neat collar and tiny cuffs; but the dress is partially covered by a tight-fitting jacket of the same color.

A coquettish bonnet, fastened beneath the chin by broad white satin strings, and with the rich lace of the underneath cap falling tenderly upon the hair, gives her face such youth, such brightness, and such fascination, that Tom Van Buren falls head over ears in love with her at first sight.

When he informs her that Mr. Edward Delmar will be glad to see her, he is conscious that he stares very rudely at her. He is also conscious that it is utterly impossible for him to remove his eyes, and—joy of joys!—he recognizes that she smiles pleasantly upon him, and does not seem the least bit confused by his ardent glances.

Either the walk or the rouge-pot has done much for Eloise's cheeks; they are beautifully tinted. The eyes are soft, pellucid, languishing.

"She is a fine woman, if you like," remarks Tom, with genuine admiration. "I never saw such a lovely creature in my life. I wonder who she is?"

"You needn't break your heart," Mr. Stimson ventures, pleasantly; "didn't you hear her say her name was *Mrs.* Carados?"

"That, I guess, doesn't matter," gayly retorts the incorrigible Tom. "Besides, as far as that goes, she may be a widow."

"What does she want to see him about—business?"

"Oh, yes; she's a stranger to him, thank goodness!"

"That's fortunate, for she must have heard what I was saying."

Tom Van Buren is not thinking of this. He is thinking of what he would do were Mr. Delmar to develope any interest in Mrs. Carados.

"I must find out where she lives," he soliloquizes.

"She's got fine eyes," says Mr. Stimson.

"Thrilling! electrifying! heavenly!" returns Tom, enthusiastically. "I've only seen one woman with any like them. You've heard of Leonie, 'Empress of the Air,' as she calls herself?"

"I've seen the advertisements. It's a good many years since I went to any place of amusement," says Mr. Stimson.

"Ah, you ought to see her; it's a wonderful performance. Talk about Blondin, and all those—they're absolutely left with Leonie. Well, as I was saying, she's got eyes just like Mrs. Carado's—eyes that go straight through you—killing eyes. She's something like her altogether, only Leonie is built upon a grosser plan. Did you read about that great row the other night at the circus? All because Leonie didn't appear. She sent a message saying she was ill. The audience didn't believe it, and there *was* an uproar, I can tell you. Seats pulled up, and a lot of the properties destroyed. It'll cost somebody a pile of dollars to set matters right."

"You'll have the nigger-driver out to you in a minute, Tom, if you don't commence your work," observed the cashier. "And I say, Tom, my boy, I'm very fond of you, but I do wish you'd take a little less interest in ladies of the Leonie class. You are young yet, my boy, and you'll find that 'Empresses of the Air' are very likely to lead mere ordinary mortals into serious trouble."

Van Buren does not care to argue the question, and, without replying, jumps upon his stool—not to work, though.

The only name he can write is "Carados," and the only figure he cares about is that of a dainty little woman with a coquettish bonnet who is in the adjoining office.

This figure Tom attempts to sketch to the destruction of a vast quantity of useful paper. Failing in his artistic efforts, he plunges savagely into his journal, and the rapid traveling of pens is all that is heard.

"I have not the honor of your acquaintance, Mrs. Carados," from Mr. Edward Delmar, with much suavity, as he hands Eloise a chair, "though you appear to know my name. What can I do for you?"

Edward Delmar is considerably harder-headed than Tom Van Buren; but a pretty woman, if she is anxious to do so, manages, somehow or other, to get to the hearts of most men, be they ever so obdurate.

Edward, though far from losing himself, is anything but unaffected by the fascinating little figure before him.

"I will not detain you long," Eloise answers, modestly dropping her eyes. "My husband had some transactions with you——"

"I do not quite remember the name."

"I think it was during the time Mr.——" She hesitates.

"Mr. Williams?" he suggests.

"Yes, Mr. Williams. I think it was during the time he was manager."

"That accounts for my not knowing the name. What was the nature of his transactions with us?" he asks.

"He forwarded some large sums of money from Havana here through you. This was about the year 18—"

"Van Buren," orders Delmar, as this young gentleman appears in answer to the manager's bell, "just look up the the name of Carados, and see what we did for him about 18—."

"Oh, do not trouble yourself," Eloise exclaims, hastily. "I merely mention the fact as I thought it would be a sort of introduction to your bank."

"Done in a moment. When I know what has been before I may be better able to help him now."

"He's dead—I am a widow."

A tear steals gently down her cheek and her voice is tremulous. She makes no effort to stay the watery bead; it courses her face and drops upon her dress. The delicate tinting of the skin is of the highest art, or the work of Nature herself, for the tear leaves no trace behind it.

How Eloise Gaythorne should have known anything of the affairs of Mr. Carados we need not explain here. It is sufficient at present to say that Tom Van Buren traces the transactions she had alluded to, and found them to be substantially as she had stated.

"That was the gentleman," Van Buren reminds them, "who, after drawing all his money out, was never again heard of. I remember Williams was afraid that he had been the victim of foul play."

"We went to Paris rather suddenly," observes Eloise, with the utmost calmness, "and from there back to Havana, where he died."

"You may go, Van Buren; thank you."

It is necessary for Edward Delmar to rouse his clerk. He is devouring Eloise with his eyes, oblivious to all around him.

"I knew she was a widow," he explains, triumphantly, to Stimson; "but you should have heard him order me out of the room."

"It is a sad loss to me," Eloise resumes. "I was left alone in the world, without a relation and without a friend. I have only just returned to New York. Every one I formerly knew is dead or gone, I know not whither. There is no one in this great city so desolate as I; not a soul I know, not a soul I can trust in."

"It is sad—very sad," sympathizes Edward. "Dear me, what a lot of aching hearts there are around us! I trust that Mr. Carados left you well provided with money; he was a wealthy man, I believe?"

"He left me a little. The greater portion of that I was swindled out of at Havana. I have left between two and three thousand dollars—my all."

"Have you a family?"

"No; thank God, no!"

Very fervently this praise is uttered. It is scarcely credible that this charming woman, who talks so glibly of visits to Paris and other places, and so carelessly of thousands, should have been, but a few days since, in the midst of squalor, eagerly munching a few cents' werth of the commonest meat!

"I called to ask you whether you would take care of this money for me until my plans are settled. I do not know where else to go; I have no friend in the world."

"Oh, certainly. As your husband was a customer of ours we shall not require any further introduction. We do not open regular drawing-accounts like ordinary banks, but, of course, if you require any money we will honor your draft. The sum you name will not go very far. What do you propose doing?"

"As I have no children, I am quite free. I should like to get some situation as companion to a lady or an invalid. I really do not know what else I am fit for."

It occurs to Mr. Delmar that she would make a most excellent wife for a young gentleman, but he merely echoes: "Companion, eh?"

"Yes, companion. Do you chance to know of any such place vacant?"

"I was thinking, It's just possible that I do. But I cannot tell you until I have written to some friends of mine."

Van Buren knocks at the door.

"A lady wishes to see you," he says.

CHAPTER XII.

"GREAT HEAVEN; THERE IS THAT MAN AGAIN!"

"I AM quite in luck's way this morning," laughs Edward Delmar, addressing Eloise. "Did you not," he asks Tom, "say that I was engaged?"

"I told her so, but she said I was to let you know her name, and then if you could see her she knew you would."

Tom Van Buren lays great stress on this message. He talks *at* Eloise. His manner says, plainly, "You see what he is—a perfect Lothario. Have nothing to do with him."

"Well, what is her name?"

"*Miss* (Tom strongly emphasizes the noun) Gaythorne."

"My darling!" Edward cries, excitedly, addressing a beautiful, light-haired girl who just entered. He is about to embrace her, but he remembers suddenly that they are not quite alone, and he thinks of the bank. So he says, not without confusion: "Well, this is an unexpected pleasure. What on earth brings you so suddenly to New York?"

Eloise starts at the name, and gazes wistfully at the fair form. The eyes lose their softness, and glitter menaciously. They burn like fiery coals. She drops the lids. She has command over every muscle of her face. Her eye is the only feature which betrays her fierce desires; which gives any hint of her savage nature.

"I was so anxious about Herbert," Miss Gaythorne replies. "I could not rest at home. He has not written for several days, and I'm sure he would have written for money were he safe and well. I called at Washington Square, and they told me he had left there to be married. Oh! if he has married some low creature it will kill dear pa. I want you to help me to try and find him out. How ill you look! You work too hard, Edward, darling. Oh!" giving a little scream, "I forgot you had some one with you; how foolish, to be sure!"

"This lady, Maggie, is Mrs. Carados. Her husband was an old customer of ours," the young man explains. "He is dead now, and has left her but poorly provided for. She is anxious to get an appointment as companion. Did not your mamma think of——"

"Oh, yes, to be sure, dear. When I go away——"

"Which won't be long now, my darling," he says, interrupting her.

Eloise regards them maliciously.

"Don't be so awfully stupid," cries the young lady, with pretended petulance, then continues: "And Ada goes to her aunt. She will be very dull; very, indeed. I am sure," she continues, turning to Eloise, and taking both her hands, "we should all be so glad to help you—what should I do if my old Edward here were to die?—and you and I must become great friends. Ma will be so pleased to see you."

"You are very good," declares Eloise, cordially returning the hearty pressure of her hands; "too good. Your prospect, Mr. Delmar, is indeed a bright one. With such a wife you should be the happiest of men. May your marriage" (she regards Maggie seriously as she says this), "be a more propitious one than mine! I will not keep you any longer. I can hand the money over to the cashier, I suppose. Thank you; shall I call during the week?—thank you very much. Good-morning — good-morning, my *dear* Miss Gaythorne."

As she leaves the office, Eloise mutters to herself:

"My sister-in-law, eh? Well, I don't see any difficulty with her. I could twist her round my little finger; I could bend her like a piece of cane."

She enters the outer office, and says to Mr. Stimson:

"Mr. Delmar tells me I can pay some money I wish to leave in the bank to you. I think there are twelve hundred dollars there, in twenty-dollar bills."

She throws upon the counter a bundle of notes. Ezra Isaacs's gold had been changed into paper. Some of the notes are old, limp, and greasy; others are recent, clean, and crisp.

"Quite right, madam," allows Mr. Stimson, rapidly running through them; "twelve hundred dollars. What name?"

"Carados."

"Yes, madam, I know that; it's the Christian name I want."

"Eloise."

The name rises naturally to her lips. She is sorry immediately she has given it; it is uncommon, and might attract notice.

"Will you kindly sign that?—thank you. What address?"

Her caligraphy is none of the most elegant. But with a fascinating woman this is a small matter.

"You had better leave the address open," she advises, "until I call to-morrow. The fact is, I am looking for fresh apartments, and I have not fixed upon any yet. Which is my best way to —— Street?"

"I am going that way," declares Tom Van Buren, jumping off his seat and hastily seizing his hat. "Will you allow me to attend you?"

"I shall only be too thankful"—she smiles graciously upon him. "I know so little of New York."

"If *he* wants me," Tom hurriedly whispers to Stimson, "tell him I've gone to lunch. I'll take my lunch-hour now."

They chat pleasantly as they walk along. Tom finds Mrs. Carado's company vastly agreeable.

"If ever you want anything," he promises, impetuously, as he leaves her at —— Street—"if at any time there's any service I can render you, do not hesitate to send for me. No matter the time or place. I would go through fire and water to serve you. There, don't be offended. I've said too much, I know, but I can't help it, and I *do* mean what I say. Good-by."

"I may want you sooner than you think," Eloise muses. "Everything, so far, has gone off well. Except—— Great heaven, there's that man again! He seemed to recognize me in the street, for he uttered an exclamation as I passed, and since I have failed to baffle him, I must evade him. What can he want with me? Is it the folly of some foolish admirer? Would that I could ascertain. He shall not watch me home, if I walk about all night. I shall want you, Master Van Buren, almost within the hour. You must be sharp, Mr. Spy, if you can track Eloise d'Ancre." (She shudders as her thought repeats the name.) "I forgot that I had parted with *that* for ever."

A few minutes before Van Buren usually left the bank a boy gave him a letter. It ran thus:

"You said if I wanted a friend I was to come to you. I want one now. Take the inclosed letter with the utmost expedition to the Tontine House, at Philadelphia, and give it to a Mr. Herbert Gaythorne, whom you will find staying there. Do this, and I will ever regard you with gratitude. Whatever expense you may be put to, I will refund. ELOISE."

"I don't fancy Mr. Gaythorne," Tom Van Buren soliloquizes, ruefully; "but I'll go by the night express and get Delmar to let me off to-morrow till the afternoon."

Fate has so arranged it that Tom Van Buren's energy is thrown away. The letter he carries in his pocket will never reach Gaythorne.

This is the little picture which Tom sees at the Tontine House, and which puzzles him not a little: Standing outside the "House," at the corner of the street, he observes a tall, fashionably-dressed individual with a cane, hat cocked knowingly on one side, and a generally rakish appearance. This gentleman is smoking, and evidently has taken sufficient to drink. A carriage drives up, and out of it jump two rough, powerful men. Without a word of warning, they seize the fashionably-attired individual and dexterously thrust him into the vehicle. The man assaulted struggles, swears and bellows considerably. A policeman walks up. A word from one of the rough men and a significant nod and wink from the other and the sapient officer pursues unconcernedly his monotonous walk. The door is slammed and the carriage driven rapidly away.

All that Tom hears is the rakish gentleman declaring passionately that his name is not Gaythorne, and the hoarse laughter of his custodians.

"That must be the man I wanted. What a mysterious affair!"

A little later than this Edward Delmar and Maggie Gay-

thorne are waiting at the corner of Canal Street and Broadway for a 'bus. The traffic is very heavy.

"Oh, look!" Maggie cries—"look at that woman dodging amongst the carriages and horses. I'm sure she'll get run over. Good heavens! a carriage has knocked her down—the wheel has gone over her arm——"

Edward rushes to render assistance.

Upon the slimy road, amid the din and clatter and ceaseless roar of the great thoroughfare, surrounded by a little knot of the curious, and with her arm bathed in blood, perfectly senseless, lay Eloise.

"Mrs. Carados!" ejaculated Edward Delmar, in horror.

THE EXPECTED LETTER.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THANK GOD! MY PRAYER IS ANSWERED!"

ANOTHER scene!

Lashed by the seething waters of the Atlantic, and mantled part of the year in giant mists, the rock upon which Ralph Courtlandt's home is built stands out grim and jagged and defiant.

The building is old and irregular, and of a type which is fast disappearing, even in the most primitive parts of New England.

Where it faces the water the rock is sheer; on the other side a gentle descent leads you to the rugged village of Englewood. The ground, softly covered with moss and grass, is elastic and velvet-like. No pathway has been made upon the yielding verdure; there is no sign of a carriage-road from the village to the solitary house. Ralph Courtlandt's visitors are few, and rarely does he journey to Englewood.

He is a desolate man, and a man of strange ways; and so the simple people of the neighborhood regard him with little favor.

His wild look, the lonely life he leads, and the queer tales told of his moroseness and savage eccentricities terrify them. There are few who care to meet, in or out of doors, the owner of Courtlandt Cliffs.

Yet nothing is known to justify his evil reputation.

He is the last of an old family which for generations claimed this dwelling as their own. His mother died some few hours after his birth, and at twenty he was left fatherless. For a time the dull house was deserted; Ralph Courtlandt went out to see the world.

Twenty-six years ago he left his New England home, bright, light-hearted and enthusiastic.

Three years ago he returned, hollow-eyed and spiritless, broken in health, his sympathies killed, and with apparently all interest in his fellow-creatures destroyed. Since this he has remained at Courtlandt Cliffs, waited upon by an ancient crone, popularly supposed to possess the evil eye.

Occasionally his attenuated form is seen among the rocks and sands of the rugged coast, his lank, white hair streaming in the wind, his bony hands clinched convulsively, his large eyes fiercely gleaming.

The night upon which we see him for the first time, as the wind howls and shakes every window of the dreary mansion, and the roar of the riotous ocean joins in the mad chorus, Ralph Courtlandt sits gazing pensively into the glowing fire.

The room is large and lofty, and lined with heavy oaken panels. The burning logs in the old-fashioned fireplace throw upon the apartment a crimson glare. Ralph Courtlandt's bent form is bathed in the ruddy glow. It touches his hair and gives a weird expression to his eyes. The strange silence of this reddened room is very striking; and very remarkable is the anxious, picturesque figure tinged with this flood of crimson light.

Neither the moaning of the wind nor the clamor of the sea disturbs him. Straight unto the burning wood he looks, and he fashions the fiery ashes into the strangest figures and the queerest scenes.

We will follow his eye, and read in the blazing embers the secret of his life.

* * * * * * *

Brussels in holiday attire; the three weeks' *fêtes* have just commenced. Long avenues of booths and stalls and shows; a mighty concourse of people; an incessant din; men and women from all parts laughing, jostling and jesting; much confusion, much recklessness and much vice; much, be it noted, of what is pure and good in even this mad throng—much joy that is also innocent and hearty.

There are showmen of every nation; curiosities, monstrosities, and talent gathered from every quarter; Japanese jugglers, German quacks, Italian musicians; such a medley, such a clatter, such a riot; such a variety of tongues and such an assortment of skins!

There is a rush to a large building at the end of the central avenue. This is the great attraction of the fair—the circus of the world-renowned D'Albo! No penny tent, with canvas roof, but a solid structure, capable of seating some two thousand people—gay with garish gas, and bright with velvet-covered seats and gilded decorations. A handsome carpet is spread over the noble staircase, and the entrance is as the entrance to the Paris Opera House. Well may the name of D'Albo be known far and wide. Such sumptuous buildings are not common, even at the Fair of Brussels.

Up this staircase a young man bounds lightly—as one who knows well the road—with raven hair and large lustrous eyes; with a delicate skin and a lithe, well-shaped form—the young American, Ralph Courtlandt. Who would think that this joyous figure and the furrowed, careworn man crouched over the fire are one?—Ralph Courtlandt, twenty-six years ago, when he left Courtlandt Cliffs to see the world!

The fair has opened a week, and the American has been present at every performance. The attendants know what brings him here. The attraction is obvious—Marian Brentford, the dainty English horsewoman, who, dazzlingly beautiful, sylph-like in form, curiously elegant in her movements, is now fascinating all Brussels. The youths of the city applaud her enthusiastically, but none so rapturously as the man with the raven hair and large, lustrous eyes.

* * * * * * *

Night!

Some miles from Brussels, on the Antwerp road. A carriage drawn by a pair of horses dashes furiously along. The man with the raven hair and lustrous eyes is seated therein; shrinking upon his breast is the beautiful English horsewoman—Marian Brentford.

"If he catches us," she cries, in terror, "he will tear me from you. You do not know how determined he is."

"He shall never part us, my angel—never. I would sacrifice my life to preserve you from his power. My darling one, I love you so devotedly and passionately that naught but death can sever us."

"Will you always love me thus? Amongst your fine friends and proud ladies will you forget you ever saw me riding in a circus? Will you never despise me when you think of the scum I have lived amongst?"

Many are the kisses which answer these queries; very tight is the grateful embrace he receives in return.

"Hush!"

"By heavens, a horse behind us! Don't spare the whip; he must not overtake us!"

The snorting animals are urged to the utmost, the carriage sways from side to side, but flies on at an awful pace.

"Stop!" thunders a hoarse voice.

"In mercy's sake, push on!" shrieks the English horsewoman.

"Quicker, quicker, for your lives!" comes excitedly from the man with the raven hair.

"Stop!" again commands the rough voice of D'Albo—"stop, or I'll fire!"

Still on—faster and more furiously. A report, then a ball whizzes through the postboy's hat. Another minute, and the steaming, foaming horses are at a standstill.

"Now, Jezebel," exclaims D'Albo, savagely, "come from that Yankee fool! Do you think to leave me and break your contract? Come—quick! You have already wasted much of my time."

"You scoundrel, she shall never leave me while I have life to protect her!"

"Ah, ah! neither you nor any man breathing can rend her from me. She is bound to me—do you hear?—legally bound to me for three more years. I tell you she is mine, and, by flames and blood, I'll have her! Stand aside, or I'll send a bullet, not through your hat, but into your skull. Fool! do you think to oppose D'Albo, the gypsy?"

The lithe, young American, tiger-like, springs upon the burly form of the Zingari. In an instant the pistol is wrenched from his grasp, and the renowned D'Albo himself lies bleeding and partially stunned in the road. His horse is tied to the carriage, and the runaways continue their rapid flight.

They catch a howl of rage from the baffled showman.

"Curse you!" he yells—"curse you! My curse, the curse of D'Albo, the gypsy, shall cling to you for life.

Ah, Mr. Ralph Courtlandt, I will yet be even with you. I'll blast your life and blight your hopes! I'll rack and torture you—I'll tear your heart—curse you! Accursed you shall go down to your grave and to perdition! I have sworn it, and D'Albo will keep his oath!"

* * * * * * *

An interval.

A glorious day. Versailles in the height of the season. Thronged with gayety, beauty and fashion. Amongst the glittering crowd of well-dressed men and bejeweled women the man with the raven hair and lustrous eyes stands gazing at each carriage as it sweeps past. His clothes are travel-stained; he holds in his hand a letter, to which he frequently refers. It runs thus:

"If you wish to see how faithful she is to you while you are away, return unexpectedly Be in the park on Wednesday night, and watch for the Marquis d'Alroy's carriage. A word to the wise, etc. A FRIEND."

It is Wednesday night—it is six o'clock, and the man with the raven hair watches.

He suddenly draws back, and is covered by the idle multitude. The Marquis d'Alroy's carriage approaches. Next to the effeminate young nobleman the graceful young English horsewoman is seated, a smile upon her face, her eyes sparkling, her whole manner animated.

"False—false to me!" cries the man with the raven hair, crushing the letter beneath his heel. "Oh, God! this is greater than I can bear."

He wrings his hands in agony, and walks moodily away.

* * * * * * *

Very dull the fire gets now; blurred and indistinct become the scenes. The embers grow dull, and soon the lonely figure will be left in the darkness. Still he sits immovable, reading in the fire the story of his love, of his despair, and of the curse that clings to him.

Others pictures follow. He sees the anguished face of the fair English horsewoman; he hears her proudly proclaim her innocence; her voice now rings in his ears as she pleads for his love and his faith. He shudders as he thinks of his stern, bitter answer.

Her agonized prayer haunts him.

"Ralph! Oh, Ralph! for the sake of your unborn babe, take pity on me. I swear I have been loyal to my love. For the sake of the child, Ralph—for the sake of the child."

He hears, too, his taunts and his savage declaration of abandoning her—of leaving her and her child to the mercy of the world. Two big tears dropped through the crimson glow, and glistened on the hearth.

Then came a long and dreary interval—a blank. A broken man, he with the raven hair and lustrous eyes, returned to his desolate New England home. Despairing and worn with misery, the raven hair to-day is blanched, and the lustrous eyes sunk deep into the wrinkled head.

There was one scene that broke the monotony of this heavy time. A terrible scene it was, too; one that sent the owner of Courtlandt Cliffs home more haggard and more hopeless than ever.

* * * * * * *

A wretched room, filthy and unstable. Upon a miserable truckle-bed, scantily covered, weak, and groaning heavily, lies a man. Ashy pale is the face, but still fierce and brutish. The eyes are closed, for the sight has gone; D'Albo, the gypsy, is blind and dying. As a fact, his frame is strong and wiry, and he, for the time, conquers death. At this moment he believes that his last hour has come. Very evil he looks for a dying man. Very awful are his crushing curses.

At the bedside Ralph Courtlandt stands.

"I thought you would come," sneers the showman—"I thought you would come. Flames and torments, I would see your face! Have you felt my curse? Ah! ah! ah! I know it has clung to you. Men tell me that you are hollow-eyed and lonely. No soul to love, no soul to trust in, your dying bed will be like mine—childless, friendless, feared and hated. Tell me, you cursed, black-haired fiend, have I not destroyed you? Of what avail is your wealth? Will it bring one moment's peace? Take the whole of it," he shrieks; "sacks of it, oceans of it, it cannot stifle the feeling that is within you. Ah! ah! ah! the hate that I have kindled cannot be suppressed. Fresh fuel to the fire—fresh fuel to the fire!" he shouts, savagely; "heap burning coals upon his head. The fiends have robbed me of my eyes; may they be consumed! I would give much to see your wrinkles, and your furrows, and your miserable face. Ah! it would be worth years of health to see your furrows deepen, to watch the fire leave your eyes, and the life sink from your cheeks, when you hear the truth. Listen; the truth—the truth, I tell you!"

He raises his trembling form upon his arm, and shakes his fist furiously in the direction he believes Ralph Courtlandt to be.

"I loved her," he hisses, "and had it not been for you she would have been my wife. She was true to you; true and pure as an angel. Hear it, and be racked with anguish. Hear it, and curse your own evil heart. By stratagem she was led into the carriage. She looked happy because she believed she was going to meet you. I wrote the letter; I planned it all. Pure, and true, and good, and you, curse you! cast her from you. She died true and faithful to you! A pure, good woman, heaping blessings upon the man who had deserted her."

"The child," gasps Ralph, hoarsely; "in mercy's name, tell me what of the child?"

"The child," shrieks D'Albo, with malicious joy—"the child? Your child? Your own child? What of the child? She died in shame and in infamy; and I—I, D'Albo, the gypsy, led her into vice."

* * * * * * *

The last tiny flicker dies out. With a little crash the embers fall together; the crimson glow fades away. Ralph Courtlandt is in darkness, rapidly pacing the room and wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"I feel," he cries, wildly, "that she lives. I feel that the scoundrel was telling a lie. Oh, God, help me to find her—help me to rescue her from sin! Guide me to her, for I know she lives."

There had been many violent knocks at the entrance-door. Up to now they have passed unheeded.

Visitors to Courtlandt Cliffs are so rare that Ralph, even if he had heard the noise, would listen to it very complacently. The idea that any one was waiting for admittance would not suggest itself.

To-night, however, he proceeds at once to open it.

"Who are you?" he asks, cautiously holding the door.

"I am from Messrs. Ketcham & Cheetam. My name is Tomkins. I have news——"

"News of——"

"News of your daughter."

"Thank God! My prayer is answered."

CHAPTER XIV.

"WE WILL SUP AT ENGLEWOOD."

FOR some few moments Ralph Courtlandt stands with his hand upon the half-opened door, looking into the blackness without. The wind is high and savage, and seems to revel in its mad strength. More than once it well-nigh

lifts Mr. Tomkins from his feet, and he clutches at the wet stone of the building to preserve his balance.

The roar of the waters is very deep and sullen; the rain beats mercilessly upon Mr. Tomkins's face, but still the old man stands with the door half-open, motionless as a statue.

"Don't you think," gasps Dick, between the rising gusts of wind—"don't you think that we can better discuss the matter under shelter?"

"Of course, of course," says Courtlandt, quickly, as one awakened from a dream, at the same time opening the door, through which a passionate blast swept wildly, and nearly overthrew him. "I—I had forgotten—I was thinking—you must be wet, Mr.——"

"Tomkins."

"Mr. Tomkins. Give me your aid with this door. Ay, the wind is strong to-night—strong to-night. It is very dark. You had better take my hand."

Dick takes within his own the old man's long, cold, tremulous hand, and, not without some misgiving, allows himself to be led along the lightless corridor.

Presently they turn, and Dick comes to the conclusion that he is in a room.

"The fire is out," the old man moans. "I had forgotten—quite forgotten."

He leaves Dick standing in the deep blackness, and returns to the corridor, and here he cries as loud as his strength will let him:

"Rebecca! Rebecca! Rebecca!"

It is not easy to baffle the determined wind, which seems resolved to drown his voice.

Again and again he calls, and there comes no answer. Dick still stands, trembling now, in the dark room, listening to the ghostly reverberations of the thin, quavering voice, to the howling of the wind, and to the ferocious roaring of the waters.

The old man had gone further from him, for now he can only hear his voice as a faint echo.

Dick is very nervous to-night, and numberless vague, weird terrors have possession of him. Suddenly his arm is grasped, and he is so terrified that he utters a cry.

It is only old Courtlandt, however, who had stolen back, noiselessly.

"She is coming," he says—"she is coming; we will have a great fire soon; and—and—we will have bonfires—bonfires, Tomkins—when—when my—my child comes back."

Even as the old man speaks Dick hears faint, distant footsteps. Then a light creeps timidly through the darkness; then a woman, bearing in one hand a large, old-fashioned lamp, and in the other a prodigious bundle of sticks, enters.

She is a wild and terrible-looking creature. Her parchment-like face is thin and hollow, and scored by a thousand wrinkles; her white hair hangs in matted masses; two large, piercing black eyes gleam from their cavernous sockets, while her rags cling about her in weird disorder.

Throwing the sticks down by the side of the large, old-fashioned grate, she shambles toward Tomkins. She holds the lamp high above his head, and studies his face minutely.

Then the lamp falls from her hand, and is shattered upon the floor.

A howl of misery escapes her, and, elevating both her skinny hands over Dick's head, she wails:

"Woe is Courtlandt Cliffs, and woe is me!"

Some of the oil from the lamp had caught alight. Courtlandt (who makes not the slightest remark upon his crone's behavior), by the aid of this flame hastily kindles some sticks, and afterward lights another lamp which stands in a small niche in the wall.

By this time the oil has burnt itself out, and the wood is blazing in the fireplace.

Courtlandt bids his guest be seated. The old woman has dropped into a corner; there she sits with her elbows on her knees, her fleshless face between her bony hands, and with her black, blazing eyes fixed on Tomkins.

Dick is now thoroughly terrified; but he has a great game to play, and with a strong effort he manages to say:

"Shall I talk, sir, before—before——" and he jerks his finger toward the crouching form of the old woman, never daring to meet her gleaming eyes.

"Oh, yes," replies Courtlandt, very placidly. "You must tell me *all* now, Mr. Tomkins—*all* the goodness."

He rubs his hands, and an expression of childish glee overspreads his face.

Mr. Tomkins had come with a very carefully prepared tale, and he had arranged, in his own mind, how gently and how discreetly the good news was to be broken. Everything had conspired to destroy his carefully thought out plan. Something at the very outset had prompted him to blurt out the object of his visit; succeeding incidents—the knowledge that the terrible eyes of the mysterious old woman were fixed upon him—all tended to destroy coherency.

He hesitates for some time. He would have given anything could he have had Ralph Courtlandt alone.

It is not necessary that we should follow him closely in his bungling tale.

"You know, sir," he says, "that when your lawyers searched for the lost child, I was one of the confidential clerks employed in the business."

Courtlandt nods his head impatiently.

"Though we failed then, I felt sure that she still lived. My employers were of a different opinion; they determined to abandon the search; I resolved to continue it."

"Good, good, good!" says Courtlandt, emphatically.

"I left their employment and commenced the search on my own account."

"You shall be rewarded; ay, ay."

A low wail comes from Rebecca, which startles Tomkins and sets him trembling.

"The business," continues Tomkins, nervously, "was very long, very expensive, very arduous."

"But you succeeded?"

"Yes, I succeeded."

There is a pause. Then old Ralph rises from his seat and walks over to Tomkins. He looks straight into his eyes—eagerly, hungrily.

"Answer me this question," he says, in a deep, anxious voice; "answer me truthfully; tell me the truth, as you hope to be saved hereafter."

Dick waits in some fear.

"Is she pure?"

"As driven snow," Dick replies, with alacrity.

"Thank God for that!—thank God for that!"

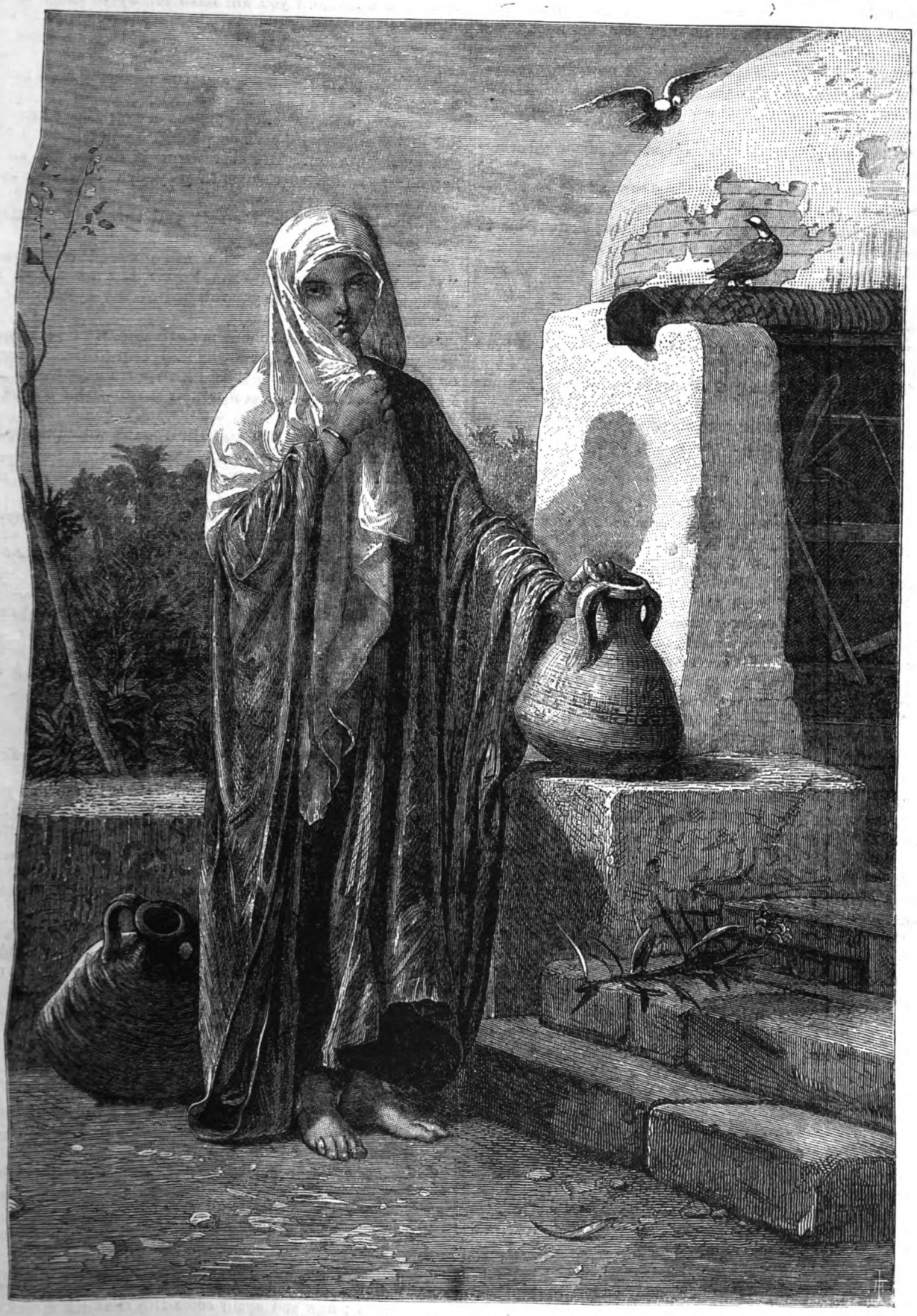
He stands for a moment with his hands clasped, and then he returns to his seat. Suddenly he cries:

"Rebecca, Rebecca, rouse yourself, woman. Get a bit of supper for him. He's our honored guest; yes, our honored guest."

The woman rises slowly, never taking her eyes off Tomkins the while.

"Honored guest!" she scornfully screams. "I know your honored guest; a limb of the devil—a limb of the devil!"

As she crawls along the corridor her piteous wailing reaches them.



REBECCA AT THE WELL.

Old Ralph is evidently accustomed to the servant's strange ways, for he evinces no surprise of her remarkable behavior.

"And where, Tomkins—where is she now?"

Dick had arranged that the meeting was to be to-morrow. Terror of the ancient crone made him alter his plans.

"She is close here."

"Close here!" the old man ejaculates, joyously springing to his feet.

"She is at the Raven Hotel, Englewood."

"Good God! so near, and we have been wasting the precious time here! Come, Tomkins, come; take me to her now—take me to my child."

Dick hesitates.

"But the night, sir."

"All weather is one to me now; come."

"Your coat——"

"I want no coat; my child will keep me warm; we will sup at Englewood."

There is no resisting the feverish, persistent, anxious man.

In a few minutes they are standing outside Courtlandt Cliffs, buffeted by the fierce winds, and beaten by the ceaseless rain.

CHAPTER XV.

"WHAT A NIGHT! WAS THERE EVER SUCH A NIGHT?"

WHILE Mr. Tomkins sits in the great shadowed room at Courtlandt Cliffs, and the old crone moans in concert with the roaring of the elements, a conversation takes place in one of the apartments of the Raven Hotel which it is necessary that we here describe.

Let us in imagination do what the stage-carpenter in sensational dramas actually does do—*i.e.*, remove one of the walls of the hotel, and see at the same instant what the occupants of *two* rooms are doing.

The one contains Leonie and D'Albo, the gypsy—she sitting by the curtain-concealed window drinking heavily of champagne, he stretched upon a sofa which is drawn close to the further wall, or what presumably is a wall.

The adjoining room is in a state of some disorder. An easel stands in one corner, and from the paraphernalia scattered about you see readily that it is occupied by an artist. With its back to the back of the sofa on which reclines the unscrupulous Zingari is a similar article of furniture. On this is a man, and that man listents intently.

The imaginary removal of the outer wall exposes a fact which otherwise we may not have noticed. The two rooms are not separated by honest brick, or even by the less substantial lath and plaster. The two rooms have originally been one; they are now divided simply by canvas—canvas which has been concealed by a covering of wall-paper.

The man in the artist's room can hear every word that is uttered in the other apartment. And this is what he hears:

"I tell you," says D'Albo, with a fierce growl, "that you are not his daughter, and nothing like his daughter. His daughter!" he laughs, scornfully. "Bah! you are the whelp of a tigress."

Some fierce words escape Leonie. Then she rises, and opening the door, looks up and down the passage. Apparently satisfied, she returns and locks the door.

What does it matter, pighead," she cries, in a low, menacing tone, "whose daughter I am? You have only to say I am his, and you will have money to enjoy the miserable thing you call life. I will make you speak. I will make you make him own me."

The showman laughs mockingly at this.

"By heavens, I swear it!" and the woman stamps her foot furiously.

She walks to the table, on which is a bottle and a glass. She fills the glass with champagne and again resumes her seat by the window. Her expression is demoniacal, and her fingers twitch as though they yearn to clutch the man's throat.

D'Albo half rises from the sofa and turns his sightless eyes toward her.

"You know," he says, with suppressed excitement, "what vengeance means. You know the ecstasy of the mad passion which made you rob me of my eyes."

"Well, well?" she answers.

"Ralph Courtlandt robbed me of the woman I loved beyond all in this world or the next. Ten thousand curses on him! I swore that he should know no happiness, and I have broken him—I have broken him—I have broken him!"

It is terrible to hear the exultation with which the poor blind wretch utters these words.

Leonie laughs passionately.

"Well, big baby fool, well?" she sneers.

"Now," continues D'Albo, "now when he is nearing his grave, when death will find him without comfort and without hope—wretched beyond all words—you ask me to bring joy to his heart. Curse him!—curse him!—never!"

"You are one supreme idiot," she hisses. "I give you one grand revenge—one magnificent revenge. What can be better, my D'Albo, than to make him love as his own the outcast daughter of a stranger! *Ma foi!* but this is a revenge worthy of—of the true artist."

An exclamation of contempt escapes the gypsy.

"Bah!" he cries, with a long string of frightful imprecations, "am I a baby? If you have taken my sight, you have not robbed me of my brains. If he believe, what will it matter to him who you are? He will imagine you are his child; he will have found what he has lost; his sorrow will go, and he, hang him, will be happy. May I be consumed if I help him to one moment's joy!"

He speaks with intense and awful savageness, foaming actually at the mouth. After a moment's pause, a string of unwritable words escape him.

The face of Leonie grows blacker.

"Tell me," she says, between her teeth, "my amiable jackal, why you have come here with me if you have not come to aid me?"

"I told you in New York—I tell you now—if he was to enter this room at this moment I would denounce you and curse him, as I have cursed him twice before," he answers.

"Pig!"

In her fury Leonie hurls a champagne bottle at the reclining gypsy. He hears it whizzing through the air, and raises his hands to protect his head. The bottle, however, catches the woodwork of the couch, and falls upon the floor in fragments.

D'Albo gives utterance to a low laugh.

"You dare not kill me," he sneers.

"I dare—I will," she answers, passionately, pacing the room, and breathing the most dreadful threats.

The wind howls outside, the rain ceaselessly patters at the window; now and again come the distant murmur of the troubled waters. The man in the artist's room lies perfectly still and listens.

Suddenly Leonie ceases her rapid pacings. She draws aside the curtains of the window and opens the shutters, and then the window.

The wind and rain rush into the room, and the lamp upon the central table is extinguished. Very awful sounds the fury of the storm. All the light they have is from the flickering blaze of a sinking fire.

"What are you doing?" D'Albo growls.

The keen, biting wind, bearing drops of rain, beats upon his face, and sweeps through his hair.

She does not answer. She stands still, gazing out upon the night.

The colder the man grows the more he curses.

After a time Leonie closes the window and resumes her seat. When she speaks her manner has quite changed.

"What a night!" she says, in a low, meaning voice; "what a night this is, D'Albo! Was there ever such a night?"

He abuses her soundly for letting in the wet and wind.

She continues, however, heedless of his abuse, and with strong emphasis:

"Was there ever such a night? Do you remember such a night, D'Albo? Cast your memory back, *mon bon ami*, and tell me if you remember such a night as this?"

The gypsy moves a little uneasily, but he only answers her with curses.

"Ah, yes, my D'Albo, there was once such a night, when the rivers were swollen, when the fields were flooded, and when the tents of the gypsies were beaten down by the rain. How many years ago? Ah, well, it does not matter. It is longer than I care to remember."

The man is very silent now. There is a strange, wild expression on his face, and his fingers twitch with nervous dread.

"Come, my friend," says Leonie, mockingly, "you do not drink."

She fills his glass with raw brandy, half fills her own with the same spirit, and then makes up the other half with champagne.

"Drink, my amiable one," she cries—"drink, and we will pass the time by telling you a little story. Ah! it is a good story, too, and one that will interest you, my friend."

D'Albo does drink. Then he waits in silence.

"Hark to that wind! It howled just like that the night I mean. Listen to the rain; it came down like that the night I mean. It beat against the tents of a little band of gypsies. It made the ground sodden and wet. Do you listen, my good D'Albo?"

"No, curse you," is the gypsy's angry reply.

Leonie laughs bitterly.

"It is well," she says. "Still I will go on. Though the wind shrieked and the rain never ceased, two children sleep side by side on some filthy straw in one of those tents. They sleep as only those accustomed to a hard life can sleep. It is very, very dark, and there is nothing to be heard but the wind and the rain, the rain and the wind."

D'Albo looks very eager and very anxious. He drains the remainder of his spirit at a gulp, while Leonie watches his growing agitation with calm composure.

"You grow interested, my friend, and it rejoices me to see it," she sneeringly observes.

The gypsy scowls at her frightfully, and again awful words escape him.

"Presently through the wind and the rain a man steals; a man very like you, my good friend, D'Albo, very like. He has a lantern in his hand, and with much care he creeps into the tent, and throws the light of his lantern upon the faces of the children. They are both asleep—*at least he believes so.*"

The gypsy starts, and a tremor appears to shoot through his frame.

"Some more cognac, my friend?" continues Leonie. "Then this man, who is so like my friend D'Albo, takes one of the children up in his arms and carries her amongst the trees and—and, my good friend, D'Albo, strangles her."

Beads of perspiration now stand on the showman's forehead.

"It's a lie!" he screams—"a hellish lie!"

"You are still interested? I am glad. Then the man—the man so like you, my friend—throws the body into a swollen, rapid stream, and the poor child's corpse is carried away, away, away, far away. The little girl is missed in the morning, and then the man swears many oaths—he could also swear, D'Albo—and says that she has run away, and that when he finds her he will lash her with much fury, and all the simple people believe him. Ah, yes! all but one;" and Leonie pauses to watch the effect of her words.

The gypsy's face has turned to a queer color, and is expressive of the most abject fear.

"Shall I tell you who that one was, my dear D'Albo?" asks his tormentor.

The gypsy growls out some words that are unintelligible.

"It was the other child who did not believe him. The other child had not been asleep. The other child followed him; the other child saw all he did, and then, with a great fear at her heart, crept back to her filthy straw."

D'Albo forces a dry, hoarse laugh.

"You are mad," he cries, gaspingly. "I have heard enough."

"Not yet, friend D'Albo, not yet. All the next day that man was searching about that straw and that tent. He was very uneasy. He had lost something. He could not find it. He had lost something that might hang him. It was a little locket. It belonged to the murdered girl. He was terrified lest he had left it on her neck. But he hadn't. It had become unfastened, and had fallen amongst the straw. The other girl found it, and hid it, and has kept it ever since—to bring the murderer to justice when she chooses."

D'Albo starts to his feet.

"It's a lie!" he screams, in awful tones.

"It is no lie. It is here."

(To be continued.)

ALMOST everybody is familiar with the ode known as "The Burial of Sir John Moore," beginning:

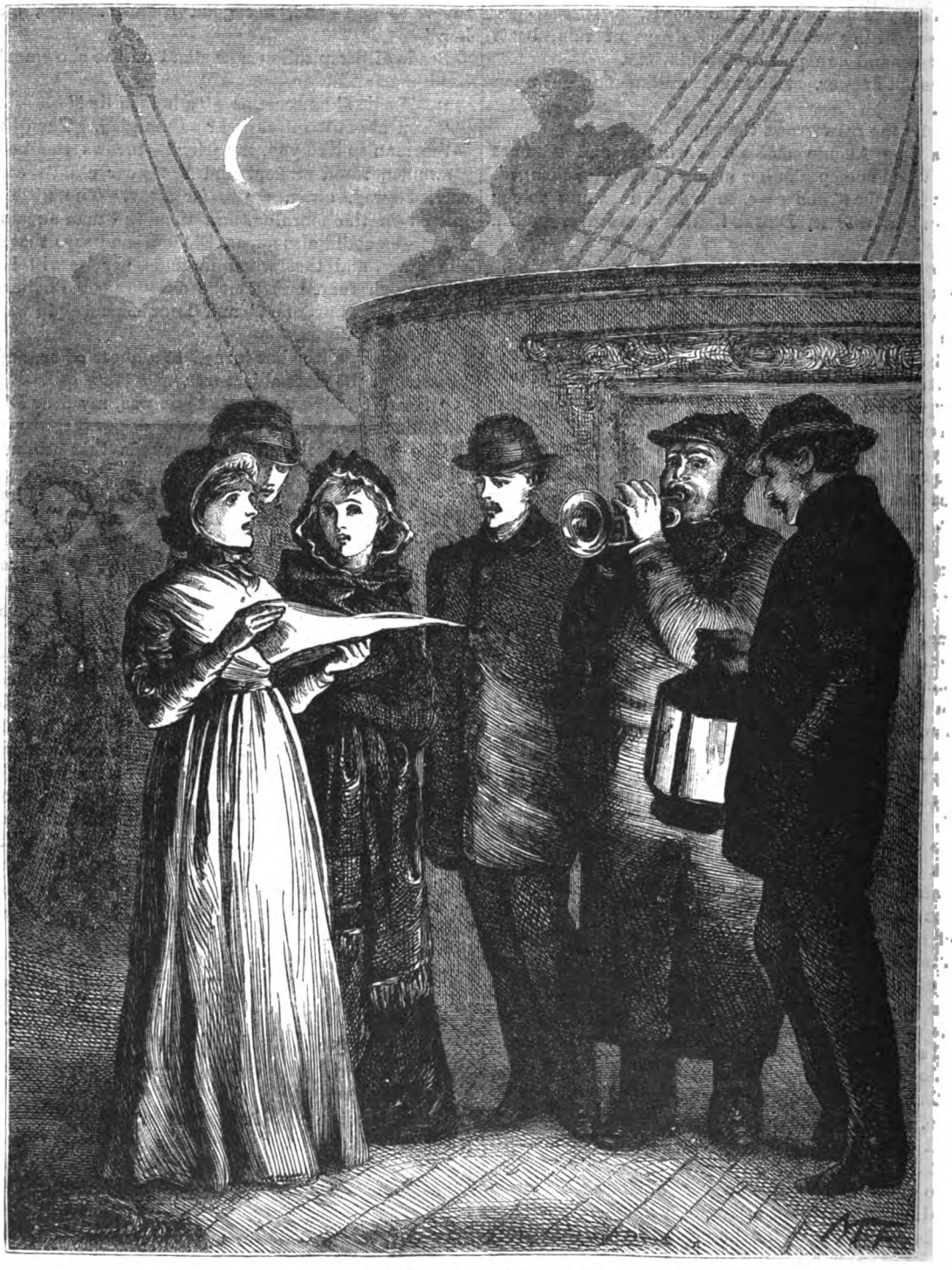
> "Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
> As his corse to the ramparts we hurried."

Medwin, writing of it, records a conversation between Byron and Shelley, when a question arose as to which was the finest ode in the English language. Shelley contended for Coleridge's ode on Switzerland, beginning "Ye clouds." Moore's melodies were quoted; some one then mentioned Campbell's "Hohenlinden," when Lord Byron started up, and said, "I will show you an ode you have never seen, which I consider equal to the best that the age has brought forth." He left the table, and returning with a magazine, read the anonymous contribution on Sir John Moore. "Perfect," said he, as he finished reading it. "Perfect," and he repeated again:

> "But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
> With his martial cloak around him."

TAMENESS OF A SPARROW.

It has been noted that animals injured in any way become more trustful in man than those of their kind possessing the usual vigor. A young sparrow, that had received some hurt, perhaps through a fall, which did not entirely disable it, but obliged it to hop with difficulty, used to attend with its companions at a morning levee, where crumbs and sopped fragments of bread were freely distributed in a garden in a London suburb. It was soon noticed that the bird would approach much nearer than its companions, looking up at the feeder, as much as to say, "You wouldn't have the heart to meddle with me." Certain prowling cats were usually on the watch for birds at these times, and the little cripple showed much dexterity in avoiding them. After a while, it got bold enough to perch on the window-ledge, and peep through, in anticipation of the customary dole of food. It was observable that the bird was not spitefully treated by its companions, as is said sometimes to be the case.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL ON THE OCEAN.

Years do not make sages; they only make old men.

PERDITA. —"THE LIGHT DRAPERIES OF HER LITTLE BED WERE WREATHED IN LEAPING TONGUES OF CRIMSON AND GOLD, AS THE SUMMER WIND, STEALING THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW FANNED THE SUDDEN FLAME."

PERDITA.

She did not come like the babe Arthur, cradled wave of flame, nor was she left mysteriously on the step during a stormy midnight, but through the open window of a dainty cottage came a puff of aromatic against the good-humored face of Thomas Goldwin, elor—a slanting shower of sunlight, and a peculiar s half-crow, half-chuckle, unfamiliar to Mr. Goldwin's

"Peter," said Mr. Goldwin, taking his pipe out mouth, "what is that?"

Peter Roots, gardener, valet, confidential friend and factotum, professed ignorance, and the two men went out into the garden to investigate.

What a garden was that!

A vast hollow square of rustling beeches; a level of velvet sward, furbelowed with rare dahlias, great beds of tulips and white masses of syringa-bushes.

They found her sitting in the midst of a bed of tulips near the gate, which was open, and her brown, dimpled fingers had pulled the glowing petals in a rainbow-shower over her.

Mr. Goldwin was conscious at first of only one thing—that some round, brown, dimpled being, with eyes like stars, a head crowned with a tangled mass of ebony curls, parted lips of scarlet, and cheeks like bejarias, had wrought more destruction amongst his expensive floral treasures than a plague of caterpillars; but when the creature looked up at him, and, with a bubbling laugh, rapidly got on its hands and knees, and crawled to him, patting his big feet with a hand as soft and small as the petal of a flower, Mr. Goldwin touched Peter Roots on the arm.

"What do *you* say it is, Peter?" he asked.

"I'm pretty safe in saying as it's a child," replied Peter; "and it wouldn't be no way risky to observe as it's a girl."

"Pick her up off the damp ground," commanded Mr. Goldwin.

"I'll not be a party to no sich nonsense, no ways!" said Peter, severely. "What with stray dogs, and cats, and old hosses, and venerable cows, the place is more like a hospital than a gentlemanly residence, as advertised as such it was. .I'll not touch her!"

And Peter banged his straw hat firmly down on his bristly gray hair, and walked off to roll the already velvety turf, keeping a jealous eye on his master, however, to observe the course of events.

Mr. Goldwin—a gaunt old gray figure in the rosy Summer sun, with a scholarly stoop in the shoulders, and absent eyes—looked helplessly down at the brown creature caressing his huge slippers, and then, very much like a derrick lifting an elephant, raised her from the ground, and trotted into the cottage with her.

"Mrs. Lucinda!" he called, "come here, if you please."

Into the scholastic shades of the study presently rustled a little old lady, as dry and yellow as an Autumn leaf, and a languid, *blasé* man of about five-and-twenty raised himself in a sleepy, hollow chair, from a doze over a French novel, and turned a pair of evil, handsome blue eyes on Mr. Goldwin and his charge.

"What, in the name of all the Olympian deities, have you got there, uncle?" he asked, with an undercurrent of instinctive irony in his polished voice and ivory face.

"For massy's sake!" ejaculated Mrs. Lucinda. "The pretty dear! Wherever did she turn up from, Mr. Goldwin, sir?"

"That I cannot tell, my good Mrs. Lucinda," said Mr. Goldwin; and added, with a little touch of quaint humor, "she is, in the nature of an insect, destructive to my prize tulips. She wrought rare havoc among them. Take her away, Mrs. Lucinda, and see to her well-being, until such time as we discover her owners, or, more properly speaking, her parents or lawful guardians. Nephew, she is a comely little creature."

And in this manner Perdita became an inmate of Mr. Goldwin's establishment.

* * * * * * *

Hugh Goldwin flung himself back into his chair with a scowl worthy of Eblis, and threw a crabbedly written letter down beside his plate with a curse both loud and deep, and which had the effect of bringing his companion's eyes on him from the chocolate she was languidly stirring in a Sèvres cup with a spoon of fretted gold.

She was a tall, slim woman, with a dark Assyrian face, like that of a Semiramis, and brilliant eyes, with a brooding fire in them that suited well with a certain air of suppressed violence in her. Her hair hung about her shoulders in funereal masses, as though it had been torn by a fierce wind, and the scarlet shawl of priceless cashmere wreathed round her lent a lurid tinge to her deeply olive skin.

The room was painted and draped in a tawny gold, and a robe of the same peculiar hue flowed out about her feet.

There was nothing voluptuous in the woman's dark beauty, but there *was* a power and a half-dormant force in it that was startling.

"What does that mean?" she asked, in a refined, sonorous voice, folding her long, dark hands on her tawny robes, and looking at her companion.

"It means," he said, "that I am no longer my uncle's heir, but dispossessed for a stranger. May a million curses blight her!"

She lifted one of the drifting locks of pall-like hair to her mouth, and bit at it, looking at him fixedly.

"And what does that mean?" she asked, her voice clanging a little.

"It means," he said, striking the table furiously with his clinched hand, "that instead of being—as my uncle supposes—wealthy and independent of him, I am an absolute beggar. It also means——"

"Go on," she said, with a slow, an awful smile darkening her face.

"Well," he said, defiantly, "it means, Ayesha, that we must part."

"I am your wife," she said, still regarding him fixedly; "why should we part, Hugh Goldwin? I am still in the zenith of my popularity, and I can work for both. Wealth flows to my feet, and what is mine is yours."

Though she said these words of pleading, there was a burning irony in them that struck Hugh Goldwin like a lash of flame.

"Curse you," he said, with uncontrollable hate in every line of his evil face, "you blast my sight! Only for you I might have retrieved my fortunes by marriage—only for you——"

"Stop!" she said, imperiously, and striking a bell at her side. She looked at him mockingly. "I have not stood much in your way," she said. "Here, Mingo!"

A little mulatto page, in a gorgeous Moorish dress, appeared in the draped archway.

She drew a little perfumed note from her dress, and held it up before Goldwin.

The direction on it caught his eyes, and he sprang up and toward her like a tiger.

"You may have it," she said. "Mingo found it, and brought it to me. It is an acceptance of your proposal of marriage from General Wybro's only child and heiress."

She flung it to him, and rose, biting her hair, and drawing it round her face and over her bosom like a vail, from which her eyes glared steadily upon him.

"You have only forestalled my intention of leaving you, since I discovered all from that note," she said. "But in parting from me, from your lawful but unacknowledged wife, remember, you wed death, ruin and despair."

Her voice fell with every word, and she spoke the last in a hissing whisper, that pierced his ear like a shaft of polished steel, and with an air of suppressed violence and fury that made him—and he was no coward—tremble in every fibre of his being.

Looking at him over her shoulder, she walked away, and turned in the doorway, holding the flaming gold of the drapery above her head with one jeweled hand.

She lifted the other to her mouth, and with her teeth tore from the third finger a plain gold ring, lacerating the delicate flesh as she did so.

She flung it on the carpet at his feet, dwelt for a moment on his face, as though to burn its look of hatred and evil into her memory, and the next instant he was alone; and before a month was over he had married Alice Wybro, and the general had discarded her utterly.

In another month the general was dead, and every dollar he possessed was bequeathed to a noble charity.

Hugh Goldwin was reaping the whirlwind.

* * * * * * *

Perdita, one of the loveliest creatures that ever counted sixteen Summers, sat with folded hands under the beech-trees, watching the antics of a little King Charles dog and a huge Newfoundland puppy as they rolled and tumbled on the sward, and made sudden sallies amongst the rose-bushes, to the amusement of their gleeful little mistress, and the anguish of Peter Roots, whom the last fifteen years had changed but little.

Perdita had woven herself a coronal of vivid roses, and old Mr. Goldwin, sitting on a rustic bench beside her, found her lovely face so much more attractive than the great tome on his knee, that he had closed the book and was looking at her fondly over his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"How you have grown!" he said. "Hugh will scarcely know you. Poor fellow! his marriage has turned out rather unfortunately. But his father left him rich. I wish he had been more of your age, my heiress."

"Why, Uncle Tommy?" asked Perdita, her great eyes, deep and dark as mountain tarns, full of wonder as she raised them to his.

"It would have amalgamated two great fortunes," said Mr. Goldwin, rubbing his hands slowly.

"I don't like him," said Perdita, resting her chin on her palm, and looking up at the tender sky—a pale transparent green, flooded with rose sweeping from the west, and in the great dome one radiant star quivering, though it was but an instant before that the sun had dropped behind the horizon, and the mountain-tops still rose like pinnacles of pearl flushed with rose and gold.

Down some diamond track in the enchanted sunset Perdita had her maiden vision of some fairy prince coming—valiant, tender and beautiful—in the flush and vigor of his May, to woo and win her; and when Hugh Goldwin stepped from behind her, with a light laugh at her words—haggard, handsome, and more like Eblis than ever in the tender, virgin freshness of the dewy evening on which he came, like a bat against the sun—she sprang up with a throb of fear and dislike.

"We did not expect you for an hour yet, Hugh," said Mr. Goldwin. "How is Alice?"

"Very well, thanks," he said, languidly; "so sorry she couldn't come with me! How do you do, my sweet little coy? How you have grown!"

"She is quite a young lady now," said Mr. Goldwin, rubbing his hands gleefully. "Must look out for a husband for her soon—eh, Perdita? But come in, Hugh, and get the dust off before dinner."

* * * * * * *

Perdita slept with a tide of moonlight sweeping across her from the lofty French window; a guileless Sleeping Beauty, shadowed with curtains of lace-like snowdrifts, and smiling in her sleep, as children do.

The room was a pretty, maiden bower, with airy nymphs radiant as pearl in the midnight moonlight, catching back the floating draperies from window and couch. A drift of snowy clouds seemingly floating across the ceiling, and the star-eyed angels of Correggio leaning their rosy cheeks on the floating vapor, and silently seeming to watch the sleeper.

One struck from a distant clock, and at the same moment the room-door was pushed open with a complete absence of all sound, and Hugh Goldwin crossed the threshold. The room was brilliantly light, and, shutting the door behind him, he advanced a pace, and with keen eyes, like those of a famine-stricken wolf, he looked intently round the apartment.

"*My* money squandered on a nameless beggar!" he muttered, with a furious motion of his hand toward Perdita, who stirred in her sleep, smiled and sighed, touched, perhaps, by some sleeping sense of the deadly eddy sweeping its hideous circles toward her, for already—so swift are the movements of evil—the light draperies of her little bed were wreathed with a lurid rose, deepening to leaping tongues of crimson and gold, as the Summer wind, stealing through the half-open window, fanned the sudden flame.

Before ten minutes had elapsed the whole cottage was buried in a sea of flame, and in the first dawning of the day, Mr. Goldwin sat under the beeches looking at the ruin of his home, and with the ashes of desolation sprinkled on his bowed head.

Perdita had perished in the mysterious flames, and Hugh Goldwin, standing a pace behind, the unsuspected angel of death and desolation, felt his soul reel with triumph as Mr. Goldwin lifted his haggard face to him.

"You are my heir now, Hugh," he said. "I am stricken, boy, stricken!"

Hugh raised his hand to hide the triumph in his lying, beautiful eyes, and bowed his head in a semblance of decent grief.

"If she could have been saved to you, uncle!" he said, while he gloated over the evident shock the old man's life had plainly received by the death of his darling.

The sun rolled in a blaze of Tyrian dyes over the crests of the great mountains, and a ridge of fire ran along their granite crests, and at the same moment a woman in a tawny robe, wet with the dew, and dank masses of ebon hair clinging to neck and bosom, glided before them, outlined against the "awful rose" of the dawn—an Assyrian-faced woman, before whom Hugh shrank and shivered, with hair clinging to a deathly brow, livid and damp with the clammy touch of terror.

He put out his hand and caught the great beech, staring on her with glaring eyes. But she never looked at him.

She fell on her knees before the old man, and stretched out her long arms to him.

"I want my child!" she cried. "I want to look on her face—I, whose eyes have so hungered to see but the flutter of her dress for fifteen years, that I seem to have lived in flames. Give me my child, or I shall die!"

"Speak to her, Hugh," said Mr. Goldwin, lifting his shaggy, grand old head from his chest in vague bewilderment. "I have no child now, my poor woman!"

She rolled her great eyes on the pallid man leaning against the old tree, down the gray trunk of which a tender ripple of golden light was stealing.

"Where is my child?" she said, biting at a coil of the hair she was mechanically wringing in her bronze hands.

"I tried to save her," said Hugh, forcing the words from stiff lips—"if you are the mother of the deserted child my uncle adopted."

She gave no sign of recognition, but looked up at him, winding the hair round her hands.

A GHOORKA WARRIOR.—"THE FELLER DID THE WHOLE JOB IN HALF A MINUTE, HAMSTRINGIN' HIM WITH ONE BLOW AND CUTTIN' HIS SKULL OPEN WITH THE NEXT."

"I am," she said. "I was a poor widow—a starving wretch, and the day that saw me without bread to give her, I left her, with her beauty to plead for her, in this spot. I want her now."

"On my soul!" said Hugh, "I risked my life to save hers. Look!" He pointed to the ruins, smoldering and smoking, with a shaking hand. "She lies there; I saw her fall back into the flames; I—I battled with them to save her, Ayesha! I swear I did!"

She wrung the false oath from him, as she did his mention of her name, with the awful questioning of her sombre eyes, and Mr. Goldwin raised his head as Hugh lifted his right arm skyward in fearful attestation of his words.

"Poor thing," he said—"poor mother!"

Her dark eyes softened at his words of pity, but she never removed their unwinking gaze from the haggard man, whose blood was turning to ice as his eyes were held to hers.

She slowly raised her arm and pointed behind him, and, as under some spell, he turned and followed her gesture.

From the shadow of the beeches—no scar or scorch on her, the jubilant light of the morning resting on her beauteous head—sprang Perdita, and fell with a cry of joy into Mr. Goldwin's arms, stretched out to her as a man would stretch his arms to the spirit of the beloved dead.

And then Ayesha rose, for a moment sublimely great in her wrongs, and hurled her anathema against the perjured wretch, who quailed before her.

In words of fire she told how she had gained entrance unperceived to the cottage, and hid herself in her daughter's room, to feast her hungry eyes on the girl's face.

How she had witnessed Hugh's diabolical act, and how, strong in the fury of her rage and love, she had borne the girl from the burning room, and hidden her until such time as her swift vengeance should grind the intended murderer to powder, like a sudden thunderbolt.

And then she paused, defying him with lion-like eyes, as she saw a subtle change creeping over his pallid face, as the folds of the cobra brighten luridly when he crests his head to strike his prey.

His muscles stiffened, his hand slipped rapidly to his bosom. She stood but a pace removed from him, and he suddenly flung out his long arm, and struck her with mighty force on the breast.

A blaze of gems—carbuncles and diamonds—caught the sun from the hilt of the sting-like dagger he left in her bosom, and before any one could prevent it, Hugh Goldwin had bounded into the road, and fled like a whirlwind.

But Ayesha lived, and the man fled where none pursued.

His thrust had been turned aside by some of the ornaments of her dress, and a mere scratch had been its only result.

Ayesha—a restless and impassioned soul—could not live without her Art, and one night while returning from the theatre, the horses of her carriage knocked down and trampled an intoxicated wretch, staggering on the roadway.

He was dead when they lifted him from the gutter, and Ayesha leant her regal head over him for a second.

"See that he is buried decently," she said, to those about her. "I knew him once;" and so went her way, with a solemn awe in her heart, to her quiet home.

And the next day they buried Hugh Goldwin.

When Perdita married, Ayesha left the stage, and went down the hill of life by a rosier and more peaceful path than her weary feet had ever known before.

* * * * * * *

And so the mill of God had ground out his retribution.

A GHOORKA WARRIOR.

The Old Soldier's Story.

You was a-askin' just now, sir, 'bout them native soldiers we've been a-gettin' over from India—would they fight or not, when it came to the push? Well, I've seen a pretty good deal of 'em in my time, I have; and it's my belief that, if you give 'em good officers they'll go anywhere and do anything.

You see, most folks that haven't been out there, they thinks of India as if 'twas all one place, and every man Jack of 'em jist like every other; whereas, bless yer! there's more nations there nor what there are in all Europe,

and as different from each other as a Turk from a Frenchman. A Sikh ain't like a Bengalee, and a Bengalee ain't like a Ghoorka, and a Ghoorka ain't like a Mahratta; and tryin' to judge of one on 'em by another is jist like judgin' of a man's inside by the color of his whiskers.

When I first went out to India, 'twas jist afore our expedition in Nepaul; and o' course everybody was talkin' of the Ghoorkas and spinnin' all sorts of yarns about 'em, some true and some not. As for me, I snapped my fingers at the whole consarn; for, like most young sodgers till they larn what's what, I thought a British reg'lar, with a good baynet in his fist, a match for anything upon the earth, or under it, either. But, one day, I happened to hear our senior major a-tellin' the other officers how he'd seen the Rajah of somewhere or other set a Ghoorka to tackle a full-grown tiger single-handed, with nothing but one of them great sickle-shaped knives of theirn; and the feller did the whole job in half a minute, hamstringin' him with one blow and cuttin' his skull open with the next. (A fact.) Now, that I knowed that Major N—— warn't the man to tell a lie, not if his life was on it, that set me thinkin' a bit.

Old Jack Adams, my front rank man, was a great chum of mine just then; so I goes to him and I says:

"Jack, the first time you see a Ghoorka, jist p'int him out to me, will yer?"

"I'll do that," says he.

Sure enough, a day or two arter that we halted by a native village, and there was a whole crowd of the black chaps (fine, tall, handsome fellows they were, most on 'em) gathered round a little dark-faced hop-o'-my-thumb no bigger'n a boy, with a pair o' black eyes that twitched and rolled like a monkey's, who was a-cuttin' sitch capers as I never see'd, with his heels higher than his head.

"Now, Sam," says old Jack, "which o' that lot looks likest a Ghoorka, d'ye think?"

"Well," says I, "any of 'em 'ud do well enough, 'cept that little whipper-snapper in the middle, as ain't fit to call a man at all."

Old Jack gives a queer kind o' chuckle, and then he just says:

"It's *him!*"

"Well, I'm blowed!" says I. "Are we going to fight sitch things as them? Why, they'd jist about do to wipe our baynets on when the reg'lar scrimmage was over!"

You see, sir, I was green in them days, and knowed no better than to take a man by his looks; but I found out my mistake afore long, as you'll see.

Well, I needn't tell yer 'bout the Nepaul expedition, for you've likely read the whole story in one o' them big books of your'n; but it was tough work, I can tell yer!

What with marching all night and fighting all day, we was pretty near tired out before 'twas half over. I see'd a man of my comp'ny reg'lar fall asleep on the line o' march, and tramp on with his eyes shut nigh on to half an hour, till at last he trips over a log, and comes down on his nose sitch a crash as woke him fast enough. And when he seed how 'twas he shakes his fist at the log, and says, quite savage-like:

"Blow this rubbishin' old country!" says he. "Why, a man can't even have a quiet nap for half an hour without breakin' his head!"

(Extravagant as this story may seem, it is perfectly authentic, and has more than one parallel in the history of the Russian campaign of 1812.)

Well, sir, we were marching one night along one o' them nasty little jungle-paths, so narrer that we had to go single file every now and again, and I was just thinking what a pretty job it 'ud be, s'posing we was to be attacked jist then, when, all to once, down tumbles a man right in front of me, cut a'most in two through the thick cross-belts, and no more sign of who done it nor if he'd been struck by lightning!

I don't think I ever felt so queer in my life, and, indeed, to see a man drop dead that way all in a moment, without rhyme or reason, *was* enough to give one a turn.

The next minute down goes another, and then a third; but I had my eyes about me this time, and I catches sight of a sort o' shadow flittin' away into the bushes. Quick as winkin' I up piece and let fly.

There was a crash in the thicket like a wildcat jumpin', and when we ran up, there lay a Ghoorka on his back, shot plumb through his body. And what d'ye think, sir? he'd actilly took a flying leap across the path, three times over, and cut down a man each time! And as he lay dyin' there he held up *three fingers*, and shook 'em at us

A GHOORKA WARRIOR.—"AS HE LAY DYING THERE HE HELD UP THREE FIEGERS, AND SHOOK 'EM AT US WITH A REGULAR GRIN OF JOY."

with a reg'lar grin of joy, as much as to say, "I've settled three on yer, anyhow!" and he died without givin' a groan. That's what I calls a man, and no mistake!

I seed old Jack Adams a-lookin' at me out of the corner of his eye; and as we "fell-in" again, he gits alongside o' me, and he whispers:

"Well, Sam, what do you say to the Ghoorkas *now?*"

I didn't *say* nothin', sir, but I can tell yer I *thought* a pretty good lot.

LING HOLME: WINDERMERE.

THE rivers feed thee from the valleys round,
And rills from clustering mountains, Windermere;
And in thy wind-stirred waters moves the sound
Of life from all thy sources, far or near.
Thy deep, low murmurs to the listening ear
Rise in harmonic echoes, and resound
The pattering becks that from the far cliff bound,
The roaring fall, the wind in grasses sere.

Full-memoried lake! I would that this my soul,
Or whatsoe'er in me is most of me,
Could treasure ev'n as thou the echoes past;
Learning a fuller utterance as years roll,
Tender from tears, yet glad with innocent glee,
And Love, the first tone, lingering to the last!

THE DOCTOR.

A STORY, too good to remain unpublished, is told of Doctor Crawford, whilom Major-General U. S. Army, Captain Maclay, late of the 8th Infantry, and the late Lieutenant A. D. Tree, 2d Dragoons. Captain Maclay, assisted by Doctor Crawford, had charge of a detachment of recruits, conducting and distributing them to the various posts in Texas. In their march they spent a night at Austin, the two officers being entertained by Lieutenant Tree at the Arsenal, the only military establishment in the city. Austin was the headquarters of General Harney, whose residence was perched upon a hill overlooking the city, amid wide-spreading live oaks, and grounds such as are rarely seen. Tree, being quartermaster and commissary, had his quarters at the Arsenal, and whilst the general entertained the "quality," it fell to the lieutenant's lot to "take in" subs, "*et id genus omnes.*"

Maclay and the doctor stopped with Tree, disposing of their traps and impediment in the common room, which, by-the-way, served as parlor, dining-room and bed-room. Amongst other of the doctor's stores, he had a jug of fine old Otard brandy, which he had been nursing and cherishing with as much care as he would have tended a sick baby. Mack had made several demonstrations upon it during the previous march, but the doctor was too vigilant for him, and constantly prevented his well-meant efforts to broach the sacred jug.

Tree had always been esteemed the very prince of good fellows, and his hospitality knew no bounds. Now, Crawford was as verdant as they make them, and this was his first military service. Maclay had had his little jokes with him on the march, and had deputed him to a sort of quasi command of the detachment, arming him for this purpose with a huge bludgeon.

On one occasion, in the morning before commencing the march, the wagon-master came to the fire where the two men were standing, remarking to Maclay that he would have to put some "hounds in the hospital-wagon before they could move."

"Very well," said Maclay; "put them in."

As soon as the man went away to execute his work the doctor said:

"Captain, did I understand you rightly—that they were to put hounds into the hospital-wagon?"

"Yes, sir, and he has gone to do it."

"Well, captain, I must remonstrate against any such outrage. I protest against it, sir, and I shall use all the force of my authority as medical officer of this detachment to prevent it. Steward, if any one attempts to put a dog into the hospital-wagon knock him down. Such may have been the practice in this benighted country heretofore, but I'll teach them better."

With this he approached the wagon, grasping his bludgeon, his eye flashing war upon the entire shebang, and especially upon the wagon-master, who now came with his assistants to execute the work in hand. The doctor watched them closely, and noticing that their attention was directed to the forepart of the wagon, it suddenly occurred to him that he had been sold. He commenced by questioning the men as to the name of this, that and the other part, till he came to the "hounds." As soon as the word was uttered he "crabbed."

Maclay had related this incident to Tree, as proof of the doctor's greenness, and as an inducement to him to enter into a conspiracy to rob the latter of the precious contents of his jug. As the afternoon wore away, and night and a hearty supper prepared the party for the inevitable post-prandial pipe, and both Maclay and Tree being afflicted with an inordinate thirst, the latter exclaimed, as if he had but just spied it:

"Doctor, what have you in that jug? Is it medicine, or what?"

"That, sir," quoth the doctor, "that is a little old brandy I was taking along; would you mind trying a little of it?"

"Thanks," said Tree. "I would not mind. Mack, what do you say?"

"Oh! a thimbleful; just a settler for your excellent dinner, Tree. I had no idea it was brandy you had in that jug, doctor; I thought it was horse-medicine, or something of that sort."

"Drink hearty, gentlemen! drink hearty!" quoth the doctor.

Their glasses being filled, Tree gave as a toast:

"Our distinguished guest, Doctor Crawford!"

The doctor made a speech in response.

"Gentlemen," said he, "this is an unexpected compliment. My ancestors had all been most distinguished military men, and I aspired, from my earliest youth upward, to emulate their well-gotten fame. My education, fortunately, has fitted me for the position of surgeon in the army. A step, gentlemen, in the right direction, and He who watches over the destiny of nations may have in store for me something better in the future. I thank you, gentlemen, for the distinguished honor you have been pleased to confer upon me."

"Hear! hear!" and great applause from the other parties.

Maclay then taking up an old newspaper, began to read it, apparently with great attention.

"Why, Tree," he cried, "old Loomis is married!"

"The h—l he is! When did he marry?"

"Last October."

"Well, well, well! that requires a sentiment! Fill your glasses, gentlemen! Here's to our most distinguished guest, Doctor Crawford!"

The doctor made another speech, elaborating a little on his first effort, and with increased applause.

Resuming their pipes, and chatting a little while on

frontier life and various other interesting military subjects, Tree took up the old paper, and began to read it intently. Finally he exclaimed:

"Why, Mack," said he, "old Loomis is married!"

"The h—l he is! When did he marry?"

"Last October."

"Well, well, well! That demands a sentiment! Here's to our distinguished guest, Doctor Crawford! Fill your glasses, gentlemen!"

The doctor rose and delivered another address, which was received with profound applause.

The night waned in this absurd fashion, each taking his turn in alliterating the same sentiment, whilst the doctor favored them, at each repetition, with a speech. The contents of the ample jug were perceptibly diminished, and the doctor grew none the wiser in the course of this impromptu carouse, for he recounted it afterward to the writer of this sketch, remarking that Maclay and Tree were the most extraordinary characters he ever met.

"Why, sir, they'd read of old Loomis's marriage over and over again, as if they'd never heard of it before." So the phrase, "Old Loomis is married," became popular in the army, signifying an invitation to drink.

THE DRUM.

"Rataplan!
Rataplan!
Rataplan!
For the drum, the drum, it rattles so loud."

THE abolition of the drum in the French army marks an epoch in history. It was in the French service that the drum attained its highest pitch of warlike glory. It seems, at first sight, strange that the signal for its downfall should go forth from the nation in whose annals its best services are embalmed.

Not that it is so strange, however. The drum belongs essentially to the past. It was the battle-music of the days when armies fought hand to hand. Now the rattle of long-range musketry and the thunder of the great guns drown its voice altogether, and the notes that once set boiling the blood of cowards and of brave men alike have no significance in the oratorio of death which steals its awful music from the very elements.

The ragged legions marching grimly through the snows to beat the Austrians back from the frontier were a very different class of heroes from the trim fellows who campaign blithely against the Kroumirs to the merry signals of the bugle. The bloody trails their hay-bound feet left in the icy mire from Paris to Rhine have imprinted a more glorious track through history, though, and the hoarse reverberations of the sheepskin-covered cylinders, beaten by those pallid children of the streets, who knew no more of fear than the instruments they thumped with their weazened little hands, will echo in story after the trumpet calls of Algiers have died away for ever. The beggar battalions of the great French wars, when all the land, already red with the rank dew of the guillotine, was trodden into bloody mire in the common struggle against the foreigner which set the first Empire upon its splendid pedestal, and the drum whose sonorous roll marshaled them to undying glory, belong together. They met their apotheosis in the battle-smoke which shrouded the Empire's fall.

The history of this instrument, whose stirring notes have rung in the ears of countless heroes, and cheered them on to victory, is probably as long as that of the human race. The drum—or rather a rude substitute for what we know by that name—has from time immemorial been the favorite instrument of all barbarous tribes. From the North Pole to Patagonia, from the great plains of America to the arid deserts of Asia, some form of a drum exists where no other instrument of melody—or, perhaps, we should rather say, of noise—is known. The scalp-dances of the Indian and the war-chants of the Tartar are measured by its beats; it is, as it has been, a chief factor in the merrymaking and the mourning of savages, for whom neither art nor nature as yet possesses sweeter sounds.

Sixteen hundred years before the Christian era there is clear record of the Egyptians having possessed drums. They doubtless obtained them from the East, for in Hindoostan their legendary history goes back to the mystic gloom in which tradition is born. The Greeks ascribed their invention to Bacchus. Whoever did invent them, it is certain that he was one of the earliest forefathers of our race. Singularly enough, the Chinese, who claim the credit for pretty much every invention worth claiming credit for, have never set up any title to the creation of the drum. This fact may be explained by the theory that the drum does not make noise enough for the children of Confucius to go to battle by. Nothing short of war-gongs can create the clamor they need to help them in their serio-comic wars.

In Asia the drum was an inseparable attribute of every aristocratic household. Magnificent kettle-drums of polished metal, borne on splendidly caparisoned steeds, followed the great man on his journeys and campaigns. Savage chiefs made their marches to the harsh thump of rude drums fashioned of burned-out logs, with a sheepskin over the end, and braids and festoons of their enemies' teeth, and even skulls, dangling from them by way of ornament. In the Aztec temples were found war-drums, which the priests beat to call the people to arms as by a tocsin, made of serpents' skins and enriched with rude filigrees and other ornaments of gold. Go wherever we please in the remotest history and we encounter the drum. Go anywhere on the earth's surface to-day and we find the drum. It is the universal instrument, whose creation is in the power of the most untutored hands, and whose music possesses that simple cadence which all can understand.

There are drums and drums, however. Let us look at the divisions into which modern advancement has distributed them, before we glance at some of those curiosities of barbaric ingenuity and inventiveness which perpetuate in the present the primitive affair upon which the improvements of civilization have been developed.

Musicians divide the drum into three classes. One, and the lowest order, is that in which the instrument consists of a single skin stretched on a frame and open at the bottom. The tambourine and the modern Egyptian drum are representatives of this class, not to mention the instruments in use among many barbarian and savage tribes. Another order is that of the drums which are made by stretching two skins over the ends of a cylinder, thus forming the familiar side-drum. A third, and the only really artistically musical instrument of the class, is the kettle-drum.

The kettle-drums are called *pauken* in German; in French, *timbales* (how many of our readers do not recall that most rollicking and naughty of *operas bouffe*, the "Timbale d'Argent!"); in Spanish, *atabales*, and in Italian, *tympani*. The Italian name comes directly from the ancients. The Greeks and Romans called the drum *tympanium*. The generic title of the modern drum, however, can be traced straight back to the Saracens and Moors, who introduced the instrument into Europe in the misty

THE CONTINENTAL DRUMMER AND FIFER.

and romantic past when they had a footing there. They called the drum *tumbur*. The French call it *tambour;* the Italians, *tumburo;* the Spaniards, *tambor;* the Germans, *trommel;* the Danes, *trom;* and the English, *drum*.

The kettle-drum consists of a metallic shell, generally of copper, though French kettle-drums are made of brass, in the shape of a stew-kettle. The head is of vellum, which, being first wetted, is then stretched by means of an iron rim around the head of the shell. When it dries it forms a surface smooth and stiff by tension as a board. In addition to this natural tension the head may be tightened or slackened by screws working on the rim which stretches it. Two kettle-drums are always used together in orchestras or the cavalry, where one is carried on each side of the horse's neck. One of these instruments is tuned down to the key-note, and the other to the fifth of the key. Even two kettle-drums are not enough for some orchestral music. Berlioz says that it took seventy years to discover that three kettle-drums were possible in an orchestra. Auber's overture to "Massaniello," Spohr's "Historical Symphony," and other famous pieces, require three kettle-drums, and in No. 17 of the score of "Robert le Diable" Meyerbeer uses three drums in the keys of C, G and D. In his "Requiem," Berlioz had, besides fifty brass instruments, eight pairs of kettle-drums played by ten drummers, two of the pairs having two drummers each.

Kettle-drums used in orchestras stand on iron tripods. They are beaten, when the best implement is used, with sticks made of whalebone, with a small wooden button at

the end, covered with a very fine sponge. With these every effect, loud or soft, can be produced. Next in excellence come flexible sticks, with a small knob made of felt, and after them range the new-fashioned and, among musicians, very unpopular, India-rubber disks. The very worst sticks are those which have the old-fashioned cork knobs covered with leather. Composers call them "melody murderers." They obscure the clear ring which distinguishes the kettle-drum almost entirely, reducing its notes nearly to the hard, coarse level of the snare-drums. Thin, transparent drum-skins have a better tone than thick, opaque, white ones. Any large drum going below F in key is devoid of real musical tone, its accent being mere thunder. Skilled kettle-drummers never strike the centre of the skin, but tap it about a quarter of its diameter from the rim.

When musicians talk of drums they mean kettle-drums, always. Beethoven is said to have been the first composer to perceive that the kettle-drum, instead of being merely useful to beat the rhythm, as are the side and bass drums, possessed, thanks to its metallic body, certain clearly musical notes. At any rate, up to the time when he made use of it in his wonderful compositions, it was a mere machine for the production of noise. He raised it to the dignity of a solo instrument. Instead of writing down the parts, as formerly, like horn and trumpet parts in the key of C, with an indication at the beginning as to how they were to be tuned, he wrote the real notes for them, and the orchestra drummer, from being qualified for his position by his muscle alone, became a musician, and his craft an art.

The ordinary drum, dear to the militia and the small boy, consists of a wooden or brass cylinder, with a skin head at each end. The skins are lapped at their edges around a small hoop which encircles the cylinder, and a larger hoop rests on this and presses it down in place. The large hoops at each end are connected by an endless cord, running through holes in their outer edges and zigzagging up and down the sides of the cylinder from hoop to hoop. Each loop of this cord is surrounded by a sliding leather brace, and by pushing these down, so as to draw the loops together, or up, so as to loosen them, the drum is tightened or slackened, and the clear, tense, or harsh, loose notes produced. Some side-drums are made flatter, and are tightened by rods and screws instead of cords. The side-drum gets its name of "snare-drum" from the fact that several cords of catgut are stretched across the lower end so loosely that they rattle at every stroke.

There is a drum very like the snare-drum, but without the snares, which is called the tenor-drum. It was once extensively used in military bands, instead of kettle-drums, for beating the long roll. There is another sort of tenor-drum, very long and narrow in form, used by the French peasantry in their peculiar music, and known as the *tambourin*. It would not be worth noticing, as it is in favor nowhere and by no one else, except that Auber has introduced it in the overture to "Le Philtre."

The bass-drum is the giant among drums. It is so well

THE DRUM OF CHILDHOOD.

known that description seems superfluous. The bass drum was formerly called the long-drum, on account of the longitudinality of its cylinder, but that portion of it has now been shortened so as to almost equalize its length to its diameter. The heads of the bass-drum are tightened by cords like the snare-drum, but it is beaten with a stick ending in a soft round knob instead of a bare rod of lignum-vitæ or rosewood, as in the case of side-drums. In orchestras a bass-drum, which is something of the shape of a gigantic tambourine, but with two heads, and which is known as the "gong-drum," is sometimes used, as it occupies less space and produces the same noise.

Noise, it must be understood, is all that a musician requires of a bass-drum. Its note has no particular value of itself, and by simply beating it hard or softly its tones are adapted to any key or chord. If Smollett is to be believed, it was this quality of the drum which led to its name being applied to a popular form of social gathering in the last century. A species of fashionable assembly which, in the time of the author of "Roderick Random," took the place of our "Germans," was called a "Drum," as he said "from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment." Our ladies, indeed, give a form of afternoon party nowadays which they call a "Kettle-drum." Can it be because, although it may be quite as empty an entertainment as Smollett's day boasted, it is less noisy and more musical?

Brass has long supplanted wood as a body for drums from which much real work in the field is expected. In orchestras and for fancy playing wooden drums are still used. They are made of thin wood, turned into a cylinder, which is lined with coarse linen to keep it from splitting. Being liable to expand and contract with the changes of the atmosphere, these wooden cylinders are, naturally, not very well adapted for campaigning, so, in the field, brass substitutes replace them.

The toy drums, which are the horror of testy bachelors and nervous old maids, are manufactured by the thousands at one factory in this country, and a number in Germany; but to make a drum for serious use no little care and skill are required. The materials must be carefully selected, in the first place. If the drum is of wood, that wood must be perfectly seasoned; if of metal, that metal must be pure and flawlessly rolled. The vellum used for the heads must be of irreproachable quality, that for the upper or beaten head thinner than that for the snare end. The hoops require careful attention to insure their fitting accurately, neither too much nor too little, and the cords must be stretched so that the tension applied to them when they are in use will not slacken them and render them useless. After having seen to all this, and built the drum of perfect symmetry, it is not yet complete. It requires those little artifices in the cylinders for the vibrations of the beats to escape through, to render all this labor of any use.

"And all this trouble," says the reader, "in order to provide a thing to be beaten with sticks and to make a clamor?" Stop there! There is an art in drum-playing which no one who has not heard a drum properly beaten can appreciate.

However simple the beats of the drum may appear, it is, nevertheless, by long practice only that perfection can be attained, and then the student must possess a quick ear and a nimble wrist. Every beat is perfectly regular in the number and division of the strokes from the two sticks, of which that in the right hand is slightly grasped, while that in the left is held firmly in an oblique position, passing between the middle and third fingers, and being held by the two first fingers and the thumb, the two lower fingers crossing under it and the palm being turned upward. Such is the established precision in which the drum-majors take pride, that if all the drummers in the vast British service were assembled together they would be found to beat alike through what is called "The Duty"; that is to say, all the regulation beats in use. What these are, the military dictionaries show in the following curious list.

The Roll is a continuous rolling sound, without the least inequality or intermission. It is produced by giving two taps with the same stick and using each stick alternately. In order to learn this, simple as it seems, the pupil has to begin early and practice constantly. The "daddy mammy," as it is called, is taught first of all to a student of the art of drumming, and after each two taps he is forced to raise his hand to the height of his shoulder. This gives his strokes deliberate and distinct notes, and by degrees, as he beats a clear stroke, he is taught to beat faster and faster, till the clear, prolonged and perfect tremolo of the roll is the result.

The Swell is only the roll, beat occasionally so softly as scarcely to be heard, and then increasing to the utmost of the performer's strength, to die away again. It is a merely ornamental beat, and drummers are fond of practicing it, as the perfect rise and fall of the volume of sound is regarded as the very finest art of drumming.

The Flam is a beat made by the two sticks almost at the same instant on the head, but still so as to be heard separately. It is used as a signal for various evolutions, manœuvres and calls.

The Ruffle is a short roll, of at most five or six seconds' duration, beat very closely and firmly, decreasing a little in force just before it concludes, which it does in an abrupt manner, and with a strong "flam."

Beat for Orders is a peculiar mixture of rolls, flams and single taps, beat at the adjutant's quarters for assembling all persons whose duty it is to receive the "orders of the day."

The Troop is beat before the new guards, etc., about to march off from their place of assembly to relieve others from duty. It is also used at dress parades, when the band or drum-corps, at the command of the adjutant, "Troop, beat off," march, playing some slow marching tune, from their position on the right of the battalion to the extreme left of the line, where they wheel about, and, changing the music to a quickstep, return to their post on the right.

The General is to give notice to the troops that they are to march.

The Assembly, or *Troop*, is to order the troops to repair to the place of rendezvous, or to their colors.

The March, to command them to move; always with the left foot first.

Tattoo, to order all to retire to their quarters.

To Arms, for soldiers who are dispersed to repair to them.

The Reveille, always beaten at break of day, to warn the soldiers to rise and the sentinels to forbear challenging, and to give leave to the men to come out of their quarters.

Police Call, to summon the men to clean, or, as it is termed, "police" the camp. This is done every morning, just after Reveille.

Sick Call, for all invalids to repair to the surgeon for treatment, and to be excused from duty if unfit for it. This call is the terror of skulkers and malingerers.

Roast Beef, the call to dinner.

The Retreat, a signal to draw off from the enemy. It likewise means a beat in camp or garrison a little before sunset, at which time the gates are shut and the soldiers repair to their barracks.

The Alarm, or *Long Roll*, is to give notice of sudden danger, that all may be in readiness for immediate duty.

The Parley, or *Chamade*, a signal to demand some conference with the enemy.

Long March, a beat formerly used in England, on the sound of which the men clubbed their firelocks and claimed and used the liberty of talking all kinds of ribaldry.

The Church Call, called also "Beating the Bank," a beat to summon the soldiers of a regiment or garrison to church.

The Pioneers' Call, known by the appellation of "Cuckolds come dig," and dating back to the English civil war of Cromwell's time. This is beaten in camp to summon the pioneers to work.

"*Peas Upon a Trencher*, or the *Supper Call*, beaten to summon the men to supper.

The Sergeants' Call, a beat for calling the sergeants together in the orderly-room, or in camp, to the head of the colors.

The Drummers' Call, a beat to assemble the drummers at the head of the colors, or in quarters at the place where it is beaten.

The Preparation, a signal to make ready for firing.

The drum also provides a sort of accompaniment with a tap for each note of the fife playing a march or other air. This is called the *Drag*. The *Double Drag* consists of two or three taps for each note. Besides these, old drum-majors have an endless store of fancy taps which they teach their pupils and squabble about among themselves whenever they happen to meet over a social glass. Each drum-major is a composer in his peculiar line, and that there should be a rivalry between them is perfectly natural. There is an o'er true tale of a French drum-major who carved a rival to pieces in a sabre-duel because that rival had robbed him of a roll of his composition and taught it to his drummer-boys as his own.

The list of drum-music given above is that used in the armies of all civilized peoples, or was until the drum was banished from the service of one of the greatest of warlike nations.

Each company of United States infantry has one fifer and one drummer, who rank as privates. They execute signals, perform at parades, drills and reviews, and attend to the wounded on the field of battle. The drummers and fifers constitute collectively the regimental music or drum-corps, and are under the command of a principal musician, usually termed a drum-major. It must not be supposed, however, that the only military bands in our service are those composed only of drums and fifes. Musicians are enlisted as privates and formed into bands, being allowed extra pay and rations, and given additional pay by the officers.

Several of the bands in our regular service have a national reputation for excellence. Among these may be named the famous "Marine Band" of Washington, and the band of the First Artillery, generally called the "Governor's Island Band."

In the English army, as well as in our own and those of several other nations, the regimental musicians, or "bandsmen," as they are usually termed, are supposed in time of battle to act as stretcher-bearers, and carry off the wounded to the field hospital, located a short distance in the rear. We say they are supposed to do so, for, as a matter of fact, the average musician is rarely found within range of even the heaviest artillery, and such care as the wounded may receive comes usually from their comrades or the men of the ambulance corps.

It must not be supposed, however, that this is due to any unwillingness on the part of the dispensers of melody to run into danger, for such is not the case. A regiment possessing a fine band is apt to be very proud of that adjunct, and officers and men are alike loath to run the risk of its decimation by the unconsidered bullets of the foe. As for the drummers, they in some cases accompany the troops into action, but more frequently are left at a safe distance in rear of the fighting line.

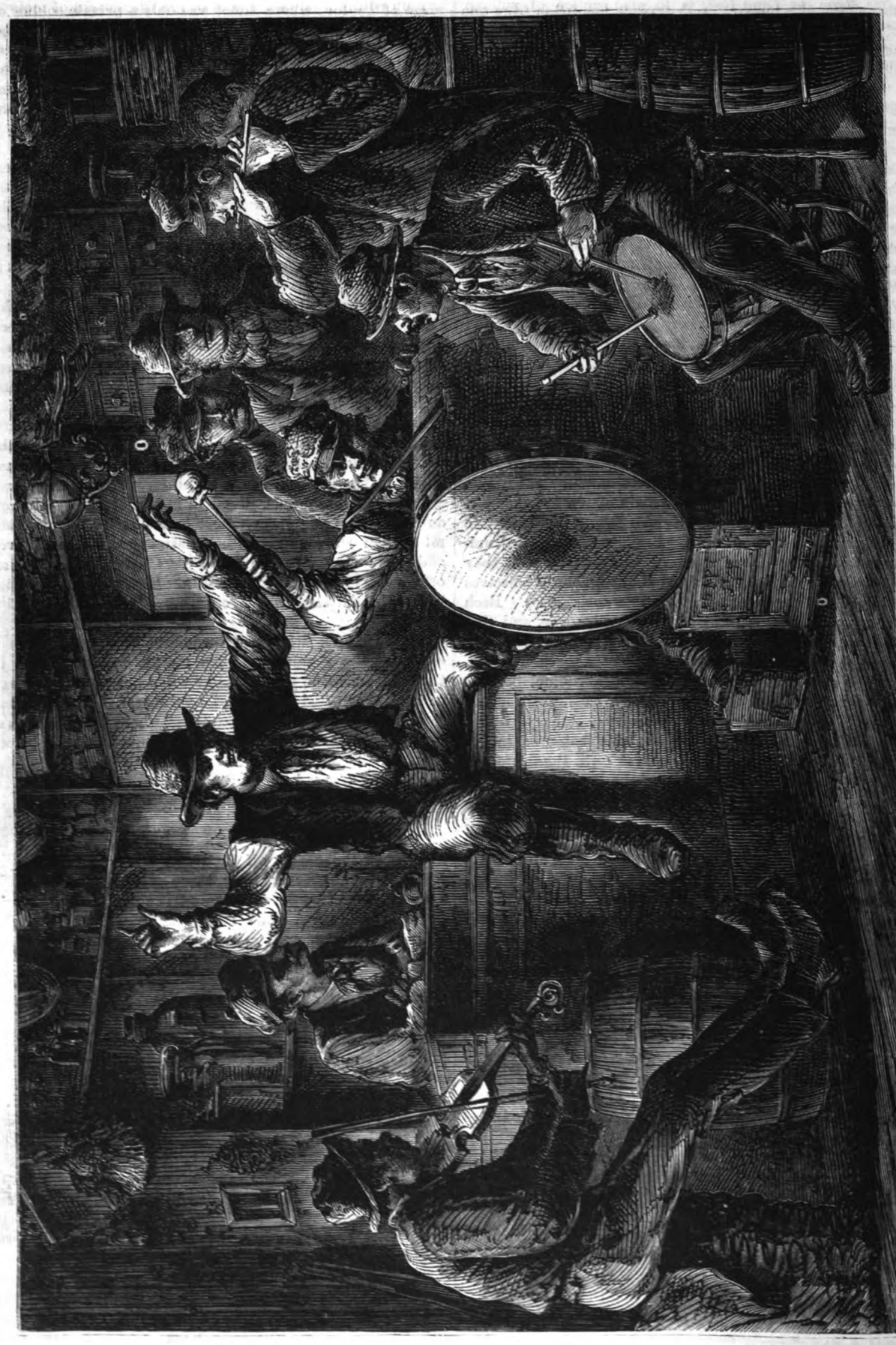
Yet the pages of military history are filled with examples of the bravery of musicians, and among them the drummers have always taken a foremost place. The records of the French army present the greatest number of such instances, but the armies of other nations bear also on their rolls of honor the names of many heroic drummers.

Among them all, perhaps the most famous is the child-hero, Joseph Bara, to whom a statue has recently been erected in the church-square at Palaiseau, on which a chateau of the Condes, in which he was born and reared, looks down. It was at an inn near this residence that "the thievish magpie" stole the silver spoon for which the serving-maid was sent to prison. Palaiseau is a little town about eleven miles from Paris, near that end of the valley of the Ivette, where the fair Vale of Chevreuse begins. The landscape is of a seductive character. There are fairy green meads, wooded knolls, a pretty stream, and everything appears to catch the sun. A very thin mist often rises over the undulating ground, and gives additional charm to the scenery. Of the Conde Chateau only a single ogive window exists. George Sand once inhabited Palaiseau, and wrote there "Mdlle. La Quintinie."

Joseph Bara's father was a woodranger on the Palaiseau estate of the Condes, and his mother was a domestic in the chateau. She was a widow when her son, at the age of twelve, enrolled himself as a volunteer. His head had "taken fire" at a patriotic meeting, where Carnot's appeal for four hundred and fifty thousand men was read before him.

The boy learned to play the drum and fife, and furbished the arms and cleaned the horse of a major of Spahis, who had fought in India under Bussy. This officer *le petit tambour* followed to La Vendee. To harass and throw the enemy off the track, this major often sent his little drummer running through the *bocage*, to beat here and there the drum or sound the fife. Bara was one day surprised by a band of peasants. He was a boy of delicate features and aristocratic air. The Vendeans thought him some nobleman's child who had been perverted, and told him that if he cried "Vive le Roi!" they would let him off. He answered by beating his drum. "Are you deaf?" roared a brutal peasant, taking aim at him. "I am a Republican!" cried the boy. "Ah! young brigand, have a care! Give up your drumming, and, like us, cry 'Vive le Roi!'" "Vive la Republique!" cried Bara. Twenty muskets were discharged at him, and he fell dead. Horrified at their rash act, the Vendeans fled. But some of them afterward returned, picked up the corpse, and respectfully bore it to the camp of the Republican troops. The Convention decreed a pension to Bara's mother, and ordered that an engraving of the little drummer's execution should be made and hung up in every primary school, to show what a child can do when inspired by a noble sentiment. Chenier, in "Le Chant de Départ," alluded to Bara's execution, and David (d'Angers), who found one of the engravings ordered by the Convention, chose his death as a subject for his chisel in 1837.

The statue at Palaiseau represents the youthful hero in



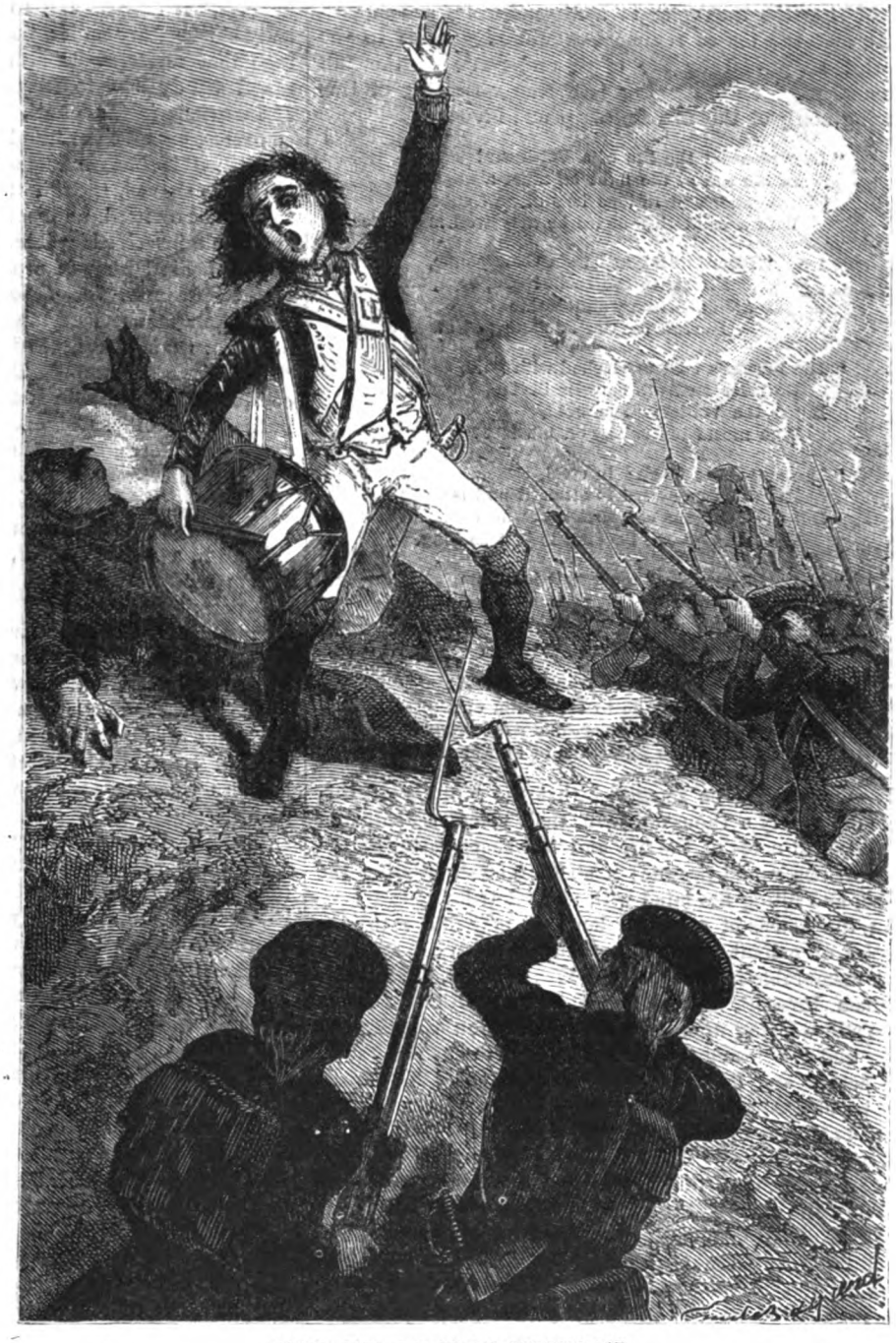
THE REHEARSAL FOR THE ANNUAL TRAINING, IN A VILLAGE STORE.—DRAWN BY PAUL FRENZENY.

the uniform of a hussar. A drumstick has fallen from one of his hands; the other he still holds. The boy has been struck by twenty bullets, but the expression of heroic exaltation still lingers on the delicate young face.

Another French drummer who, although he never attained to statuary honors, won a great reputation for gallantry, was Pierre Tournée, known as "The drummer who won the battle of Kehl." During this engagement the French troops were endeavoring to force a passage across a bridge, the head of which was obstinately defended by the Austrians. For a long time the issue of the conflict was doubtful. At length Pierre was seized with a brilliant idea. He managed to ferry himself and his drum across the stream on a stray plank, and a few moments later there rang out from a wood on the enemy's right flank the hoarse rattle of the *pas de charge*. Believing themselves to be outflanked, the Austrians became panic-stricken, and broke in confusion; the French rushed over the bridge and the battle was won. For this exploit Pierre received the cross, but history is silent as to his subsequent fortunes.

At the desperate battle of Montmirail, Jacques Grosjean, tambour of the 73d Regiment of the line, while beating the *pas de charge* at the head of an assaulting column, had his right leg shattered by a grape-shot, and fell to the ground. As his comrades passed on he clamored to be carried with them, and so, borne on the shoulders of two grenadiers, and still furiously beating his drum, Jacques went on with the head of the column in the furious charge that broke the enemy's line.

The first Napoleon, who cared but little for music of any kind, held the drum in high favor, and the drum-corps of the French army never attained such excellence as under his *régime*.



JOSEPH BARA, THE HEROIC DRUMMER-BOY.

Orders deciding the fate of some of the greatest battles in history have been written on the drum, which, indeed, is frequently made to serve as a desk in the field, and drum-head courts-martial have brought speedy sentence and condign punishment to many an offender.

Junot, Duke of Abrantès, and Colonel-General of the Hussars in the French Imperial Army, had his first introduction to Napoleon across a drum-head. It was at the siege of Toulon, where Junot was only a private soldier of the artillery, and Napoleon merely a newly-fledged Brigadier General, that the latter, visiting one of the batteries, called for a soldier who could write, and Junot proffered his services. At the general's dictation he wrote an order on a drum-head. Just as he finished, a shot from the enemy struck the ground almost at his feet, and dashed a shower of earth over the document. "There, *mon general*," said Junot, gayly, springing to his feet, "we shall not want for sand to dry it, since messieurs the enemy have saved us the trouble." From that moment Junot's rise was rapid, until, under the Empire, one of his victories in Portugal gave him the title of duke.

The old Twenty-second Regiment of the French line, the dashing Voltigeurs, were long famous for an odd use

to which they put their drum-corps, one of the finest in the army. This regiment, recruited almost exclusively from the Faubourg St. Antoine, the wildest quarter of Paris, had an unrivaled reputation for dare-deviltry of all sorts. Like most regiments, the Twenty-second had its regimental song, and it was their custom, when on the march, if circumstances would permit, to sing it in the following fashion: The leading files of each company would sing the first verse to a fife-and-drum accompaniment, and the entire regiment would give voice to the chorus, supported by the crash and rattle of the full drum-corps. The following is a free rendering of this stirring song of the march, camp and bivouac:

"How pleasant the life of a Voltigeur!
In the van of the fight he must always be;
Of roughing and rations he's always sure;
With a comrade's share he may well make free.

"Picardy first, and then Champagne,
France to the battle! On, boys, on!
Anjou, Brittany and Maine
Hurrah for the Faubourg of St. Antoine.

"The hussar's coat is slashed with gold,
He rides an Arab courser fleet;
But is the Voltigeur less bold,
Who meets his enemy on his feet?

"The cuirassier is clad in steel,
His massive sword is straight and strong;
But the Voltigeur can turn and wheel
With a step—his bayonet is just as long.

"The artillery-driver must halt his team,
If the current be fast or the water deep;
But the Voltigeur can swim the stream,
And climb the bank—be it e'er so steep.

"The Voltigeur needs no trumpet sound;
No bugle needs he to cheer him on;
Where the fight is hottest—*that's his ground*,
Hurrah for the Faubourg of St. Antoine."

It may readily be imagined that the singing of this lyric by nearly a thousand men, their voices accentuated by the shrill notes of the fife and the sharp rattle of the brass drums, would produce a striking effect, stirring the blood, and filling the mind with martial ardor.

In the annals of our own land we may find many examples of gallant conduct by drummers and fifers. On that memorable morning of the 17th of June, 1775, when Putnam, Prescott, Warren and their "embattled" farmers were still working upon the unfinished redoubt on Breed's Hill, under a heavy fire from the British men-of-war in the harbor and from the battery on Copp's Hill, Robert Steele, of Dedham, drummer, and Parks, of Cambridge, fifer, boldly mounted the parapet, in full view of the enemy, and played "Yankee Doodle" as a reveille.

Most readers of the literature of our late war will remember the story of little Johnny Clem, "The Drummer-boy of Chickamauga," who was borne on the shoulders of a soldier during the terrific storm of shot and shell, and kept up the spirits of the tired, disheartened troops by his rat-a-tattoo on the drum which was suspended from his neck. Few are aware, however, that the gallant little drummer-boy is now, and has been for years, an officer of our regular army, bearing the rank of first lieutenant, and married to a daughter of the late Major-General French. He is now teaching military science at the Galesville Military Academy, but is seeking, and will probably receive, promotion to the rank of captain and assistant quartermaster.

It would be unfair to conclude this reference to the deeds of heroic drummers without mentioning the tambours of the "Old Guard" of Napoleon, who perished to a man, or, rather, boy, on the fatal field of Waterloo.

Among other uses of the drum, to which allusion has not yet been made, is that of "drumming out," from camp or garrison, culprits who have been convicted of various disgraceful offenses. This is done only on sentence of a court-martial, and is a punishment particularly reserved for cowards, thieves and malingerers. A "malingerer," it may be well to state, is a soldier who habitually shirks duty under the pretence of illness, a subterfuge that rarely avails, although sometimes an ingenious rascal will contrive to deceive the surgeons, and lead a life of luxurious idleness until some doctor, sharper than his confrères, exposes the fraud. The proceeding of "drumming out" is thus conducted: The culprit, usually having his head shaved, though this part of the punishment is sometimes omitted, and bearing a placard upon his breast and back inscribed "Coward," or "Thief," his hands bound behind him, is preceded by a squad of soldiers with their arms reversed, and followed by a second squad with their muskets at the charge, after whom come the drummers and fifers, playing that time-honored melody, "The Rogue's March." The offender having been thus conducted beyond the limits of the camp or post, the buttons and other insignia of the military service are cut from his uniform, and he is turned loose amid the jeers of his late comrades, to reflect upon the folly which has brought him into so disgraceful a position.

Turning from the drum in its purely military aspect, we find it, as already noted, an inseparable adjunct of the savage races of the world. The limits of this article will not permit of a detailed description of all the many strange forms which the instrument assumes in different lands, and we must be content with brief mention of the several odd constructions which we have here illustrated.

The Bornean drum is a hollow cylinder, cut out from the solid wood and open at one end, the other being covered by a tightly stretched skin, held in place by leathern thongs, fastened and tightened as shown in our picture.

Turkish drums are very shallow, resembling in this respect the common tambourine, as also in the fact that they are usually decorated with bells or miniature cymbals. They are admirably suited, however, to the production of that wild, barbaric music dear to the Eastern mind, and of which the well-known "Turkish Patrol" of Michaelis is a familiar example. It may be mentioned, by-the-way, that the last named composer unquestionably "cribbed" the theme of his noisy work from one of the great masters, it being clearly suggested by Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens."

The odd-looking Cambodian drum, suggestive in its shape of an hour-glass, is beaten only with the hands, and ranks little higher among musical instruments than the tom-tom of the African savage.

Our Puritan forefathers were summoned to church by the beating of a drum, and most appropriately; for they came forth clad in buff coat or cuirass and steel cap, bearing their trusty firelocks, ever on the alert for the lurking savages who many times attacked them in the rude log churches.

There is one famous episode in American colonial history wherein the drum plays a prominent part. When Sir Edmund Andros, the British Governor-General of New England, entered the Council Chamber at Hartford, Conn., in October, 1687, accompanied by an armed guard and several drummers and fifers, to demand the surrender of the charter of the colony, he drowned the protests of the members of the council by ordering the drummers to

"strike up!' The wary colonists, however, were too much for the irascible royal governor. They suddenly extinguished the lights, and when fresh candles were brought the charter had disappeared. It had been hastily removed and hidden in a hollow tree, afterward famous as the "Charter Oak," which was still standing as recently as 1858.

The literature of the drum is not extensive, which is a little surprising, considering its antiquity and universality. Seekers after information might easily be misled by a title to be found in most library catalogues, "Following the Drum," but investigation will prove it to be a charming volume of sketches written by the accomplished wife of General Egbert L. Viele, portraying her experiences in several years' residence at various posts and garrisons during her husband's service in our regular army.

Anecdotes in which the drum plays a prominent part are common enough. We can, however, only make room for the following;

A certain Captain Bugbie, of the British army, was noted no less for his severity as a disciplinarian than for his fondness for creature comforts—a fondness he found great difficulty in indulging when marching through a wild bit of country. One day the column had just left a small hamlet, when the captain noticed that one of the drums gave forth no sound. He expressed his anger very emphatically, and ordered a lieutenant to go and rate the delinquent well. By-and-by the subaltern returned, and whispered to his superior that the drummer had got a couple of roasted chickens and two bottles of whisky in his drum—one bottle and one chicken being for the captain.

"Why didn't the poor fellow let me know his legs had given out?" cried Bugbie. "I don't want men to march if they're dead lame. Put him in the ambulance immediately."

The order was obeyed, and having thus made amends for his injustice to the drummer, the captain took the earliest opportunity of going to examine more particularly into his condition.

The eccentric millionaire, "Old Billy Gray," as he was familiarly called, served as a drummer-boy in his youth. On one occasion he was taunted with having been a drummer-boy. "It is true," said the old man. "I *was* a drummer boy; but didn't I drum well?"

It will readily be seen that a pair of good drumsticks may wear out and outlast many score of drums. Colonel Morrow, of Niles, Michigan, possesses a curiosity in the shape of a couple of drumsticks which have a unique and wonderful history. They were found by the side of a dead British drummer at the battle of Saratoga, in 1777. They were handed over to a drummer in the Continental army, by whom they were used during the remainder of the Revolutionary War. A son of the American owner was a drummer in the war of 1812, and was with General Jackson on the memorable 8th day of January, 1815, when the British, under Packenham, sustained such a terrible defeat at New Orleans. A grandson used the sticks in the Mexican war, and a great-grandson carried them throughout the war of the Rebellion, rattling away at the head of the famous Michigan Iron Brigade in the grand review at Washington at the close of the war.

One famous commander must certainly have held the drum in high honor, for he is said to have directed at his death that his skin should be made into a drum, and that instrument beaten at the head of his army. The author of this queer conceit was John Ziska, the military leader of the Hussites, or Taborites, in the early part of the fifteenth century. He was victorious in more than one hundred engagements, and won thirteen pitched battles.

If the drum is to be allowed a patron saint, none other than St. Patrick can claim that distinction. All will remember the greatest of St. Patrick's miracles, that of driving the snakes and other reptiles out of Ireland, and rendering the Irish soil for ever after so obnoxious to the serpent race that they instantaneously die on touching it. Colgan relates that St. Patrick accomplished this feat by beating a drum, which he struck with such fervor that he knocked a hole in it, thereby endangering the success of the miracle. But an angel appearing, mended the drum, and the patched instrument was long exhibited as a holy relic.

The poets have given the drum but scant justice. Butler, in "Hudibras," speaks of the

> "——pulpit, drum ecclesiastick";

and all will remember Othello's adjuration:

> "Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
> The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife."

In the "Burial of Sir John Moore" we have—

> "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note."

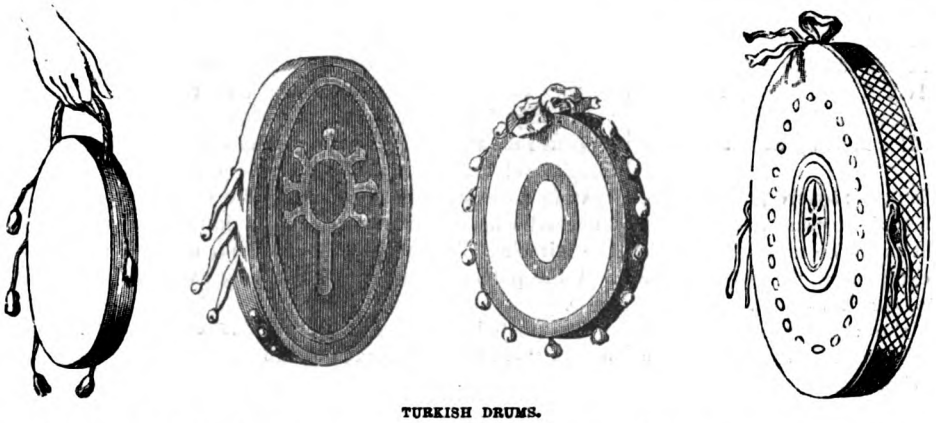
And by several writers various sounds in nature are compared to the noise of drums. In general, however, the poets have sadly slighted this noble instrument. An unknown writer has made the most touching allusion to the drum in the following beautiful lines:

> "The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
> The soldier's last tattoo.
> No more on life's parade shall meet
> That brave and warlike few.
> On fame's eternal camping-ground
> Their silent tents lie spread,
> And glory guards with solemn round
> The bivouac of the dead!"

But the best of all drum lyrics is unquestionably Thackeray's "Chronicle of the Drum," which traces the fortunes of four generations of French drummers, from the time of Henry of Navarre to the battle of Waterloo. Our space will only permit of one extract from this stirring poem, and, in view of our recent celebration of the victory at Yorktown, it is singularly apropos.

> "Once more did we cross the salt ocean,
> We came in the year eighty-one;
> And the wrongs of my father the drummer
> Were avenged by the drummer his son.
>
> "In Chesapeake Bay we were landed.
> In vain strove the British to pass;
> Rochambeau our armies commanded,
> Our ships they were led by De Grasse.
> Morbleu! how I rattled the drumsticks
> The day we marched into Yorktown!
> Ten thousand of beef-eating British
> Their weapons we caused to lay down."

In bringing this somewhat desultory article to a conclusion, let us picture for a moment the unhappy lot of the soldier of the future. The infantryman deprived of his drum, whose merry rattle once lightened the toil of the weary march and inspired him with martial ardor on the eve of conflict; bereft of his colors, for it is now seriously proposed to abolish the use of regimental standards, those flags around whose torn and blood-stained folds so many heroes have rallied in the most desperate moments of many a great battle, and to capture one of which from the enemy was ever the proudest aspiration of the soldier; those flags which bore upon their faded folds the names of victories won—the proud record of the regiment; see the cavalryman deprived of his sabre and pistols, armed with a breech-loading rifle instead of the familiar carbine, and



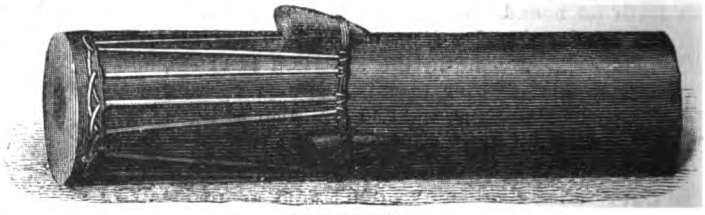
TURKISH DRUMS.

had existed since the time of Louis IX., but had never assumed the special name of cuirassiers until the reign of Louis XIV. They long enjoyed in France a proverbial reputation for courage, which they fully maintained at the battle of Waterloo, when their repeated charges, though ineffectual, were acknowledged by the Duke of Wellington to have been the finest thing he remembered in all his military experience. Whatever may be its fate in other lands, in our own the drum is destined to long remain the chief instrument for martial music. No finer drum-corps exist anywhere than those found in most of our Eastern cities, and especially in New England. In the last-named section, indeed, there exists a practice which has no parallel elsewhere—that of annual conventions of drummers and fifers, where the drummers and fifers of an entire State, or it may be of two or three, enter into friendly competition, and prizes are awarded for excellence. Such a convention was held at Rockville, Connecticut, several years ago, when fifty fifers and one hundred and twenty-five drummers competed for the palm of victory.

taught to regard his favorite steed only as a means of transport from place to place; for the cavalry of the future is to be merely mounted infantry, trained to celerity of movement, but compelled to dismount and fight on foot. On the future field of battle will be seen no more those dashing cavalry charges, like that of the Scots Grays at Waterloo, as, bearing their proud motto, "Second to None," on helmet, sabre-blade and pistol-barrel, they rode down and scattered in utter rout the veteran legions of Napoleon, wringing from him the agonized tribute to their valor—"those beautiful gray horses." The bards of later generations will not immortalize such feats of arms as the world-famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. The gay hussar and the dashing lancer must all go down before the relentless rule of utility.

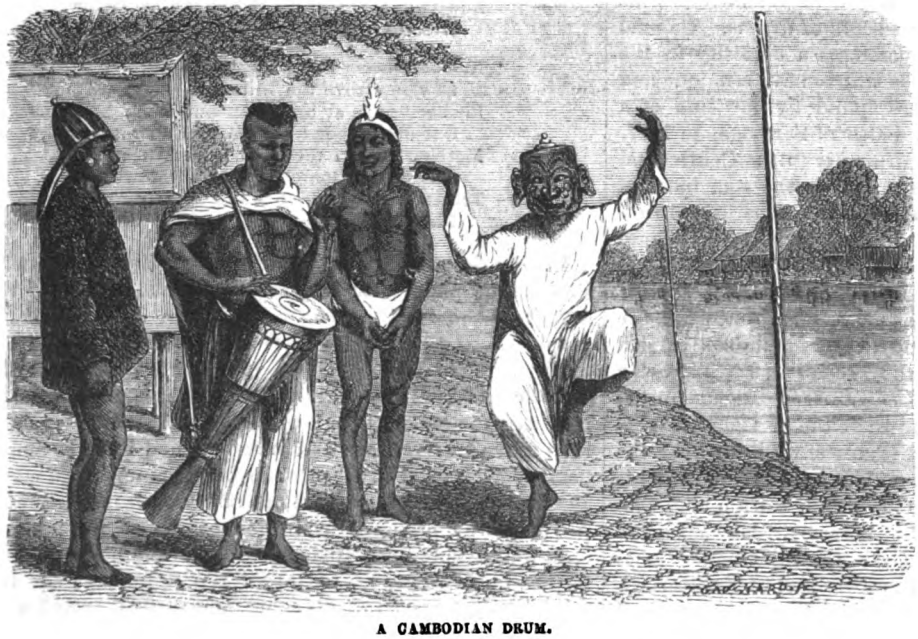
It is now proposed to do away even with field artillery, the claim being made that the long-range breechloading musket practically neutralizes the ten or twelve-pounder field-gun.

The recent French Minister of War, General Farré, to whom is due the abolition of the drum, has now decided to abolish that historic branch of the service, the corps of cuirassiers. The twelve regiments of that arm are to be transformed into mounted carabineers, equipped and armed like dragoons. These troops, now about to disappear from the army, were first organized in 1666. They

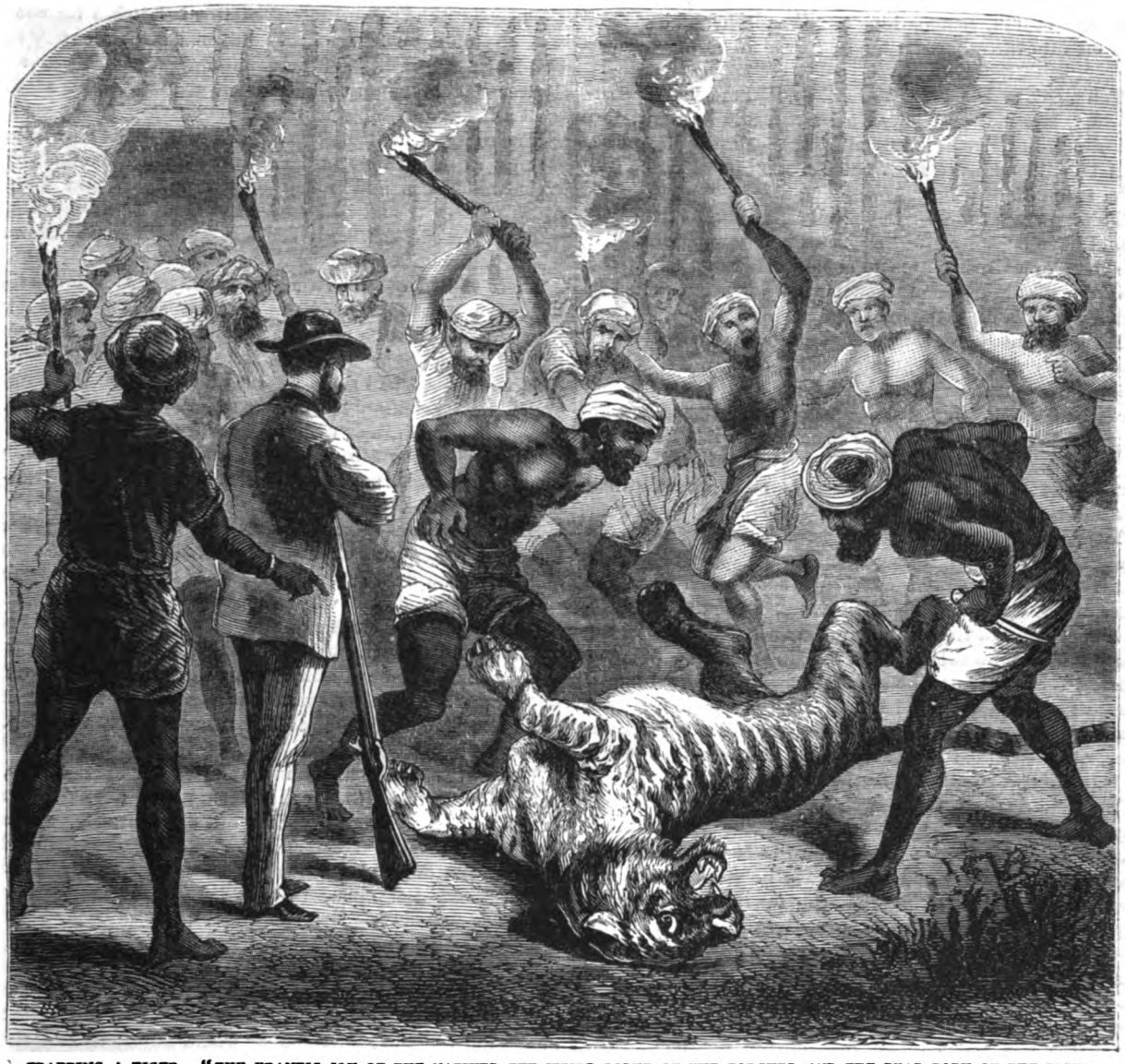


BORNEAN DRUM.

The drummers of New York City, however, might well adopt for their motto the proud legend, "Nulli Secundus," for in numbers and skill they can scarcely be surpassed. Such drum-majors as Strube, of the 22d Regiment, New York National Guard; McKeever, of the 8th; Smith, of the 7th; Hill, of the 9th; Jenks, of the 71st; Brown, of the 12th; Bulger, of the 69th; Berchet, of the 5th; Jones, of the 14th (Brooklyn), and Brounlee, of the 4th New Jersey, are quite equal to a contest with any competitors; while of individual drummers, Manning Burke, Tom Moran and Bob Campbell, of the 8th; Charles Kidney, and Service, of the 22d, and Will Moran, are celebrated as skilled in all the highest grades of artistic drumming. We believe, however, they have never entered into contests for deciding the pre-eminence of any individual or corps.



A CAMBODIAN DRUM.



TRAPPING A TIGER.—"THE FRANTIC JOY OF THE NATIVES, THE WEIRD LIGHT OF THE TORCHES, AND THE DEAD BODY OF THE TIGER, ALL FORMED A TABLEAU WHICH I SHALL NOT EASILY FORGET."

TRAPPING A TIGER.

I WAS once, several years ago, in charge of a large working party of Burmese laborers, employed in the construction of a military road over the Arakan Mountains. Being in the very heart of the jungles, at least a hundred miles distant from the nearest village, our accommodations were, as may be imagined, of the most primitive nature. My own hut, in which I lived, was altogether composed of bamboo, and of a rather superior style to that of the others, being raised from the ground about fourteen feet, the floor consisting of split bamboo, not joining very closely. The sheds, in which my party of coolies slept in at night-time, were mere excavations in the side of the hill, with a thin covering overhead of bamboo leaves, to protect them from the heavy dew. I had at least six hundred men, and the camp was consequently a very large and scattered one.

We had been encamped on this particular spot, a very high point on the range of mountains, for about three weeks, and everything had gone on smoothly, and there had been no signs of any wild animals, except that on several occasions we had heard at night-time the trumpeting of wild elephants in the neighborhood, varied still more rarely by the distant cry of a tiger. Suddenly, however, this peaceful state of things was changed, and the wildest terror was awakened by a fearful tragedy which occurred one dark and stormy night.

I had retired to rest, but was not yet asleep, listening to the peculiar wild and plaintive songs which came upon the night air from the numerous camp-fires scattered all about the hillside, when suddenly there arose an awful scream, followed by a terrible roar, such as I shall never forget; the very recollection of it, even now, chills my blood. It needed no explanation to tell me what had occurred. I knew too well the roar of the tiger not to be at once aware that it was one of those terrible animals that had found its way into our camp. To jump up and seize my rifle was the work of an instant, and I sallied forth toward the spot whence the scream had issued, and which was now the scene of the wildest uproar.

I soon came to the place, and found that the tiger had crept into one of the miserable little sheds in which three men had been lying, and had suddenly pounced upon the

one nearest him, seizing him in his mouth and carrying him off into the adjacent jungle, in which he was at once lost.

The man's screams had been, they told me, most heart-rending, but had gradually died away, and by the time I got there, not five minutes after the catastrophe, not a sound could be heard from the direction in which he had been taken off.

To follow the tiger in the pitchy darkness of the night would have been fruitless, either with any hope of saving the man or of being able to come upon the track of the animal, so, although most reluctantly, I was compelled to remain passive until the coming morning.

I need scarcely say that after what had occurred, there was not any more sleep in our startled camp. The knowledge that a man-eater, that most dreaded of all the terrors of an Indian jungle, was among us, banished any inclination for sleep, and it struck such terror into the hearts of my men, that before daybreak next morning, at least a hundred had deserted, fleeing back to their homes, which was several days' journey distant.

The instant that it was light enough for us to see distinctly, I started off, taking with me a couple of sepoys (native soldiers) of my guard. We soon came upon the trace of the tiger, and following it up, we found the half-devoured body of the poor fellow lying in the midst of the jungle. We bore the mangled remains back to camp, and leaving them there to be decently buried by his friends, whose grief at the sight was pitiable to behold, we again started to follow up the tiger, with but a faint hope, however, of being able to come up with it in the endless waste of bamboo and forest that lay before us.

We persevered in our search for the greater part of the day, meeting with plenty of signs of the beast having passed along before us; but we were at last obliged to relinquish the pursuit, and with heavy hearts, retraced our steps to our camp, fearing that the terrible scene of the preceding evening would be repeated during the darkness of the coming night.

Long before night had fairly set in camp-fires were lit in every direction, and every preparation made to keep them in all night long. No one cared to go to sleep, and the night was spent by my men sitting up round their respective fires, singing and occasionally shouting to drive away the brute, if it should be lurking in the vicinity.

I retired later than usual, and slept until daybreak—not being disturbed by any such terrible disturbance as on the previous night. I was still lying in bed, not having yet risen, when I was startled by a rustling, rushing noise right under the floor of my bamboo house, which, as I have before said, was raised some four feet from the ground.

Before I could even conjecture what was the cause of it, I again heard a fearful scream, and the same terrible roar, almost at the very door of the hut.

Jumping up and rushing to the door, I just caught a glimpse of the tiger disappearing down the side of the hill, carrying off in his mouth the shrieking form of one of my own servants. Before I could get my rifle and jump to the ground he had vanished.

The scene which ensued almost baffles description.

The night had passed so quietly that with the daylight all fear of any attack from the tiger had disappeared, and the men were all busily engaged in cooking their early morning meal. A rush was at once made for my hut, and I was soon surrounded by a crowd of terror-stricken and bewildered creatures, who as yet were ignorant of what had happened.

I soon discovered that the unfortunate man who had thus become the second victim of this insatiable monster was one of my own servants, who had slept securely in the house all night, and had, after daybreak, when all danger had seemingly passed over, gone to the rear to light a fire for cooking purposes.

The tiger, which had been evidently deterred from making a second visit into the camp among the men by their watch-fires and noisy demonstrations, had been prowling about, and had ensconced itself below my hut, where we could distinctly see the impress of its figure where it had been lying.

There it had quietly remained until my poor domestic had gone to the back of the hut, not more than a few yards; and, when he was doubtless engaged in lighting a fire, all unconscious of the terrible fate impending over him, the animal had rushed upon him and borne him off, shrieking unavailingly for succor. Again a party was started in pursuit, and with a similar result.

The corpse was recovered, half devoured and terribly mangled, brought back for interment, and another fruitless hunt ensued.

About midday I returned, feeling that it was a hopeless endeavor to obtain a chance of ever coming up with the animal in the dense jungle, but determined that another night should not pass without my at least attempting to revenge ourselves for the double tragedy which had been enacted in our midst.

As soon as I reached camp I set a number of men to cut down and bring in as quickly as possible a number of small trees, about six to nine inches in diameter, and about ten to twelve feet in height.

These were soon forthcoming, and just outside the camp, under a large tree, I had constructed a trap about fifteen or sixteen feet in length, having but one entrance, with a heavy falling-door. One end of a strong rope was fastened to this, the other was taken up into the tree above, in which I had determined to take my position as soon as night came on.

Inside this trap I tied up a calf and a goat as bait, and, as soon as it became dark, I took up my position in the tree, having in my hand the end of the rope fastened to the door below, which was so arranged that on the instant of my pulling the rope the door would fall down over the aperture, and be securely kept in position by an overhanging beam.

I do not think I ever spent a more anxious night. In momentary expectation of *hearing* the tiger enter the trap—for *seeing* anything was out of the question—and in dread that it might instead find its way into some of the men's sheds, and repeat the terrible scene of the two preceding nights, the time seemed to be fearfully long. My every sense, every nerve, was strained to the utmost; and, as hour after hour passed and nothing occurred, I began to give up hope of our plan being successful.

All at once I heard the unfortunate calf and goat inside the trap, which had hitherto given only an occasional bleat, utter louder and more frequent cries. I surmised that their more acute senses had felt the approach of danger, and I now anxiously awaited the coming moment.

I had not long to wait, for the next instant I knew, by the piercing and agonizing sounds which came up from the interior of the trap that the tiger was inside!

I immediately pulled the rope, and had the satisfaction of hearing the door drop into its place.

Giving the preconcerted signal, and scrambling down from the tree, I was in a few moments joined by a crowd of natives, all bearing lighted torches, by the aid of which we could distinguish through the interstices of the trees which formed the trap the tawny hide of our dreaded

enemy. He had now realized the trap into which he had fallen, and his roars and his attempts to escape were terrible; but we had made the trap so strong that it defied all his efforts.

Aiming as well as I could, I fired several shots through the open spaces whenever I could get an opportunity, and soon we saw that the tiger had received a mortal wound.

When we were sure that it was dead, the door was opened. And, amidst a clamor of voices and waving of torches, the animal which had caused us so much terror and devastation was ignominiously dragged forth.

The scene at that moment was one of the most picturesque and wild that can be imagined. The frantic joy of the natives, the weird light of the torches, the pitchy darkness of the background, and the dead body of the tiger, all formed a *tableau* which I shall not easily forget.

CHATSWORTH.

By N. Robinson.

Chatsworth! I had been hearing of its splendors from boyhood's hour. "Go and see Chatsworth! No fairy tale could give you an idea of its superbness, its beauty, its art treasures, its galleries and gardens, its pleasaunces and parks." This, when mentioning Eaton Hall, Penshurst, Knowle, Alton Towers and other of the stately and baronial houses of England. Everybody of my acquaintance who had been to Chatsworth sang the same song. One gushed over Canova's "Hebe," another over the portrait of the beautiful Duchess, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; a third over the Ancient Masters, a fourth over Henry VII.'s prayer-book, a fifth over the priceless *bric-à-brac*, a sixth over the furniture, a seventh over Grinling Gibbons's wood carving, an eighth over the orangery, a ninth over the conservatory, and so on, until I resolved, *coûte que coûte*, upon making a pilgrimage to this world-renowned shrine, and a lovely, Summer morning in '80 found me strolling through the deliciously picturesque little village of Edensor, having just disposed of a cut of Cheshire to a tankard of home brewed ale at the quaint and charming hostelry known as the Chatsworth Arms.

Chatsworth, the most magnificent private mansion in "Merrie England," is popularly called one of the Wonders of the Peak, and in art occupies a similar position to that claimed by the other curiosities of the district in the kingdom of nature. The Manor of Chatsworth at the Norman survey belonged to the Crown, and was in the custody of William of Peverell, who, upon the grant of property received from William the Conqueror, built for himself the fortress to this day called "The Castle of the Peak."

Chatsworth was for many generations the property of a family named Leche, or Leech, one of whom, named John, was chirurgeon (or *leech*) to Edward III. By this family the estate was sold, in the sixteenth century, to the family of Agard, of whom it was purchased by Sir William Cavendish, since which it has been the principal country-seat of the noble family of Cavendish.

The original Chatsworth House, built by William Cavendish about the middle of the sixteenth century, was a quadrangular building with turrets. Its earliest celebrity has a melancholy interest, it being one of the prisons of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots.

The unfortunate Queen was first brought captive to Chatsworth in May or June, 1570, from Tutbury Castle, probably spending a short time on her way at another of the Earl's residences, Wingfield Manor. Here she remained for some months, and here, it is pleasant to know, the severity of her confinement was in some degree relaxed; yet the surveillance kept over her by the Earl of Shrewsbury was enough to disappoint a scheme laid for her release by two sons of the Earl of Derby and a Derbyshire gentleman, named Hall. At this time the Queen of Scots' establishment consisted of thirty persons.

During this same year, at Chatsworth, it was that the series of personal negotiations which kept hope alive in the breast of the fair captive was commenced, and in which Cecil and Mildmay, who were at Chatsworth in October, took part. At this time the project of removing her to Sheffield was mooted, and on his return to Court from Chatsworth, Cecil wrote his memorable letter, allowing her a little horse exercise about the grounds at Chatsworth. This letter was followed by another, giving the irate Queen's promise to remove Mary to Sheffield, whither she was taken a little before Christmas. The orders for the government of the household of the captive Queen after her removal were so stringent and so curious that they will, no doubt, be read with interest. The original document, which I have perused, is preserved in the Cottonian Library in the British Museum. It is as follows:

To the Mr of the Scotts Queene's household, Mr. Beton.

First.—That all your people wich appertayneth to the Queen shall depart from the Queen's chamber or chambers to their own lodging at IX of the clock at night, winter and summer, whatsoe'er he or she, either to their lodging within the house or without in the Toune, there to remain till the next day at VI of the clock.

Item.—That none of the Queen's people shall at no time wear his sword neither within the house, nor when her Grace rydeth or goeth abroad, unless the Master of the Household himself to weare a sword, and no more without my special license.

Item.—That there shall none of the Quen's people carry any bow or shaftes, at no tyme, neither to the field nor to the butts, unless it be foure or fyve, and no more, being in the Queen's companye.

Item.—That none of the Quen's people shall ryde or go at no tyme abroad out of the House or toune without my special license, and if he or they so doth, they or he shall come no more in at the gates, neither in the toune, whatsoever he, or she, or they may be.

Item.—That youe or some of the Queen's chamber, when her Grace will walke abroad, shall advertyse the officer of my warde, who shall declare the message to me one houer before she goeth forth.

Item.—That none of the Queen's people, whatsoever he or they be, not once offer at no tyme to come forth of their chamber or lodging when anie alarum is given by night or daie, whether they be in the Queen's chamber or in their chambers within the house, or withoute in the toune, and yf he or they keep not their chamber or lodgings whatsoever that be, he or they shall stande at their perill for death.

At Shefeild, the 26 daie of
April, 1571, per me
Shrewsburie.

These orders satisfied Elizabeth, for Cecil says: "The Q Maty lyketh well of all your ordres."

The Earl, to insure her safe keeping, took to himself forty extra servants, chosen from his tenantry, to keep watch day and night. So this must, indeed, have been a busy and a bustling, as well as an anxious, time at Chatsworth and at Sheffield.

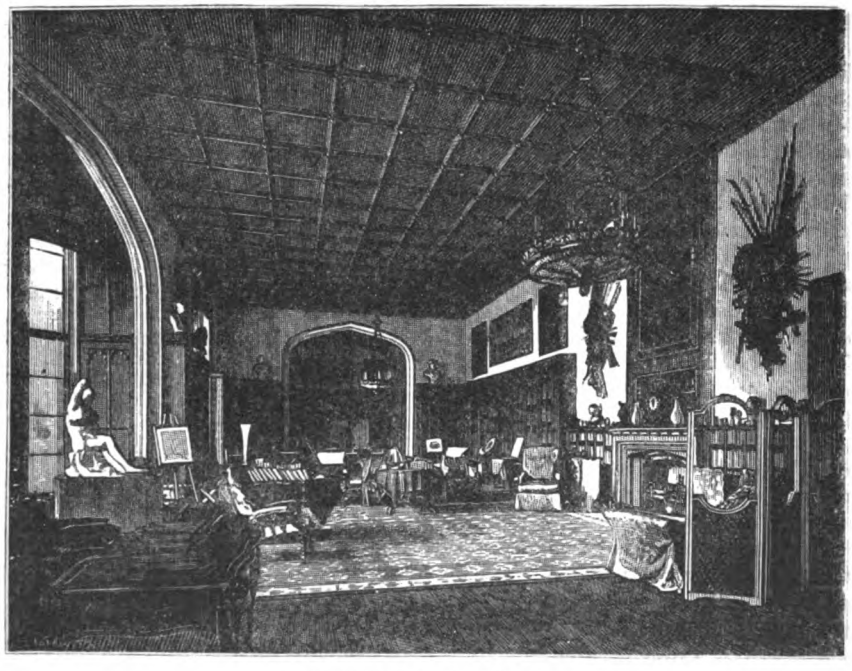
In the Autumn of 1573 Mary was once more at Chatsworth, but in November was back again, as close a pris-

VIEW OF CHATSWORTH.

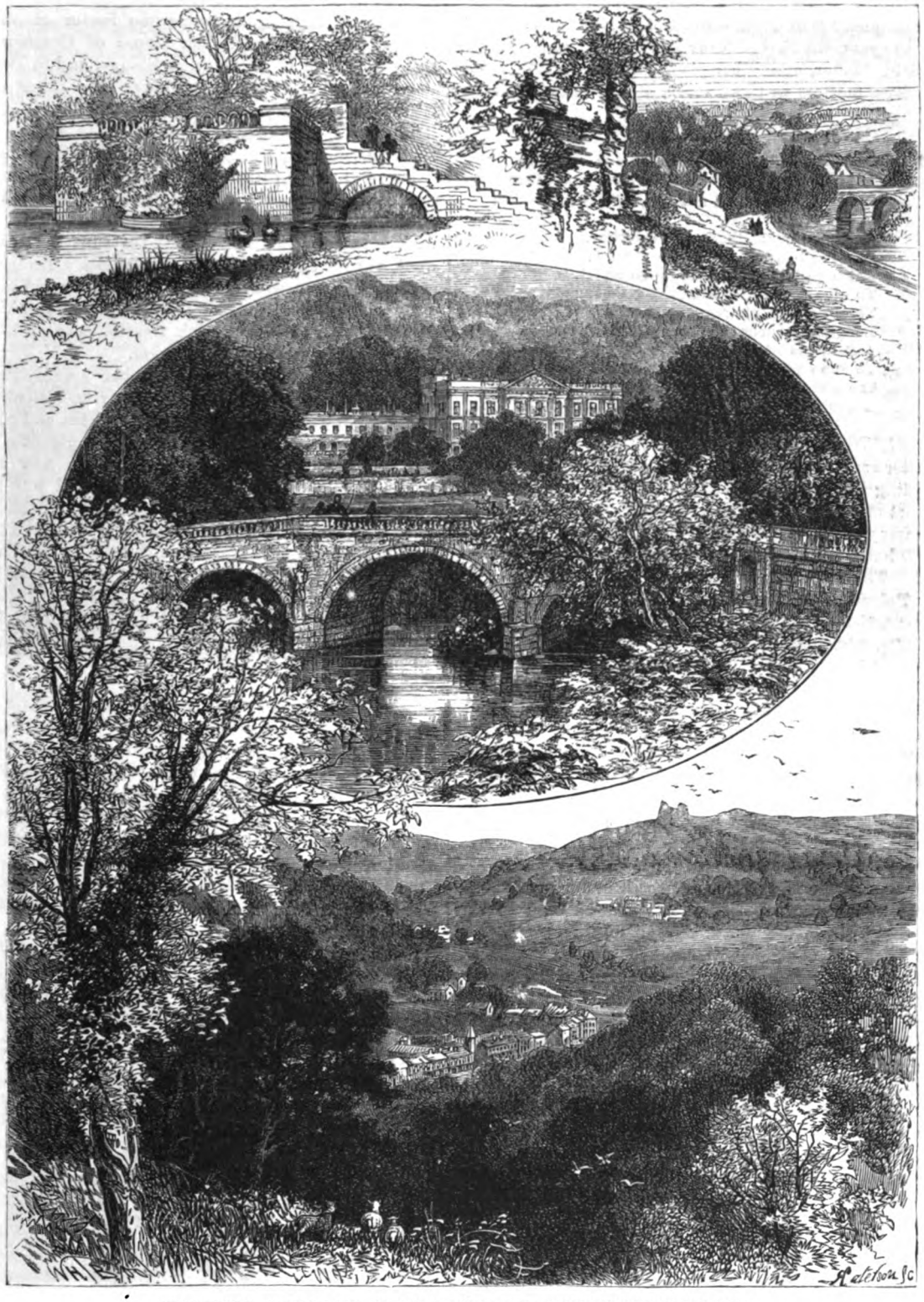
oner as ever, at Sheffield. Again, in 1577, she was, for a short time, at Chatsworth, at which period the Countess of Shrewsbury was still building there. It was in this year that the Countess wrote to her husband the letter endeavoring to induce him to spend the Summer there, in which she uses the strange expressions: "Lette me here how you, your charge and *love* dothe, and commende me, I pray you." In 1581 Mary was again brought to Chatsworth, and probably was there at other times than those I have indicated. In any case, the fact of her being there, kept a captive, invests the place with a powerful interest of a far different kind from any other it possesses. One solitary reminder—"Mary Queen of Scots' Bower"—of this ill-starred sovereign's captivity at Chatsworth now exists; and to this I will make reference further on.

It is also essential here to note that during these troublesome times the ill-fated Arabella Stuart—the child of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, and of his wife, Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of Sir William Cavendish, by his wife, "Bess of Hardwick," was born at Chatsworth. The beautiful, much-injured, and ill-fated Lady Arabella, whose sole crime was that she was born a Stuart, is thus in more ways than one like her relative, Mary Queen of Scots, not only mixed up with Chatsworth, but with the family of its noble possessor.

The incidents of the life of this young, beautiful and accomplished lady, which form one of the most touching episodes in English history—the jealous eye with which Elizabeth looked upon her from her birth—the careful watch set upon her by Cecil—the trials of Raleigh and his friends—her troubles with her aunt (Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury)—her being placed under restraint—her marriage with Seymour—her seizure, imprisonment, suffering and death, a hopeless lunatic in the



THE LIBRARY AT CHATSWORTH.



CHATSWORTH AND MATLOCK—QUEEN MARY'S BOWER—BRIDGE OVER THE DERWENT.

Tower of London, where she had been thrown by her cousin, King James I., are all matters of history, and invest her short sad life with a melancholy interest. One of the old ballads to which her misfortunes gave rise thus alludes to her connection with Derbyshire:

"'My lands and livings so well known
Unto your books of majesty,
Amount to twelve score pounds a wee
Besides what I do give,' quoth she.

"'In gallant Derbyshire, likewise,
I nine-score beadsmen maintain there,
With hats and gowns and house-rent free,
And every man five marks a year.'"

During the Civil Wars the old hall of Chatsworth was taken possession of, and garrisoned, in 1643, for the Parliament, by Sir John Gell, being then placed under the command of Captain Stafford, from whose company, at Chatsworth, in the latter part of the year, forty musketeers were

ordered to be drafted off, and joined to the army of Fairfax for his proposed march to Chesterfield and the north. At the end of the year, the Earl of Newcastle's forces, having taken Wingfield Manor, and other places in the county, made themselves masters of Chatsworth, and garrisoned it for the King.

Charles Cotton, the "Poet of the Peak," who resided in the neighborhood, has written a quaint descriptive of Chatsworth in the time of the Stuarts; he concludes thus, after describing the park and exterior of the mansion:

> "Cross the court, thro' a fine portico,
> Into the body of the house you go;
> But here I may not dare to go about,
> To give account of everything throughout
> The lofty hall, staircases, galleries,
> Lodgings, apartments, closets, offices,
> And rooms of state; for should I undertake
> To show what 'tis doth them so glorious make,
> The pictures, sculptures, carving, graving, gilding,
> 'Twould be as long in writing as in building."

In 1687, William Cavendish, third Earl of Devonshire, who was afterward created Duke of Devonshire, commenced rebuilding the house. In 1692, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, came down from London and surveyed the works, at which time it appears that $45,000 had been expended; 1706 saw the rebuilding completed. The Duke seems to have been determined to erect a true Palace of Art, and for that purpose he employed the best artists of the time in its decoration. In 1820 the late Duke, who succeeded to the title in 1811, commenced some great improvements at Chatsworth, by erecting, from the designs of Sir Jeffrey Wyatt, the north wing, containing, with all the domestic offices, a number of other apartments, as well as dining-rooms, sculpture-gallery, orangery, banqueting-room and pavilion, and by altering and rearranging several other rooms. The grounds and gardens also were very materially remodeled and improved by this gifted nobleman, under the direction of his head gardener, Paxton, afterward Sir Joseph, the designer of the great London Exhibition of 1851.

Having now traced, so far as is necessary for my present purpose, the history of Chatsworth, I shall turn to the noble and historical family of Cavendish, its owners.

The family of Cavendish traces back to the Conquest, when Robert de Gernon, who came over with the Conqueror, was rewarded by him for his services with large grants of land in Derbyshire. His descendants held considerable land in Derbyshire, as did also Sir William Gernon, Lord of Bakewell, and Geoffrey de Gernon, of Moor Hall, near Bakewell. From the second of these, Geoffrey de Gernon, the Cavendishes are descended, his son, Roger de Gernon, who died in 1334, having married the heiress of the lord of the Manor of Cavendish, in Suffolk, and by her had issue four sons, all of whom assumed the name of Cavendish from that warrior. It was a Cavendish who killed Wat Tyler, and was knighted therefor by the King; but the immediate line was founded by Sir William Cavendish, son of George Cavendish, who wrote the "Life of Cardinal Wolsey." Philip, the fourth Earl of Devonshire, was one of the principals in bringing about "the glorious Revolution" of 1688, and placing William III. on the throne, the place of meeting for plotting being on Whittington Moor, not many miles from Chatsworth, at a small cottage-inn known as the "Cock at Pynot"—*pynot* being the primeval name for magpie—still existing. I have tasted its cheese and ale—ay, and in the room called "the plotting-parlor," an apartment held in the very highest veneration unto this very day.

The present noble owner of princely Chatsworth is the seventh Duke of Devonshire, and his eldest son is the Marquis of Hartington, sometime leader of the great Liberal party in the British House of Commons. The Duke is patron of thirty-nine livings, and in Derbyshire alone is lord of forty-six manors. His other seats are Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire; Holkar Hall, in Cartmel; Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire; Lismore Castle, Ireland; Compton Place, Sussex, and Devonshire House, London.

There are four principal entrances to Chatsworth Park, two of which—those at Edensor and Edensor Mill—are public, and the other two, at Baslow and Beely, are private. Near the Edensor Mill lodge runs the River Derwent, spanned by the single arch of Beely Bridge, which is charmingly entwined in trees and shrubs and mosses.

By whichever of the lodges the visitor enters this "wide domain," he will have a rich treat of scenery to interest him in his progress to the mansion.

Arrived at the house, after proper application at the lodge and the necessary permission having been obtained, I was ushered past a magnificent pair of gates, and conducted through the courtyard, where stands a gigantic weeping ash, to the state entrance. Having been now admitted within the pale, the first room I entered was the Sub Hall, a spacious apartment, the ceiling of which is enriched by a vivid copy of Guido's "Aurora." The sculpture in this sub-hall includes a statue of Domitian, busts of Homer, Jupiter, Ariadne, Socrates, Caracalla, and others. From this hall I was ushered into the North Corridor, and turning to the left, passed along an exquisitely inlaid marble floor to the Great Hall, which occupies the whole length of the eastern side of the quadrangle.

The Great Hall is a noble room, sixty feet in length by twenty-seven feet in width, and of the full height of the two principal stories of the mansion. The floor is of polished marble, laid in a remarkably geometric design, in mosaic of black and white veined marbles. In the centre of the hall stands an enormous table, of Derbyshire marble, and the mantelpiece, which is very massive, is also of marble. At the south end of the hall is the grand staircase, leading to the State Apartments, and at the north end, beyond the corridor, are the north stairs. The hall has four windows, and galleries of communication between the north and south, midway in height, run along the sides. The ceiling and walls of the upper story are painted, in the most masterly manner, in historical subject—events in the life of Julius Cæsar. They are, his crossing the Rubicon; his passing over to his army at Brundusium; sacrificing before going to the Senate, after the closing of the Temple of Janus; and his death in the Senate House at the base of Pompey's Pillar; and on the ceiling is his apotheosis, or deification. Between the windows, and in the window-cases, are also painted trophies of arms, entwined with wreaths of flowers. In the hall are two remarkably fine bronze busts, placed upon pedestals, and other interesting objects, among which is a fine canoe, the gift of the Sultan to the late Duke. Over the fireplace is a marble tablet inscribed in Latin, and which may be thus translated:

> These well-beloved ancestral halls,
> Begun in the year of English Freedom, 1688,
> William Spencer, Duke of Devonshire, inherited in 1811,
> And completed in the year of sorrow, 1840.

The "year of sorrow" being that of the death of the much-loved Countess of Burlington, the wife of the present noble owner of Chatsworth. On the exterior of the grand hall are trophies of arms carved in *alto-relievo*.

In this hall I dutifully inscribed my humble name in the visitors' book, and having done so, moved up a

grand staircase, which leads to the various suites of apartments. The house is three stories in height, and these are known as the basement, the library and the stateroom stories. A part of each story is shown to visitors. It is not my intention to describe these various apartments in the order in which they are shown, but will speak of them according to the stories on which they occur. First I will take the upper, or stateroom story, which, like the others, runs round the four sides of the quadrangle. The stateroom and sketch-gallery occupy the south side; a grand staircase is at the southeast angle; the continuation of the gallery of old masters, the broad staircase, and a number of bedrooms, including the Sabine-room, occupy the west side; the north is taken up with bedrooms, with the north staircase on the north end angle; while on the east are "Mary Queen of Scots' Rooms," so-called because occupying the same position as those used by her in the old mansion, which was removed and rebuilt, and other suites of splendid sleeping apartments.

The sketch-gallery, which, as we have said, occupies the south and a part of the west side, contains, perhaps, the most choice and extensive collection of original drawings by the Old Masters in any private collection, embracing the Italian, French, Flemish, Venetian, Spanish and other schools; and containing matchless examples of Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, Albert Dürer, Titian, Rembrandt, Rubens, Leonardo di Vinci, Poussin, Claude, Salvator Rosa, Correggio, Luca Signorella, Andrea del Sarto, La Spagna, Giulio Romano, Caravaggio, Zucchero, Andreo Mantagna, Pamigiano, Giorgine, Guilio Campagnola, Paul Veronese, the Carracci, Guido Reni, Domenichino, Guercino, Holbein, Lucas Cranach, Lucas Van Leyden, Vandyke, Van der Velde, Jan Miel, and, indeed, of almost any well-known name.

The collection was formed by the second Duke of Devonshire, at considerable cost; the nucleus having commenced at Rotterdam. Among those by Michael Angelo are: "A Study for the Ceiling of the Sistine Chapel"; some spirited figures for the same ceiling, and a Virgin and Child. By Leonardo di Vinci, a fine head of the Virgin. By Raffaelle, the sketch for the picture by Pinturicchio at Sienna, of "Æneas Silvius Kissing the foot of Pope Eugenius IV. at the Council of Basle"; the figure of St. Paul for the Cartoon of "The Sacrifice at Lystra"; "St. Catherine," the original sketch from the picture now in the National Gallery, London; "The Virgin and Child"; "Joseph Discovering himself to his Brethren," and others. By Holbein, some of the finest known examples, including the "Fall of Phæton," "The Last Judgment," "Hagar and Ishmael," "Diana and Actæon," and others.

Speaking of Holbein reminds me of a visit I once paid to Powerscourt, the beautiful and picturesque seat of Lord Powerscourt, in the County of Wicklow, in company with Tom Taylor, then editor of *Punch*, and art-critic to the *Times*. After luncheon—the potatoes had their jackets on, and were served in wooden bowls, a specialty at Powerscourt—his lordship proceeded to exhibit his collection of ancient masters, which is both unique and of very high value.

"Now for my Holbein," said Lord Powerscourt, bringing us face to face with the portrait of a grim-looking gentleman in the funereal gown of the period.

Tom Taylor adjusted his spectacles, and after a somewhat prolonged and highly critical stare, exclaimed, with his usual bluntness: "That's not a Holbein."

"Oh, but it is," cried our noble host. "I have, in addition to the *prima facie* evidence, all the records necessary to prove it to be not only a Holbein, but a magnificent example of that master."

"My lord," said Tom, "I was chairman of a committee appointed to select a Holbein for an exhibition at South Kensington. We received ninety-two Holbeins. How many did we reject as being not from the brush of that master at all? *Ninety-six.*"

The State Apartments at Chatsworth, which are entered from the gallery, consist of a splendid suite of rooms, occupying the entire length of the building. The entrance is through a small apartment, around the walls of which is arranged a fine collection of examples of ceramic art, including many good specimens of the more famous English and foreign makes.

The State Dining-room possesses a coved ceiling, beautifully painted, the subject being, in the centre, the flight of Mercury on his mission to Paris; and, on the coving, groups representing the Arts and Sciences. The wood-carving in the room, as in the whole of this suite of apartments, is of the most wonderful and exquisitely beautiful character, and is unmatched in any other existing mansion. This apartment contains some fine Japan, inlaid, and other cabinets, and curious old earthenware; and on the walls, in addition to a clever picture in mosaic, is one frame containing what is universally admitted to be the finest and most wonderful specimen of wood-carving ever executed. It is usually called "Grinling Gibbons's Masterpiece." The "masterpiece" is a group consisting of a cravat of point-lace, as close and delicate in the open work as the finest lace itself; a woodcock, some foliage, and a medal with a bust in relief.

The old State Bedroom is a very fine and interesting apartment, though one I would not particularly care to sleep in. The ceiling, which is coved, is splendidly painted, the principal subject being "Aurora Chasing Away the Night," and the walls are hung with embossed leather of rich arabesque patterns, heavily gilded; the frieze, also of embossed leather, is richly foliated with medallions and coronets. Over the doorways are matchless examples of wood-carving of groups of musical instruments; in one group is suspended a medallion head of Charles II., and on the other a watch. Over and around the chimney-piece are cherubs' heads, birds, foliage, etc., of the same fine class of wood-carving. In this room, besides cabinets, vases and beakers, and a charming model of the tomb of Madame Langlaw at Hildebank, near Berne—in which the spirits of the mother and child are seen bursting through their broken tomb—is a noble and ancient embroidered canopy and state chair, the work of Christiana, wife of the second Earl of Devonshire. In this room, also, I was shown the coronation-chair and footstools of George III. and Queen Charlotte, and of William IV. and Queen Adelaide, and a wardrobe that belonged to Louis XVI.

The State Music-room, like the others, contains some exquisite wood-carving. The walls are hung with embossed leather, richly gilt and heightened with blue, and the frieze has the medallion heads, crest and monogram of the last Duke. The ceiling is painted with mythological subjects, and the room contains several interesting pictures and busts. I was "awfully sold" by a curious piece of deceptive painting on one of the double doors leading to the gallery—a fiddle painted so cleverly on the door as to bear, in the subdued light of the half-closed portal, all the appearances of the instrument itself hanging on a peg. This matchless piece of painting was done by Verrio to deceive Gibbons, who, in his carving, had deceived others by his close imitation of nature.

The State Drawing-room has its walls hung with tapestry from Raffaelle's cartoons—the Princess Louise has one piece at Rideau Hall which surpasses any single piece at

Chatsworth, at least in my judgment—and the carved ceiling is splendidly painted with mythological and allegorical subjects. Above the chimneypiece, around an oval, in which is a portrait of the first Duke, are cupids, trophies, shells, masks, helmets, arms, etc., and an owl. Among the furniture and adornments of this room are some fine examples of China, worth "living up to," and earthenware, "quite too preciously utter," and a remarkably large malachite table.

The State Dining-room, which forms the southeast angle of the building, is a superb apartment, the ceiling of which, by Verrio, is of a masterly conception, representing, among an assemblage of gods and goddesses, the Fates cutting the thread of life, etc., and on one side of the coving is a monogram of the letter D. The carvings in this noble apartment are of matchless character, almost bewildering me in their rich profusion. In the panels of the wainscoted walls are festoons of flowers, etc.; over one doorway is a group of leaves and corn, and over the other two are splendid groups of crabs, lobsters, fish, and wondrous seaweed.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Over the fireplace, across the top, and hanging down the sides of an octagonal tablet, is the richest of all the rich carvings of this suite of rooms. It consists of dead game—heron, pheasants, etc.,—over and around the game a net is loosely thrown. I actually felt it, to ascertain if it was of cord—so natural is it—which, hanging down the sides, forms a groundwork of festoons; on the loops hang pheasants, woodcocks, grouse, partridges, snipes, and other birds, so true to life that it is only by careful examination the spectator can discover that they, with the net and all the moldings, are carved out of solid wood. In this room are several busts in marble by Chantrey, Nollekens, and others. I recognized the Emperor Nicholas of Russia and his Empress; Fox—the statue in the lobby of the House of Commons expresses the man in a higher degree of intensity—and Canning. The cabinets of rare old china would set a collector crazy. I handled—what?—the rosary of Henry VIII.; only fancy bluff King Hal with the beads lying on his portly paunch! There are several sets of ivory chessmen, carved as if by fairy fingers. The *cicerone*, in the usual singsong, drew my attention to a malachite clock, presented to the late Duke by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia:

"This — 'ere — is — the—malaykite—clock—as—was—presented — by—the—h'Emperor—Nicholas—of—all—the—Russias—to—'is—Grace—the—late—Dook — It—strikes—the — quarters—and—'arves—and—shows—the—condition—of—the—lunar—h'orbit."

I was particularly struck by an exquisitely sculptured marble model of the Victoria Regia.

From this room a doorway opens on the Grand Staircase, the casings of the doorways being of carved marble. Crossing a corridor, I was informed that "this 'ere is the rooms of the unfortunate, but beautiful, Mary Queen of Scots, who rebelled against Queen Elizabeth, who cut horf er 'ed."

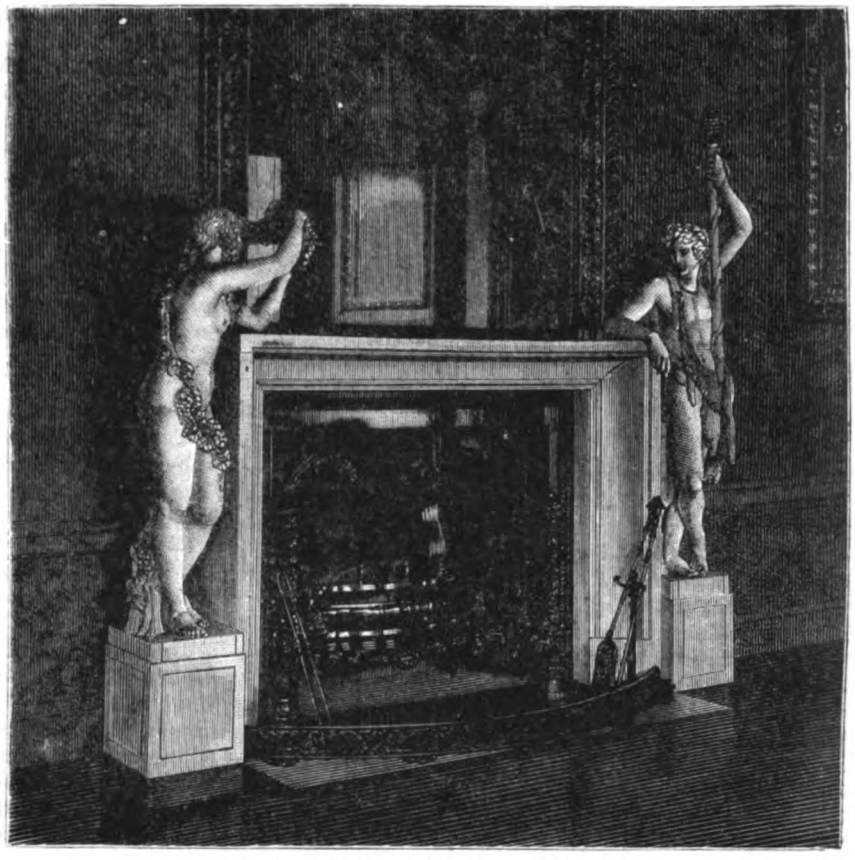
These rooms are called the "Mary Queen of Scots' Rooms," because they occupy the same position in the present building as those used by her did in the old one; they overlook the inner court or quadrangle on its east side. The other suites of bedrooms adjoining are known as the "Leicester" and "Wellington" rooms, and are fitted, as may well be supposed, in a style of princely magnificence. I beheld the bed and bedroom suite used by Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria on the occasion of her visit to Chatsworth. The suite is of satin wood, hung in green and white satine. The bed looked very comfortable, and I trust Her Majesty found it equal to its appearance.

After doing the bedchambers, I was conducted to the Sabine-room, so called from the picture of the "Rape of the Sabines," by which it is adorned. This singular apartment, when the doors are closed, is one large painting, the whole surface, from floor to ceiling, doors included,

being painted with figures, groups, architecture, etc.

The Middle or Library Story, in addition to occupying the four sides of the quadrangle or inner court—in the same manner as the upper story — extends the whole length of the north wing; it is, therefore, the most extensive and important part of the mansion. The Grand Staircase is at the inner south-end angle. The south side is taken up with the Gallery of Paintings, the Chapel, the Billiard-rooms, and the two Drawing-rooms; the west, the Gallery of Paintings, the west staircase, and suites of bedrooms; and the east side by galleries of the great hall, and the Library and outer-library. The north wing, continuing in a line with the libraries, comprises the Dining-room, Sculpture Gallery and Orangery.

I spent a "round five minutes" in the Gallery of Paintings opposite Landseer's "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," the engravings of which are so delightfully familiar. The Abbey, by-the-by, is in possession of the Duke of Devonshire, and a superb ruin. Lord Hartington occasionally visits it, as cheek by jowl with its cloistered shades is a shooting-box, and the lordly stag of ten tyne is weighed in front of the lodge, as in the "Olden Time." In this Gallery is a glorious collection of family portraits, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, every one of which is worth a King's ransom.



WESTMACOTT MANTELPIECE AT CHATSWORTH.

THE HEBE OF CANOVA.

The Billiard or Music room, and the Grand Drawing-rooms, which form one continued suite, are as well-proportioned, as chastely and elegantly decorated and as magnificently finished as it is possible to conceive, in addition to which they contain a matchless array of works of art. Here is Sir Joshua Reynolds's celebrated picture of "The Beautiful Duchess" of Devonshire; Rembrandt's grand head of a Jewish Rabbi, and picture-gems by Claude, Murillo, Bassano, Steinwyck, Salvator Rosa, Titian, Berghem, Gasper Poussin, Leonardo di Vinci, Primaticcio, Parmigiano, Watteau, Teniers, Breughel, Guercino, Giordione, Carlo Maratti, Jan Miel, and others. It was agonizing to be torn away from these wondrous creations by the worthless sing-song of the dreary guide; but "Move on" was the word, and I was compelled to follow my soulless *cicerone*.

I had another feast of Tantalus in the Grand Drawing-room, for here I encountered the portraits of Philip II., by Titian; Admiral Capella, and Antonia de Dorminis, by Tintoretto; Henry VIII., by Holbein; Mary Queen of Scots, by Zucchero, and Charles I., by Jansen. To be hurried past these to a litany chanted through the nose was bad enough, but to be compelled to snatch but a mere passing glance at the Hebe of Canova was something quite too utterly disastrous.

I remained in a window to drink in the magnificent view of the grounds. Immediately beneath was the spacious lawn, bordered with raised porticos, festoons, flower-beds, and sculpture; in the centre of the lawn is a basin, with a central and four other fountains. Beyond this is seen the lake, skirted on its sloping sides with majestic fruit-trees and grassy slopes and statuary, with a fountain called the "Empreror" casting up its waters to an enormous height, the park stretching out to the right. The sight was one worthy of "Merrie England."

The next apartment I visited was the Library, which is about ninety feet long by twenty-three broad. It is stated, and nowhere contradicted, that it is the most *recherché*, the best arranged, and most perfect library in existence. It has eight windows. The ceiling is white-and-gold, with paintings by Louis Charon. The mahogany bookcases are divided into presses by gilt metal columns, from which stand out the pillars supporting the gallery. In the glass cases and table presses is one of the richest and

rarest collection of books and MSS. which any house can boast. I can only refer to the famous Anglo-Saxon MS. of Caedmon and the prayer-book of Henry VII., which is of octavo size and consists of a hundred and eighty-six leaves of vellum, on several of which are miniatures in the most exquisite coloring and design. This book was given by Henry VII. to his daughter Margaret, Queen of Scotland, mother to the Lady Margaret Douglas, who in turn gave it to the Archbishop of St. Andrews. It contains the following among other touching gift lines:

"Remembre yr kynde and lowng fader in yor. prayers.
"HENRY R."

"Pray for your loving father who gave you this booke and gave you God's blessing and mine."

"My good Lorde of St. tandrews, I pray you pray for me that gave you thys bouk. Yours to my powr. MARGARET."

I was also awe-struck with the *compotus* of Bolton Abbey, 1287 to 1385; the "Liber Veritatus" of Claude Lorraine, for which no less a sum than $100,000 was at one time offered, and a splendid collection of Wykeyn de Worde's and Caxton's printing.

Passing out of this splendid apartment, I found myself in the Ante-Library, formed of two exquisite little rooms filled with rare books. The smaller is a perfect architectural gem, of apsidal form, the dome supported by a series of columns and pilasters with Corinthian capitals. On the north staircase, beside the full-length portrait of George IV., the "First gentleman in Europe" and the biggest blackguard, I was struck by a curious old painting, nearly life-size, of the "Flying Childers," with the following "certificate" of the age of the horse:

"September ye 28, 1719.
"This is to certify that the bay stoned horse his Grace the Duke of Devonshire bought of me was bred by me, and was five years old last grass, and no more. Witness my hand.
"LEO CHILDERS."

The Dining-room is a spacious and lordly apartment with a slightly "barrel-shaped" ceiling, divided into hexagonal panels filled with roses and foliated flowers richly gilt. The doors, at one end opening into the vestibule leading into the cabinet library, and at the other into the sculpture-gallery, have their cases of white marble; the entablatures supported on massive Ionic columns. The room is lit by five windows on its east side, and opposite to these are two superb white marble chimney-pieces, each of which has two life-size statues, two by Westmacott and two by Sievier. Around the room are six side-tables; two are of hornblende, two of Siberian jasper, and two of porphyritic sienite. The walls are adorned with family portraits by Vandyke, who is here to be seen at his best.

Now I come to "the glory of Chatsworth," the Sculpture-gallery, which is entered from the dining-room at one end, the other opening upon the orangery. The gallery is one hundred and three feet long, thirty feet wide, is of proportionate height, and lighted from the roof. The walls are of finely dressed sandstone, and the doorcases of Derbyshire marble, the entablature supported by Corinthian columns and pilasters of various marbles with gilt capitals.

It were impossible, within the limits of this article, to enumerate the priceless gems in this wondrous storehouse of art. I shall merely mention a few, the fascination of which, like a delicious perfume, hangs round me still. By Canova, the statue of Endymion sleeping, his dog watching at his feet; a statue of Hebe; a statue of Madame Mère, the mother of Napoleon I.; a colossal bust of Napoleon; a bust of Madame Mère; a bust of Petrarch's Laura. By Thorwaldsen, a statue of Venus with an apple; *bassi relievi* of Priam petitioning Achilles for the dead body of Hector; Briseis taken from Achilles by the heralds. By Chantrey, a bust of George IV. By Finelli, a statue of Cupid playing with a butterfly. By Rennie, a colossal bust of Achilles. By Nollekens, busts of Charles James Fox and of the fifth Duke of Devonshire.

From the Art Gallery, in which I lingered as long as might be, I stepped into the Orangery, between two colossal lions by Canova. The Orangery is one hundred and eight feet long and twenty-seven wide. The trees are interspersed with statuary. Passing out of this tropical paradise, I entered the Ballroom, or Banqueting-room, a magnificent apartment, eighty-one feet long by thirty wide, and very lofty. Over the room is the Pavilion, from which I obtained a most extensive and charming view of the surrounding country.

The Basement contains, on the north, the entrance, sub-hall, north corridor, and various private apartments. The west front is occupied by the Duke's private suite of rooms, the Marquis of Hartington's private rooms, the west entrance, and the west staircase and corridor. The south side comprises the south corridor, the chapel, the Oak Room, the south entrance, the Stag Parlor, and other apartments.

Beneath the great staircase in the great hall is the Grotto Room. The Oak Room, formerly the Chaplain's Room, is lined on all sides with the most magnificent old oak carvings of panels, figures, birds, etc., etc., and the ceiling is supported by four majestic twisted oak pillars, with composite capitals, carved in foliage, reminding one most forcibly of Raffaelle's celebrated cartoon. The entablature is heraldic. Adjoining this room is the Chapel.

The Chapel at Chatsworth is most striking and peculiar. Its altar is at the *west* end, and its decorations are of the most exquisitely beautiful order. It is forty-seven feet four inches in length by twenty-three feet ten inches in width, and in height it occupies two entire stories. It is lighted by three windows in the upper story. The floor is paved with marble, and the altar-piece is also of marble. On the sides are figures of Faith and Hope, by Caius Gabriel Cibber, father of Colley Cibber. The top of the altar-piece is exquisitely carved with cherubs and festoons, and at the sides are vases of flowers. In the lower pediment, or recess, is a door, and there are also some charming figures of cherubs. Under the recess is a bust of the Saviour.

The Chapel is wainscoted throughout its lower story with cedar, which, in addition to the rich color, yields a peculiar and grateful odor. The ceiling is painted by Verrio and Laguerre, the subjects being "The Incredulity of St. Thomas," "Christ and the Woman of Samaria," "Christ Healing the Blind," and the "Ascension." The great glory, however, of the Chapel, lies in the carved woodwork, executed by Grinling Gibbons.

Like the remainder of the mansion, the chapel possessed but little charm for the *cicerone*, and I was hurried through it to the West Library and Leather Room. The ceiling of the Library is delicately frescoed in arabesque foliage. Among the decorations are painted medallion heads of the old Latin authors; on the book-cases are also medallion portraits, supported by figures and foliage, of famous poets, with appropriate sentiments. Thus, over Shakespeare occurs, "Exhausted worlds and their imagined new"; over Milton, "A poet blind yet bold"; Byron, "The wandering outlaw of his own brave land"; Scott, "The Ariosto of the North"; Chaucer, "Well of English Undefiled"; Thomson, "As nature various, and as art complete."

The doors of this and the adjoining room are so ar-

ranged with imitation book-backs, that, when they are closed, it is impossible to perceive any means of egress or ingress. The books on these doors, like those in the great library, have fictitious names, many of which, written by Hood, are extremely amusing. "Horn Took on Catching Cows," "Wren's Voyage to the Canaries," "Dibden's Cream of Tar," "Mery's Gay," "Inigo Jones on Secret Entrances," "Hyde upon Wood," "Egg," by Shelley, "D. Cline on Consumption."

The Leather Room has its walls and ceiling entirely of embossed leather, richly gilt. In the west corridor are preserved several highly interesting Roman-inscribed sepulchral stones, and other sculptures. In the West Lodge, at the entrance gates, are also preserved many fragments of ancient sculpture, and a portion of a Roman tassellated pavement, with *guilloche* pattern.

Having done the house *ad unguem*, then I turned into the grounds, where, *cicerone ad nauseam*, I was left to myself, to wander at my "sweet wild will."

The gardens and grounds of Chatsworth are marvels of beauty, and the skill with which they have been laid out, together with their general picturesqueness, gives them a sort of fairy-land appearance. Leaving the mansion from the door of the Orangery, to the left is a spacious alcove, and to the right, running in a direct line for more than a quarter of a mile in length, is a broad, grand path, at the summit of which, beneath a lofty avenue of trees, is seen a gigantic vase, bearing the simple name of "Blanche," in touching memory of Lady Blanche Georgiana Howard, the wife of the present Duke of Devonshire.

I would advise all visitors to Chatsworth to pause here, for the view on all sides from this spot is truly grand, embracing as it does the mansion, the gardens, the lakes, basins and fountains, the woods and shrubberies, the park and the river, and the distant country toward Rowsley. Paths from here lead in various directions among the beauties of the place; here a delightful little dell, or a fernery, where ferns and heaths grow in wild profusion; there another dell of rhododendrons, or with statuary among heathery banks and masses of rock. Near here, too, is a sylvan slope, headed by a gigantic bronze bust of the last Duke, mounted on a pillar composed of fragments of an ancient Greek fluted column, from the Temple of Minerva, at Sunium; on the base are the following beautiful verses from the classic pen of the late Lord Carlisle:

> These fragments stood on Sunium's airy steep,
> They reared aloft Minerva's guardian shrine;
> Beneath them rolled the blue Ægean deep,
> And the Greek pilot hailed them as divine.
>
> "Such was, e'en then, their look of calm repose,
> As wafted round them came the sounds of fight,
> When the glad shouts of conquering Athens rose
> O'er the long track of Persia's broken flight.
>
> "Tho' clasped by prostrate worshipers no more,
> They yet shall breathe a thrilling lesson here;
> Tho' distant from their own immortal shore,
> The spot they grace is still to freedom dear."

Opposite the Orangery is the French Garden, with its front of pillars surmounted by busts, its grand old Egyptian figures, its Chinese beakers and vases, its sculptural figures and groups, and its raised parterres; near this are greenhouses, conservatories, camellia and orchid houses, with their endless store of beauties; while here and there an antique tomb, or sculptured figure, or group of statuary, add their classic charms to the place.

From this part of the gardens a broad path to the right leads on to the great conservatory, passing on its way the "Cascade," the "Willow-Tree," and other interesting objects too numerous to mention. The water supplying the Great Cascade, the fountains and other portions of the works, falls from the summit of the wooded heights at the back of the grounds, and is then conveyed along a lofty arched aqueduct, from the end of which it falls with considerable force, and is then borne underground to a temple at the head of the cascade. Here it rises to the domed roof of the temple, which becomes a sheet of water, and, rushing through the various carved channels prepared for it in the groups of figures, etc., makes its way down the cascade formed of a long series of stone steps with flats at irregular intervals, till at the bottom it sinks into a subterranean channel at the spectator's feet.

The Temple, which is open, is of circular form in its interior, with recesses and niches and stone seats, the niches enriched with carved-skull heads and festoons of flowers. In front, over the central arch, is a powerfully carved recumbent figure of Neptune holding an urn; below him, on either side, an immense dolphin, with head downward; and on the sides are water-nymphs with vases. On the right and left of the open archway are gigantic dolphin heads, and at the base a dragon's. From all these figures and heads the water leaps out, and, simultaneously, two fountains rise in front of the temple.

Not far from the temple is a charming alcove of Moresque design. The front of the alcove is formed of two horse-shoe-shaped arches, supported on granite pillars, the spandrels carved with monograms. On the wall, inside, are ten tablets, one bearing the following inscription:

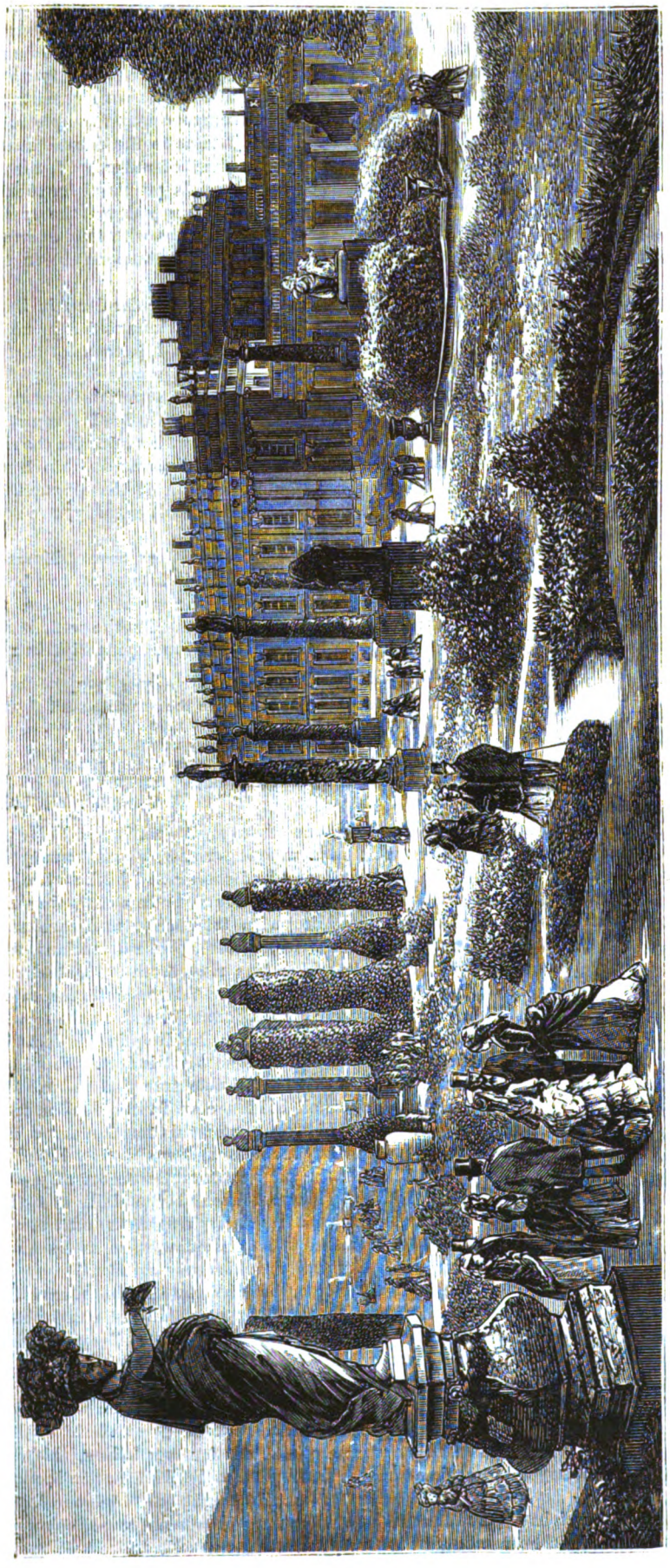
> "Won from the brow of yonder headlong hill,
> Through grassy channels, ere the sparkling rill
> O'er the chafed pebbles, in its murmuring flow,
> Sheds freshness on the thirsty vale below,
> Quickening the ground till trees of every zone
> In Chatsworth's soil and clime forget their own."
>
> H. L., September, 1839.

The Willow-tree, one of the most striking and clever of the waterworks, is a weeping-willow, about twenty feet in height, entirely formed of copper and lead, and colored in imitation of a real tree. It stands in a charming little circular dell, overhung with fruit-trees, and surrounded by banks and rockeries, covered with luxuriant ferns and other plants. The tree rises from a central rock-work, amid which runs a path. At the entrance to this little dell are a vane and a fountain, and at the opposite side is a leaden statue of Pan, holding in his hand the Pandean pipes, and having a goat at his feet. From each leaf and stem of this remarkable tree the water, when turned on from a small hidden cave in the rock in front, rushes out in a rapid stream, and this forms a novel kind of shower-bath to any luckless visitor who may happen to be beneath it. At the same moment a number of jets rise up from hidden pipes all around the dell, and these streams, being directed angularly toward the centre, while the weepings from the tree fall downward in all directions, the water-trap is "pretty particularly perfect."

Near the willow-tree, on line toward the Grand Conservatory, is a rocky archway of wondrous construction, and a little beyond this a "rocky portal"—an immense block of unhewn stone, turning upon an axis with such ease as to be moved with the pressure of a single finger.

Passing through this portal, one of the most striking objects is a perpendicular rock of great altitude, down whose face a stream of water is for ever falling, this water supplying some diminutive lakes filled with aquatic plants, in whose charms the botanist might hold high revel.

The Great Conservatory, one of the wonders of Chatsworth, in addition to its own attractions as the finest conservatory in the kingdom, possesses an historical interest as being the



THE FRENCH GARDEN AT CHATSWORTH.

first of its kind ever erected, and from which the idea of the Great Exhibition building of 1851, and all the later exposition buildings, was taken. This splendid conservatory was erected some years ago by Sir Joseph, at that time Mr., Paxton, and is in its interior two hundred and seventy-seven feet in length, one hundred and twenty-three feet in width, and sixty-seven in height in the centre. Its form is that of a trefoil, the transom section showing a semicircle seventy feet in diameter, rising from two segments of circles springing from breast walls. The whole building is of glass, constructed on the "ridge and furrow" principle with iron ribs. About seventy thousand square feet of glass are used in this gigantic building, and the iron sash ribs alone are calculated to extend, if laid lengthwise, no less than forty miles. At each end is a large doorway, and along the centre is a wide carriage-drive, so that several carriages can, on any special occasion, as on the Queen's visit, in 1843, be within the building at the same time. Besides the central drive, there are side-aisles running the entire length, and a cross-aisle in the centre of the building. A light and elegant gallery, also, runs round the entire interior, approached by a staircase hidden among gigantic ferns and springing out of a rockery.

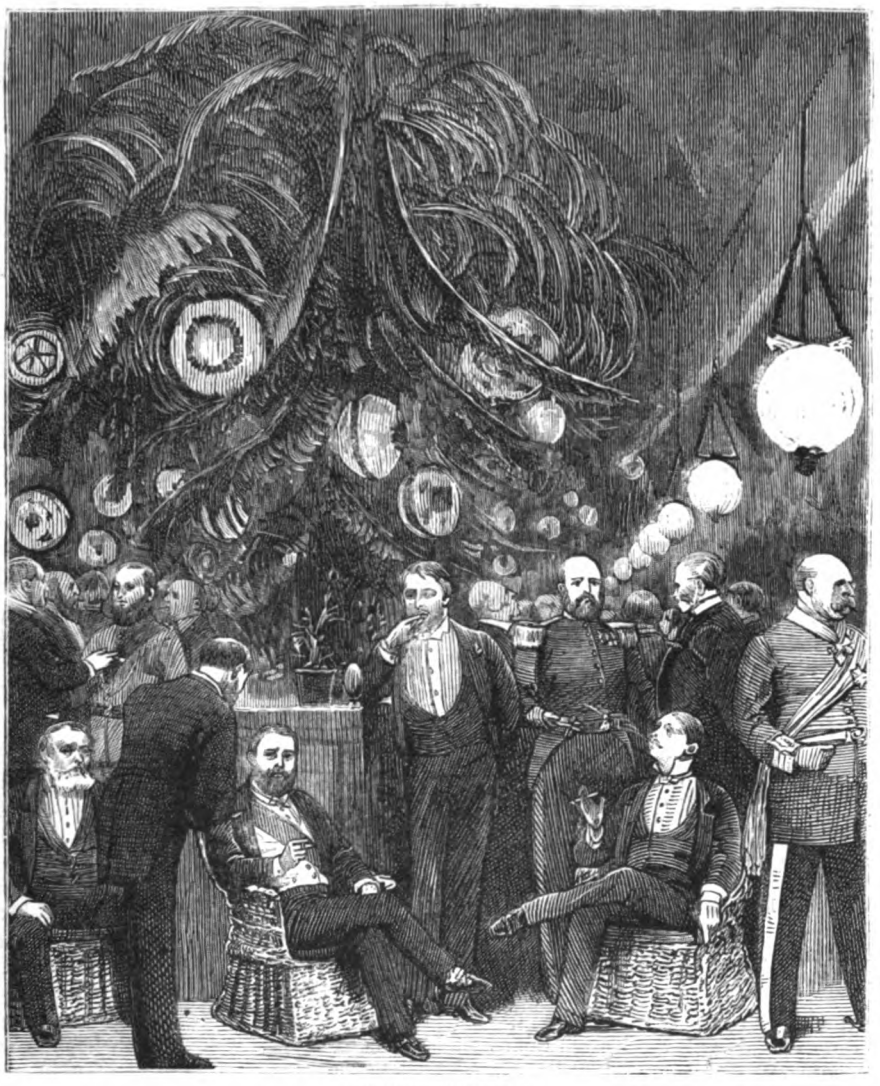
Of the collection of giant trees and plants preserved in this giant conservatory it is not necessary to speak further than to say that from the smallest aquatic plants up to the most stately palm-trees, and from the banana down to the papyrus and the delicate ferns, every conceivable rarity is here, flourishing in native luxuriance and in endless profusion. Beneath the conservatory I found a railway which runs around the entire building. This is used for carrying earth, fuel, etc.

The Emperor Fountain is one of the great attractions at Chatsworth, and to see it is to remember it, for it throws up a jet of water no fewer than two hundred and sixty-seven feet in height, which, spreading out as it falls, forms a liquid sheet of spray on which the sunlight forms a wondrously vivid rainbow. The quantity of metal required for the formation of the pipes of this giant spout amounts to two hundred and twenty tons, while the water rushes out of the pipe at the rate of a hundred miles a minute. Near the "Emperor" are other fountains of considerable beauty, and when all are playing, here is a rival to Versailles.

The trees planted by "Royalty" are tended with the most loyal care. One of these is an oak-tree, planted in

1832, by the present Queen, a little pantaletted miss of thirteen, the Princess Victoria, then visiting Chatsworth with her mother, the Duchess of Kent. This tree, which in its forty years growth has become a stately oak, bears the label, "This oak planted by Princess Victoria, October 11th, 1832." The Duchess of Kent planted a Spanish chestnut on the 17th of October. Then comes a sycamore, planted when the Queen and "Albert the Good" visited Chatsworth, in 1843. In another part of the garden, opposite the west front, are a sweet chestnut, planted by the Empress of Russia, 1816; and a variegated sycamore, planted by the the Archduke Michael of Russia, 1818. A tree was also planted by the Prince of Wales in December, 1872.

Chatsworth Park and grounds are somewhere about ten miles in circumference, and comprise an area of 1,200 acres, and it would be difficult to find anywhere, in the same space, so great a variety of scenery, ranging from the purely sylvan to the wildly romantic, and from the luxuriant wood to the rugged and barren rock, where beauties of one kind or other crowd together so thickly, or where such a charming alternation from one to another phase exists.



THE CONSERVATORY.

The Hunting Tower, which forms so conspicuous an object in the landscape, among the wooded heights at the back of the house, and from which floats an enormous flag whenever the Duke is at Chatsworth, was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as a prospect-tower, from which the ladies of the family and guests might watch the chase. It is a massive creation, of square form, with a circular turret at each angle, and is about ninety feet in height; it commands a magnificent prospect on every side. Near it, by the lake or reservoir, is the Swiss Cottage. I did not "do" the Hunting Tower, but elected to visit Queen Mary's Bower instead, which is one of the best-known objects in the park, being situated near the drive leading from the bridge to the house, and at a short distance only from the banks of the River Derwent. This interesting relic of the unfortunate Queen is a raised inclosure, surrounded by a deep moat, and approached by a flight of steps, bridging over the water on the south side. Externally the "bower" overhung with trees, and covered here and there with ivy, which reaches up to its open balustrade, is highly picturesque; internally, it is as I overheard a young American lady exclaim, "Quite too divine for a picnic."

At the entrance to the Kitchen Gardens is the house formerly inhabited by the late Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P., who was head gardener to the Duke of Devonshire. As the name of this notable self-made man is inseperable from Chatsworth, I shall say a few words about his career. He was born at Milton Bryant, in Bedfordshire, on the 3d of August, 1803, his father, a small farmer, being a tenant of the Duke of Bedford. Sir Joseph was brought up to be a gardener, and was, when quite a boy, taken under the care of his older brother, at that time head gardener at Wimbledon House. When a little over twenty he was placed at the Horticultural Gardens at Chiswick, near London, and, being quick and clever, he had charge of a plant range.

These grounds joined those of the Duke of Devonshire's seat, Chiswick House, and his Grace, finding young Paxton attentive and intelligent, took much notice of him. This resulted in an engagement, and at the early age of twenty-three years, Paxton entered upon his new duties as head gardener at Chatsworth. In 1831 Mr. Paxton commenced the publication of "The Horticultural Register"; other works followed, including his "Magazine of Botany." In 1851 he brought his talents to bear on a national question—the designing and erecting of the Great Exhibition Building of that year, taking as his model the conservatory which, as his own design in every particular, he had,

a few years before, erected at Chatsworth. In the same year he was knighted by the Queen at Windsor, and in 1854 was elected member of Parliament for Coventry. Sir Joseph Paxton designed the present Crystal Palace at Sydenham, so well and fondly known to American tourists, and I believe I am correct in saying that to his principle of glass buildings, of a wide span, and glazed on the ridge and furrow principle—invented by him—there is scarcely a railway-station, conservatory or large public hall or pavilion that does not trace its origin. Sir Joseph died in 1865.

I strolled into the kitchen garden, where I beheld the Victoria Regia, first grown and first blossomed at Chatsworth in 1849. The pine-houses are very fine, while the vineries are the admiration of viticulturists.

I would advise every visitor to Chatsworth to take a stroll through the village of Edensor, which nestles close to the lordly domain. It is a veritable poem, and every cottage is fit for the honeymoon of the most gushing young couple that ever raved over Tennyson. The church, unhappily, is not venerable enough, but the embraces of that "rare old plant, the ivy green," are fast imparting to it a most elderly and respectable appearance. In the chancel are very elegant *sedilia*, and the floor is laid with incaustic tiles. The most historically interesting remains in this church is a brass plate in the chancel, to the memory of John Beton, one of the household and confidential servants of Mary Queen of Scots, who died at Chatsworth while his royal mistress was captive there, in 1570. At the head of the plate are the arms of Beton, who is one of the same family as Cardinal David Beton, who took so prominent a part in the affairs of Scotland in the reign of James V. and of Mary. At the bottom is a figure of Beton, in plate armor, lying dead upon a pallet, his hands by his side, and his head resting on a pillow.

In the churchyard are many interesting inscriptions, which would take "a good hour by Shrewsbury clock" to examine. Here, in a grassy inclosure at the top of the churchyard, lies the "good duke" beside the grassy mound that covers one of his reeves.

Among the quaint inscriptions the following are striking:

Of Stature Great,
Of Mind most Just,
Here lies Will Grumbold,
In the Dust
Who died 25 May, 1690.

Here

lieth ye body of James Brousard, who departed this life April ye 10th, 1762, aged 75 years.

also Sarah, ye wife of James Brousard, who departed this life February ye 10th, 1765, aged 77 years.

Full forty years as Gardener to ye D of Devonshire
to propigate ye earth with plants it was his full desire,
but then thy bones, alas, brave man, earth did no rest afourd,
but now wee hope ye are at rest with Jesus Christ our Lord.

Here lieth the body of William Dunthin, who departed this life September 12, 1787, aged 21 years.

"I was like grass cut down in haste, for fear too long should grow; I hope made fit in heaven to sit, so why should I not go?"

Another, to one William Mather, 1818, says:

"When he that day with the Waggon went,
He little thought his Glass was spent;
But had he kept his Plough in Hand,
He might have longer tilled the Land."

There are some pleasant memories of Chatsworth. Here Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher, passed a great portion of his life; he died here, whilst residing in the family of his pupil, the Earl of Devonshire. His daily mode of life at Chatsworth is thus described in Doctor Kennett's "Memoirs of the Cavendish Family": "His professed rule of health was to dedicate the morning to his exercise, and the afternoon to his studies. At his rising, therefore, he walked out and climbed any hill within his reach; or, if the weather was not dry, he fatigued himself within doors by some exercise or other, to be in a sweat. After this he took a comfortable breakfast; and then went round the lodgings to wait upon the Earl, the Countess and the children, and any considerable strangers, paying some short addresses to all of them. He kept these rounds till about twelve o'clock, when he had a little dinner provided for him, which he ate always by himself, without ceremony. Soon after dinner he retired to his study, and had his candle, with ten or twelve pipes of tobacco laid by him; then, shutting his door, he fell to smoking, thinking and writing for several hours."

Marshal Tallard, who was taken prisoner at Blenheim in 1704, and remained several years in England, having been nobly entertained by the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, on taking his leave, said: "My Lord Duke, when I come hereafter to compute the time of my captivity in England, I shall leave out the days of my visit at Chatsworth."

I alluded in the opening of this article to the quaint little hostelry in the village of Edensor, which is close to the park gates, nestling beneath oaks that might have furnished ribs for the ships in which Drake and Frobisher sailed forth to sink, burn and destroy the Armada. Hither I returned after my day's sightseeing, and, oh! those mutton chops and that post-prandial bottle of port! I would advise all tourists to put up here, for it is an excellent pivotal point. Chatsworth is at hand. Haddon Hall is only some three miles away. Monsall Dale, Cressbrook Dale, Middleton Dale, and a host of other "dales" are all within easy distance, while Buxton, with its numerous attractions, and Dovedale, with its idyllic beauties, are not outside fifteen miles.

I bade Chatsworth adieu, feeling that I would scarcely like the responsibility of ownership, but also full of the delightful sensation of having spent a day which would form a very bright page in the somewhat prosy volume of my life.

HASHEESH.

HASHEESH, or East India hemp, is but little known in this country save as a medicine, when it is used under its scientific name of Cannabis Indica. Its color is olive-brown, with a peculiar aromatic smell. Its properties are similar to opium, although to most temperaments it leaves none of the debilitating after-effects of that drug.

The natives of the East make great use of it as a stimulant. In India and through a great many portions of Asia hasheesh is consumed in immense proportions by people of all classes. Free from care or thought, these fiery sons of the South give themselves up to the enjoyment of their dream, forgetting everything save the pleasure of the moment.

All nations have their stimulants. China has its opium, Germany its beer, France its wine, America its tobacco, and Syria and India their hasheesh. The hasheesh delirium is generally accompanied by great action. A desire to leap about and sing is felt. This is followed by beautiful scenes of all descriptions, the nerves being a thousand times more susceptible under the influence of the drug than in their normal state. The relations of time and space are also very curious. A rod seems a league, and a

minute an hour; a small room will resemble a large hall, and a common wall-paper will appear to be magnificent frescoings painted in the most gorgeous colors.

The circumstances of my first being led to try the drug were these: I was spending a few days at Swampscott. One of the family was taken ill, and the physician being called, he prescribed the Cannabis Indica. I heard him give the name, and being much interested in the properties of medicine, I looked out the word in a volume of the "Materia Medica," which we happened to have in the house, and found that it was a narcotic drug, its effects like those of opium, twenty grains being sufficient to produce the hallucinations that generally follow when taken in sufficient quantities.

I instantly made up my mind to try it, and taking about fifteen grains, as near as I could judge, from the vial, I swallowed them, and awaited the effect. For two hours I felt nothing, but shortly after a strange thrill came over me. The room suddenly seemed to lengthen out, the face of my cousin, who was sitting in the room with me, suddenly assumed the expression of a demon. I sprang to my feet and rushed madly out of the house and on to the lawn, which appeared to extend as far as my eye could reach. I imagined myself a general at the head of his forces, and issued every imaginary command of my troops. Next I was gifted with the powers of Ariel, and leaving the earth, I flew with the speed of lightning through boundless space. On every side I beheld the most magnificent scenery; but looking down I discerned a garden peopled with the most beautiful houris. I descended to it, and for hours rambled amidst its shady walks. I quenched my thirst at fountains flowing with wine instead of water. Slaves bathed my feet with perfumed oils. Little Cupids brought offerings of fruit and flowers to me. I sank back, and saw vision upon vision float past me, most of them ethereal and grand in the extreme, but now and then varied by some ludicrous scenes.

I awoke the next morning in bed, where I had been placed by one of my friends, resolved never to try hasheesh again, as I had made myself thoroughly ridiculous.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

Thomas De Witt Talmage, the distinguished divine, was born in 1832, in Bound Brook, Somerset County, N. J. His father was a farmer of much vigor and consistency of character; his mother, a woman of noted energy, hopefulness and equanimity. Both parents were in marked respects characteristic. Prepared by the usual course of study for college, young Talmage chose for his *alma mater* the University of New York, through which he passed with marked credit, ranking high, especially as a *belles-lettres* scholar. Entering upon the ministry, he settled at Belleville, in New Jersey, where he laid the foundation, in an excellent practical ministerial work, for his future career of usefulness. From Belleville Mr. Talmage went to Syracuse N. Y., where he preached for three years to cultivated and critical audiences, and achieved additional celebrity for the eloquence and vigor of his discourses. Compelled by family considerations to leave Syracuse, the climate of which was a cause of ill-health, the next seven years of Mr. Talmage's life were spent in Philadelphia. There he learned what he could best do. He had the courage of his consciousness, and he did it. Previously he might have felt it incumbent on him to give to pulpit traditions the homage of compliance—though at Syracuse "the more excellent way," any man's *own* way, so that he have the divining gift of genius and the nature a-tune to all high sympathies and purposes—had in glimpses come to him. He realized that it was his duty and mission in the world to make *it* hear the Gospel. The Church was not to him in numbers a select few, in organization a monopoly. It was meant to be the conqueror and transformer of the world. For seven years he wrought with much success on this theory, all the time realizing that his plans could come to fullness only under conditions that enabled him to build from the bottom up an organization which could get nearer to the masses, and which would have no precedents to be afraid of as ghosts in its path. Hence he ceased from being the leading preacher in Philadelphia to become in Brooklyn a preacher with a world-wide fame.

His work for twelve years there is known to all our readers. It began in a cramped brick rectangle, capable of holding 1,200, and he came to it on the "call" of nineteen. In less than two years that was exchanged for an iron structure, with raised seats, the interior curved like a horseshoe, the pulpit a platform bridging the ends. That held 3,000 persons. It lasted just long enough to revolutionize church architecture in cities into harmony with common sense. Smaller duplicates of it started in every quarter—three in Brooklyn, two in New York, one in Montreal, one in Louisville, several in Chicago, two in San Francisco, like numbers abroad. Then it burnt up, that from its ashes the present stately and most sensible structure might rise. Gothic, of brick and stone, cathedral-like above, amphitheatre-like below, it holds 5,000 as easily as one person, and all can hear and see equally well. In a large sense the people built these edifices.

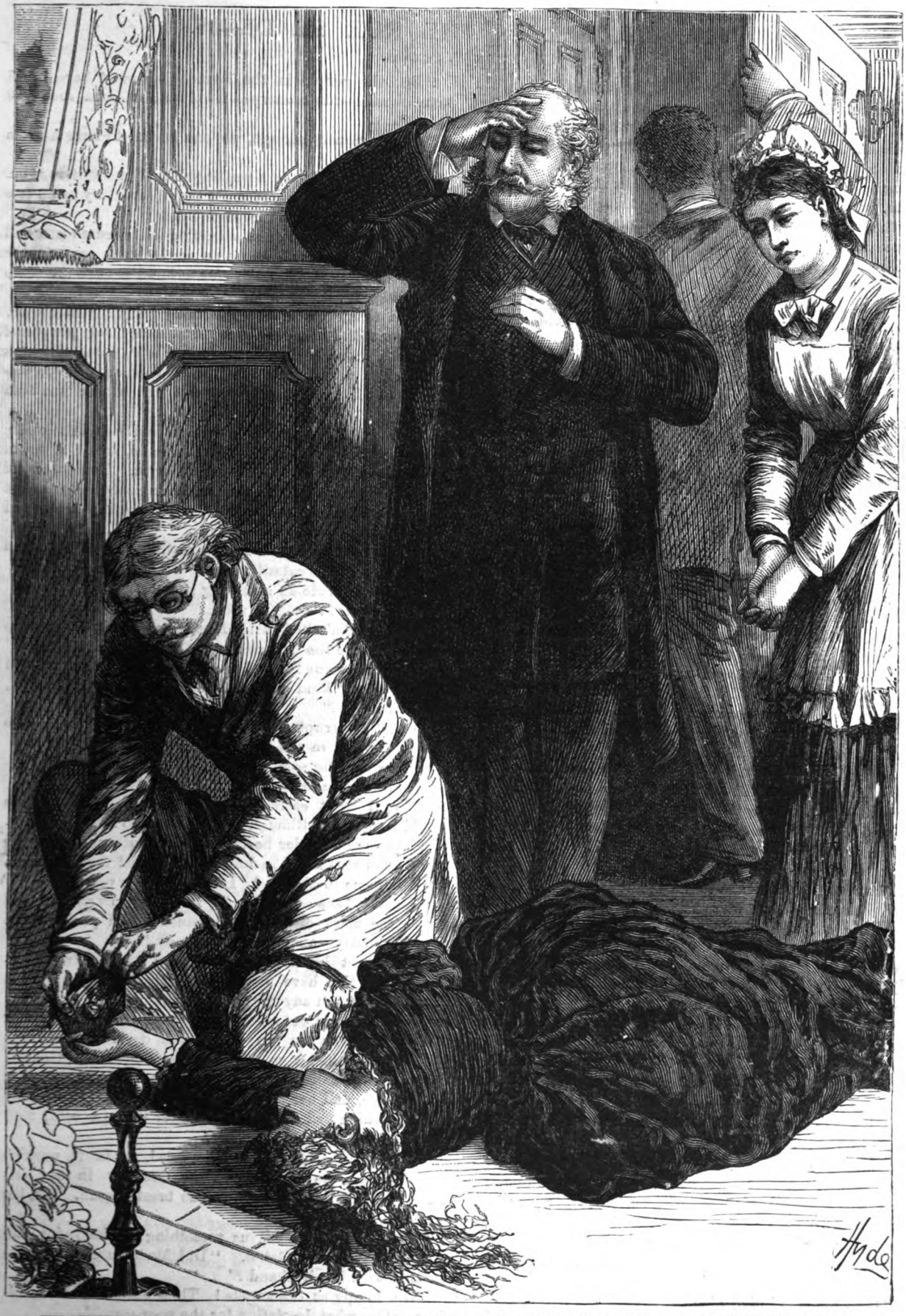
It is sufficiently indicative to say in general of Dr. Talmage's work in the Tabernacle, that his audiences are always as many as the place will hold; that seventy-eight papers in Christendom statedly publish his entire sermons and Friday night discourses, exclusive of the dailies of the United States; that the papers girdle the globe, being published in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Belfast, Toronto, Montreal, St. Johns, Sidney, Melbourne, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston, Raleigh, New York, and many others. To pulpit labors of this responsibility should be added considerable pastoral work, and constantly recurring lecturing and literary work, to fill out the public life of a very busy man. Recently he has added to his other responsibilities that of the editorship of *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, to which he will henceforth give his best and constant efforts.

He has spoken in nearly all the great halls of the United States to vast assemblages. In 1879 he crossed the Atlantic, and preached and lectured in all the cities and large towns of England, Scotland and Ireland. He spoke ninety-six times in ninety-four days. Committees from many of the prominent cities met him at Queenstown on his arrival abroad, and he was received with great enthusiasm everywhere. Some of the audiences, on his appearance on the platform, would rise and stand cheering until it was necessary for the presiding officer to wave them into silence. The Earl of Kintore, the celebrated Scotch philanthropist, presided at the meeting to receive Dr. Talmage in Exeter Hall, while the platform was occupied by some of the most distinguished men and women of England. At the close of many of his meetings in church and hall, he would be called to stand in a carriage or on a chair and speak to the multitudes who could not gain admission. Leaving one of the pulpits where he preached, he went through a back door so as to get to his carriage unobserved; but no sooner did he step into the carriage, than the people gathered around and thousands shook

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., EDITOR OF FRANK LESLIE'S "SUNDAY MAGAZINE."

hands, and as the driver attempted to start the people lifted the carriage by the wheels, and it was necessary for the police to clear the way. He was breakfasted, banqueted and honored in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland. The railroad stations were thronged when it was known he was to pass through.

The life and labors of a man so thoroughly equipped for, and so fully equal to, all the duties and responsibilities of active work in the service of his Master and of humanity, have more than a local and temporary interest. They concern the world; and thousands who have never seen Dr. Talmage's face in the flesh will thank us, we are sure, for presenting it, and also this very brief sketch of his life, in these columns.



THE MURDER IN THE RUE ST. DENIS.—"WHEN MONSIEUR GABOT HAD GOT AS FAR AS THE HANDS, HE SAW THAT ONE OF THEM WAS CLOSED ON SOMETHING. HE DISENGAGED IT GENTLY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE MURDER IN THE RUE ST. DENIS.

By Ellen W. Pierson.

Nine o'clock had just sounded from the bells of St. Eustache. All Paris had fairly awaked to a new day—that is to say, the people, those who had work, duties, responsibilities. There were some still asleep—the belle who had only thrown aside her satin and pearls at dawn—the *jeunesse dorée* who had danced all night at the Jardin Mabille, with the laudable desire of looking into the habits of the lower classes. But the work-day world was quite awake, and eager and alert.

The streets were still wet from last night's rain, and a pale November sun was struggling through the clouds. The last stroke of the clock had sounded, when a man hurried in a somewhat agitated manner to the side-door of a house in the Rue Montmartre.

Being admitted, he made his way up a narrow and ill-lighted stairway to a door of plain wood, garnished with iron, and a slide which drew back noiselessly as he touched the copper knob of the bell.

A woman's face appeared.

"What is it?"

"Monsieur Gabot—agent of the police."

"Name and occupation?"

"No matter, he would not know. But I am sent from the Rue de Jerusalem."

"Oh! have the goodness to walk in."

The young man entered a room that seemed a cabinet of work partly, and partly a dressing-room, since at one side of it was hung the costumes of all classes of society, from the silk-velvet coat, garnished with red rosettes—the fashion of the past—to the plain black woolen blouse of a workman in the *barrière* to-day. On a shelf near by lay wigs of every color, and beneath, shoes in all variety. In a corner was a collection of every style of cane.

Presently a door opened noiselessly, and a slender, pale young man entered.

He looked like the neophyte of some theological school. He wore spectacles. His hair and mustache were blonde, and the eyes which appeared beneath the glasses were innocent—rather vacant—in expression.

The messenger stared.

"I wish to see Monsieur Gabot."

The blonde young man laughed merrily.

"What, don't you know me, Leronge? Then the disguise is good. What's up?"

"A tragedy in the Rue St. Denis. Come with me, and I will give you the facts of the case on the way."

In a moment the two were rolling along the streets as rapidly as possible.

"On the third floor of No. 20 Rue St. Denis lived Monsieur and Madame Clement—monsieur a man of forty, very fresh and vigorous and young in appearance; his wife a beautiful young woman of twenty. Yesterday Monsieur Clement went to the country on business. This morning as the maid, who sleeps at her own home on account of the illness of her mother, returned, she found it impossible to make any one hear—knocking and calling were in vain. At last a locksmith was sent for to open the door, and a terrible sight was disclosed. The poor young wife lay dead on the floor, with her head almost in the fire. Her pretty blonde hair was, indeed, somewhat burned. The rooms have all been searched—everything of value taken."

"How was she killed?" asked Gabot.

"Strangled! The marks of a powerful hand are on her throat."

"But the people in the house, they must have heard some sounds—the *concierge*—he must have seen some one enter."

"No; curiously enough, no one seems to have heard a sound."

"Ah!" said Gabot in a prolonged and meditative style. "Do not tell me any more. I must leave my mind free for the freshness of first impressions."

On reaching the house, about which a curious crowd had already gathered, the two made their way to the apartment on the third floor, and entered at once the scene of the tragedy.

It was to all appearance the living room of the couple, and was well furnished, even luxuriously, for people of that class. There was a small round table covered with a white cloth drawn near the fire, and on it a pretty tea-service of Sèvres, but only one cup and saucer had been used.

The body of the murdered woman had been left exactly in the position found. Rosine, the maid, stood at one of the windows with her apron to her eyes. The justice of the peace, a gray-headed man, and his assistant had just made a tour of the rooms, with little result. He bowed to Monsieur Gabot.

"Allow me first to ask a few questions," said the agent of the police, deferentially.

The justice made an assenting gesture.

"We are all at sea," he said.

"You, ma'm'selle," said Monsieur Gabot, bowing to Rosine, "were the first comer at the door this morning?"

"Yes, monsieur!" cried the young girl, "and when I saw my good, kind mistress—oh, she was a real angel, gentlemen——!"

"But," interrupted Monsieur Gabot, "did you notice nothing? Where was your master last night?"

"He was going somewhere—I do not know——"

"Did he leave before you did?"

"No; I went early—at half-past six. My mistress would have it so, although I did not like to leave her alone. She had such a tender heart—and my mother——"

"As you stood at the door and knocked for admission, were there no footprints? Last night was very muddy."

"Ah, yes," answered the girl, in a startled way. "I did notice the mark of a boot, because I had polished the floor yesterday—a large, muddy mark."

"It cannot be distinguished now," said Mr. Gabot, quietly. "You have made an examination, Monsieur le Judge—have you any theory of the murder?"

"Scarcely, and yet a suspicion, perhaps, that will go for something when we are all in the dark. Ah, here is Madame Lemoine, from the floor below, Monsieur Gabot!"

Madame Lemoine, a buxom woman of forty, her rosy cheeks pale, and her dark eyes betraying her horror at the tragedy which had taken place under that peaceful roof, looked about in an excited way.

"*Mon Dieu*, gentlemen!" she cried. "Is it possible that one can be assassinated in this way in our *belle* Paris? Never can I draw a serene breath again. Oh, the poor angel!"

"Perhaps you can tell us something to the point," interrupted Monsieur Gabot. "Did Madame Clement live happily with her husband?"

"Oh, happy as the angels! They were like two children. Oh, what desolation for the poor man!"

"You do not happen to know where he is?"

"No. I did not even know he was going away or I would have come up to sit with her; but then, *mon Dieu!* there might have been two corpses!"

And the horror of this thought made the good woman's cheeks grow more ashen.

"Then you heard no sound?"

"Yes. I did hear something."

"Ah!"

All looked eagerly at her.

"I heard—about ten, or it may be half-past. Let me see; I had just given Adolphe a *tisane*—Adolphe is my youngest boy, and a true little pickle——"

"But you heard——?"

"A step."

"A step, soft, muffled——"

"No, a heavy tramp."

"That is not like an assassin."

"But let us question the *concierge*."

"I have questioned him already," said the justice. "He states that at ten o'clock he opened the door for an old servant of Monsieur Clement's, called Robertin, who came here frequently. That he went up-stairs and remained about half an hour, when he saw him go out of the door. After that the house was closed for the night."

"And no one could enter?"

"No; but one could go out."

"Ah!" exclaimed Monsieur Gabot, significantly, and he went forward to look at the corpse.

The woman was, indeed, very pretty, and a certain style and coquetry in her dress showed that the poor thing had been conscious of it. Her hair, which had fallen in disorder during the struggle for her life, was long and rippling, and glittered in the light like threads of gold. The eyes, spite of their terrified stare, were limpid, blue and child-like; the throat, around which those cruel fingers had been pressed, was round and snowy; the mouth, open now, with the tongue horribly protruding, had been fresh, rosy and smiling. That one could easily see. The hands were really aristocratic in their shape, and—ah! when Monsieur Gabot had got as far as the hands he saw that one of them was closed on something. He disengaged it gently.

"Here, gentlemen, if I mistake not, is a clew to the assassin."

It was a bit of gray tweed, torn with a button from a coat.

"This is very important," said the justice, gravely.

"Does the *concierge* remember the dress of this Robertin?" asked Gabot.

"We will have him up."

The man presently appeared with a most terrified face. He had an idea that he would be held in some way accountable for the tragedy.

"Yes, this man Robertin had a most villainous countenance," he said. "At once, when I heard of the murder, I was certain about it. He wore a light overcoat, I noticed as he went out. No, I did not notice it when he came in. Gray? Yes, a sort of gray."

"At what time did Monsieur Clement go away?"

"Ah! I did not notice. I heard the door shut while I was at supper. Most likely then."

"Did Madame Clement have other visitors—young men—admirers, in short?"

"Never. A more prudent and devoted little wife never lived. She cared for no one else," Madame Lemoine answered. "She was coquette for him alone—her husband."

"Ah! they had been married but a year," said the *concierge*, as if this state of things was a strange infatuation from which she would have recovered in due time.

"My mind is quite settled about this Robertin," said the justice. "Indeed, at the first suspicion I dispatched a man in search of him."

Gabot said nothing, but turned to look through the rooms. Everything had been upset, all had been searched. The drawers of the bureaus were taken out and overturned on the floor; a writing-desk burst open and its contents strewn about. The dresses from a wardrobe had been thrown down in a heap—even the pillows and bedding appeared to have been snatched from the bed with a curious hand.

"This could not have been for plunder," said Gabot, pointing to the bed.

"Why not? Many people secrete money between their mattresses," said the justice.

At this moment there was a knock at the door. Two men entered, bringing another. He was about fifty years of age, with gray hair, small, restless gray eyes, and tallow-like complexion.

"Name and occupation?" asked the justice of the peace, officially.

"Robertin Perot," answered the man. "I am a sort of herb-doctor."

"Did you call here in the capacity of a doctor last evening at ten?"

"Messieurs, I was an old acquaintance of Monsieur Clement. I called sometimes."

"How long have you known Monsieur Clement?"

"For ten years."

"Do you know where he now is?"

"No. I was surprised last night not to see him. He made an appointment with me."

"You saw his wife?"

"Yes. Madame was kind enough to see me, and——"

"Well?"—they were all looking sharply at the man's face.

"She gave me an old overcoat of her husband's, as it was raining. She said that he had left it for me."

"Ah—ah!"

"I do not make much now with the herbs, you see."

"He is poor, evidently," said the justice of the peace, in a whisper to Gabot. "He has come here evidently with no criminal intention. He has found the master gone. Possibly Madame Clement had rich jewelry on. The temptation offered, and he yielded. It is a clear case. He must be arrested for examination, at least."

"Pardon, I do not find it clear," said Gabot. "Robertin, your friend had been married before?"

The man started. His tallow-like complexion grew more pallid.

"Yes," he said—that was all.

"Tell us about it—tell us all you know."

Robertin hesitated.

"Where did he live with his first wife, for instance?"

"At Malines. He married the daughter of an advocate there."

"Well, was she young, beautiful, rich? Tell us the particulars."

The justice moved uneasily.

"To what end?" he asked.

"If you will permit me, I will show," said Monsieur Gabot.

In fact, he had been talking a little to Rosine, and gained the information that Monsieur Clement had been married before.

"The first Madame Clement was neither young nor beautiful. She had a dowry of one hundred thousand francs."

"Of what did she die?"

"But, monsieur, I cannot recall—some slow disease. Consumption, it may be."

"Did they live long together?"

"Two years, monsieur."

"Did he inherit her money?"

"Everything. Her trust and confidence was such ——"

little memorandum-book which he had picked up on his way through the rooms. "'Mem.—Paid Robertin for services, one hundred francs.' Here it is again—same sum, same item. Why, it comes monthly."

The effect of these items on Robertin were unmistakable. He seemed trying to speak, and his lips moved.

THE SWAN AND THE LAMB.—SEE PAGE 120.

"Enough. Were *you* the doctor?"

"*I?*" faltered the man, with a sort of convulsive twitching of the face and a terrified look in his little ferret eyes. "I?—monsieur jests. I only doctor the poor—the very poor—who cannot pay for better things."

"What does this mean, then?" said Gabot, opening a

Something rose in his throat and choked him. He wiped his face, and then managed to articulate:

"Oh, I was an old friend."

"But *services?*" insisted Gabot.

"Well, herbs for a *tisane* now and then. What would you? I am poor, and Monsieur Clement is generous."

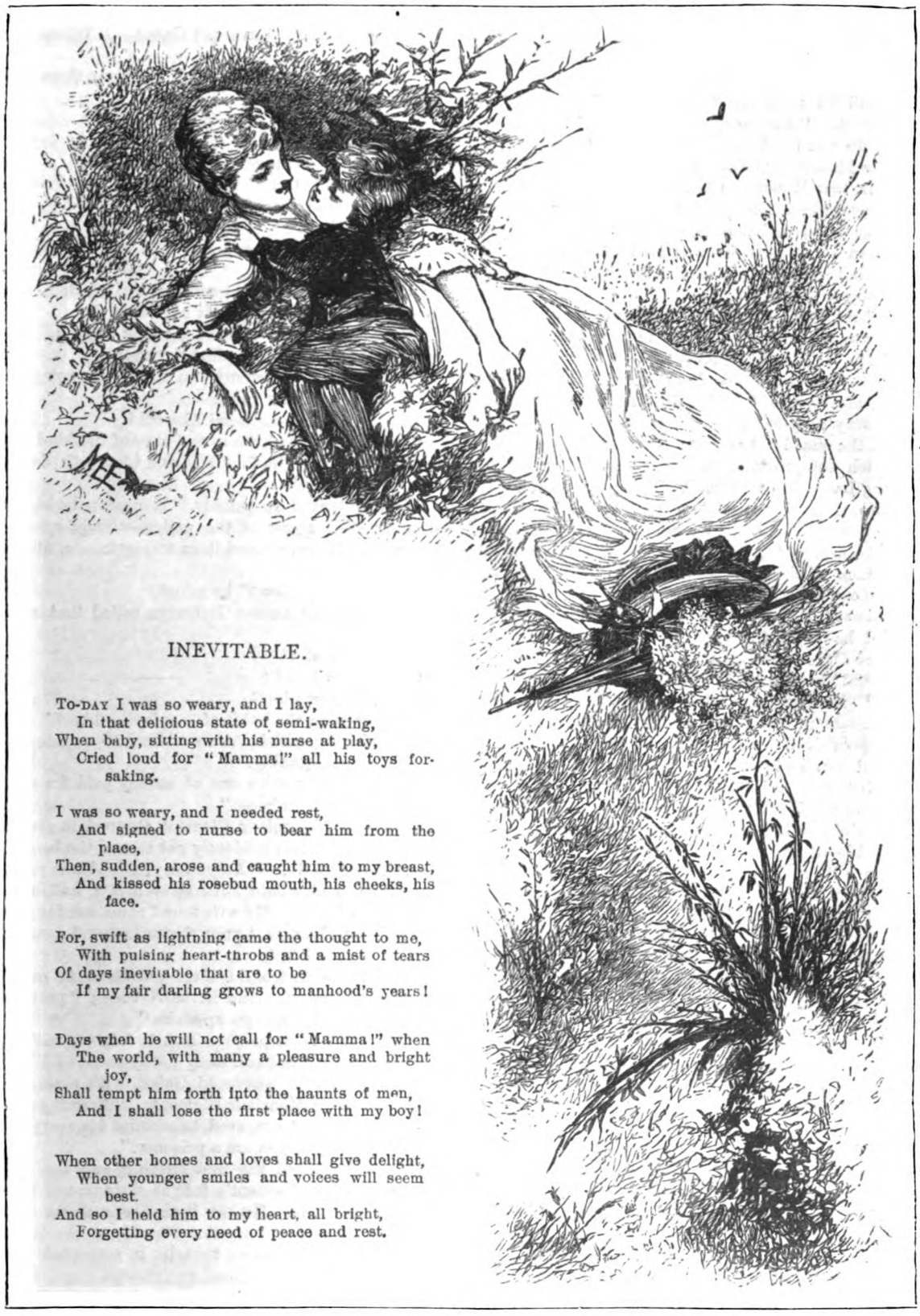
"This coat, for instance. Was it a good one?" asked Gabot.

"Very good; torn in one place, but not much worn."

"Yes; on the breast."

"Good; that will do."

The men led Robertin away without another word.



INEVITABLE.

To-DAY I was so weary, and I lay,
In that delicious state of semi-waking,
When baby, sitting with his nurse at play,
Cried loud for "Mamma!" all his toys forsaking.

I was so weary, and I needed rest,
And signed to nurse to bear him from the place,
Then, sudden, arose and caught him to my breast,
And kissed his rosebud mouth, his cheeks, his face.

For, swift as lightning came the thought to me,
With pulsing heart-throbs and a mist of tears
Of days inevitable that are to be
If my fair darling grows to manhood's years!

Days when he will not call for "Mamma!" when
The world, with many a pleasure and bright joy,
Shall tempt him forth into the haunts of men,
And I shall lose the first place with my boy!

When other homes and loves shall give delight,
When younger smiles and voices will seem best.
And so I held him to my heart, all bright,
Forgetting every need of peace and rest.

"How cunning the old rat is!" said the justice, softly, to Gabot. "He has missed the piece."

"Torn, you say—a piece out?"

"It is terrible to think of this tragedy, and Monsieur Clement entirely ignorant," said the justice. "I have dispatched messengers with his photograph to the various

depots. We may hear of him through them. In the meantime, there is no more to do—the case lies in a nutshell."

"You have sent for a physician to examine the body?"

"Oh, yes. I expect him every moment. Rosine and good Madame Lemoine will take charge. I will leave one of my men here, and that is all. You agree with me, Gabot?"

"You will be surprised to hear that I disagree," answered Gabot. "I am surprised at myself."

"What do you think, then?"

He drew Monsieur Gabot apart.

"I think that Monsieur Clement is the murderer."

"But, my good Gabot, you are wild. A man so happy—so loving in his relation to his wife! What! Accuse such a man of so horrible a crime! And what motive could he have had?—that is the first thought. He did not wish to rob himself."

"No; I think this murder has not been for plunder."

"Ah! what then? *Ma foi!* the money is all gone—not a jewel left. It *looks* like plunder."

"Yes; the murderer intended it should look that way."

"Well, my learned friend, enlighten us," said the justice, in a very skeptical tone.

"Why, the murder has been committed to gain some paper which compromised the murderer. You see how everything has been overturned. This was a search which took more time than the half-hour spent by the old Robertin. This was done by a man who was not hurried, who felt secure, in fact; this, you will remember, is only my suspicion. I shall not make it public yet. The only man who could feel secure from interruption was the master himself. It is my idea that the journey was a ruse; that he made the appointment with old Robertin with malice aforethought."

"Ah! and the gray coat, with the piece torn out?"

"That? He arranged that, also, with the unsuspecting wife. What more natural than that he should say, 'My love, that poor devil of a Robertin is going to call to-night, but I shall not be here. Give him that old gray tweed coat. It is torn, and I shall not wear it again.'"

"And you think, after murdering the woman, he placed the bit of cloth in her hands. *Ma foi!* You make him out a cold-blooded villain."

"I believe it; and yet you will see I have little to build on. I have an instinct in these things, but I do not trust to it, only when it is sustained by facts. My task now is to find the facts to sustain it. First, I shall ask the *concierge* if the door was not found unlocked this morning."

"Oh! he would certainly have mentioned it."

"No; he would not, as it would implicate some one in the house."

The *concierge*, on being questioned, admitted the fact.

"It puzzled me, and I was about to confess it to messieurs. I was certain I locked it after old Robertin; but still I feared I had been careless. I cannot swear that I did it."

"There is nothing more to be done till we find Monsieur Clement," said Gabot; "he must come soon, or write."

Three days passed, and no news. The body of the murdered woman was made ready for the burial. A watch was set upon the house, and on this third day a gentleman alighted from a cab, looked carelessly up and down the street, and then entered. He was tall, handsome, with chestnut hair and reddish-brown eyes, with a glint of yellow in them.

"*Mon Dieu!* Monsieur Clement," cried the *concierge*—"ah, such a tragedy!"

The next moment an officer touched his arm.

"I have a question to ask," he said.

"A dozen, if you like," said Monsieur Clement, with indifference—"only I have been away three days. I should like——"

"In good time," answered Gabot. "Where have you been?"

"At Villona. I have a small property there. I go to collect the rent."

"When did you set out for this place?"

"*Mon Dieu?* What is it, then—what has happened?"

"Have the goodness to answer me first."

"When did I start? Let me see. This is Friday—then I started on Tuesday evening."

"At what hour?"

"At nine o'clock; and now will you tell me what has happened?"

"On Tuesday night your wife was assassinated—strangled by some wretch. She awaits her burial!"

Monsieur Clement seemed terribly shaken. He staggered and leaned back against the wall.

"My God! how brutally you break the news to me!" he said, in a choking voice.

Monsieur Gabot regarded him coldly.

"It *is* terrible, and the *second* blow of the kind you have had to bear, only the first Madame Clement's death was a natural one, I believe."

The man looked up quickly. It appeared odd that this stranger—this agent of the police—should speak of his first wife. He considered it an impertinence, and did not answer.

"Is there any clew?" he asked.

"Well, a man named Robertin called that night—no one else."

"Robertin, ah!"

"You know him?"

"Yes, I know him."

"You were in the habit of employing him?"

"Employing him!—how should I?" exclaimed Monsieur Clement, quickly.

"Yet I saw various sums of money paid for *services* in your memorandum-book."

"My——!" Monsieur Clement stopped in visible consternation. He had evidently not missed the book before. He rallied rapidly. "As you say, I paid him; he was a poor devil, and would have starved if I had not taken some of his herbs. My wife found some use for them."

"Do you mean that your *first* wife found some use for them?" asked Gabot.

"What the deuce do these questions mean?" cried Monsieur Clement, in an irritated tone; "perhaps you will now permit me to go up-stairs."

"Yes, but I must be permitted to follow you."

"Bah! I shall not run away; why should I?"

"Why, indeed?" answered Gabot, with a shrug, as he walked up after Monsieur Clement. "Permit me to say, that if you are not prepared to account for every moment of Tuesday night, you are a prisoner."

They had reached the first landing, and the light fell full on Monsieur Clement's face as the agent of police uttered these words. He saw it change, a slight twitching about the mouth, and a pallor flitted over it; but no one can hear coolly the news that he is suspected of a great crime.

The next moment Monsieur smiled sarcastically.

"I have heard that justice has her eyes bandaged," he said; "but this is a farce. It is, then, thought possible that a man should kill his wife for the sake of plundering his own house."

"Who has spoken of plunder?" said Monsieur Gabot, in a significant voice.

Monsieur Clement saw that he had made a false step.

"Did you not say so? Well, it was a natural thought; what other motive?"

"I suspect another," answered Gabot, laconically. "May I hope monsieur is quite prepared to account for Tuesday night?"

"I went to Villana, as I said."

"And arrived when?—starting at nine, you would reach there at ten precisely; they will know at your hotel."

"Ah, I was, in fact, detained in Paris, and reached there at one."

"All right; then you have only to make known the business which detained you—the parties you met."

"But this is horrible!" cried Monsieur Clement, suddenly; "ask everywhere about here?—I am known for an honorable man. I was happy with my wife—my poor Bertha!"

And a look of anguish passed over his countenance. He hesitated at his own door. Some very natural emotion convulsed him.

At this moment a *gendarme* appeared, leading a workman.

"He is a witness," he said.

Gabot passed into a small ante-room, and took out a blank to fill up.

The man wiped his face nervously.

"My name is Jacques Lambert, sign-painter by occupation. I passed this house on Tuesday night, about twelve. I saw a man come out. I should know him again, for he stopped near a lamp-post, and I saw his face. It was ghastly pale. He was trying to light a cigar, and his hand shook like the palsy."

"You would know him again?"

"Yes. I thought—'This gentleman is frightfully ill.'"

"Why have you not appeared before?"

"I come from Fontainebleau, where my son is sick. I have just heard."

"Very well. Monsieur Clement, have the goodness to step in here. Ah, at what hour did you say you left the house on Tuesday night?"

"At nine o'clock."

"Ah, pardon, monsieur!" exclaimed the newcomer. "It was twelve when I saw you go out. I am exact, for the bell of St. Eustache had just sounded the hour."

"*Le diable!* What do you know about it?" cried Monsieur Clement.

"I was merely passing by; but your face was so pale——"

"Go; you have mistaken your man."

"Impossible. You wore then a brown overcoat and sealskin cap."

"Ah!" exclaimed Monsieur Gabot.

Monsieur Clement had, in fact, worn both those articles when he entered. He had now thrown them aside.

"We can easily settle the question," said Monsieur Clement, in an irritated tone. "You said that old Robertin called. Examine him. He will know that I was not here at ten."

"And how should he know?" answered Gabot, coldly. "He did not search the apartment."

Monsieur Clement started angrily.

"You are my enemy!" he cried, in the harshest tone.

"I am the friend of justice," said Gabot, in an unmoved voice.

Rosine appeared from an inner room and looked at the agent of police.

He understood that she had some communication to make. He merely noticed the sign-painter's residence, and dismissed him.

Monsieur Clement turned and went into his private room.

The coast was clear. Rosine had a look of eagerness in her fine black eyes.

"I think, monsieur," she said, in a low voice, "that I have found something."

"Ah!"

"I was charged, as you know, with disrobing my poor, sweet mistress—ah, how generous she was to me! I was examining the dress, which was of gray silk. She was tired of it, and had promised it to me. Pardon, monsieur, I merely held it up in front of me, when I seemed to feel something stiff in the breast. I examined, and *voilà!*—between the lining and the outside was concealed this letter! Madame was a saint, to be sure; but it is certain that this letter was precious, to be hidden in such a place!"

Gabot felt a thrill as he took the letter in his hand. Was he about to open the door of the mystery with this paper key?"

He opened it and looked at the date.

It was three years old, dated at Malines. He felt a qualm of disappointment. What an old letter—written so long ago! It could have no significance. Yet on the envelope was the direction, "Madame Clement."

"MADAME," it began, "I am a stranger to you—I do not know who you are—although I have heard of a golden-haired divinity that my husband loves. You do not know of my existence, as I have been told he passes for a *garcon* at Paris. But this is certain; that one day you will be his wife, and I am preparing this epistle—this accusation—for that time. I shall confide it to a friend who is ignorant of its contents, but who swears to me that he will send it to its destination one year after marriage.

"When your eyes rest on this, you will have been the wife of Jules Clement for one year. I have been kind to give you one year of happiness. I come now to strike a blow! I, Genevieve Clement, a dying woman, make here my last deposition. I swear to you that I have been poisoned by the hand of my husband! You are innocent, but it has been for the sake of your beautiful eyes. I revenge myself thus. He shall not be left in serene happiness—he, the wretch, the inhuman monster—who has made me suffer torment! Can you fancy the torture I have felt, the spasms of pain, the convulsions of agony, the consuming fever, the raging thirst, the slow wasting, the terrible fancies, the wild visions of a tortured brain? He has looked on all this with an unmoved heart. He has seen me dying by inches—me, the woman he swore to love, to cherish! Ah! is it not infamous, unspeakable? He feels secure.

"He has found an old servant, Robertin, to be his tool. The fellow knows something about herbs—mineral poisons are more unsafe. Now, I confide this to you. He will be in your power. You are warned. Can you trust a man who has murdered a wife as confiding as yourself—as loving, as true? Do not trust him; leave him alone to be haunted by the ghosts of the past. You can make good terms with him. I give you the power to move him to your will in this scrap of paper. GENEVIEVE CLEMENT."

Gabot looked up from reading the epistle to see standing before him Monsieur Clement.

"I have here the clew to the murder," said the agent of police, holding up the note.

"Ah!" faltered Monsieur Clement, and his dry lips could articulate no more.

The two *gendarmes* came up at a call.

"That man is your prisoner," said Gabot.

"Allow me to make some change in my dress," said Monsieur Clement. "Remember, gentlemen, I have been away three days."

Monsieur Gabot stepped into the dressing-room and looked around. There was no window.

"Very well," he said, and he planted himself by the door.

Monsieur Clement walked in with a firm step and closed the door.

The next moment a sharp report rang through the house.

"*Peste!* I should have thought of that!" cried Gabot, in great disgust.

Too late now for any trial—too late! The culprit had opened for himself the door of escape. He lay prone upon the floor. The pistol had fallen from his hand, but he was safe—safe for ever from any earthly trial for the murder in the Rue St. Denis.

THE SWAN AND THE LAMB.

A Fable.

One day, as a fine-looking swan was proudly sailing upon a mill-stream, it was accosted by a mischievous little lamb which had wandered down from the sheepfold to the edge of the water.

"I often pity you," said the lamb. "Dreary, indeed, must your life be on this stream day after day. No, I can't say I envy you a bit! Give me the fields, I say, where I can roam and play and be happy at my will. Fancy," it continued—"fancy being only a swan all one's life!"

The stately bird, though secretly annoyed at the insult, did not deign to notice it, and merely inclined its head contemptuously and passed on; so the lamb, seeing that its endeavors to irritate the swan were of no avail, slaked its thirst with a draught from the stream and trotted away.

Some days afterward the swan and four of its little cygnets were enjoying the cool shade afforded by the overhanging branches of a friendly tree growing by the side of the stream, when the lamb again appeared.

Impudent before, it was still more impudent now.

"Well, I *am* sorry for you!" it exclaimed, in a tone of ridicule; "you had my pity when I saw you the other day by yourself; but," looking significantly at the cygnets, "you do, indeed, need some sympathy now; why, what enjoyment can you find when worried by these all the day? I wonder you consent to be troubled with such useless things!"

LISTENING.

The swan did not condescend to answer, though it was extremely angry, and its dignity very much ruffled, for it was really proud and jealous of its little ones; still it was determined, if it could help it, not to let the lamb see it was affected by it.

Soon, however, the lamb's behavior was so insolent that the swan could endure the annoying remarks no longer, and so, with its strong beak, it attempted to seize the little creature, to punish it. But the lamb was too quick, and contrived to keep beyond its reach; and soon after, perceiving how angry it had caused the swan to become, quietly took its departure.

But there came a day when the lamb was very sorry that it had so ridiculed the swan, and when it had cause to regret the thoughtless words it had uttered.

For within a short time a great flood came during the night, and the mill-stream overflowed so much that the field in which the sheep

were was so deluged as to be almost hidden from view; and in the morning, amongst many others that had been overtaken in their sleep by the water and were now struggling for life, was the lamb.

Useless, however, proved the lamb's attempt to save

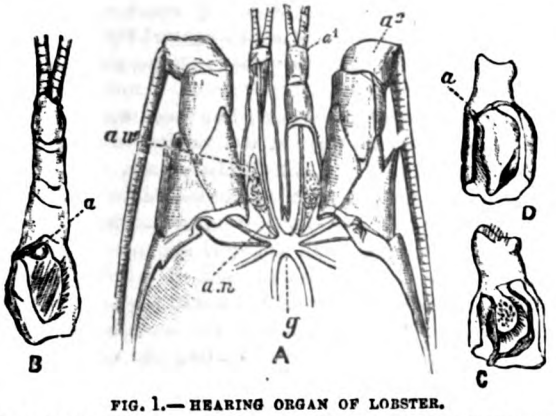


FIG. 1.— HEARING ORGAN OF LOBSTER.

Head of Lobster, to show relations of Auditory Organ and Nerve: a_1, Antennules; a^2, Antennæ; *au*, Auditory Organ; *a.n*, Auditory Nerve; *g*, Brain. B, Basal Part of Antennule showing Position of Auditory Organ: *a*, External Aperture. C Auditory Sac *in situ*, cut open so as to show Position of Auditory Hairs and Otoliths. D, Auditory Sac *in situ*, entire: *a*, External Aperture.

itself; and it soon perceived that it could live but a little while longer.

Then it was that it discovered what a thoughtless and unwise little creature it had been, for, piteously casting its eyes around the sheet of water that covered the sheep-fold, what did it see but a short distance from it, gayly paddling up and down, but the swan and the four cygnets.

"Ah, me!" said the poor little lamb, in despair, as at last it began to sink into the water, "foolish, indeed, was I to ridicule the swan; in truth, in such a plight as this, it were better to be even a cygnet than a lamb!"

HEARING.

By T. Jeffery Parker, B.Sc., A.L.S.

In studying any branch of science, one of the most essential points, if we have no wish to be involved in hopeless confusion, is to define clearly every word used in a scientific or technical sense, and to take care that, once defined, the same word is never made to do duty for some meaning different to that which it was originally intended to convey. One has to be particularly careful in the case of words in ordinary use, for these are often used in a more or less slipshod fashion, and unless strictly looked after are likely to prove very dangerous stumbling-blocks to the unsuspecting student. The present paper gives us at once a case in point. Asked what is the organ of hearing, one naturally replies, the ear: asked to define the ear, it is equally natural to point out that gristly and fleshy appendage at the side of the head, which a barbarian taste has decided shall be cut in the case of terriers for the sake of symmetry, pierced in that of human beings, for the insertion of some useful or ornamental article—snuff-box or earring.

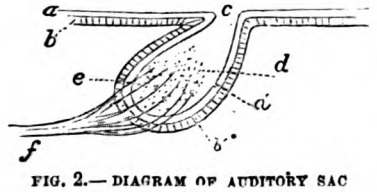


FIG. 2.— DIAGRAM OF AUDITORY SAC OF LOBSTER.

a, Shell of Antennule; *a'*, Chitinous layer of Auditory Sac: *b*, Epidermis; *b'*, Epithelial layer of Auditory Sac; *c*, Mouth of Sac; *d*, Otoliths; *e*, Auditory Hairs; *f*, Auditory Nerve.

But a moment's consideration will convince the most unthinking that the "ear" in this sense of the word is not the organ of hearing at all. For deaf people, or people rendered temporarily deaf by a plug of cotton, wool or the like, have the "ear" as perfectly developed as any one. People who have had their ears cut off, and animals devoid of that appendage, such as birds, reptiles and fishes, are, as common observation teaches, quite capable of hearing and distinguishing sounds. The sound of, for instance, a tuning-fork or a musical box can be made audible to deaf people by placing the instrument against their teeth, and the same thing can be shown by stopping one's ears tightly, and touching one end of a table or plank with the teeth, while another person gently scratches the other end of the piece of wood.

What all these facts show is, that the organ of hearing is something inside the head, and that the sound waves which give rise to an auditory impression may, as under ordinary circumstances, be transmitted through the tube which we see passing toward the interior of the head from the "ear," or may, if this their normal channel is closed to them, be transmitted through the bones of the skull.

We must distinguish, therefore, the *external ear*, or ear

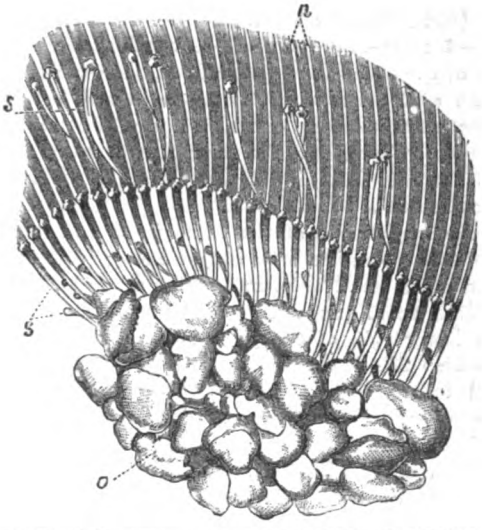


FIG. 3.— PORTION OF AUDITORY SAC OF LOBSTER, HIGHLY MAGNIFIED TO SHOW THE AUDITORY HAIRS.

n, Branchlets of Auditory Nerve; *o*, Otoliths; *s*, Setæ.

commonly so called, from the *internal ear*, or true organ of hearing. The former, although of great use, can be dispensed with; the latter is absolutely essential for purposes of hearing.

Let us now consider what are the essential conditions of our organ of hearing. What we call sound is due to vibrations of the air communicated with a certain degree of rapidity by the sonorous body; and that any sound should be audible to an animal, it is necessarily, firstly, that there should be some part of the animal body so delicately poised, as it were, as to be set vibrating in unison with the sound; and secondly, that there should be, in connection with this same part of the body, a nerve able to transmit the vibrations to the brain. It is instructive to compare the essentials of an organ of touch with those of an organ of hearing. When any part of our body is touched, an impression is made on the skin, and this impression is communicated by a nerve to the brain; if the nerve is cut, that part of the body is quite without feeling. The skin, therefore, which is the great organ of touch, is liable to receive and transmit to the brain by its

nerves, coarse vibrations, produced by actual contact. If any part of the skin could be made so sensitive as to be set vibrating by sound waves, it would become an organ of hearing, and its nerve would become an auditory nerve.

The internal ear of the higher animal is a structure of such extreme complication, that the best way to get a correct notion of hearing organs in general will be to consider the apparatus as it exists in the lower animals, where its structure, and the principles upon which it works, are sufficiently simple to be readily grasped.

No better animal can be selected to start with than the common lobster, as any one sufficiently interested in the subject can readily make out the main points of its hearing organ for himself, by sacrificing to scientific purposes a small and insignificant portion of a lobster salad.

The lobster has two pairs of feelers, one long—the antennæ, and one short, the antennules—projecting from the front of its head. If one of the latter be removed by inserting the point of a pocket-knife between its near end and the socket in which it works, it will be found to consist of three strong, hard pieces, placed one above the other, and movably jointed together. The last of these pieces, that furthest from the head in the entire animal, has attached to it two jointed filaments about two inches long. These form the feeler proper, being organs of touch (and perhaps, also, of smell). The first joint of the feeler—that nearest the head—is considerably larger than either of the others, and presents on one—the upper—surface, an oval space which is not hard and bony like the rest, but membraneous, or rather horny, being formed of a substance called *chitin*, the same substance as that which forms the soft interval between the hard joints on the under side of the lobster's tail.

At the further end of the same joint, and to the outer side of this space, is a little tuft of hairs; in the middle of this tuft is a small hole, into which a bristle, or even the head of a small pin, can easily be passed. If, then, the whole lower side of the joint is cut away, and the soft stuff which fills it scraped out, the bristle is seen to have passed into a little transparent bag of chitin, about a quarter of an inch long. On the lower side of this *auditory sac*—that is, the side we are now supposed to be looking at, there is a curved line of slightly different appearance to the rest of the wall. Careful dissection shows that the nerve passing from the brain to supply the feeler sends off a small branch to the curved line; this branch is the *auditory nerve* (Fig. 1, *a. n.*).

When the auditory sac is cut open it is found to be full of seawater, in which are a number of little sandy particles, called ear-stones, or *otoliths*.

One more point about the structure of the organ. Underlying the whole hard shell of the lobster is a delicate red membrane, composed of minute protoplasmic bodies called *cells*, and answering to our own epidermis. A similar membrane forms a sort of outer coat to the auditory sac, and is continuous around the aperture of the sac with the membrane underlying the hard shell of the antennule, just as the shell itself is continuous with the chitin of the sac.

To make out much more of the structure of the lobster's ear, it is necessary to have recourse to the microscope. If that portion of the wall of the sac containing the curved line is cut out and examined under a comparatively low power, a row of bodies called auditory hairs, or *setæ*, is seen to be attached all along the line, and to project into the cavity of the sac among the ear-stones. Each of these setæ is a beautiful feathery structure, consisting of a stem with a rounded base, which fits, ball-and-socket fashion, into a depression in the wall of the sac, and with a number of minute filaments corresponding with the barbs of the feathers, given off on either side. The whole seta is not more than one-sixtieth of an inch in length. A specimen prepared with sufficient care shows that to each seta proceeds a minute branchlet of the auditory nerve (Figs. 2, 3).

So much for the structure of the apparatus; now for the way it acts. Sound waves from any sonorous body in the lobster's neighbourhood will strike against the bottom joint of the little feeler. Of these waves, those striking against the hard parts will have little or no effect unless the sounding body be in actual contact, but those which strike the soft space already mentioned will set it vibrating, and the vibration, transmitted to the auditory sac, will produce a corresponding movement in its contained fluid. The same effect will be produced, but in a more marked degree, by waves entering the small external aperture. The movement of the fluid will cause the setæ to vibrate, and a nervous impulse will be transmitted along the auditory nerve, and so give rise in the brain to the sensation of hearing. The otoliths may assist in transmitting the vibration of the fluid to the hairs, or, as seems more likely, act as dampers.

There is still something to be said about the anatomical relations of the sac. It communicates with the exterior by a small hole, so that its wall is directly continuous with the outer surface of the body, and the whole sac might not unreasonably, from examination of it in the adult animal, be looked upon as a portion of that outer surface tucked in. And that this is really the case, is found by examining lobsters of different ages, when it is seen that very young specimens have no auditory sac at all, and that when this organ does arise, it arises by the upper wall of the first joint of the antennule being pushed in, as it were, so as to form a shallow depression; this depression deepening, forms at last a bag widely open to the outer air, and lastly, the bag itself growing faster than its mouth, the auditory sac of the adult is produced.

So that the wall of the sac is just a bit of the "shell," with its underlying epidermis, turned in; and the auditory hairs are nothing more than the hairs with which many parts of the lobster's body are covered—the tail, for instance, is fringed with them—specially modified for purposes of hearing, by acquiring great delicacy and by being very beautifully hinged.

There is no reason whatever why hairs on the free surface of the body should not have the same accurate adjustment, and so serve for hearing; and, indeed, it is thought by some competent authorities that certain fringed hairs on the surface of the antennules and of the tail of the prawn, closely resembling the hairs of its auditory sac, really do serve the purpose of hearing. If this be true, the prawn has some auditory hairs which have been tucked into a sac and others which have not. Of course the former position must be the most suitable for the purpose, for in the first place, the delicate hairs are protected from injury, and in the second place, the sac itself probably acts as a resonator, and augments the force of the sound waves.

How, then, do the otoliths come about, since there are no representatives of them in connection with the hairs on the free surface of the body? I mentioned that these were sandy particles; they are, in fact, just minute sand-grains, such as are found on the sea-bottom where the lobster lives, and the question suggests itself, are they actually formed by the lobster, or are they taken in from the outside? If so, how?

This question was settled in a very ingenious way by Dr. Hensen. It is known that lobsters and their allies—prawns, crabs, etc.—shed their shells annually, and that with the shell of the antennule the chitin of the auditory

sac is shed, too, and with it, of course, the otoliths, so that for a time after casting the shell the animal has a soft exterior a soft auditory sac, and no otoliths.

Hensen took some prawns which had just shed their shells, and put them in an aquarium, the bottom of which was covered, not with sand, but with some minute, easily recognizable crystals. In this way he made sure that the animals were not supplied with sand. He examined them after a short time, and found that they all had in the auditory sacs some of the crystals, which now acted as otoliths. They had taken them in by plunging their heads into the mass of crystals, and moving about until some of the latter were forced in.

Another form of auditory organ, at first sight quite different to that of the lobster, is found in the common little fresh-water bivalve called *Cyclas*. If this little creature is watched during life it is seen to protrude from between its valves a fleshy, tongue-like process, called its foot. If now a Cyclas is taken from the water, its valves removed, and its foot examined under the microscope, there is seen in about its middle a little rounded cavity containing a small particle in constant vibration. The cavity is the auditory sac of the Cyclas; and the vibrating particle is its otolith (Fig. 4).

FIG. 4.—AUDITORY SAC OF CYCLAS.
c, Auditory Capsule; *e*, Ciliated Epithelium; *o*, Otolith.

Careful examination shows that this sac consists of a delicate wall lined with minute cylindrical cells, from each of which a number of delicate filaments, called *cilia*, project into the cavity of the sac. These filaments are in constant motion, waving to and fro like the similar bodies in a wheel-animalcule, and it is by the motion thus set up that the otolith is kept in a perpetual tremble in the fluid which fills the sac.

Comparing the auditory sac of Cyclas with that of the lobster, it is evident that the ciliated cells lining the former answer exactly to the cells of the epidermis forming the outer layer of the latter. But in Cyclas there is no chitinous inner coat to the sac; there are cilia instead of auditory hairs, and the sac is completely closed instead of opening to the exterior.

The last-named circumstance seems to indicate a radical difference between the two organs, for it scarcely seems likely, at first sight, that a closed sac embedded in the very substance of the foot can have any connection with the epidermis covering the foot. But there is every reason to believe that the sac in this case, also, arises as a pushing-in of the epidermis, a sort of tunnel being formed, the far end of which dilates into the sac, while the remainder of it disappears, all evidence of the original connection of the auditory sac with the exterior being thus obliterated. Here again, therefore, the sensory surface is a specially modified portion of the general surface of the body.

Another easily obtained auditory organ is that of any common bony fish—the cod, for instance. Most people must have noticed a little white, flat stone with a crinkled edge, looking very like glazed porcelain, which occurs in the interior of a cod's head, apparently quite loose. This little stone is the ear-stone, or otolith, of the fish (Fig. 6). To make out its real position and relations, a dissection, or series of dissections, is necessary.

In the hinder part of the cod's skull, on each side of the brain-case, is a large bony projection containing an irregular cavity, in free communication, in the dry skull, with the cavity in which the brain is lodged. This bony mass is the auditory capsule. If, in a fresh head, the bone composing it is broken away bit by bit, the cavity is found to contain, floating in a watery fluid called *perilymph*, the fish's auditory organ, or, as it is often called from its complexity, *membraneous labyrinth* (Fig. 5).

This consists of a delicate membraneous sac, of ovoidal shape, called the *vestibule*, connected with which are three tubes bent into the form of a half-circle, and hence called *semicircular canals*. Of these, two have a vertical position—one at the front, the other at the hinder end of the vestibule; the third is horizontal, and attached to the outer wall of the sac. The two vertical canals are joined with one another for a short distance, so that the two canals only have three openings between them into the vestibule: at the end furthest from its fellow each canal is swollen out into a little bulb, the *ampulla*. The horizontal canal is quite independent of the other two; like these, it has an ampulla placed at its anterior end.

The large otolith already mentioned lies within the vestibule, floating in the fluid *(endolymph)* with which that cavity is filled. Besides the large otolith there is another, of much smaller size, and therefore easily overlooked.

A large nerve (the auditory nerve) proceeds from the brain of the fish into the auditory capsule, and there branches out, twigs from it passing to the vestibule and to the ampullæ of the canals.

Microscopic examination shows that the membraneous labyrinth has a lining of cells, resembling in all essential respects those we have already found in the lobster and Cyclas. In the ampulla and certain parts of the vestibule these cells give rise to long, stiff filaments, which project into the endolymph. The ends of the nerves split up into extremely fine branches, one of which, in all probability, becomes directly connected with each of the cells (Fig. 7).

Hearing takes place in much the same way as in Cyclas: the sound-waves breaking against the fish's head are transmitted through the substance of the latter to the perilymph. The vibrations of the endolymph and of the otoliths affect the hair-like processes of the auditory cells; in these the vibrations are converted into a nervous impulse, which is conveyed along the auditory nerve to the brain, and there gives rise to the sensation of hearing.

Like the simple auditory sac of the Cyclas, the fish's complicated hearing-apparatus is just an in-turned bit of skin. The auditory organ makes its first appearance as a little pit on the surface of the head; the pit deepens into a canal, the outer part of which becomes obliterated, while the inner is converted into the whole labyrith. In some fishes, such as the shark, dogfish, and skate (Fig. 8), the outer portion of the canal never becomes obliterated, but remains throughout life as a fine tube, placing the cavity of the vestibule in communication with the surrounding water.

In the higher animals—in a sheep, a rabbit, a dog or a man—the auditory organ has essentially the same structure as in the fish, in that it has a vestibule with three semicircular canals. But there is an important addition in the form of a long tube, blind at one end, and coiled up into a snail-shell-like figure of two and a half turns. This structure is called from its form the membraneous *cochlea*. In all probability it has something to do with the appreciation of musical tones, though how it performs this function is by no means clear. Probably certain peculiar structures, called "hair-cells" and "rods of Corti," have something to do with it (Fig. 9).

Both labyrinth and cochlea contain endolymph, and are contained in a cavity hollowed out in the auditory capsule, the cavity being filled, as before, with perilymph. But in this case the cavity is no longer irregular, but of almost

exactly the same shape as the membraneous organ it protects. Moreover, the bone immediately surrounding the cavity is of a particularly hard and ivory-like texture, while the next outer layer is full of cavities, and consequently comparatively soft. So that the surrounding soft bone can be cut away, leaving the hard bone immediately surrounding the labyrinth, and this hard bone is then found to have quite the same shape as the membraneous organ. A "bony labyrinth" and "bony cochlea" are therefore often spoken of, in contradistinction to the membraneous parts of the same name.

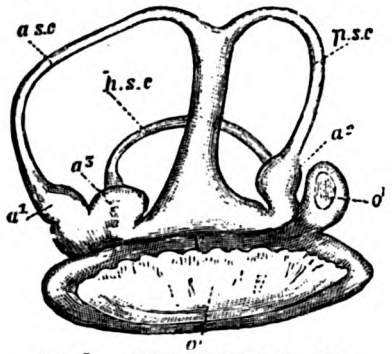


FIG. 5.— AUDITORY ORGAN OF COD.

a1—*as*, Ampullæ; *a.s.c*, Anterior Semicircular Canal; *h.s.c*, Horizontal Semicircular Canal; *p.s.c*, Posterior Semicircular Canal; *o*, Otolith; *o1*, Smaller Otolith; *v*, Vestibule.

In the case of the labyrinth proper—vestibule and canals—the bony case fits pretty closely, and the perilymph-containing cavity between the bony walls and the membraneous structures is very small. But the bony cochlea is of considerably greater diameter than the structure it contains, and the membraneous cochlea is, as it were, jammed close against the surrounding bone on one side, so that on the other side a considerable space is left. This space is not single, but is divided into two compartments, an upper and a lower, by a bony partition, which stretches inward from the wall of the osseous to that of the membraneous cochlea. This partition is, like the cochlea itself, spiral, and consequently the whole cochlea, if cut across, is seen to consist of three separate passages running close alongside one another; a middle one, that of the membraneous cochlea, containing endolymph, an upper, called the *scala vestibuli*, containing perilymph; and a lower, the *scala tympani*, also containing perilymph. The two latter communicate with one another at the apex of the spiral (Fig. 10).

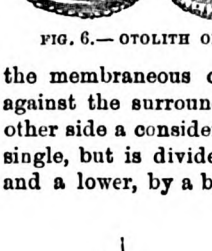


FIG. 6.— OTOLITH OF COD.

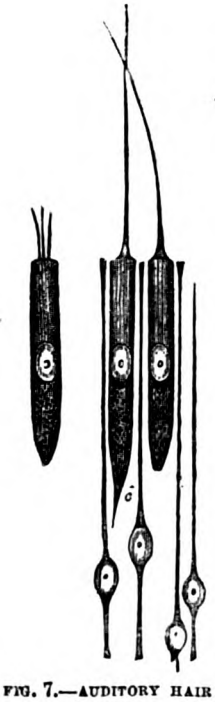


FIG. 7.—AUDITORY HAIR OF FISH.

a, *a1*, Auditory Hairs; *c*, Columnar Cells; *b*, Spindle-shaped Cells lying between the Columnar Cells.

I have hitherto spoken of the cavity in the bony apparatus as if it were completely closed in by bone all round; but this is not strictly true. At two places the bony wall is deficient, two little holes being produced, which are covered over by very thin membranes. The larger of these is called, from its shape, the "oval window" *(fenestra ovalis)*; the smaller, the "round window" *(fenestra rotunda)*.

The membranes which may be said to form the glazing of these windows separate the cavity of the bony labyrinth from a large and comparatively simple chamber, called the *tympanum*, or ear-drum. The bony wall containing the two windows forms the inner boundary of this drum-cavity; externally it is produced outward into a canal, the external auditory passage, which opens on the side of the head, and is surrounded by the external ear. It is this canal which we see in our own "ear," leading somewhere into the interior of the head (Fig. 11).

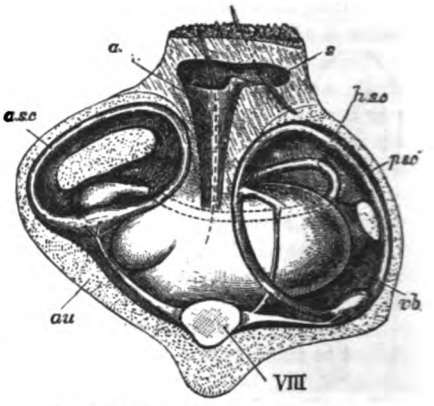


FIG. 8.— AUDITORY ORGAN OF SKATE.

au, Auditory Capsule; *a.s.c*, Anterior Semicircular Canal; *h.s.c*, Horizontal Semicircular Canal; *p.s.c*, Posterior Semicircular Canal; *vb*, Vestibule; *a*, Canal leading from the Vestibule toward Exterior; *s*, Bristle passed through the small Aperture which leads from *a* to the Exterior; VIII, Auditory Nerve.

There is a second canal in connection with the tympanum, called the eustachian tube. It passes from the front part of the cavity, and passing forward and downward opens into the mouth. So that if there were nothing else to be mentioned in connection with the tympanum, there would be free communication between the ear and the mouth.

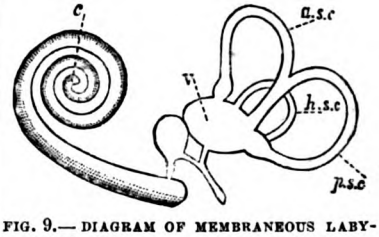


FIG. 9.— DIAGRAM OF MEMBRANEOUS LABYRINTH AND COCHLEA OF A MAMMAL.

a.s.c, Anterior Semicircular Canal; *h.s.c*, Horizontal Semicircular Canal; *p.s.c*, Posterior Semicircular Canal; *v*, Vestibule; *c*, Cochlea.

But, as a matter of fact, there is no such communication. For, stretched across the inner end of the external auditory passage, just where it joins the drum-cavity, is a tough skin, the drum-membrane, which completely separates the cavity of the external passage from that of the drum.

Attached to the inner side of this membrane is a little bone, the shape of which is seen in Fig. 12 to bear some sort of resemblance to a hammer. It is hence called the hammer-bone *(malleus)*; its "handle" is attached to the drum-membrane, its "slender process" projects into a cleft in the bone forming the wall of the drum, and its head is articulated or jointed to a second small bone, called the "anvil" *(incus)*, rather from the fact that the head of the hammer is applied to it than from any resemblance it

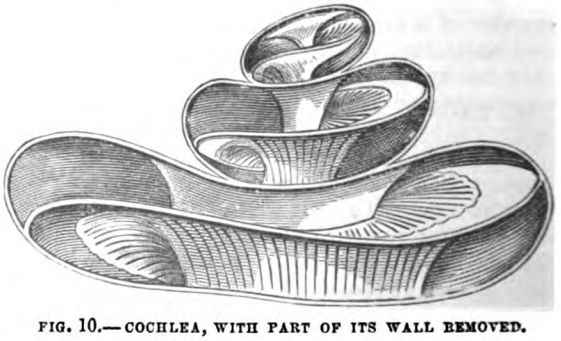


FIG. 10.— COCHLEA, WITH PART OF ITS WALL REMOVED.

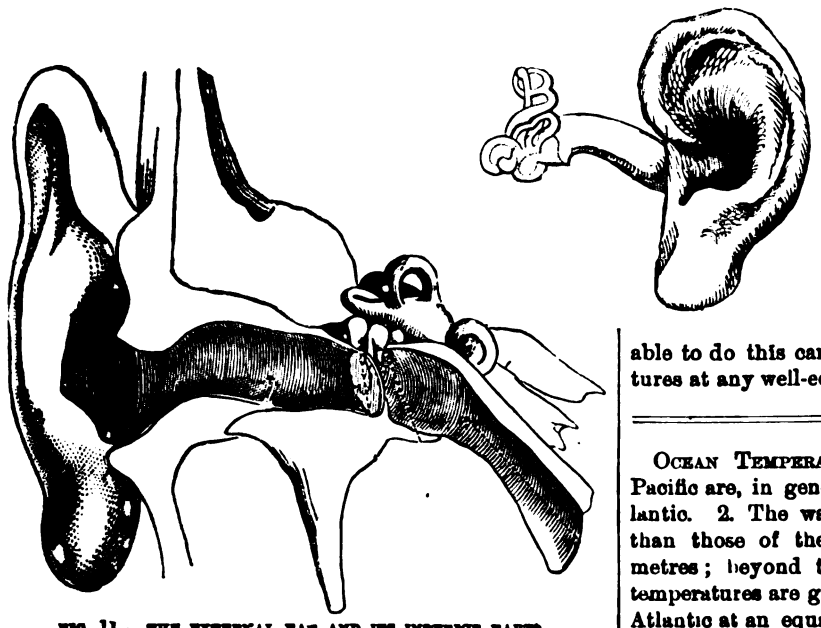


FIG. 11.—THE EXTERNAL EAR AND ITS INTERIOR PARTS.

bears to an anvil. This anvil bone has, like the hammer, two projections or "processes," a long and a short; to the long process is articulated a tiny grain of bone, called the "orbicular bone" *(os orbiculare)*, and to this again is joined a bone which is very rightly called the "stirrup" *(stapes)*, since it has precisely the shape of that article. The foot-plate of the stirrup is firmly fixed to the membrane of the oval window.

Now, as to the use of all this complicated apparatus, which in the higher animals is superadded to the essential organ of hearing. The sound-waves enter the external auditory passage, some of them being reflected into it by the external ear, which acts as a natural ear-trumpet to catch the sound. Arrived at the bottom of the passage, the waves strike against the drum-membrane and set it vibrating; its vibrations give a corresponding backward and forward movement to the malleus, and the motion is communicated through the incus to the stapes, which, being fixed to the membrane of the oval window, gives

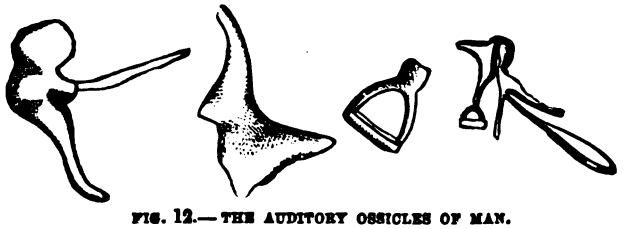


FIG. 12.—THE AUDITORY OSSICLES OF MAN.

to the latter an in-and-out movement. This last movement, of course, affects the perilymph, and then everything takes place as in the codfish.

The improvement in the mammal consists in the addition of a special, delicately balanced apparatus to communicate external vibrations to the perilymph. The round window serves for the vibrations of the perilymph to spend themselves against; every time the oval window is thrust in, the perilymph, instead of undergoing compression, pushes out the membrane of the round window to a corresponding extent, and *vice versâ*.

The above account of the organ of hearing aims at giving the reader some notion of the manner in which, and of the apparatus by which, the function of hearing is performed. I have purposely not attempted to go into details of structure, or into the endless modifications of the auditory organs in the various groups of animals, but have judged it best to select a limited number of common and easily obtainable animals, from the consideration of which the main types of auditory organs may be understood.

Any one with the least skill in dissection can make out, at any rate, most of the points described for himself, and those who are unable to do this can see preparations of the larger structures at any well-equipped anatomical museum.

OCEAN TEMPERATURES.—1. The waters of the North Pacific are, in general, colder than those of the North Atlantic. 2. The waters of the South Pacific are warmer than those of the South Atlantic, to a depth of 1,300 metres; beyond that they are colder. 3. The bottom temperatures are generally lower in the Pacific than in the Atlantic at an equal depth and in the same degree of latitude; but we do not find any part of the temperature in the former as low as those of the Antarctic part of the South Atlantic between 36° and 38° south latitude and 48° and 30° west longitude, where in seven places temperatures of — 0°·3 to — 0°·6 were found. 4. In the western part of the Pacific, and in the neighborhood of the Indian Archipelago, the temperature of the water reaches its minimum at depths which vary from 550 to 2,750 metres, and remains the same from that depth downward. In all the Atlantic the temperature from 2,750 metres lowers slowly but regularly.

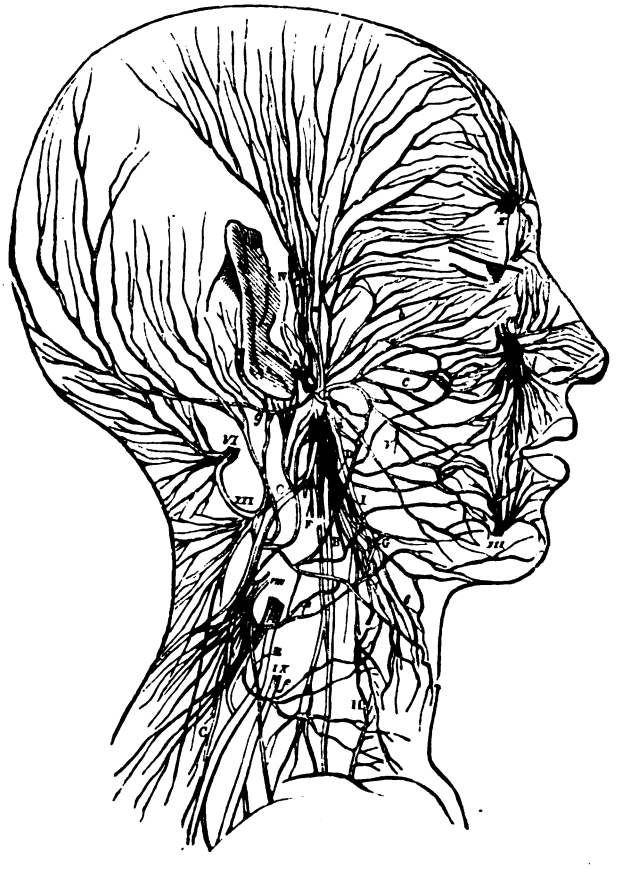


FIG. 13.—THE NERVES OF THE HEAD.

THE EDITOR'S OPERA-GLASS.

As THIS magic lens is turned upon the field of American History for the past year, it finds record of a long, unprecedentedly hot Summer, which was filled with a great calamity. It is too soon yet to place fitly the effect of this Summer and its unique sufferings upon the future of the American people. Doubtless it will have its story to tell a hundred years hence. Out of that sorrow has grown already great blessings, thanks to the heroic character of President Garfield, not the least of which has been the correct spirit in which law and order have been observed, even to the patience with which the nation has borne the frivolous and indecent conduct of the assassin at his trial. Mr. and Mrs. Garfield gave us an example of the greatest value—she, no less than he, in her wonderful poise and patient submission. The free gift of the people of the United States of nearly $400,000 to Mrs. Garfield—a contribution started by Cyrus W. Field, Esq.—was only a proper tribute to a noble woman.

Out of this calamity arose other blessings, one of which was the sensible, discreet and proper conduct of the Vice-President, Arthur, now our President, who won the confidence of the nation. The great wheels of State revolved without friction or disorder, and the ship goes on safely over troubled seas. The assassin's shot might, in other lands, have created anarchy, but no life has been imperiled, no inheritance rendered insecure, here. The martyr dies, but his country lives.

We are glad to chronicle the progress of art in every direction. Especially is the branch called decorative art, and art, as applied to household furnishing, each making rapid strides. It would be almost impossible now to buy an ugly paper, or to procure a tasteless carpet. As for a *chargé* fresco, no artist could be found to perpetrate such a monstrosity. In the studios, the portrait and landscape painters are doing good work, as are the young lady artists, who have proved that there is no sex in art—at least, no necessary feminine incapacity—to prevent their competing with men on their own field. There is even talk of a great American Art City, to be called Musopolis. One rich amateur has promised the necessary land, and another has undertaken to find the money for building purposes. The idea has met with a favorable reception in Europe. Gounod has expressed his readiness to take up his residence at *Musopolis;* Rubenstein is said to be thinking about it; Joachim will, it is hoped, pass there the two months in which he is allowed to be absent from the Berlin High School of Music; Sir Jules Benedict is much interested in it, and the Messrs. Steinway have offered in the most liberal way to lend pianos to the entire population. Not music alone, but painting, as well as architecture, and all the decorative arts connected therewith, are to be represented at the new Pierian abode of Musopolis; and the drama will not be forgotten. Whether this conglomerate of poets, painters, musicians and philosophers like the group in the "Vie de Bohème" of *Henri Murger* will be happy, remains to be seen. Musopolis is a dream still.

We wish that we could speak more favorably of the dramatic season in New York. But there has been absolutely no good play produced within the last year. Senseless musical novelties rule the hour, and with the exception of the ever-amusing "Patience," of Gilbert and Sullivan, the fine cosmopolitan acting of Fredrick Haase, at the Germania, and the visit of Ernesto Rossi to these shores, we have no dramatic incidents worthy of record.

Rossi, although not drawing crowds, received a welcome from the thoughtful and educated. Differing in his methods from Salvini whose vast popularity here has, perhaps, injured somewhat the success of his compatriot, Rossi has still given us a new *Othello* and a new *Romeo*. He is a man of tremendous force and of intellectual apprehension. Less handsome than Salvini, he still makes up as a superb *Romeo*, and gives to that flower of Southern passion, Shakespeare's great love-tragedy, a new meaning and a new charm.

Adelina Patti, the greatest singer in the world, has returned, after a long absence, to her native land. Betrayed by a mistaken management into an unfortunate first appearance, Patti has wisely changed her tactics, and is now singing to admiring crowds. Her voice is in dazzling perfection; at the very height of its consummate and sensuous charm; the greatest musical luxury in all the range of voices! It seems to combine the delicate purity and finish of Gerster, the clear and dramatic quality of Nilsson, and the extraordinary staying power of Jenny Lind. One feels that Adelina Patti could fill the dome of St. Peter's. There is no end to her power, and above all that delicious sweetness and most touching, tender tone, which no one else in the memory of living men has approached, she has the added power of a mature womanhood in her voice. Her neck and bust and arms are a little more full than of yore, but her fairy-like waist still holds its slenderness. She is a very pretty woman. Nicolini has been a good singer and is still a good artist, but his voice is now worn and harsh.

Dr. Damrosch, at the head of the Symphony Society, gave his first crowded concert in early November, showing that the effect of his great musical success last Spring has not been thrown away. These superb concerts have created a want, and have supplied one for the lovers of classical music.

Blanche Roosevelt, our own beautiful prima donna, had a most flattering welcome back from Europe at Chickering Hall. She sang the "Jewel Song" from "Faust" and the pretty "Valley Lily," composed for Stephen Massett by "Uncle Sam Ward." Her voice has increased in volume steadily, without losing its sweetness and purity.

But the great event of the year has been the celebration of the Yorktown anniversary—our feast of tabernacles, as it were—which has cemented the nation into closest union; stimulated politicians of different "stripe" to a friendly cordiality; brought our national hospitality to a focus, made us aware of our power as a nation; given us the pleasure of a visit from our French and German neighbors; and has moved the heart of the people to a great national Thanksgiving. England, our mother, has through her Queen shown us such touching kindness in all our trials, that we are hers more than ever; and perhaps the most graceful thing of all the great celebration was the order of President Arthur, which commanded that the English flag be saluted.

A great ball at the Metropolitan Casino, given to the French and German guests, brought up that ever-vexed question of precedence, which never has been settled in America. The great need in our society is an authoritative book on etiquette, and he who shall write such an one will be a public benefactor.

American literature has lost its most popular and well-paid writer, Dr. Holland—a man who met the needs of the "greatest number." In prose he was not a genius. He showed but a high order of commonplace talent. In poetry he had some glimpses of genius. As a man he was most excellent and amiable, with a shrewd eye to business, and with a genuinely good heart. He was a perfect embodiment of the Yankee characteristics—the Yankee of the past.

The great literary success of the year has been "The Portrait of a Lady," by Henry James, Junior, the whole edition selling in one day. It is by far the best work he has yet done, and although the scene is laid abroad, it is thoroughly American in spirit.

The "æsthetes" have given the poetical and dramatic nonsense of "Patience" to the theatre; they are now to give a novel to literature. After that let us hope that they will succumb, and be heard of no more. Du Maurier's gifted brush has galvanized into life a very fugitive type of absurdity, and the world has been almost satisfied with the long hair of Postlethwaite and the sunflower gown of Mrs. Cimabue Brown. Luxury, in all its phases, is making rapid strides. The magnificent Vanderbilt palaces have risen like an exhalation. The whole Fifth Avenue teems with picture-galleries, with interiors which *are* pictures, with the gleanings of European travel and with the spoils of European art-collection. An unlucky fire, that of Morrell's storage-house, burned up the most valuable part of the San Donato sale of last year, in Florence, which had been brought hither by Mr. C. Vanderbilt, and has depleted the treasure-house of many families—a curious instance of the folly of the many in believing the house to be fireproof. But New York has still art-treasures of the rarest description. Our Metropolitan Museum of Art presents now the most choice collections of glass, china and engraved gems, beside its unrivaled Cypriote and Phœnician antiquities. The Park is full of buildings to visit—with the Lenox Library, the Museum of Natural History near at hand, not to mention the Obelisk, which warns us of our newness, and preaches repose.

Indeed, a little judicious, graceful idleness, is the only quality we find to be wanting, as we sweep the vast American horizon with our opera-glass. That

> "Calm languor, which, though to the eye
> Idlesse it seem, hath its morality,"

is nowhere to be found. People do not even take time wherewith to enjoy themselves.

They should remember that the word "indolence" means strictly "freedom from pain." But the word has been wrested from its original and beautiful meaning. The virtuous, however, are fatigued by their own excellences, sometimes, and should be reminded of it. If our luxurious pleasure-seekers even would learn a little "idlesse," it would be better.

> "Thus from the source of tender indolence,
> With milky blood the heart is overflown,
> Is soothed and sweetened by the social sense,
> For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banished hence."

The Patriarchs and F. C. D. C. Balls at Delmonico's have begun, and are as brilliant and as exclusive as Almacks. A Ladies' Subscription Ball was given on December 8th, at Delmonico's—a very pretty and desirable innovation.

It is delightful, also, to record the growth of athletic exercises—the ladies riding to hounds, the lawn tennis and archery meetings, by which our young American Atalantas threaten to rival their English sisterhood.

The City of New York was racked by a contest between a prominent citizen and the Reverend Dr. Dix, as to the right possessed by a clergyman to marry a young couple against the wishes of the bride's father. Dr. Dix maintained that as both parties were of age there could be no parental interference. Such, however, was the interest inspired that crowds gathered at Trinity Chapel, expecting to see a 'forbidding of the banns." The wedding, however, passed off quietly. This is a test case, and a very important one, to every citizen of the United States.

The foundations of the new Opera House were laid in the Summer, and the building will be as superb in its way as the Grand Opera House in Paris. In the meantime, the Academy of Music has been crowded to hear a not very good troupe, but old operas, fairly given by old favorites. New York being full to overflowing, and the gayety being late in beginning, the opera has been nightly crowded by ladies in full dress, which fact alone has made the scene very gay and brilliant, and places New York on a level with foreign towns to the stranger.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE FRUITFULNESS OF PLANTS.—The botanist Bay tells us that he counted 2,000 grains of maize on a single plant of maize sprung from one seed, 4,000 seeds on one plant of sunflower, 32,000 on a single poppy plant, and 6,000 seeds on one plant of tobacco. Pliny tells that a Roman governor in Africa sent to the Emperor Augustus a single plant of corn with 340 stems, bearing 340 ears—that is to say, at least 60,000 grains of corn had been produced from a single seed. In modern times 12,780 grains have been produced by a single grain of the famous corn of Smyrna. In *eight* years as much corn might spring from *one seed* as would supply all mankind with bread for *a year and a half*.

THE *Nature* reports that a telegraphic experiment of a singular description was tried about the middle of August at the Trocadero. It consists merely of the reading of large silvered zinc letters a square metre in size, fixed on a blackened board, by refracting telescopes. This method has succeeded very well from the Trocadero to the Pantheon—a distance of three miles. The inventor, an officer in the French service, thinks he will succeed, under favorable circumstances, in reading messages at a distance of sixty miles.

WITH any ink usually employed in writing, reduced from ten volumes to six, and to which four volumes of glycerine have afterward been added, Professor Attfield has been able to obtain transcripts of manuscripts in an ordinary thin paper copying-book without the use of a press. When a sheet of paper is written over with this ink, it is placed under one of the sheets of the book, and then a piece of blotting-paper laid over the thin paper takes up, when pressed in the common way, any excess of ink which may come through.

ELECTRICITY is now employed in the rectification of inferior alcohol. The electricity generated by a Voltaic battery and a dynamo-electric machine is passed through the alcohol so as to disengage the superfluous hydrogen. By this means beet-root alcohol, which is usually very poor, can be made to yield eighty per cent. of spirits, equal to that obtained from the best malt.

SELF-LUMINOUS photographs capable of shining in the dark can be made, as Eder has shown, by laying a transparent "positive" upon a sheet of Balmain's luminous paint, and then exposing the latter to sunlight. The photograph thus produced is a "positive" also. It lasts, of course, only for a limited time.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A GRAND "STAND."—Glasses round.

MEN WHO HAVE SPRUNG FROM THE RANKS.—Deserters.

WHEN two gushing young women make a great display of bidding each other good-by, it may be called "much adieu about nothing."

LOVE.—*She:* "Why is love always represented as a child?" *He:* "Because it never reaches the age of experience." *She:* "Still, old men have been known——" *He:* "Yes; but they were in their second childhood."

THE BAILIE'S DISTINCTION.—Scene—Interior of railway-carriage. General conversation on Roman remains. *English Lady*, to Scotch bailie in corner: "Are you an antiquarian, Mr B?" *The Bailie*, briskly: "No, mem; I tak' a haddock to my supper every nicht."

A WESTERN citizen, on being informed that in his absence a panther had attacked his wife, and that she had beaten off and killed the animal, merely shrugged his shoulders and said: "If that panther had knowed her as well as I do he'd never riled her up, you bet!"

BABIES OF MAUMEE.

Potatoes they grew small,
And they ate them tops and all
In Maumee;
The babies kicked and squalled,
And mother's spanked them all
In Maumee;
Castoria's cured them all,
No babies now that bawl
In Maumee.

BEFORE THE BALL.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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LONDON AND ITS LORD MAYORS.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, LL.D.

"FAMOUS London town!" Nursery children, nursery maids, schoolboys, schoolgirls, college youths, apprentices lazy and industrious, mechanics, students, philosophers, artists, merchants, tradesmen, misers, spendthrifts, men of all professions, all ranks, all occupations, all positions, from lord to beggar, for a time wherein "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," have echoed the words, "Famous London town!"

And famous it is, and famous it always has been, from the time, centuries before Christ, when the half-naked fishermen and hunters (the river was filled with salmon and the forests with the wild boar) erected, with flint axes and other rude tools, their huts on the rising ground on the north bank of the Thames, sixty miles, as the river flows, from the sea. At that period the river formed here a large lake, and the place was appropriately called London (Llyn-don), the "town on the lake." So it is that this famous point was first occupied by the Welsh, and to this day in Wales you will encounter traditions which go back to the wild man of the Thames—his limbs stained blue, and his flint ax red with blood. History or tradition gives the name of the founder of all the great places of the globe. London claims a sort of pre-Adamite distinction in this that neither tradition, rumor, nor myth points to the existence of the founder of the mightiest of cities.

SALUTING THE AMERICAN FLAG IN THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION, 1881.

It is now well settled that Julius Cæsar made his first brief invasion of Britain on an August day, 55 years before Christ. But London was then a place of considerable importance, and British merchants (let us call them so) were already trading with France and Germany, transporting up the Seine and the Rhine shiploads of

corn, cattle, iron, hides, slaves and dogs, which they exchanged for brass, ivory, amber and other ornaments. The following year Cæsar made his second invasion with what he considered to be an adequate force. As is usually the case under such circumstances, he was joined by some dissatisfied tribes, and marched directly upon London. He accomplished little by its capture. The Britons proved to be fierce and intractable. In a letter to Cicero, Cæsar remarks that "the rude island was defended by stupendous rocks, not a scrap of gold was to be found, as reported, and the only prospect of booty was in slaves, from whom nothing could be expected—neither skill in letters nor in music." After a sojourn of four months and a half, Cæsar returned to Gaul without attempting further operations in Britain. The Romans were not a people to abandon an undertaking once attempted. In due course the island fell under their jurisdiction, and in time London became their chief station, and first among the seventy Roman cities in Britain. A century after the landing of Julius Cæsar, Tacitus (A.D. 62) says that London was a place celebrated for the number of its merchants and the confluence of traffic. Early in the fourth century, during the reign of Constantine, a wall was built which encircled the greater part of what is now known as the *City*. It extended from the Tower to Ludgate, east and west about one mile, and from London Wall to the Thames, about half a mile. This wall was pierced by seven gates; the five principal ones were Bridgegate, Ludgate, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and Aldgate; familiar names at the present day. This wall was a necessary defense against the wild and furious inroads of Scots, Picts, Franks and Saxons, to whom the wealth of this commercial town held out incentives to lay waste and plunder.

Following their custom, the Romans, who left an indelible impress wherever they trod, built military roads through England, seven of which had their starting-point in London. On the south wall of St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street, there is at this day enshrined the famous "London Stone." This stone was the central mile-stone of Roman England, from which all the chief roads radiated, and by which the distances were reckoned.

We are not writing a consecutive history of the growth of the great metropolis. On the contrary, what we have to say relates to the city proper, its modes and methods, its government and its mighty power. The exact spot where the half-naked islanders erected rude huts, till they grew into a settlement, was the spot which the cultivated Roman adopted as the central point for military operations, and is marked as the commercial centre of a vast Empire, and the financial and monetary centre of the world.

Eighteen feet below the level of Cheapside, Roman London lies embedded; and in a lower deep may still be discovered the broken scythes of those savage charioteers whose prowess became the current taunt in Rome against the soldiers of Cæsar. Over tessellated pavements and beautiful statues, bronze figures and images of the ancient gods, over various remains of the refined and sensuous habits of that famous race, over urns and bottles and dishes of all sorts, gold hairpins, enameled clasps, writing-tablets, balls, dice—in fact, everything and all things indicating what we now know of Roman life and manners; we say over these are erected the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, the Mansion House, Guildhall, the buildings of Mincing Lane, of old Broad Street, and of Lombard Street. Yes, there they stand, with the culture and civilization of near two thousand years ago buried deep below, while fathoms deeper still lie the fierce barbaric emblems of an ever-defiant race, honest emblems of the Britain of to-day. And this brings us to the subject in hand.

The London of which we propose to speak, to wit, what is termed the *City*, enjoys its privileges from royal grants and charters, and edicts dating back to the earliest of England's kings. It occupies a space somewhat larger than the area walled in during the reign of Constantine, in the fourth century, which embraced 370 acres. We must add to this the city "without" the wall, embracing 230 acres. So that "London town" takes in just 600 acres, all told, and no more. With the Thames for its southern boundary, Temple Bar for the western, Holborn, at Southampton Buildings, for the northern, and the Tower for its eastern bound, we have the limits of these 600 acres. Six hundred acres—while the "great metropolis" actually covers an area of 80,000 acres!

The reader is no doubt familiar with the word "guild," as used in common parlance; perhaps, however, he has not made himself acquainted with its tremendous power and significance in combination. Guild, from the Saxon *gildan*, to pay, was the name given to societies for mutual aid and protection. Each separate society was naturally composed of members of the same craft or business. The habit dates back to ancient Rome, where combinations of this sort became so strong that measures were taken to suppress them. London became the great nucleus of trades and industrial occupations of every kind. These formed themselves into separate societies, or "guilds," and each grew into immense wealth and consequent importance. The city is under the exclusive control of the Corporation of London, which occupies the exact territory I have named, and which cannot be enlarged. It is, in fact, a "close corporation," and is the most influential and richest body in the world. It is represented by a Lord Mayor, twenty-five Aldermen, one from each ward, a Common Council composed of 206 members, and four Sheriffs. The Mayor, Councilmen and Sheriffs are elected yearly. The Mayor must be chosen from the Aldermen, and must first have served as Sheriff. The Aldermen are elected for life, and are magistrates by virtue of their office. The Common Council, with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, form a kind of Parliament for the management of city affairs, in which the Mayor represents royalty. They exercise peculiar powers in reference to tolls, dues, markets, the administration of justice, police, drainage, lighting, paving, and a variety of other matters.

In vain has Parliament, which controls the Great London outside the *City*, attempted, in the single matter of police jurisdiction, to extend it there, but the opposition was so fierce and strong that the attempt was abandoned.

The Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, the Councilmen and the Sheriffs are elected by the "livery," which means that they are elected by the members of the various guilds in the city who wear the "livery," or badge of their respective crafts. These "livery men," all told, amount but to from 6,000 to 8,000, and belong to about 90 different guilds. We think it must make the eyes of a New York City politician sparkle at the mention of such an electioneering field. But the matter is managed very decorously in London, and on a very conservative system.

A word here about the guilds, for we cannot discourse of Lord Mayors and Lord Mayors' shows and banquets without a first reference to them. Of the ninety guilds mentioned, thirty-nine have separate halls of their own for meetings and dinners. The remainder either meet at the Guildhall or in some of the well-known taverns. The oldest of these guilds is the Saddlers'. Saddles were in use in London as early as A.D. 600. There are twelve guilds which hold pre-eminence, and are called "Honorable Companies" of so and so. These are the Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant

Tailors, Haberdashers, Salters, Iron Mongers, Vintners and Clothmakers.

The Mansion House and the Guildhall (City Hall) are the chief buildings for the transaction of Corporate business. Courts are held in both edifices. The Guildhall is a large, but rather mean-looking, structure. The Mansion House is the official residence of the Lord Mayor, and is of fine architecture and proportions.

It is well to stop just here to regard this tremendous agency known as the Corporation of London. Do not forget that it is the pride of its members and electors that they spring from and belong to the industrial classes, whose business it is to successfully carry on the trades and mechanical crafts which embrace every possible appliance of human industry. The Londoner has discovered that money is power. Belgravia, with her patricians and pleasure-seekers and hangers-on, may look at him derisively, but he snaps his fingers at them with contempt. The kings of England, in former times, when in need of money, knew where to go for it. They ordinarily kept on good terms with the "City," granting it various privileges. In return, the City was loyal and free with its loans when the occasion demanded.

The 9th of November in every year is the great day for the genuine Londoner. On that day the Lord Mayor enters upon his office and proceeds to Westminster Hall to be sworn in. In the evening there is a sumptuous banquet at Guildhall, which is attended by the ministers and other public functionaries. The "progress" of the Mayor from the "City" to Westminster, and his return to the banqueting hall, is called the Lord Mayor's Show. The Mayor's state coach—a cumbrous, unwieldy and grotesque-looking vehicle—is still the pride of all Cockneydom and the admiration of the *gamins*. It is drawn by six horses gorgeously caparisoned, while six footmen fill the footboard. It is of gilt, carved and ornamented by paintings of Cipriani, executed in 1757. These paintings are emblematical of the ancient shows. On the right-hand door, Fame is presenting the Mayor to the Genius of the City; on the door at the left, Britannia is pointing out to the same Genius a herald bearing the name of the first Lord Mayor of London, and the date 1189. Around the doors are Truth, Temperance, Justice and Fortitude, with appropriate emblems. At the back, Plenty and Riches are throwing fruit and money into the lap of Charity. The carving represents Cupids supporting the City arms. The coach belongs to the Corporation, who keep it in repair at an annual expense of about $500. So much for this greatly ridiculed vehicle.

There still remains of the Lord Mayor's show of to-day, to remind the curiously inclined of its ancient character, the procession of the "Company of the Poor Men," to which the Lord Mayor belongs, habited in long gowns and close caps of the company's color, bearing shields on their arms, but without javelins—a curious sight.

The first show in which the Mayor figured was in 1236, when Henry III. and his Queen, Eleanor, were escorted through London to Westminster by the Mayor, Aldermen and 360 citizens, appareled in gorgeous silk robes, and each carrying in his hand a cup of gold or silver, in token of the Mayor's privilege to officiate as chief butler at the coronation. When Henry returned from his Scotch victories, each guild had its show. Of these the Fishmongers had a gilt sturgeon, drawn by eight horses, and there were six-and-forty knights riding seahorses.

In 1453 Sir John Norman introduced the custom of rowing to Westminster. This change of programme was greatly to the delight of the Thames watermen, as well as to their benefit, and a ballad was printed by them in honor of Sir John. On this particular occasion the Mayor had silver oars to his barge.

These water shows were exceedingly beautiful. The earliest of the kind described is that marvelous one on the occasion of the coronation of Anne Boleyn, when the Mayor, Sir Stephen Peacock, went to Westminster to serve as chief butler. (The Mayor's claim to this honor was established in 1483, when Sir Richard Shaw acted as cupbearer at the coronation of Richard III.) His barge was covered with red cloth, and the decks and yards hung with cloth-of-gold and silver. At the sides were exhibited emblazoned targets, the flags of the Haberdashers (Sir Stephen was a haberdasher), and three dozen illuminated royal escutcheons. At the bow and stern were banners bearing the royal arms in beaten gold. In advance of this barge went another, bearing the "Rouge Dragon" of the Tudors, which vomited fire, and was surrounded by monsters also vomiting fire, discharging squibs and making hideous noises. In contrast with this was an accompanying barge, which bore the white falcon of Anne Boleyn, crowned, and standing upon a rock on a mount, surrounded by red and white roses. The only difference between the display on this occasion and on Lord Mayor's day was that the Mayor's barge, usually hung in blue, displayed the royal red.

One of the most gorgeous shows of ancient times was in the reign of Elizabeth. There were six pageants in all. The first was a fishing-boat, in which fishermen were busily engaged drawing up nets, from which they threw live fish to the people. Next came Arion, on a crowned Dolphin. Then the Moorish King, riding a leopard, and scattering gold and silver among the crowds. Six tributary kings attended him on horseback, armed with darts, blazing in gilt, and carrying gold and silver ingots. This was the Goldsmiths' pageant. The fourth was a pelican on her nest in a lemon-tree, feeding her young. At the top of the tree the five Senses were represented by five children, with appropriate emblems. An eagle for Sight, a hart for Hearing, a spider for Touch, an ape for Taste, and a dog for Smelling. The central pageant was a triumphal car, in which sat Justice. Opposite her was Richard II., his crown guarded by an angel. Below Justice were Authority, Law, Peace, Discipline, Vigilance and Plenty, beating down Treason and Mutiny. Under the King sat Truth, Temperance, Fortitude, Virtue, Honor, Conscience, Zeal and Equity. The fifth pageant was the Fishmongers'. Five mounted knights attended a car in which was a bower, and in the bower a tomb, and in the tomb an effigy in full armor of famous Sir William Walworth, the slayer of Wat Tyler. A mounted man-at-arms bore Wat Tyler's head upon a dagger. In attendance were six trumpeters and twenty-four halberdiers, dressed in light-blue silk, emblazoned with the arms of the Fishmongers. An angel followed, with golden wings and crown, and bearing a golden rod. Upon the Mayor's approach the angel awoke Sir William with a touch of the rod, and the Mayor and knight addressed the people in the interlude. The Mayor wore a scarlet gown with a black velvet hood and gold collar. He was accompanied by his predecessors. Before them went the Sword-bearer with the sword in a jeweled scabbard, and the Crier with a gilt club, and a mace over his shoulder. The Aldermen followed, dressed in scarlet gowns with black capes, and lastly came the Sheriffs. They also wore scarlet gowns and gold chains.

It was probably on account of their extravagant splendor that these shows were given up. They were revived in 1611 by Sir William Craven (draper), and in the time of George III., when Sir Samuel Fledger was elected, the

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.—FROM AN EARLY PRINT.

pageant included a St. Peter, a Dolphin, Mermaids and wild Indians.

We cannot resist quoting here an extract from a description of one of the more modern "shows":

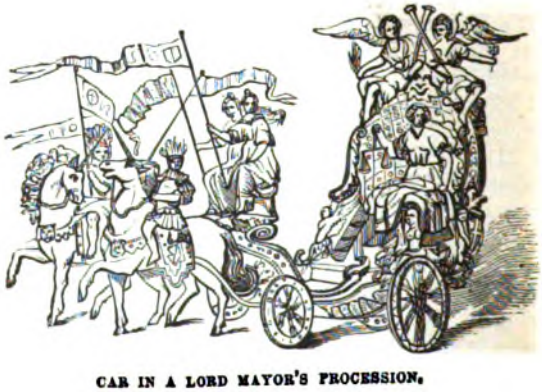
"I was about nine year old," writes "Aleph," "when, from a window on Ludgate Hill, I watched the ponderous Mayor's coach, grand and wide, with six footmen standing on the footboard, rejoicing in bouquets as big as their heads, and canes four feet high, dragged slowly up the hill by a team of beribboned horses, which, as they snorted along, seemed to be fully conscious of the precious freight in the rear. Cinderella's carriage never could boast so goodly a driver; his full face, of a dusky purple, red, swelled out on each side like the breast of a pouting pigeon; his three-cornered hat was almost hidden by wide gold-lace; the flowers in his breast were full-blown and jolly like himself; his horsewhip, covered with blue ribbons, rising and falling at intervals, merely for form—such horses were not made to be flogged. Coachee's box was rather a throne than a seat. Then a dozen gorgeous walking footmen on either hand, grave marshalmen, treading gingerly, as if they had corns; and City Officers in scarlet playing at soldiers, but looking anything but soldierly; two trumpeters before and behind, blowing an occasional blast.

"How that old coach swayed to and fro with its dignified, elderly gentleman and rubicund Lord Mayor, rejoicing in countless turtle feeds—for, reader, it was Sir William Curtis!

"As the ark of copper-plate, glass and enamel crept slowly up the incline, a luckless sweeper-boy sidled up to one of the fore-horses, and sought to detach a pink bow from his mane. The creature felt his ribbons diminishing, and turned to snap at the blackee. The sweep screamed, the horse neighed, the mob shouted, and Sir William turned on his pivot cushion to learn what the noise meant, and thus we were enabled to gaze on a Lord Mayor's face. In sooth, he was a goodly gentleman, burly, and with three-fingers' depth of fat on his portly person, yet every feature evinced kindliness and benevolence of no common order."

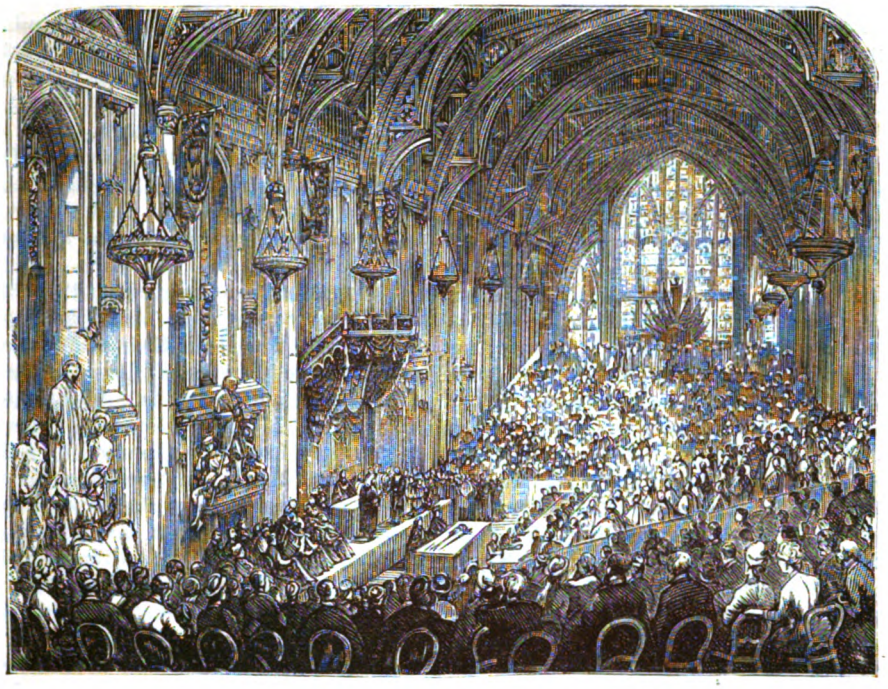
Returning from Westminster the "progress" is to the Guildhall, where the Mayor and Sheriffs give a banquet to the Royal Family, the Judges, Ministers of State, Ambassadors, Corporation, and distinguished foreigners in the country. The Archbishop, the Chancellor, Lords of the Council, and other Bishops, await the Mayor there. When he enters he goes first to the table of the Lords, and then to the other tables, welcoming all. The King and Queen attend this banquet only the first year after their coronation, when the expense, which has amounted at times to $100,000, is borne by the City; but in the absence of Royalty, the Mayor and Sheriffs pay the expenses, the Mayor paying half.

At the dinner which Charles I. attended there were 500 separate dishes. When Sir Samuel Fludyer feasted George III., the King declared that "to be elegantly entertained he must come into the city." On this occasion 414 separate dishes, not including dessert, were placed on the table. Rare wines, in great variety, such as no monarch would venture to purchase, flowed profusely. In fact, the only fluid difficult to obtain was water. The toasts began with the second course. The Corporation toastmaster, standing at the Royal table, proclaimed that their Majesties drank to the health of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council of the City of London. Then in the name of the Civic dignitaries, he gave the toast of "Health, long life, and prosperity to their most gracious Majesties." This dinner was served at nine o'clock. The Aldermen acted



CAR IN A LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION.

as waiters at the Royal table, and the Lord Mayor stood behind the King in his quality of chief butler. The Lady Mayoress waited upon Her Majesty. The Royal party dined at a table by themselves; the maids-of-honor dined at the table of the Mayor, Aldermen, and their wives. The Privy Councilors, Ministers of State, and great nobles dined at a table on the right of this, and the Foreign Ministers on the left. There were eight tables for the general company. The Judges, Sergeants, etc., dined in the old Council Chamber.



THE MANSION HOUSE—PRESENTING AN ADDRESS.

On the Lord Mayor's arrival at Guildhall, on occasions of the presence of Royalty, the Sheriffs start immediately to conduct the Royal party to the hall. At the bottom of the steps stood the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, who, at their Majesties' approach, advanced to receive them, and at their Majesties' entrance the Mayor presents the sword which is carried before the Mayor in processions—it was presented by Queen Elizabeth to the City when she opened the first Royal Exchange, and being set with pearls, is called the Pearl Sword—which being returned, the Mayor carries it, with great dignity, before the King, leading the way to the Council Chamber, the Queen following with the Mayoress. From the Council Chamber they are conducted into the Dining-hall. In this Council Chamber the Recorder delivers his addresses, when the Mayor is baronetted and the Sheriffs are knighted. Then the wives and daughters of the Aldermen are presented to their Majesties. These ladies formerly had the honor of being

THE BANQUETING HOUSE IN 1750.

saluted by the King, and of kissing the Queen's hand. Good Queen Anne thought this an unseemly performance, and abolished the custom, much to the disgust of the wives and daughters aforesaid. In this connection we have a story of the wife of Sir William Humphreys, Mayor in the time of King George I. She had determined, with the advent of a *King*, that the Lady Mayoress should be kissed by him, as of old. Unfortunately, she was a homely woman, and the King, a fresh German importation, too stupid even to seek to be popular. So he looked the other way when she approached. The lady, very naturally, was enraged. In her passion she threw her huge bouquet at her page, bawling to him to hold up her train of black velvet, which it was her privilege to wear for the first time. With this she swept in advance of the Queen, literally taking her place. The King was amazed at the procedure, but the Queen took the matter good-naturedly, and so it ended. So much for the gossip as retailed by the court tories of the time, who hated the "City" for its "insolent" resistance to the demands of the Government. In contrast with these famous dinners we relate the anecdote told of Simon Eyre, a poor man, afterward Sir Simon Eyre, Lord Mayor of London, who declared on one occasion that he broke his fast every day from a table for which he would not take a thousand pounds. At last he was elected Sheriff, but declined to serve, because the office was too expensive for his means. Thereupon his friends reminded him of his extravagant boast. On this he invited the Mayor and two Aldermen to accompany him to his house, and upon entering he requested his wife to prepare the little table, and set some refreshment before them. She at first demurred, but shortly complied by seating herself upon a low stool, and spreading a napkin across her lap, on which she placed a pasty. "Behold," said Eyre, turning to his guests, "the table for which I would not take a thousand pounds!" In course of time he was elected Lord Mayor. Soon after he gave a banquet at the Mansion House to all the 'Prentices in London, he and the Lady Mayoress doing the honors of the table, and allowing their guests to want for nothing.

The first Lord Mayor of London was created by Richard I., in 1189. His name was Henry Fitz Alwyn. He was a draper, and from that time up to the present, the office has been filled by men who, if they have not sprung "from the very dregs of society," as Sir Peter Laurie, when Mayor, humorously boasted, have been, without exception, as we have already intimated, men who owed their fortunes to their connection with mechanical and mercantile pursuits. And Grocers, Fishmongers, Tailors, Mercers, Clothmakers, Skinners Haberdashers, etc., have in turn presided at their inaugural dinner in the presence of Kings.

In 1481, King Edward sent the Mayor, "For the good he had done to trade," two harts, six bucks and a tun of wine, for a banquet to the Lady Mayoress and Aldermen in Drapers' Hall. Twenty years after this, Sir John Shaw held the first feast in Guildhall, where he built the great kitchens.

It was originally the custom to attend service at St. Paul's after the dinner; but this was given up as impracticable, doubtless, among others, for the reason which the following incident will make clear: When Charles II. dined at Guildhall with Sir Robert Vyner, "Alderman, Knight and Baronet, an honorable and worthy Magistrate of the City," the fun and laughter grew so wild and furious that the King attempted to slip away unobserved. But he was seen and followed by the new Mayor, who, grown familiar with his libations, caught the Monarch by the hand and commanded him to return to finish "t'other bottle." King Charles bethought him of the old song, and repeating, "He that is drunk is as good as a King," immediately returned with his host, and doubtless made a night of it. Sir Robert was a particular favorite of Charles, and he it is who erected the equestrian statue of the King in the market-place. This statue has a singular history. It was intended as a statue of the Polish King Sobieski, who saved Vienna from the Turks. Vyner purchased it unfinished, had the head removed, and that of Charles substituted. The Turkish slave on the pedestal upon which the steed trampled was converted into a defeated Cromwell.

Enough for the present about the "Shows." We must leave space to discourse about the Mayors. Not to mention first the famed Sir Richard Whittington would be to offend all the juveniles, all lovers of the marvelous and the sticklers for old traditions. Whittington was really four times Lord Mayor of London—twice in Richard II.'s reign, once in that of Henry IV., and once in that of Henry V. Of late years, veracious historians have made a determined onslaught on the favorite story of the cat. We dislike these impertinent innovations—this striking out the character of *Hamlet* from the play of "Hamlet." For have we not seen with our own eyes Whittington's splendid old mansion in Hart Street, Crutched Friars (demolished as late as 1861), which had cats' heads for knockers, and cats' heads with eyes looking down on you carved in the ceilings; besides, have we not gazed on his authentic portrait with the cat by his side?

For these and other satisfactory reasons we are determined to stick to the story of his cat, which if not true of him must have been true of somebody. It chimes in with the marvels of the wonderful banquet he gave to King Henry V. and Queen Catharine, when Whittington's fires were built of precious woods, mixed with rare spices. "Surely," exclaimed the Monarch, "never had King such a subject." "If your Majesty," said Sir Richard, "inhibit me not, I will make these fires even more grateful"; and he cast into the flames a handful of bonds, saying, "Thus do I acquit your Majesty of a debt of £60,000."

Whittington was born in 1359. He was the son of a Gloustershire knight, whose house was stripped by his creditors after his death, leaving his son Richard without inheritance, if we except the famous cat, to which he was much attached, and which he carried with him to London. Apprenticed to a harsh master, he ran away from him. While resting by a stone cross at the foot of Highgate Hill he heard, in the chime of the Bow Bells, "Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London." He did turn, and after many sorrowful peregrinations, he encountered a kind heart in the person of one Hugh Fitz Warren, a mercer, who received Richard as an apprentice, and admitted him and his cat as lodgers in his own house.

Richard worked hard to return this double hospitality until the lucky day when the mercer, seized with the fever of enterprise, sold out his business, and, freighting a ship with appropriate merchandise, sailed away to the coast of Africa. Each of his apprentices had been invited to accompany him, and for the purpose of interesting them in the voyage he allowed them to embark whatever they were enabled to buy with their savings, with the privilege of having the entire profits of the sales. Richard as yet had nothing but his cat, but he had become such a favorite with his master, as well as with his comrades, that no one thought of sailing without him; but Whittington did not escape much joking on the voyage, in respect to the profit he was likely to derive from his live stock.

Now, it happened that the vessel put in at a place so infested with rats that Whittington's cat became the most desirable article of merchandise on board. He was offered

a fabulous price for it, which, in spite of his strong attachment, his good sense prompted him to accept. Returning to England, he invested his money so skillfully and wisely that he soon accumulated a fortune. We may add that he could have had no fears in regard to the welfare of his cat, for she was so important an acquisition to her new owners that she received the very best of usage for the rest of her life. So much for the true story of Whittington and his cat. We are the more persuaded of its verity from the fact that the last time we were in Paris we stumbled on an old volume, on the Quai Voltaire, in which this tale is told, and which we have translated expressly to corroborate the English version.

Whittington married his master's daughter, and became a wealthy merchant. He supplied the wedding trousseau of the Princess Blanche when she married the King of the Romans; and also the pearls and cloth-of-gold for the marriage of Princess Philippa. As a Mayor, Whittington was popular, and his justice and patriotism became proverbial. He erected conduits at Cripplegate and Billingsgate; he founded a library at Gray Friar's Monastery (now Christ's Hospital); he procured the completion of the "Liber Albus," a book of City Customs, and he gave largely toward the Guildhall Library. He paved the Guildhall, restored the hospital of St. Bartholomew, and by his will left money to rebuild Newgate. He died in 1427.

In 1559 Sir William Hewit, clothmaker, was Mayor. He was a very wealthy man, and lived on London Bridge, with an only child, a little daughter, his sole heiress. One day the child's nurse let her fall through an open lattice into the waterway below. A young apprentice named Osborne saw the accident, and instantly sprang from a window after her into the whirling current below the arches, and brought her safely out. When the maiden grew up she was beset by suitors from the Court, among whom was the Earl of Shrewsbury, but her father said to one and all, "No; Osborne saved her, and Osborne shall have her." And so Osborne did, and himself became Lord Mayor in 1583. He is the direct ancestor of the first Duke of Leeds.

This romantic story is not alone in the history of Lord Mayors. It only recalls that of Sir William de Serenoke, in the previous century, who was a foundling brought up by charitable people, and apprenticed to a grocer, and was afterward knighted and made Mayor and Member of Parliament.

The most turbulent period for the great Corporation, and the most trying for those who held office as Lord Mayor, was during the reign of George III., and the regency which formed a part of it. The "City" was greatly opposed to the continuance of the American War. In fact, it had put itself in opposition to the Crown before the breaking out of disturbances in the "Colonies." William Beckford was the most distinguished of all who held the office of Mayor under this reign. He was Mayor in 1762 and 1769. He was a descendant of a Maidenhead tailor. The family acquired immense wealth in the West Indian trade. After serving as Mayor he became Member of Parliament. He was a personal friend of Chatham and of Lord Mansfield. He opposed Government on all occasions, especially in bringing over Hessian troops to America, which he termed "carrying on a German war." Once he came in direct contact with the King, to whom he presented a remonstrance, which displeased the sovereign, whereupon Beckford made an impromptu speech, so bold and independent that, while it enraged the monarch, won the "admiration, thanks and affection" of Lord Chatham. It was afterward inscribed on the pedestal of Beckford's statue, erected in Guildhall.

The history of the City and its Mayors from this time for a series of years, presents a state of turbulent resistance to the course of the Government. It is unnecessary to recall the career of Wilkes, who was chosen Mayor in 1774, or the various arrests and counter-arrests, as the City came in collision with Parliament. "Wilkes and Liberty!" was the popular cry. The Mayor was finally committed to the Tower. The people were furious, and the mob seized the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, who barely escaped hanging. The Mayor was released. So the victory was finally won. The City was illuminated amid great rejoicings. We record these incidents to show with what fierce determination the Corporation of London resisted every threatened encroachment on its rights. As the City was the avowed friend and supporter of Queen Caroline, it found little favor with George IV. Indeed, although his Majesty attended the Coronation feast, he refused to create Sharpe (the Mayor) a Baronet, according to custom, because he was a strong partisan of the Queen.

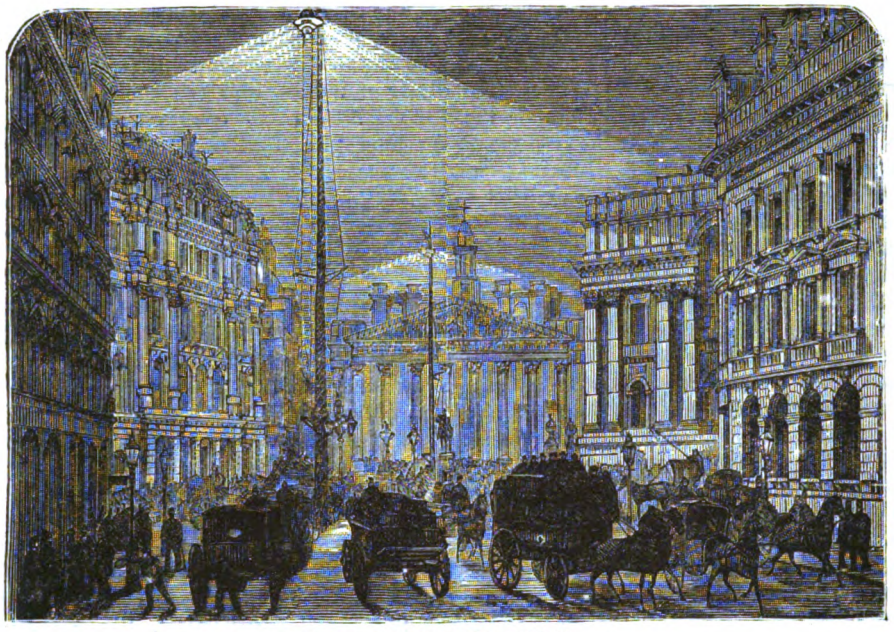
Owing to an untoward circumstance, which at the time created great excitement and roused great indignation in the City, King William declined to come to the Guildhall dinner, and the Show and inauguration banquet were omitted. This was in 1830.

On the accession of Victoria, great preparations were made to welcome the young Queen to the civic banquet. The "Show" was a most extensive one, including a procession of elephants and camels from the Zoological Gardens. John Cowan (wax chandler) was Mayor at the time (1838), and was created a baronet in due course.

These spectacles are kept up with more or less extravagance to the present day. But the sight altogether is a ridiculous one. Barnum could readily surpass it with the materials he has on hand. We doubt, however, if the Londoner will ever consent to forego the Lord Mayor's Show, although the pageant has received a severe blow in the recent removal of Temple Bar. Upon the occasion of the reigning monarch's visit to the city it was the custom to close the gates of Temple Bar in token of the exclusive power of the Corporation to keep out intruders, so that the carriage of the Sovereign was forced to come to a standstill before the Bar till request was made that the gates be thrown open. The "bone in the throat of Fleet Street" has now been removed, and Temple Bar has become already a matter of history.

Thus much of the "City" and its enormous corporate power. As it cannot enlarge its boundaries, it is rapidly *decreasing* in population, owing to the substitution of large commercial buildings for the old-time dwelling-houses, just as the population of Wall Street and the streets adjacent has decreased nine-tenths in the last hundred years. The reader, unless informed on the subject, could never guess, with any remote correctness, the population of the famous *City*. Half a century ago folks talked of 300,000. To-day it is considerably less than 75,000! Yet the rights and privileges and powers and enormous charitable trusts remain, and the 110 parishes, of which the area occupied by the Bank of England makes one, together with all the old forms and routine and odd ceremonials. The time, it would seem, must come when all this will be changed, but thus far the great Corporation has been able to set reformers at defiance.

We are scarcely willing to close this article without a brief allusion to the "Great Metropolis"—the London which has been erected around the City proper, as a magnificent steamship appears to be constructed around the mighty engine which impels it—the London of 4,000,000 souls and forty miles in circumference!



THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON.

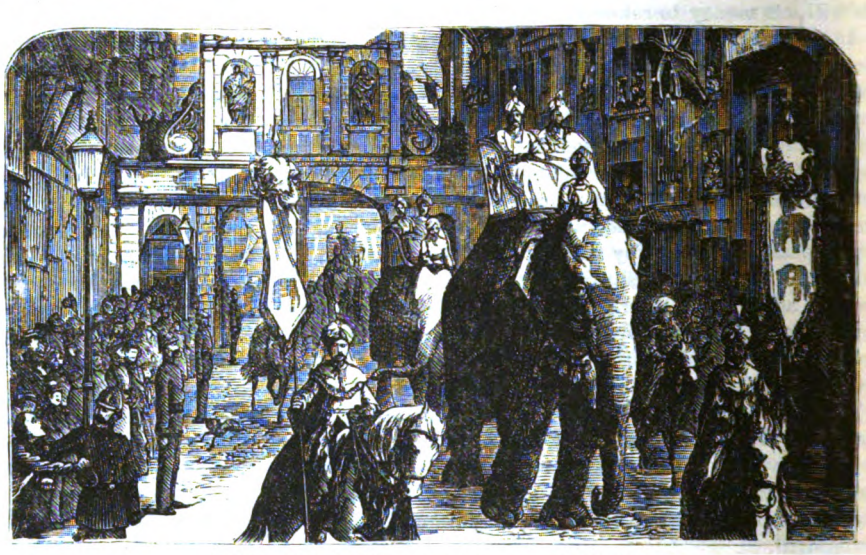
Not very long ago we visited London for the fifteenth time. The first entry into the great metropolis was made as a voyaging student on the way to Paris, in company with a dear friend and fellow-student, now, alas! no more. Our trio was completed by the addition of George P. Putnam, afterward our most esteemed friend and publisher, whose exquisite taste in preparing works for the press gave him, in later years, a reputation which should equal that of Aldus.

We were boys, I may say, ardent and romantic enough. Our first thought was to make our way to Westminster Abbey, searching for the "Poets' Corner," seeking out the monument to "glorious Will," where he stands pointing to the lines on a scroll—

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces."

Little did we care or think of what the world of London was about. What was the world of London to us? We were interested only with its romance. "Which way lies the Tower?" "Where is Fleet Street?" "How funny looks that poor devil of a beggar; bestow twopence, and let us pass on. Ah! here is the hall of William Rufus." . . . Away now to the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap; then to the "Mitre." "This, sir? This is Wopping Stairs." . . . St. Paul's!

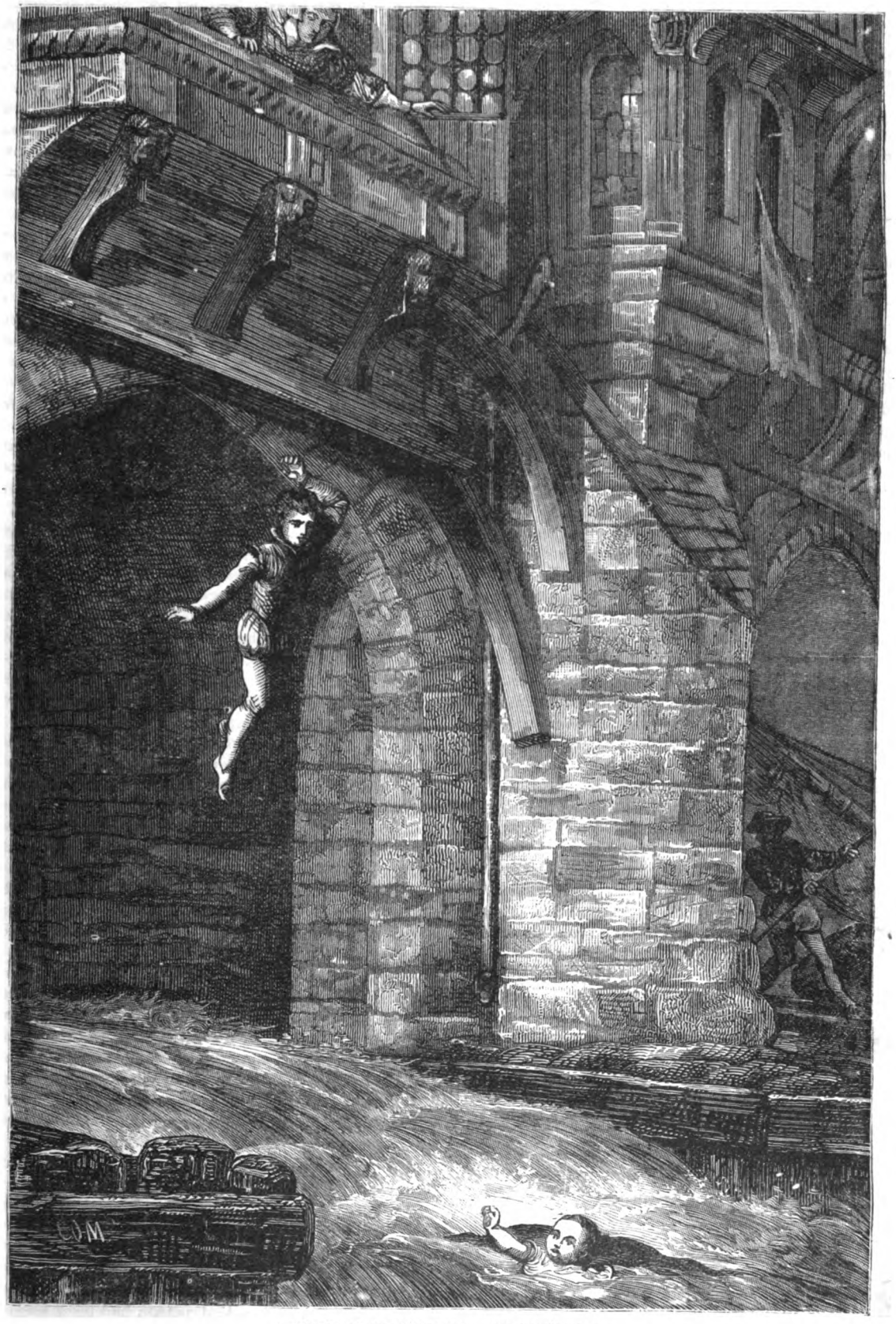
* * * *



A LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION AT OLD TEMPLE BAR.

THE LORD MAYOR PRESENTING THE SWORD TO THE QUEEN.

The solemn temple presents to-day the same venerable aspect. Still towers aloft the Hall of William Rufus. Always fresh crowds are tracing, with curious interest, the places made famous by history and the drama. Things are as we regard them. We engage ourselves in the world's business. Humanity begins to interest us. The time comes when we exclaim, "Let the dead bury their dead. What of the living?" Thus looking back to the first visit to London, made under the circumstances we have described, we step over a lapse of many years, to the last visit—years which worked their



A LEGEND OF A LORD MAYOR—OSBORNE'S LEAP.

changes more distinctly on our own country than on any other, elevating the United States to the rank of a first power among the nations. This period finds us more inquisitive about the great struggle in which human nature is engaged, than about ancestral piles or ancient domes, or worn-out traditions.

It will be our purpose, then, in some future article, to speak of the LONDON OF THE PRESENT.

DUMAS'S RUSTY KNIFE.

A curious story is told of the good luck which is supposed to follow Alexandre Dumas *fils* through all his enterprises in life. This luck has been attributed by his family and friends to the possession of a rusty knife-blade, which a fisherman of Marseilles drew up in his net at the Chateau d'If, and which the good fellow sent to Dumas *père*, with the full conviction that it must have been the knife with which young Edmond Dantes (the Comte de Monte Christo) had ripped open the sack in which he had been sewn by the jailer as the corpse of Abbé Faria. Old Alexandre, after laughing heartily at the incident, sent a handsome present to the fisherman and flung the knife into the drawer of his bureau, where it remained until his death, when it came into the possession of his son.

Young Alexandre was led by its quaint shape to look upon it as something strange and weird, and had it set in a silver handle and placed in a sheath to carry in his pocket. Ever since he thus appropriated it he feels that he is doomed to good fortune. His pieces all succeed. His speculations never fail. The superstition has taken such root that he is frequently called upon to help in the recovery of lost articles and the restoration of lost affections.

A curious example of this credulity was exhibited the other day at Beauville, where a Polish princess of great influence in the world of fashion had dropped on the sand a bracelet of great value, containing a portrait of the late Empress of Russia, set in diamonds. The tide had washed up twice since the accident, and all efforts to recover the jewel had been in vain. The princess, who, like most of her countrywomen, has the greatest faith in talismans, immediately wrote to Alexandre, with the conviction that, aided by the rusty knife, he could find the bracelet. Of course the appeal excited great merriment among his friends, but his chivalrous gallantry induced him to answer the appeal, and he started for Beauville at once. On his arrival he immediately rushed for the *plage*, and after having saluted the fair princess and expressed his conviction that no power could restore a heavy gold bracelet washed out to sea by the tide, he strolled down the sands out of sight to have a dip before dinner. No sooner had he plunged his foot into the water than he drew it back with an exclamation of pain. He had trodden on something hard and sharp, which had caused a deep wound in the sole of his foot, making the blood flow. He stooped to ascertain the cause, and to his utter amazement drew forth the golden bracelet, which had become wedged between two stones, and thus prevented from drifting out to sea. The delight of the princess may easily be conceived, and her faith in the rusty knife-blade has increased from faith almost to worship.

THE FATE OF PETS.

It is a doleful history, comprising more misery in a small way than is to be found in any of the other minor accidents of life; as most people can tell for themselves, or may see in the "heart-broken utterances" which appear in papers like "The Animal World."

> "Indeed, if we do sit upon the ground
> And tell sad stories of the fate of pets,
> How some were drowned at sea, some stolen by thieves,
> Some dead of grief for loss of those they loved,
> Some poisoned by their foes, some sleeping slain,"

we shall find that though, like poor Richard II.'s kings, they were not "all murdered," their fates are scarcely less tragic.

Here are a few of the dolorous ends which have come within my own knowledge, and any one conversant with beasts could add to the list by scores.

A gentleman high in office in the East had an infant tiger brought to him after a royal hunt, in which the mother had been slain. It was about the size of a large kitten, but more bulky—more solidly and heavily framed. It was still in the sucking stage of existence, was brought up by hand, and grew extremely playful and amusing. There is something particularly piquant in the innocent infancy of beasts of prey, in the unconscious possessors of such enormous powers of mischief in the future, in nursing tiger cubs or playing with a baby Czarovitch or an infant Sultan; and the ambassador loved the beautiful, lithe, graceful young-terrible well, with the deep brown stripes on its tawny back, and broad black and white streaked whiskered muzzle. It became very fond of its master, and followed him all about the house, mewing much like a cat, and lying on its back, with its four paws in the air, to be caressed.

By-and-by, as the beast grew larger and stronger day by day, the play became fiercer, the tap with his great paw, even with sheathed claws and amiable intentions, was no joke. When he opened his lips at the roots and showed his ranges of beautiful white teeth, the horrible grin struck terror into the attendant dark men. The "Sahib tiger" was treated with great respect, but his temper became uncertain. Once in his wrath he killed a dog, and there was no knowing with whom his majesty might next be angry. His extraordinary muscular strength was developing fast, and one day, lying on his back with his four paws raised, he suddenly sprung up after a dog that had offended him, without turning or touching the ground.

The dark men in his service entreated that my lord might at least be shut up; this was done, but the beast grew so enraged at his captivity that his master once more let him out, saying, "He was still but a child tiger, and harmless if he was let alone; it was the fault of those who teased him if he behaved ill."

As he himself only came across the *patte-de-velours* side of the tiger's character, he would not believe the stories told against his pet. His own bedroom opened on to a veranda looking into a court, round which the house was built, after the fashion of the East. At the beginning of the night the tiger lay on a carpet spread for him in the veranda itself. As the night grew cooler he crept quietly in and made himself comfortable within the room, and when it became almost cold (the time was Winter), he mounted upon his master's bed and cuddled close up behind him. Who could resist the charm of such amiable, gentle manners from the owner of such fangs and claws?

Still, however, he grew more and more fierce to the outside world; fitfully his enormous strength came out in his rough play; his roar shook the souls of the black men; the glare of his eyeballs turned them green with fear; more than once he had knocked down a man, without as yet intending malice.

At length it came to pass that the great Sahib himself went out for an unusual number of hours or days; when he returned he found his savage pet writhing in tortures of pain. No one would account for what had happened, or give the smallest explanation of the creature's state. It was evident, however, that poison had been used. He was near his end; the groans grew weaker and weaker, and the beast died licking the hands of his master, helpless to give him any relief. It went ill with the Persian suite that evening.

Number two of the pets of my friends was a squirrel.

which had fallen in its infancy out of a nest in a pine wood. It, too, was brought up by hand, at first a little hairless thing, with a bare tail like a rat's, but gradually putting on its furry coat with white waistcoat and bushy train. A bright-eyed, graceful, quick-tempered, agile little companion. Its favorite haunt in Winter was up the wide sleeve of its mistress's gown, where it would lie comfortably perdu in the warmth for hours. One cold day she was going to church, and did not like to disturb it; but when once safely within her pew and the service had begun, it became evident, to her horror, that the squirrel had taken a particular dislike to the sound of the preacher's voice and the noise of the singing. He kept up a low suppressed hiss whenever a passage struck him as not to his taste, and scolded sometimes so loud that she was afraid her neighbors would think her possessed, and that she would have to walk out in the middle of the service.

The squirrel never went to church again.

He always appeared at dessert, and was allowed to run about the table, when he never overthrew or disturbed anything, but deftly careered in and out among the glass and the dishes, or sat up on his little hind legs, and took what was given him with delicate precision, handling in his forepaws a nut, cracking it with his sharp teeth, his merry little head on one side, and an occasional sweep of his beautiful brush of a tail.

His great delight was to mount on to the highest cornice or curtain-rod he could find, and sit chattering in triumph, or to run up the shoulders of his friends and sit upon their heads.

His mistress was so afraid of his coming in harm's way that she took him out with her visiting; and one day in a strange house she put the squirrel in his cage on the top of a chest of drawers, and locked the door of her bedroom. When she returned, she found that the dog of the house, who must treacherously have secreted himself under the bed for the fell purpose, had pulled down the cage, broken it open, and was hard at work worrying the poor little inmate, which was at the point of death when its mistress came in, only in time to rescue the body, and have the melancholy satisfaction of burying the remains in a decent manner.

Case number three regards a pair of small ring-tailed monkeys, which were sent as a present from their native home to a lad at college. They were of that charming little kind described as "consisting of four legs and a tail, tied in a knot in the middle, the tail the most important member of the concern." They were landed in London, and sent to the town house of the family, who happened to be from home. The butler, not much pleased at their sight, shut the new arrivals up in the pantry alone for the night. It was late Autumn, there was no fire, no comfort, no care, and the next morning the little monkeys were discovered locked in each other's arms, and quite dead.

To tell of the parrot whose unused wings did not save him from dying by a fall out of window; the lap-dogs which have been overrun by carriages, suffocated, bitten, drowned; how the poodle-dog belonging to the wife of a governor-general fell overboard, and was swallowed by a shark—would all be too "long to tell and sad to trace"; and as a relief to my own and my readers' feelings, here is a story of a less harrowing description.

A busy man, who once wanted to finish some literary work, took refuge for the purpose in a quiet, out-of-the-way French town, where he set up his quarter sat a comfortable auberge, with a pleasant garden. Therein he fraternized with a small pet owl, which had lost its leg. It hopped about after him in its own fashion, and was most affable and companionable, and a great resource in the limited amusements of the place.

At last, one day, he missed his friend, and hunted up and down vainly for her for some time. He had just finished his work, and had given warning that he should leave the next day, and demanded his bill. He ate his last dinner, where there figured a curious little round morsel of game, "bien accommodé," with sauce, but which struck him as having no legs.

"What bird is this?" he said to the servant, but she was suddenly called away.

When the landlord brought up his account that night:

"By-the-bye," said the guest, "what is become of that nice little owl I was so fond of?"

"Monsieur," said the host, going on with the bill, "has been content of the service?"

"Quite satisfied," replied the Englishman; "but I am very sorry about the owl. What is become of her?"

"Monsieur has had his potage, his rôti, his doux, and his gibier each day he has been here?"

"Yes, yes," said the other, impatiently; "but about the owl?" A horrible suspicion crossed his mind.

"Monsieur, on this the last day, behold, with all my possible efforts, I could get no game, alas! for monsieur's dinner!"

"What!" cried the horrified guest, "you did not kill the little owl for me?"

"Oh, non, monsieur! il est mort tout seul!"

The stealing of pet dogs has become a regular trade, or, rather, an art, according as it is now pursued, the *stalking* of the master or mistress, so as to know all their haunts, and time the exact instant most propitious for the capture of the well-watched beast. While the calculations, upon the most refined psychological principles, of the precise moment when the agony of the bereaved will bring about the highest amount of reward—how not to offer hopes too soon, and not to delay too long—all this has reached the dignity of an exact science.

"How do you settle the amount to be asked—is it according to the breed of the dog?" said the fleeced but happy recoverer of a beloved pug to the trader.

"Oh, no, sir, we does it by the feelinx of the party."

Perhaps the only really happy and satisfactory pets are wild animals, which lead their own natural lives, obtaining food by their own exertions, but adding a friendship for man and an occasional luxury at his hands to their usual course of woodland existence. A squirrel in this way has been known to enter the open window every morning where a family were breakfasting, run up the back of the master, and nestle in his coat-collar, when it received a nut.

Besides these are such creatures as are kept for use, not for play, who, even though their food be found for them, are quite unspoiled by luxury, and lead a life of independent usefulness as the helpmates and companions of man. A collie dog, on whom the most important part of his shepherd-master's work depends, the retriever, who "can do anything but speak," these are friends, scarcely to be degraded into pets.

The faculty of taming wild animals, which some men possess in so remarkable a degree, would be worth studying more accurately—with some it seems to depend on the strength of the instinctive part which we share with the animal creation. A deaf and dumb man has been known to possess it to a great degree. With others it seems to depend upon patience, quiet tenderness, and a determined will.

An old man who led a secluded life in an ancient house,

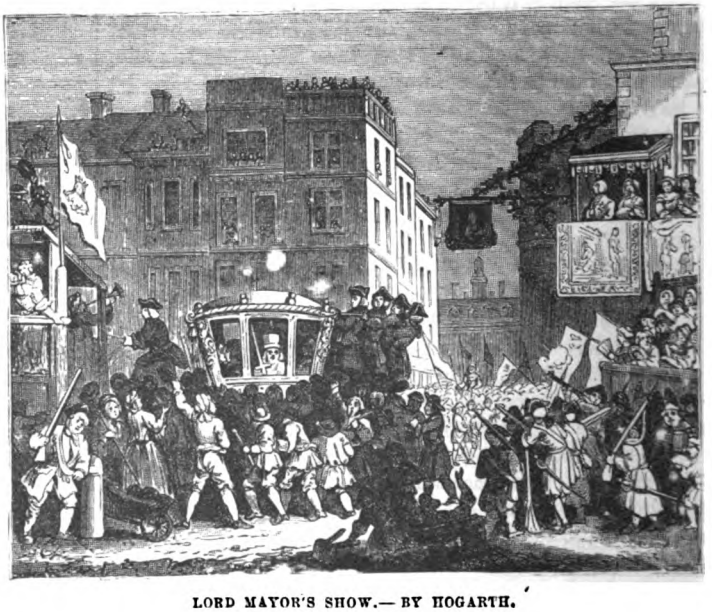
LORD MAYOR'S DAY IN LONDON.

in the midst of trees and fields, might be seen with the robins, tomtits, etc., perched on his shoulders and taking crumbs out of his mouth.

A more extraordinary proof of confidence in birds was to be witnessed one year in the crowded Tuileries gardens. An old man in very shabby dress might be seen any day summoning birds from the trees and houses round: pigeons, sparrows, thrushes, etc., came flying up, fluttered over his head, alighted on his hat, his shoulders and arms, and sat there caressing him. He did not feed them, at least ostensibly, and when, after a time, he had had apparently enough of their company, with a wave of his hand he dismissed his court, which all flew quietly away at the signal. They wanted, apparently, nothing but friendliness from him, and on his part it was not done for money, but simply for his own pastime, and when the reception was over he walked away among the crowd, which seemed too well used to the sight to heed it much.

In general, however, we are too stupid in our intercourse with animals to attempt to understand the language they use, or to try to perfect the signs by which they are to interpret our wishes; although the occasional instances, often accidental, show how much might be done in this way.

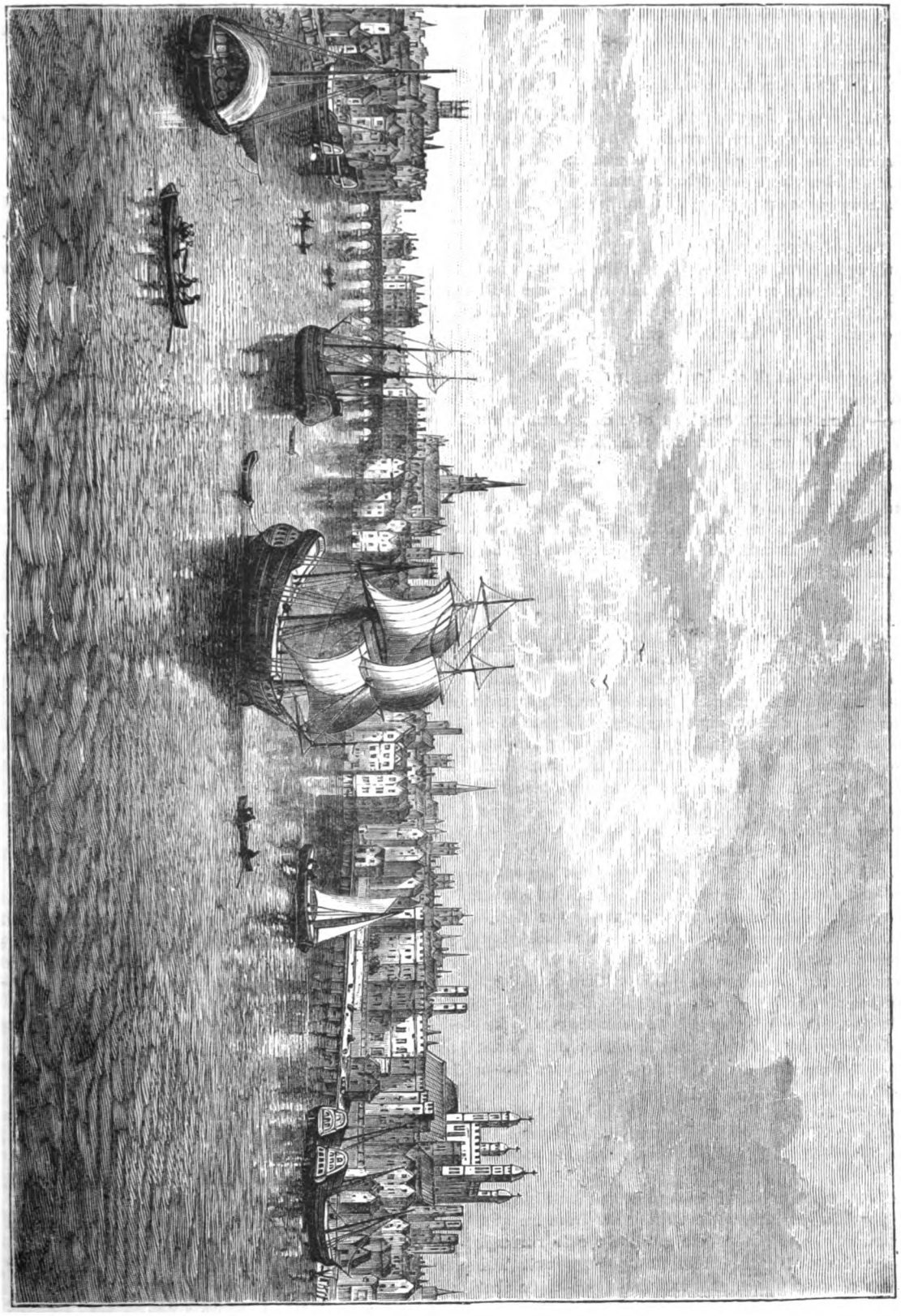
A cat in a Swiss cottage had taken poison, and came in a pitiful state of pain to seek its mistress's help. The fever and heat were so great, that it dipped its own paws into a pan of water, an almost unheard-of proceeding in a water-hating cat. She wrapped it in wet linen, fed it with gruel, nursed it and doctored it all the day and night after. It recovered, and could not find ways enough to show its gratitude. One evening she had gone up-stairs to bed, when a mew at the window roused her; she got up and opened it, and found the cat, which had climbed a pear-tree nailed against the house, with a mouse in its mouth. This it laid as an offering at its mistress's feet, and went away. For above a year it continued to bring these tributes to her. Even when it had kittens, they were not allowed to touch this reserved share, and if they attempted to eat it, the mother gave them a little tap, "That is not for thee." After awhile, however, the mistress accepted the gift, thanked the giver with a pleased look and



LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.— BY HOGARTH.

restored the mouse, when the cat permitted her children to take the prey which had served its purpose in her eyes. Here was a refined feeling of gratitude, remembered for months after, quite disinterested, and placed above the natural instincts (always strong in a cat) toward her own offspring.

If the question of the capabilities of animals, their affections and powers of memory, both evidently great—their degree of ideality, often in a dog very strong—the amount of their reasoning power, *i.e.*, of foreseeing the consequences of an action and guarding against them, or accomplishing a new and untried object, were as studied as



LONDON IN 1550.—SEE PAGE 120.

it might be in the very intimate intercourse existing between pets and their masters, much would be done toward reconciling outsiders to that very exclusive relation, and making pets an interest instead of a nuisance to the public in general, as is now too often their fate.

THE MISTAKE HULDAH MADE.

Two GIRLS worked together in a large factory, where, from the early morning until evening, they stood side by side at a machine, engaged in the manufacture of one of the useful articles whose sale fills the purses of merchants, whose making gives employment to hundreds of men and women.

These two, of whom my story tells, when they left the factory at night, went to the same boarding-house, where they shared the one room, as they had done from little children; for, although they were not sisters, they had been brought up by the same care, under the same control.

When they were small children, under ten years of age, one had been picked up, homeless and ragged, in the street, one taken from the cruelties of a drunken mother, and the doors of an asylum for such little ones had opened to receive them. Here they had received an education; had been fed and clothed; had been taught a useful trade, and, finally, had been put into the factory already mentioned, a respectable boarding-house found for them, and a neat outfit of clothing provided for their entrance into independent life.

Summed up briefly, this was the history of Huldah Lewis and Fannie Cresswell. But upon the hearts and dispositions, upon the very faces of the girls, the life had left traces distinctly different in each. Huldah Lewis, the child of the drunken mother, who had long filled a pauper's grave, was a slender girl, of medium height, with dark eyes and hair, a clear, dark complexion, an air of refinement, and a neat taste in dress. Not pretty, she was attractive, having read and thought to advantage, and possessing that indescribable quality we call tact that taught her when to speak and when to be silent, what topics would be acceptable, what distasteful.

Her experience had hardened her nature in every-fibre, giving her perfect health, though she was delicate in appearance, and a cold, calculating heart. United to these was the resolute determination to rise above the station she filled, and overcome the circumstances that had given her a place among the working-classes.

"If I live, I will be something better than a factory-hand," she would say.

She felt no emotion of gratitude toward those who had rescued her from filth, cruelty, and beggary, but a bitter resentment against her lot in having been cast into a charitable institute.

Fannie Cresswell, on the contrary, with a face of real beauty, of a modest, refined character, was humble by nature, and full of thankfulness for every blessing granted her.

The matron who presided over the institute was to Fannie a guardian-angel, who had lifted her from hunger, cold and misery, had given her motherly care through childhood, and words of kindness never forgotten. The institute was a home where she had learned a trade that gave her an honest means of livelihood, enabled her to dress comfortably, and live without the grinding cares of poverty.

Different as they were in disposition, the girls were very much attached to each other, and seldom had any differences that were not adjusted by a kiss or caress. So, one evening, in their own room, they exchanged confidences.

"Walter Mainwaring has had an offer to go to San Francisco, as foreman of the new factory to be started there," said Huldah. "I heard them talking about it at luncheon, and he was in the counting-house when we left."

"I wonder if he will go?"

Any close observer would have noticed that Fannie's gentle face was paler than usual, and that there was a suspicious mistiness in her soft-blue eyes.

But Huldah was too much absorbed in her own thoughts to heed the silent signs.

"Of course he will go," she said, decidedly. "It will double his pay at once, and give him a step toward a partnership. I have told him before now that a man of his ability ought to stand at the head of such an establishment as ours."

"What does he say?"

"That his ambition is of an another type."

"Then perhaps he will not go?"

"He is not an idiot," said Huldah, sharply, "to refuse such an opening."

"Perhaps not!"

As Fannie spoke the servant came to the door to say Mr. Mainwaring wished to see Miss Lewis, and Huldah rose at once to put some trifling addition to her dress. She felt—and Fannie, with a sudden heart-sinking, felt, also—that there was a significance in Mr. Mainwaring's asking for only one of the girls he had visited together for over a year.

The gentleman meantime, for he was a gentleman in every instinct and action, was slowly pacing up and down the small boarding-house parlor with an air of impatience not common upon his features.

A man past thirty, with a grave face capable of lighting up with fun or pleasure to great animation, he carried about him an air of command that scarcely fitted his present position. He was the superintendent of the room where Huldah and Fannie worked, drawing a very moderate salary, yet standing high in the esteem of his employers.

For over a year he had seen a great deal of Huldah and Fannie, calling upon them often, acting frequently as their escort to social gatherings amongst their friends, and evidently finding pleasure in their society.

It had puzzled their companions to know which of the girls they might tease about Mr. Mainwaring's evident preference, for he seemed equally the friend of both. But of late Huldah knew that there were words and looks for her alone, and that the heart of Walter Mainwaring was turning to her.

As she entered the parlor, one glance at her lover's face told her the crisis of her life had come. Her heart beat high, for the prospect was a pleasant one.

Walter Mainwaring was not a man to trifle where his mind was once made up, and in a few frank, manly words he told Huldah he loved her, and asked her to be his wife.

"I cannot offer you wealth or position, Huldah," he said; "but I can promise you a home, rest from your present life of labor, and all that a loving heart can give you of happiness."

"When do you go to California?" Huldah asked, not yet answering the momentous question.

"I am not going to California."

"Not going!"

"Wright will go in my place. He has a large family, and is fully competent to fill the position. I can better afford to wait for another opening."

"But you will not fill your old place after such an offer?"

"Yes. My salary is not large, but I have saved enough to start a quiet home, Huldah, and we are young enough to wait for fortune."

The girl's face darkened.

"I will never be a poor man's wife," she said, decidedly. "All my life I have borne the curse of poverty, of work and care. When I marry, it will be to better my position, not to struggle along as the wife of a poor man. Had you accepted the offer made you this morning, I would have been your wife. As it is, I decline your offer."

"Will it not better your position, Huldah, to have a home where love presides—to know that there is a strong arm between you and the rough world?"

"Not if I only exchange one toil for another—the work of the factory for the work of an humble home."

"Then love has no weight in your decision?"

"None. I am no lovesick girl. I would have made you an affectionate wife had I married you, but I would never sacrifice my whole future for a sentiment."

"You are frank," he said, bitterly. "I will not detain you any longer."

But on his way home the man made no moan. In his heart he said:

"Thank Heaven I did not tell her! She is as hard as iron, and as cold. And I fancied that she loved me!"

To outward appearance there was no change in the superintendent's manners after this interview. He still made his rounds in the great room, often stopping for a few friendly words where Huldah and Fannie were standing, and Huldah thought:

"He thinks I will relent."

But Walter noted only the pity in Fannie's blue eyes, the silent sympathy she gave him in her subdued tone and gentle smile. He never guessed the secret she carried in her tender heart, but he grew to watch for her look and listen for her voice.

As before, he often accompanied the girls in their homeward walk, and paid them the usual attentions, and both thought he was striving to gain a different answer to a repetition of his suit.

Believing this, Huldah was haughtily reserved, showing him, as she had never done before, the worst side of her character, giving voice to many a hard worldly doctrine she had kept silently in her heart, and proving in every interview the cold, calculating disposition she had successfully concealed when hoping to win a better position as the wife of a rising man.

And Fannie, knowing how hopeless was any plan to soften Huldah's heart, in her pity for the true love thrown back upon itself, was gentle and winning, as she had never dared to be in former days.

Loving Huldah, she thought Walter would never seek other love, and her tender heart sorrowed for the disappointment she could sympathize with. For, when she knew Walter Mainwaring was her friend's suitor, she knew, too, that he had won a love he had not sought—had filled her heart only to turn in ignorance from its affection.

Even Huldah never guessed the secret maiden modesty hid so carefully, and Fanny thought it would die with her.

But when the glamour was torn from Walter Mainwaring's heart with such a deliberate cruelty, his eyes turned with new insight upon the fair face he had passed over before.

He wondered how he had ever fancied Huldah's the most attractive, not realizing how one had sought to win him, the other keeping in the background.

He began to think there was nothing so lovely in a maiden's face as tender blue eyes that drooped under too long a gaze; as soft, fleeting flushes that came and went when he spoke.

In a few weeks after his decided rejection, he awoke to the fact that where he had given Huldah admiration, he was giving Fanny a deeper, truer love than had ever before touched his heart.

He had fancied Huldah's hands, so rapid and expert in their daily work, would keep home the neatest, brightest spot on earth. He never asked himself whether Fannie was a deft worker or not. He had thought Huldah, whose dress was always so neat and tasteful upon such limited means, would economize a small salary, and make a little do its full work. He never thought of Fannie's economy once.

In Huldah he had sought a good helpmate, a sharer of life's changes, a housekeeper and pleasant companion, meaning to fill faithfully and tenderly all a husband's duties.

But in Fannie he saw the heart his own craved to meet, the one woman who could perfect his inner life without a thought of the suitability or prudence of the choice.

He loved her! He realized fully that, if she gave him cold, measured words of rejection, it would blight his life as Huldah's words had no power to do.

He loved her! And he came to her, not as he came to Huldah, almost secure in his hope, but fearful, timid, and yet so tender, that the girl's heart seemed breaking with the weight of unexpected happiness.

He told her he had mistaken his own heart in seeking Huldah for his wife, but in his eyes, in his voice, in the clasp of his hand, Fannie read the truth that he made no mistake now. She asked no questions; only letting the golden head rest on his breast, she whispered:

"I have always loved you."

There was nothing unmaidenly now in the confession, only the natural-spoken words to answer the words to which she listened.

"You love me—you will be my wife!" he said, scarcely yet believing in his own happiness.

"Yes," she said, softly; "I will try to be a good wife, Walter, and make you happy."

"Darling, you can never make me happier than you have done in those words."

But after the little tender, whispered speeches were over, and they sat hand-in-hand on the sofa, quietly talking, Walter said:

"I want to tell you, Fannie, why I would not go to California."

She looked up questioningly.

"I have made an improvement upon the machine by which you and I, little one, have won our bread, and it was before the examining board at the Patent Office when the offer came. I knew Wright needed the position, and that I could afford to let it pass. If my patent was accepted, it would place me above the necessity of work for the future; if it was rejected, I could still fill my old position, and not want; so I declined the offer. Are you sorry, Fannie?"

"No," she said, frankly; "I never thought of it at all. I would be quite willing to work as I do now, Walter, if it would help you either in your plans or in"—and she blushed shyly—"*our home.*"

"You will not need to work, Fannie," he said, gravely and kindly, "for my patent has been accepted, and I am already a rich man. Two States have bought the right to manufacture already, and, if I did no more with it, these alone would make me wealthy."

There was a very quiet wedding when Walter and Fannie were married, for they were not anxious to make any display; but the bridal reception, after a trip to Europe, was in a superb New York mansion, where wealth and taste were lavished to make a perfect home.

Looking from the window of her room in a boarding-house, Huldah—Miss Lewis still—sees rolling past the splendid carriage of Mrs. Mainwaring, with its happy nest of sturdy boys and rosy girls, five in all, out for an airing; or, standing looking at the improved machine, Huldah often receives a kindly message from Fannie, as Walter passes through the establishment with its proprietor, glad always to receive a visit from the successful inventor.

In the "home," where the girls received charity in their sore need there is no name more loved than that of Mrs. Mainwaring, whose liberal donations enable many little ones to share the advantages she still gratefully acknowledges.

Far, far away, beside the foam,
A little maiden had her home;
And princes wooed her, rich and gay,
But still she slightly said them "Nay!"
She cared not if they came or went,
Within her humble home content;
For things were not as now, you know,
Long and long, and long ago.

Her father oft would musing stand,
And hold his little maiden's hand,
And pointing, cry, "From o'er the sea
One day my woe will come to me!"
And whisper, as he shook his head,
"What shall I do when she is wed?"
He loved her so, he loved her so,
Long, and long, and long ago.

A lover came o'er seas one day,
And stole her simple heart away;
But when she saw her father's tears,
And thought of all his after-years,
"Go back across the sea," she cried,
And wept; "I cannot be thy bride."
For things were not as now, you know,
Long, and long, and long ago.

She watched upon the bridge next day,
Her bonny lover sail away.
She dropt his ring into the foam,
And then at twilight wandered home;
She found her father sitting there,
She wept and kissed his silver hair;
She loved them both, she loved them so,
Long, and long, and long ago.

HOW JANET FOUND HER LIFE.—"HE WAS SILENTLY SMILING DOWN ON HER, SATISFIED, AS IT SEEMED, WITH LISTENING TO AND HAVING HER WITHIN REACH OF HIS HAND."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

HOW JANET FOUND HER LIFE.

By R. V. Hastings.

A weary, dreary, dismal autumnal day; a day of pelting rain and bitter sleet; a day of whirling leaves and crackling branches; a day of general bluster and tempest and hopeless drizzle. All day long had men, be-ulstered before the season, drifted in and out of the Somerset Club —many going in, few out. All day long had women, such of them as ventured abroad at all, blown and scudded across the Common, buffeted by winds from every quarter, threatened by the great, tossing arms of the elms over their heads. From early morn to dewy eve had bronze Mr. Everett stood raising his right hand to heaven in mute protest against the inclemency of his native clime; from early morn to dewy eve had heaven responded by emptying the vials of its utmost wrath on his bare, if metallic head.

All day long had Janet Bonamy listened to the wailing of the wind, to the beating of the rain against the window-panes, to the rattle of an occasional carriage hurrying through Beacon Street. It was her birthday, and there was not a soul on earth to wish her many happy returns.

A roof she had over her head, but no home; a step-father, but no relations. She knew all "the best people" in Boston, but had scarce a friend in the world; she was "culchared" to the last degree, but "culchar" could not fill her heart.

She was a beauty and a belle; but though Boston gave her its critical approval, its cool breast never warmed toward her. For family circle she had only her indifferent stepfather; he gave Janet the same high-bred civility he accorded the world at large, but of loving her he was morally and physically incapable.

She—poor, warm, soft little thing!—was almost starving for love, for a home, for some human interests in life. She was lonely as though in the midst of Sahara. Meantime the years had worn away; she had seen eight Summers of Newport gayety, eight seasons of Boston society, and she looked forward to nothing better than the same dull alternation from town to seaside for the rest of her life.

She was prettier than ever, with a more finished grace, a more perfectly rounded loveliness than in her earliest girlhood. Her eyes were deeper and darker than when in the first sparkle of youth, her lips sweeter and fuller; but a gray hair or two had begun to show among her dark chestnut curls.

On this birthday of hers her spirits, usually cheerful, had given way, and she had sat all the afternoon by the window, watching the wind-tossed trees on the Common, while a cold, miserable tear every now and then stole down her face. She was so lonely, so very lonely! Not even a dog had she (Mr. Halliday hated dogs) to cheer her solitude. By-and-by the Beacon Street lamps began to twinkle in the wind, and the masculine half of humanity to hurry homeward. Then, before long, Janet heard Mr. Halliday's key rattle in the lock, and his stately step ascend the stair. Presently he knocked at her door, and, being bidden to enter, walked in.

"Janet," said he, "I'm going to California to spend the Winter—a business trip. You can go with me, if you like; or you can ask somebody to stay with you, and remain here till my return."

Now Miss Bonamy had never traveled, Mr. Halliday being her only companion, and he deeming every moment spent away from the Hub to be a waste of time. So travel to her was an untried pleasure.

"To California?" she asked, her face brightening. "Oh, I'd much rather go with you! It will be a change."

Mr. Halliday loooked rather shocked at this impious desire for change, for was she not in Boston?

"I should have said," added he, "that I can't very well take you round with me; but, if you choose, I will escort you to Santa Barbara, leave you under Mrs. Chesborough's wing, then call for you in the Spring, when I'm ready to return. Choose for yourself."

"I'll go with you," said Janet, decidedly. "Id much rather go than stay."

And so the matter is settled.

* * * * * * *

Three weeks later Janet and Mr. Halliday stood on the deck of the *Orizaba*, as she steamed out of the Golden Gate, and, two days after, stepped ashore at Santa Barbara. The next morning Janet was settled in her Winter home. She was the only boarder at Mrs. Calhoun's, that lady being next-door neighbor to Mrs. Chesborough.

The same afternoon Mr. Halliday departed on his business-trip, and after that Miss Bonamy woke up to a new life.

Who that has been there does not know the enchanting sense of freedom which life in California brings to the weary soul hitherto tied down to the humdrum, the conventionality, the routine of life in older countries? Under the sunshine of California life and California manners poor Janet's chilled heart warmed up, and bloomed out like some lovely bud, which a timely ray had just saved from eternal blight.

Her frigid New England manners all melted away, and her own natural warm little soul and affectionate heart once more spoke in her voice and looked out of her eyes.

All day long the sea lay blue and sparkling in the yellow sunlight; from dawn till dusk the mountains stood out sharp and clear in the wonderful California air; all day and every day the great sheets of wild flowers, scarlet and purple and yellow, covered the foothills, and tempted her forth to pick them. And, best of all, there was that fifteen-mile beach—bowed like the new moon—and there was "Leon," her mustang, to lope over it.

So December wore away in riding, driving and a happy life among Janet's new-found friends. Then, in the beginning of January, when the sycamores had dropped their leaves, a new boarder appeared at Mrs. Calhoun's, a new figure on Janet's chess-board.

One day, on coming home from riding, she found him lying in the hammock, and was then and there introduced to Mr. Allan Ramon (pronounced *Ramone*), Superintendent of Mines, over the mountains.

"Miss Janet Bonamy, from Boston," Mrs. Calhoun had said, as the girl approached.

Then he had sprung from his lounging-place, and, flinging himself down at Janet's feet as she rocked to and fro in her piazza-chair, had talked to her of Boston, New York, and many another place, for Ramon had "sampled" nearly the whole Western Hemisphere. He looked very handsome as he lay there—a typical Californian; though, perhaps, a trifle above the average. Six feet high in his stockings, a head adorned with a crop of jet-black curls, a square, powerful jaw, and a long mustache curling over the sweetest smile in the world. Then there were the eyes, soft and shining, or keen and piercing, according to the owner's mood; over all, an indefinable air of sunshine and warmth. A brown corduroy suit, a gray sombrero, a

pair of long riding-boots, and two clanking spurs with fierce, wicked-looking rowels. These, with the cigar inevitable in California, completed the picture.

Two months ago Janet would not have known what to make of this man, with his easy, genial manner, his irrepressible energy, and his prompt, decided speech.

Now she looked at him in frank pleasure, with scarce a shade of surprise. He was like all other things in this wonderful country, warm and sweet, and amazingly spicy—a man to trust and to love, a man to "tie fast to," as he himself would have expressed it.

Not that the thought of loving him herself ever crossed her mind; Janet only felt that whomsoever he did love must be a happy woman. Then she had a comfortable sense that his warmest friendship was at her service.

So Allan Ramon took up his abode at Mrs. Calhoun's—his headquarters when in town—and the acquaintance between him and Miss Bonamy soon ripened into the frankest good-fellowship.

At least once a day they rode together; and Ramon proved himself a regular cyclopedia of miscellaneous knowledge, readily answering all the thousands of questions Janet had to ask about this, to her, *terra incognita*.

To be sure, the answers to many of them were among those things which "no fellow can find out"; but he in question did his best to satisfy her thirst for knowledge. And although his mining business occupied him part of every day, he always managed it should be at such time as Miss Bonamy was disinclined for riding.

So, although other friends were kind, and all were attentive, she grew more and more each day to depend upon Ramon for society, for advice—yes, even for affection.

'Twas Ramon who taught her Spanish, so that she might chatter with the little berry-brown children they met on their rides; to him, also, she owed it that her riding-school equestrianism was a thing of the past, and that now she could really *ride*.

It was Ramon who shot a white heron and brought her its beautiful plumes for her hat. He it was, also, who took her across town to Packard's Vineyard, showed her the orange-groves in full bloom, and the tall century-plant with its thirty-foot flower-stalk, and great tree-like head of blossoms.

Then, on another day, the two friends rode up and over the foothills, and far on the trail toward the mines, saw the tracks of a grizzly bear, and frightened a coyote, killed a tarantula, and captured a horned toad.

And so the days and weeks went on, and it was February before the first hard storm of Winter burst upon Santa Barbara. It was the "rainy season"; but not on that account were there anything but heavenly days and lovely nights—a season of constant sunshine, broken only by a shower once in every two or three weeks, and one or two heavy storms between the first of November and the first of June.

On the morning of that first day of storm, Ramon came into Mrs. Calhoun's parlor with a load of care on his brow. It had been raining slightly the night before, but now the sun was shining, and though the white cliffs of Santa Cruz Island were hidden by mist, all was fair in Janet's eyes as the most promising of Eastern Summer days.

"I must go to the mines to-morrow," said Allan, "and sha'n't probably be able to return for months. I want you to ride to the Ricon with me to-day, as we've planned for so long. Don't say no, Janet."

Miss Bonamy looked up, and the blood rushed to her face—he had never before called her by her first name.

"Going back to the mines? Oh, I'm so sorry! Don't go away!"

And she put out an impulsive little hand to stop him.

Ramon caught the hand and pressed it against his breast.

"I can't help it—I *must* go; but if *you're* sorry, I don't much care." Then dropping it suddenly: "Go quickly and get on your dress." And as she moved toward the door of her room: "Take a wrap with you—it may rain before we reach home again."

In a few minutes Janet came out, dressed in her dark-gray habit, whose only ornament was a Gloire de Dijon rose at the throat.

Ramon mounted her without a word, and, both still speechless, they rode away.

But the sun was too warm and genial for silence, and soon they were loping along the beach, chatting gayly.

The tide was out, and the beach deserted, no one to dispute with them except flocks of screaming gulls and tall blue cranes, wading in the shallows, bobbing and balancing on top of their tall, thread-like legs. Pink and white and gray corallines lay strewn along the shore; sea-mosses red as blood, and long stripes of kelp that had been torn from its roots by some distant storm. Now and then a great sea-anemone, big as the full moon and pale as skim-milk, could be seen lying despairingly on its back, all its fringy tentacles dried away to a shapeless mass, and its mouth wide open in an inaudible but ceaseless prayer for the coming of high tide. Pearly shells were there, too, and barnacles big enough for drinking-cups, and pebbles of many-colored agate, while far out beyond the breakers—almost, as it seemed, against the outlines of misty Anacopa—a school of whales was snorting and blowing.

Soon the town was lost to view, and then Janet and Ramon went loping along between the sea and the cliffs, drawing rein at last beside the little stage station at Rincon Creek, the end of their fifteen-mile ride.

Ramon stepped in and ordered dinner; then he and Janet wandered off down the beach, past the rocks and sand-hills, searching for shells, and frightening the little pink and purple crabs they found scuttling hither and thither through pools left by the retreating tide; and so around a little point and out of sight of the house.

"Let's sit down a moment," said Ramon, pointing out a warm, sunny nook in the sand, with rocks for a background, and beside it a little bunch of sedge-grass, singing to itself in the soft February breeze. Janet sat down, and tilting her hat over her eyes, played with the shells with which her lap was filled; while Ramon, beside and a little above her, brooded over her with a tenderness which could no longer be concealed. Before them lay the sea, sparkling and dazzling like miles of diamonds; at their left the yellow Rincon Mountain raised its imperious head; while at the right Ortega Hill, a bold, unbroken bluff, stood out sharp and clear against the blue California sky. High up against the face of the cliff an American eagle soared and sailed in solitary grandeur; while back in the cañon a pair of ring-doves cooed and called to each other from distant branches. And in all the wide horizon no human being but themselves.

Janet chattered and laughed, too happy to think, till suddenly she noticed Ramon was not answering; then she pushed back her hat, brushed a gray hair out of her eyes, and looked upward with innocent inquiry in their brown depths. He was silently smiling down on her, satisfied, as it seemed, with listening to, and having her within reach of his hand. But as she looked up a sudden resolution flashed into his eyes; he put out one arm, drew all of her slight figure into his breast, kissed the remonstrances away from her lips, and the surprise from her eyes.

* THE ALHAMBRA.— A GYPSY OF GRANADA DANCING THE ZORONGO.— SEE PAGE 152.

"Don't scold me, Janet! Don't scold me, my darling," he whispered. "I won't let you talk till you promise not to scold me. I couldn't bear it from you."

Janet struggled feebly, and tried to speak; but his kisses shut away her breath.

"Are you going to scold?" he asked, smiling.

She shook her head; then he let her speak.

"Oh, let me go!—please let me go!" she gasped.

"Don't leave me, Janet!"

"You shouldn't have done that; you should have asked me," she stammered.

"I hadn't time; but I'll ask you now. Do, Janet, my darling, let me love you, and kiss you, and be fond of you."

"Oh, but first let me go, please! I can't say anything here; let me sit over there."

Ramon reluctantly opened his arms, and she sprang away, kneeling on the sand about two yards distant. Ramon had pulled off her hat, and she knelt there in the noonday sun, her cheeks burning hot, and her brown eyes wide open like some startled wild thing. She opened her lips but said not a word—only gazed at him, puzzled, doubting, but with a wild torrent of joy suddenly rushing into her heart.

Ramon stretched out his arms toward her, but did not touch so much as the hem of her garment.

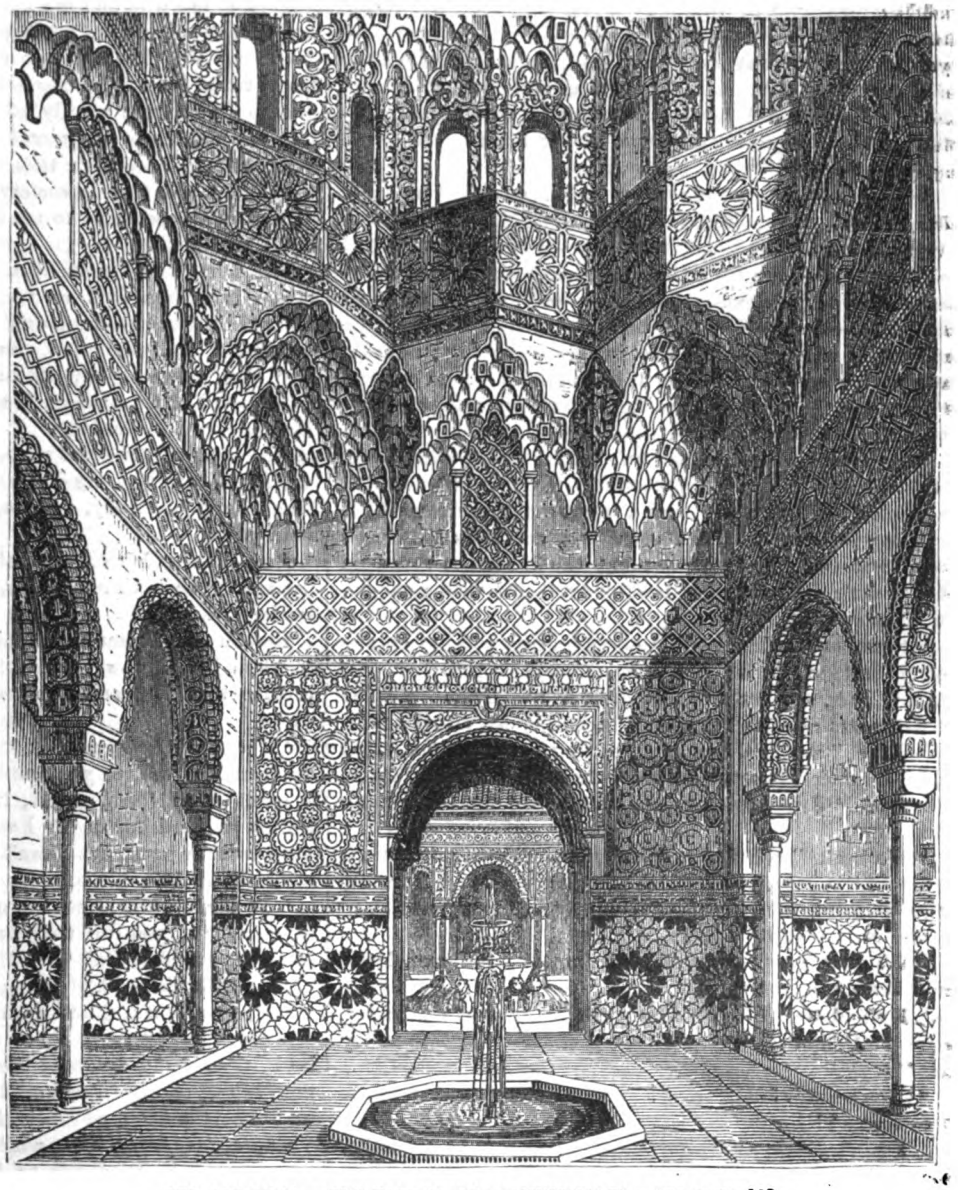
"Oh, Janet, don't leave me!" he cried; "I shall love you to the day that I die. Come back to me, my darling!"

And Janet went back. So an hour passed away, during which the dinner at the Rincon House was spoiled. And Mrs. Mac, the landlady, who was entertaining the Ventura stage-load at dinner, propounded a startling and original theory in regard to the father of his country, interspersed with praises of, and anxious inquiries about, Ramon.

"Sure Washington *was* a Quaker! and you needn't be a-laughin', Misther Stockbridge; yes — jist look at his pictur — isn't them Quaker clothes he has on 'im?" And she looked round in triumph at the company. "Och, Mack, I wish you'd go and look for Misther Ramon; he's the most gallus man on the road, is Misther Ramon; and I'm afraid he and the young lady have hurted themselves among the rocks." But Mac opined that "Mr. Ramon did be a-knowin' well enough hisself what he'd be afther;" while a stranger from San Bernardina remarked, "that it would be pretty rough if a fellow couldn't go spooning down on the beach without having his landlord keeping a tight eye on him."

So Ramon and his sweetheart were unmolested; and presently the stage and its load drove away from the Rincon House, and toiled its weary way up and over Ortega Hill. When the summit was reached the driver drew rein, and, remarking that this was very touching, took out his handkerchief and applied one red and yellow corner to the outer verge of his right eye. Then he pointed with his whip down to the beach below, where two tiny figures were—unconsciously to themselves—the cynosure of eight pair of eyes, those of the travelers on the neighboring cliff.

The three Americans on top laughed, while Stockbridge, of Santa Barbara, "wished he were in that fellow's place!—she's a stunner, I can tell you, boys!—God bless her!" The two elder Chinamen inside stared stolidly and unwinkingly out of their opium-soaked eyes, and made no



THE ALHAMBRA.—THE HALL OF THE ABENCERRAGES.—SEE PAGE 152.

comment. The young "greaser" showed his white teeth in a brilliant smile, and laid aside his cigarette long enough to sing a few bars from a Spanish love-song, while Ah-Sing, a little imp of sixteen, whose brains were not yet befogged with opium, thrust his body half-way out of the window, and, almost hysterical with laughter, cried:

"Oh, my! no good at all!—alle same one gump!—two gump!"—then the stage rolled on.

In the meantime Ramon was coaxing Janet to go on with him to Ventura and get married. The next morning he was forced to return to the mines—how could he leave her unless she were safely and surely his wife?

Should they go back to Santa Barbara, there would be endless delays, and all the wearisome pomp and circumstances of what the newspapers call "an interesting social event." If they went to Ventura, there at the hotel was Mrs. Kenkollom, of Santa Barbara. She could be witness and chaperon, and all would be done before any one had a chance to question or hinder.

"Why shouldn't you, Janet?"

To be sure, why shouldn't she? Excepting this man before her, there was no one in the wide world to whom she made a pin's point of difference. Why should she, solely on account of that bugbear called "society," refuse the request of the man she loved? Common prudence, you will say. But Janet was not commonly prudent; she was very rash and impetuous, and trusted Ramon more than she did herself. So Janet's sweet, pliant nature gave way before the logic of her lover's kisses, and again she drifted with the stream.

They returned to the tiny hotel, snatched a hasty dinner, and once more were flying along the sands toward Ventura. The shadowy mists that in the morning had hidden Santa Cruz from their sight had now come creeping across the sea, and slowly, stealthily, darkly wrapped land and ocean. The sun had vanished long ago, the cliffs had hidden their heads in billows of fog; nothing was to be seen except the little island of sand around them, and the nearer breakers foaming and curdling around their horses' hoofs.

There was no limit to Ramon's tenderness toward Janet, and at times he seemed profoundly happy; but now and again his face grew dark, and a silent mood overcame him.

The wind was cold and searching, and Miss Bonamy's wrap was brought into use; but the hot drops stood on her lover's forehead, and his lips trembled with some inward anguish.

At last her saddle needed clinching up, and he sprang off to attend to it; while he stooped beside her, she leaned over, and caressed his curly head. Then he lifted a white and agonized face to hers, and spoke out at last.

"Janet," said he, hoarsely, coming round to the other side, flinging his arms around her, and hiding his face in her lap. "Janet, we must go back. We mustn't go any further."

"Go back?" asked she, wondering. Then, putting out a soft little arm, she twined it lovingly around his neck. "Is there anything the matter with you? Are you sick?"

Ramon shook his head.

"What will you think, my darling, if I take you back, and never tell you why?"

"I shall think," said she, while the tears stood in her eyes—"I shall think you didn't love me enough to marry me."

"You *mustn't* think that! I can't tell you how much I love you!"

I can't think anything else—there can't be any other reason;" and the tears slowly welled over and dropped on his upturned face.

They seemed to drive Ramon to frenzy. In an instant he had snatched her off her horse, and, seating himself on a ledge near by, held her on his knees, and kissed and wiped them away.

Then, while she still clung sobbing to his breast, he told his story:

"Janet, I'm married; that is, there's a woman living who calls herself my wife, though I haven't seen her these ten years. When I was sixteen years old, I was a full-grown man; and a coarse, bold woman of twenty-eight told me she loved me, and begged me to marry her. I was a mere child for all my inches, and, of course, was flattered and pleased (she was handsome—very handsome), and so I married her. It was all a lie, Janet; she didn't love me in the least. She had married me to pique a former lover, a man coarse and bold as herself. She led me a dog's life. When I was twenty I left her, and have never seen her since. She has never done anything giving me legal cause for divorce, nor will she consent to one, nor to a legal separation; so she still calls herself my wife. I support her handsomely on condition that she never comes near me, nor, indeed, leaves the State of Oregon, where she lives, and where I never go. And that's the history of my wife and me, Janet. When I was five years under age—when no other legal engagement is binding—I entered into the marriage relation with her, and before I was twenty-one I left her. She was not the wife of my manhood—she was a folly of my boyhood; and I don't think I should do any moral wrong if I married you. I brought you here with that intention. But there's the law, Janet, and there's society; they would both point to you as an outcast, and to me as a traitor, and—I couldn't do it, my darling."

Her face had been hidden in his bosom, and now she raised it with a look of terror—such an importunate, loving little face!—and clung to him with both arms.

"Oh, Allen!" she cried, passionately, "don't leave me. I've been alone all my life till you came, just as solitary as though I alone lived on the earth. To-day I've been in Heaven—yes, in Paradise! I couldn't have been happier at the foot of the great white throne. I can't give you up, Allen, my love, my darling—my sweet, warm darling! Don't send me away. Manage it *somehow*, but keep me with you!"

And, raising herself against his breast, and taking his head between both her hands, she tried to bribe him with tenderest kisses.

Ramon caught her in an embrace that almost threatened to crush her life away, and kissed her with a passion so intense that it seemed to overwhelm and consume her own.

"I can't!" he groaned; "there isn't any way. You don't understand, or you wouldn't ask me!" Then, with a great sob: "Oh, Janet, have pity, and don't make things so hard for me! I would go on, you know, if it were not for you; but I can't drag *you* down to hell. It would be that in this life, if not in the next."

"You can't drag me down to hell," repeated Janet, slowly. "If you did that to me, I should be doing the same to you, shouldn't I?"

He shook his head.

"You never could be anything but a blessing to me."

"Yes, I know; but I see plainly that if you hurt me by marrying me, I should also hurt you. You're right, my darling, I couldn't stand that. We'll have to give it up!" and she dropped a pale, listless face over on his arm.

There was silence for a while, as each clasped the other in an embrace they felt to be the last—silence broken only by their sighs, by Janet's sobs and Ramon's kisses.

She opened his coat and crept inside, close against his strong, true heart, which kept knock-knocking so loudly for her sake. Ramon took away the Gloire de Dijon rose, long since faded and torn, and kissed her white throat, still perfumed by its dying breath. She twined her fingers in the tangles of his silky hair, and patted and fondled his cheek, once so ruddy with joy and health, now so wan with love and despair; while he gathered her, every inch of her, down to her sad, tired little feet, up into his lap, and pressed her against the breast where he knew she would lie no more.

At last he spoke.

"Janet, we must go; the storm's coming on, and you'll die of cold and exposure. If I loose my arms, have you strength to leave me, to mount your own horse and ride away? I can't put you away from me, my darling, but I can open my arms and let you go."

"I can go."

"Then listen. I can't ride with you now. If I were beside you, I should surely try to bring you back. For a time I'll keep behind you, but in sight; then after a while I'll come up and ride with you. Keep on the beach. Go as fast as you can, and don't turn aside for anything; then when you see the Santa Barbara lights, I want you to stop and let me kiss you once more. Will you?"

"Yes."

"God bless you, my darling. Now go."

One long, straining embrace, one kiss, hotter, harder, longer than the rest; then Ramon opened his arms. She lay still one moment gaining strength and courage to leave him; then rose with tottering steps, mounted her mustang, and turned his face homeward. She looked back and saw Ramon just mounting. And thus, a couple of hundred yards apart, they flew on in the storm and gathering gloom.

A still greater change had come over the scene—the tide had turned and the sea was up; a black and angry ocean took the place of the sparkling waters of six hours ago, and instead of the frolicsome white caps were breakers mountains high.

The fog grew thicker and yet more thick; now and then a dash of fierce and bitter rain was hurled to earth and

> "Wildly raved around
> The winds, like spirits lost."

For several miles they rode on thus; then, as the rising tide crowded her against the cliff, among great boulders and heaps of slippery seaweed, Ramon pushed up beside Janet, and lent her a helping hand. There is one place on this long stretch of beach where at full high tide the waves dash directly on the face of the cliff; at such time impassable to wheels, but in calm weather easily forded by horse and rider.

This they reached half an hour before flood-tide, but already the tumult out at sea had driven in the water; already it was roaring and thundering against the cliff. It was now dusk, but through the gathering darkness they could see great fragments of rock half engulfed by waves, and huge pieces of driftwood hurling themselves against the precipice, only to be flung back into the raging waves. And through this boiling, eddying torrent lay their path.

"We must go on," said Ramon; "we can't mount the cliffs without going two miles back; and the tide's so high it would be all over the beach before we could get there. When we have passed this point there's a road we can take just beyond. Then we'll be high and dry, and all safe, my darling—don't be frightened!"

"I'm not afraid," said Janet; "I don't care."

Her words tortured him, and he threw out his hand imploringly.

"Oh, don't say that, Janet! You must live to be a joy to me! I can see you sometimes, you know."

"Yes, that's true; I had forgotten. I don't want to die, Allen; we can see each other, and while there's life there's hope, you know."

She smiled bravely up at him through the spray which hung in beads upon her lashes, and the tears that coursed down her pallid cheeks.

Ramon went round to the seaward side, in between her and the frantic waves—between her and the hurrying sticks of driftwood. The wind had risen still higher; and around this bleak corner howls and shrieks and demon-cries filled the air.

"Guide your horse inside that great rock, Janet," he shouted. "There—where there's a quiet pool! Keep close to the cliffs, and when he begins to swim give him a loose rein. Now!"

He whipped Janet's horse, put spurs to his own, and side by side they made a dash for the water; then in a moment Don Diavolo and Leon were swimming neck and neck, Ramon holding Janet's reins, and dragging her pony after his own more powerful horse.

There was an instant lull, a sudden silence, and the waves swept out and away, leaving the horses knee-deep in water. High up above their heads once more they heard the eagle scream; far out at sea was a strange whispering, a threatening murmur beginning to deepen into a roar. For an instant the fog lifted; once more they looked into each other's faces, and heard each other's voices. Janet turned her sweet, quiet face toward Ramon and looked at him with eyes from which coming death could not fright the tenderness.

"Dear Allen," she said, "I love you so!"

And she put up one hand, and once more caressed his cheek and curly hair.

Ramon gave her one glance full of anguish and love, then pointed out to sea.

"Forgive me, my darling, for bringing you here," he said.

Then with a flash of triumphant joy, which not even remorse could smother:

"We won't have to part now—never again."

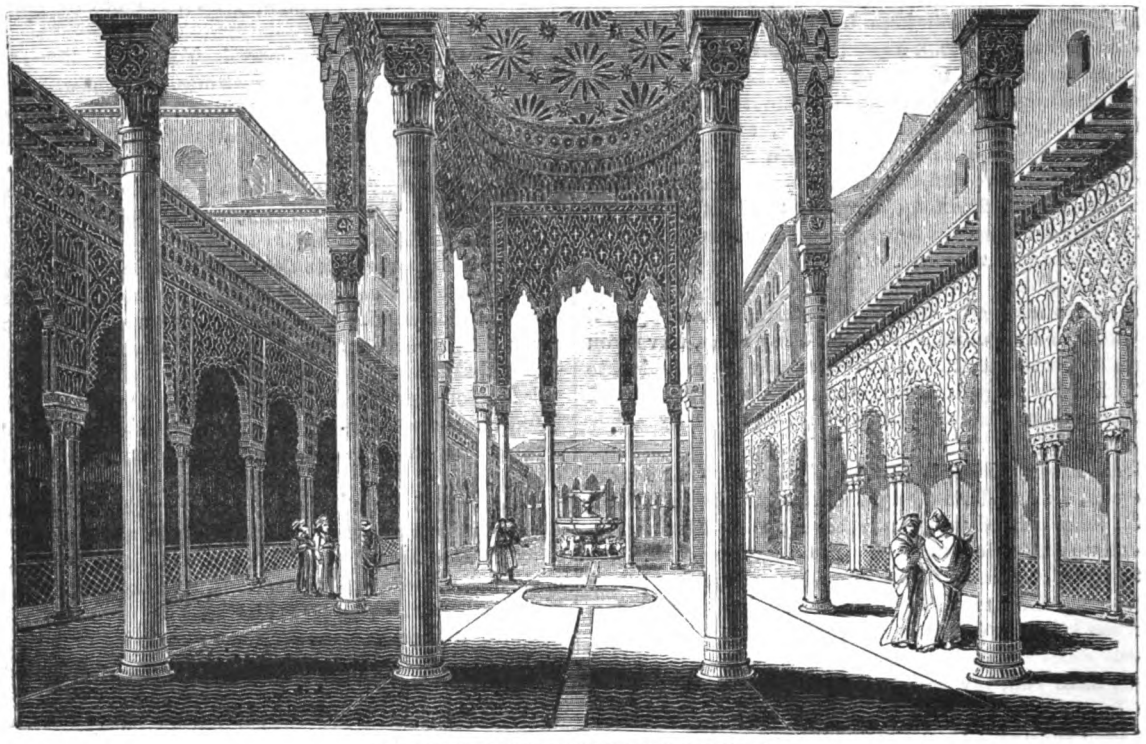
Then as the giant wave he had seen and heard came towering in, overwhelming horse and rider, he caught his sweetheart to his breast, and before death took them, snatched one more kiss from her sweet, answering lips.

Then a broken spar, riding wild as the Volkure, flung them against the precipice, and—all was over.

* * * * * * *

The next morning some followers of Chavez, the bandit and outlaw, who had ventured under cover of the storm into the neighborhood of Ortega Hill, found Janet and Ramon wound in each other's arms, and softly sleeping.

They stripped them of watches, rings, purses, and took the revolver from Ramon's side, but when they would have taken his clothes also, found they could not separate him from the girl he held so closely clasped in his arms. So they left them there, and later in the day a party of Spaniards found and brought them into Santa Barbara, and there, because they could not be separated, Janet and Ramon were laid in one coffin and one grave. They now lie under the live oaks on that sunny slope of the cemetery which looks across the race-track, over the mountains and town. Some of their warm-hearted California friends have planted vines and flowers over their grave, and beneath this lovely coverlet God has given them a sleep both long and sweet.



THE COURT OF THE LIONS IN THE ALHAMBRA.

THE ALHAMBRA.

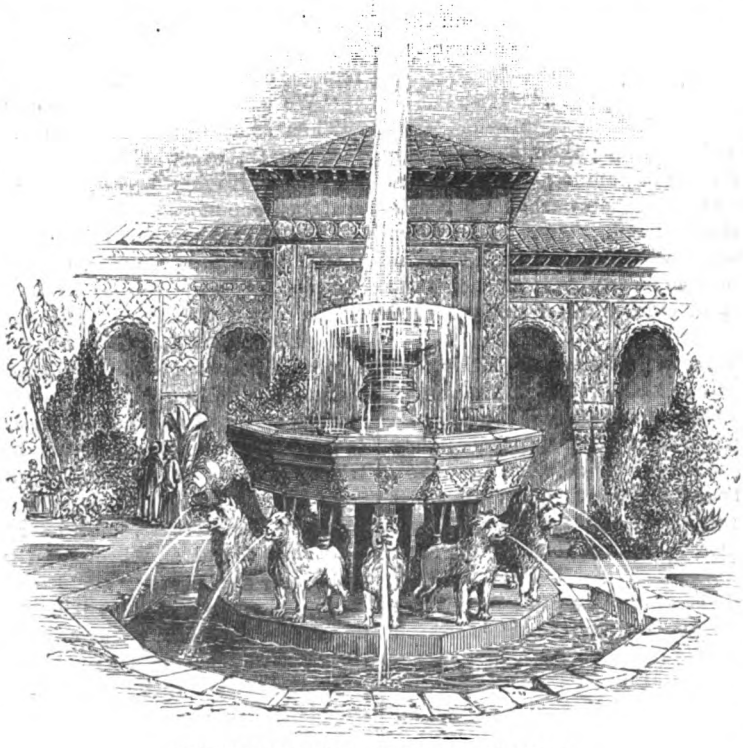
By N. Robinson.

"The Alhambra—the Acropolis, the Windsor Castle, of Granada—being the emphatic attraction to travelers from all foreign parts, we will begin sight-seeing at this palatial fortress. The Alhambra Hill is 2,690 feet long by 730 feet in its widest part. The walls which encircle it average 30 feet in height and 6 feet in thickness. In shape it is like a grand piano, with the point toward the *Torre de la Vela*."

Thus spoke my "Murray," that peerless guide-book, as, standing on the steps of the Washington Irving Hotel, situated on the Alhambra Hill, I prepared to start on my long-premeditated pilgrimage to a shrine which had since boyhood's hour been my very Mecca.

With the history of this wondrous Moorish palace I was intimately acquainted, and the richest patterns and brightest colors ever woven in the busy loom of my imagination were those which depicted to my mind's eye the valorous Gazul and the incomparable Lindajara; the brave Abencerrages; the proud Abenamar and the beautiful Galiana; and the ingrate Zayda, the most cruel of Moorish beauties, whose stony heart was not to be moved even by such a love verse as—

"Bella Zayda de mis ojos."



THE FOUNTAIN IN THE COURT OF THE LIONS.

How often in imagination had I climbed the tower of Siete Suelos, passing that dreaded fourth window through which no mortal eye ever yet dared to peep? how often had I encountered the ghastly *Caballo descabezado*, or headless horseman, who rides round the parapet 'neath the pale moon's rays, guarding the buried treasures of the Moors! Here was I upon the threshold of the fulfillment of my hopes, in Granada—beautiful Granada—of which it has been said, "*A quien Dios quisó bien, en Granada le dió de comer*,"

or, "To those whom God especially loveth is permitted the privilege of living in Granada."

This city is two thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and has for its background a spur of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, whose serrated crowns of perpetual snow melt into the full blue sky, while at morn the rose-tints of sunrise, and at evening the luminous golds and purples of the last kisses of amorous Sol, are of such rare and radiant color as to glow in the memory long after the visit to Sunny Spain shall have been recorded as in the remote past. The portion of the town which hangs over the Genil to the right is called Antequeruela, from

A GRANADA WATER-CARRIER ON THE SEASHORE.

the fact that the natives of Antequeruela found refuge here after the capture of their own city in 1410. The suburb of the Albaicin is separated from the Antequeruela by the River Darro, above which rises the commanding height surmounted by the Alhambra. The Albaicin was assigned to the refugees from Baeza, when that city was retaken by the Christians in 1227.

Granada is a city of running waters. The Genil—the Singilis of the Romans, the Shingil of the Moors—flows down from the Sierra Nevada. The Darro approaches Granada under the Monte Sacro. The gorge through which it rushes was the Haxariz, the "Garden of Recreation" of the Moors. Gold was formerly found in its bed, and on the occasion of my visit, I spent a "long hour by Shrewsbury clock" indolently watching the movements of a seeker of gold—a woman, who, *nuda genu*, naked even higher than the knee, amphibiously toiled amid the boulders over which the coffee-hued waters swished so merrily, for—

> "Gold! gold! gold! gold!
> Bright and yellow, hard and cold."

The Moorish name of the city was Karnattah, "The Pomegranate," and the threat of the Spanish King, Ferdinand, that he would pluck the pomegranate leaf and flower to pieces was fulfilled when Boabdil, the last of the Moorish monarchs, was driven out of the beautiful city. I stood upon the height overlooking Granada where Boabdil, heart-broken, gazed at the exquisite pomegranate that lay beneath him, gazed until compelled to fly, and that spot is called unto the present hour *El ultimo Sospiro del Moro*, or "The last Sigh of the Moor."

Fain would I linger in the quaint and picturesque streets of Granada, whose architecture is at once the delight and the terror of modern "builders of houses." Fain would I mingle with the caravans of the peasants of the Vega, whose donkeys are hidden beneath the piles of wondrous-looking fruits, veritable clots of color. Fain would I dispose of my *reales* to nut-brown gypsies in exchange for a peep into futurity through the medium of the line of life across my hand. Fain would I tarry to listen to the strange chants and songs of hideous dwarfs, as they droned their love-ditties to the thrumming of quaint guitars or the inspiriting click, click of the castanets. Fain would I "operate" in flirtations with señoritas half hidden in balconies behind yellow blinds striped blood-red, whose dark eyes spoke Andalusia and all the passionate possibilities which that word conveys; but it is of the Alhambra that I mean to discourse, and I can but sum up Granada in the words of the Spanish poet:

> "Quien no ha visto á Granada,
> No ha visto á nada"—

"Who has not beheld Granada has seen nothing." Take this to heart, ye dwellers in New York and Boston.

So anxious was I to visit the Moorish Acropolis that I would not turn aside into the Bibramba, the majestic Cathedral, the Alcayzirea, and the Zacatin, these old quarters of Granada which have preserved not only their Moorish names, but their Mauresque aspect. Having traversed the Plaza Nueva, I commenced to ascend La Calle de los Gomères, and duly arrived at the Puerta de los Granadas, which the Moors called Bib Leuxar—a sort of arch of triumph constructed by Charles V., embedded in the Moorish walls. An inscription over this arch informed me that I was now in the jurisdiction of the fortress of the Alhambra.

The principal building of the Alhambra was commenced by Ibn-l-ahmar, in 1248; it was continued by his son, Abu-abdillah, and finished by his grandson, Mohammed III., about 1314. The greatest decorator of the Alhambra was Yusuf I., who, although a sorry warrior, was very successful in the arts of peace. He was enormously rich. He regilt and repainted the palace, which then must have been a thing of the "Tales of the Genii." Under the Castilian Conquest, whitewash was the order of the day, and, horrible, to relate, the Moslem symbols were all completely obliterated by this harmless necessary pigment. What Ferdinand and Isabella began, their grandson, Charles V., carried out; and this Vandal, not content with whitewash, proceeded to modernize, by rebuilding, by putting up heavy ceilings, by taking down the Moorish Tarkish, by running up partitions, by blocking passages, and by converting the dwelling of an Oriental sybarite into lodgings for a chilly Flemish gentleman. As for the immediate successors of this Goth, they contented themselves by neglecting the Alhambra.

For the first two centuries after the conquest the Alhambra attracted but little of the attention of strangers. The names of visitors—alas! that they should be the forerunner of Cook's excursionists!—began to be inscribed upon the walls about 1670. "Dick" Wall, the Irish ex-minister to Charles III., after another century of neglect, furbished up the Alhambra. In 1792, in order to prepare for the reception of a state prisoner, Aranda, the apartments of Charles V. were subjected to the rude ordeal of whitewash, and all the rich Italian arabesques were thus obliterated. The Governor, Savara, now steps in, and taking up his residence in the fortress, sweeps away every vestige of Moorish taste. To Savara succeeded a Catalan, with five daughters. These young ladies, being of a prudential turn, worthy, in fact, of having Mrs. John Gilpin for a mother, laid their pretty hands upon everything tangible, which they carefully removed and turned into gold.

In 1808 Don Ignacio Mantilla was appointed Governor. The Don's wife was not over-pious—in fact, she was a little the other way, and she coveted the treasures of this earth, instead of yearning for eternal wealth awaiting her on the other side of the Great River, provided she kept on the narrow path. The Doña was of such an infidel and practical turn that she kept her donkey in the beautiful chapel, and made the *Patio de la Mezquita* a pen for the sheep. Here was a tidbit for the Inquisition. How did she manage to escape?

Sebastiani arrived in January, 1810, and he proceeded to convert the Alhambra into a *place d'arms*, for which purpose countless houses were demolished. Moorish mosques and Christian churches were alike turned into magazines, and convents into barracks. The Moorish pavement of blue and white, in the celebrated Court of the Lions, was torn up to make a garden, the shrubs of which concealed beauties of every kind, while their roots injured the intricate vein-work of pipes by which the fountains played, and their watering destroyed the rooms below.

The devoted Alhambra had not yet cried quits with ravishment. On its evacuation, in 1812, the French mined the towers, and blew up eight in number, many of them models of Moorish art. They intended to have destroyed them all at one fell swoop, as their parting legacy, but their agent, Don Antonio Farseso, became frightened, and fled after his protectors. They retreated at nine o'clock in the morning, and Farseso, true to his Spanish instincts of *mañana*, or non-punctuality, did not commence the blowing up till about eleven: so the fuse was easily put out by an invalid soldier.

Ferdinand VII. now directed one Don Villa Ecusa to collect all that the French had not sloped off with, and this hidalgo, having gutted the Alhambra, ingeniously

reported that the ruthless invaders had left nothing. The Court of the Lions was now impassable from ruin; the animals were cast upon the ground and broken, and everything bespoke disorder and desolation, when in stepped the second founder of the Alhambra, an humble female peasant, Francisca de Molina, a portress. This girl is the Doña, or *Tia Antonia*, of Washington Irving, and with her niece, *Dolores*, and *Mateo Ximenez*, have been immortalized by his delightful pen. The governor had granted to the Tia the use of the *adarves* and the garden, and she made money by showing the place and dressing picnic dinners, the garlic being not too much *en evidence*, until one ultra bacchic festivity caused that privilege to be withdrawn. Then Tia now went to work to repair the ravages made by the French. She put the recumbent lions on their legs, and carted away the rubbish. She collected little bits of the pavement, and set one pipe of the Fountain to play. These efforts having been commented upon by both visitors and the press, shamed the sluggish authorities into an attempt at restoration, so feeble, though, as to be scarcely worthy of recognition.

In 1821 the ancient pile was shattered by an earthquake. In 1823, the then Governor, whose sole object in life was to find work for the galley-slaves, in an evil hour selected the Alhambra for their occupation. His first step was to convert a large portion of the Alhambra into stores for the salt fish of his scoundrel charge; and in order that his fish magazine should be large enough, he tore down and cast over the battlements many of the Moorish *lienzos* and *azulejos*. It is needless to say that the gentlemen of the galleys did nothing toward the restoration of the palace.

When Ferdinand VII. joined the great majority, and civil wars broke out, the Alhambra, in common with the Escurial, Aranjuez, and everything royal, was left to go to the dogs. In 1837, the governor—what governors they were!—cut up the Moorish doors of the *Sala de los Abencerrages*, and permitted a kindred spirit to "repair and beautify" *la casa Sanchez*, one of the most picturesque and Mauresque of dwellings. During the panic occasioned by the incursion of the Carlists under Gomez, the Alhambra was put in a state of defense, which meant demolition and spoliation, and it was not until 1862, when the ex-Queen Isabella visited Granada, that fortune deigned to smile upon this glorious and matchless edifice. This, in brief, is the history of the rise and fall of the Alhambra.

Three alleys opened before me as I approached the Alhambra; that on my right leading to the famous Torres Bermejas, the "red towers," and Madame Calderon's house; that in the middle to the Generalife, and that on my left, which I followed, brought me by a series of enchanting prospects within the enceinte. The wooded slopes are kept green by watercourses, and tenanted by nightingales. On every side was the murmur and plash and ripple of falling water, as it leaped from rocks, sparkled in fern-caressed receptacles, or danced through slopes clad in verdure, rich and soft as the most vividly green moss. Although everything looks as if bestowed by the hand of nature, all the beauty is the creation of man, for the Moor changed this gaunt and barren rock into a perfect Eden. The elm-trees, of which there are a large number, were sent out from England in 1812, by the Duke of Wellington, who presented them to the Governor of the Alhambra. Intermingling with the elms are gigantic cherry-trees, which during my visit were a perfect bouquet of blossom.

A sharp turn now conducted me to the grand entrance of La Torre de Justicia, the "Porch," the "Gate of Judgment," at which the king or his kaid dispensed judgment after an ancient fashion, which was, at least, more rapid and cheap, and possibly quite as equitable, as any modern Court of Chancery. This gate was erected in 1308 by Yusuf I. The Moors called it Bábu-sh-shariah, the "Gate of the Law."

The inscription over the inner doorway records its elevation and the name of the founder. It ends—

> "May the Almighty make this (gate) a protecting bulwark, and write down its (erection) among the imperishable actions of the just."

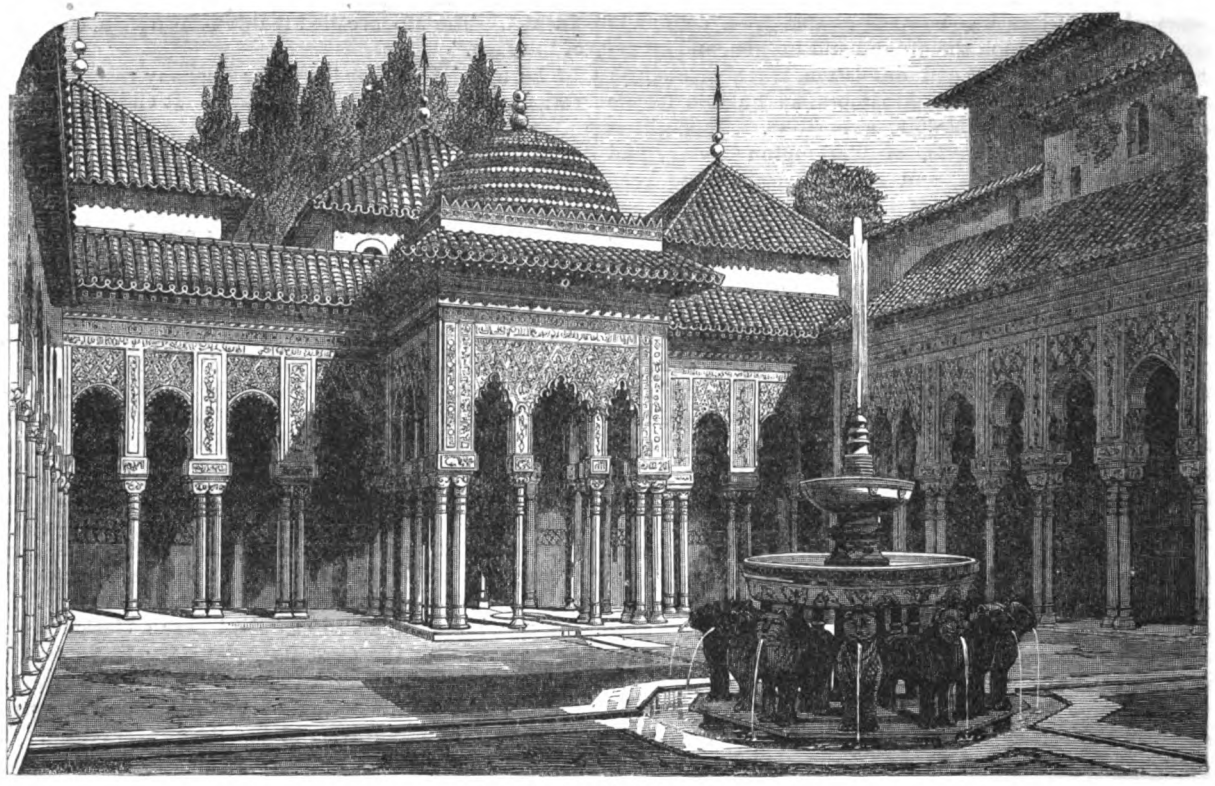
Over the outer horseshoe arch is an open hand, which is what Dick Swiveller would call "a puzzler." Some consider it an emblem of hospitality and generosity, the redeeming qualities of the Oriental, whilst others refer it to the Hebrew "Jadh," the symbol of power and providence, and others still argue that it was merely intended as a talisman against the "Evil Eye," from the fact that Moorish women, like the Neapolitans of to-day, wore small bands of gold and silver round their necks, until Charles V., by a Pragmactica in 1525, forbade the usage. Over the inner arch is a sculptured key, and the Moors boasted that this gate would never be opened until the hand alluded to took this key. The entrance is carried through a double gate, the intricate, tortuous passages of which are artfully contrived to embarrass an enemy.

Passing onward, I was exercised over a Gothic inscription coeval with the Conquest, recording that event, and the appointment of a gentleman with a dozen names as alcaide. The jurisdiction of the Alhambra is separate from that of Granada, and has its own governor. The office was one of high honor, but it is now of very second-rate importance, indeed.

Traversing a narrow lane, I struck the Plaza de los Algibes, under which are the celebrated Moorish cisterns, filled by the River Darro, the temperature—ice-cold—of the water being always the same. An awning had just been erected over an adjoining well, where a supply of cold water is sold to the *aguadores*, or water-carriers from Granda. How picturesque the donkeys, with their trappings of scarlet fringe, and their *jarra* adorned with branches of trees in blossom. Around, in attitudes so beloved by Gustave Doré, lounge water-sellers, equipped with a little tub, a tray whereupon are three or four glasses and a bottle of anisao. Bang! went a real, as I gulped down a draught of the delicious water, just tinted by the aniseed.

This Plaza divides the palace from the Alcazaba-Kassábah, the citadel. A Roman altar from Illiberis, embedded by the Moors, stands in the angle of the wall. It is inscribed by the grateful Valerius to his "most indulgent wife," Cornelia. I wondered as I gazed if this had been prepared by the crafty Val during the lifetime of his lady, like the epitaph written by the Vicar of Wakefield for the worthy Mrs. Primrose. The Alcazaba at the time of my visit was used as a prison for galley-slaves, and I learned that the contents of its once most curious Moorish armory were sold by its "governor"—oh, those governors!—to defray the cost of a bullfight.

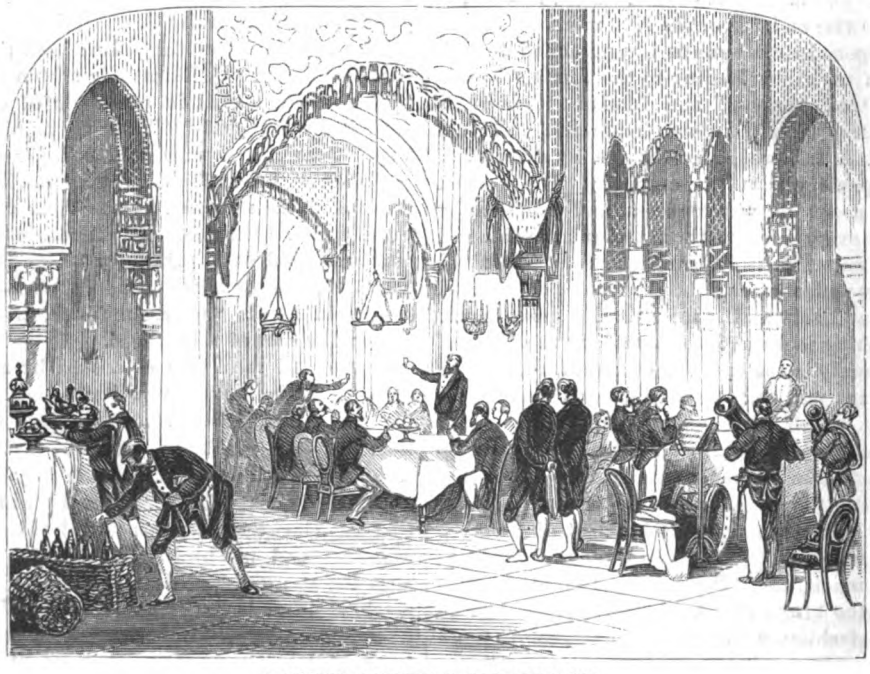
I ascended the *Torre de la Vela* by a very narrow stairway. A fat gentleman was descending. We got jammed. He was, like most stout parties, exceedingly good-humored—so much so, indeed, that we became fast friends, and I dined with him subsequently at the Washington Irving Hotel. An inscription in the tower records that the Christian flag was first hoisted here by Cardinal Mendoza and his brother, on the 2d of January, 1492, after 777 years of Moorish occupation. "How supremely lovely!" I involuntarily exclaimed, as I gazed out on the panorama. Below me lay Granada, belted with plantations of luminous green—beyond it the Vega, a plain



A COURT IN THE ALHAMBRA.

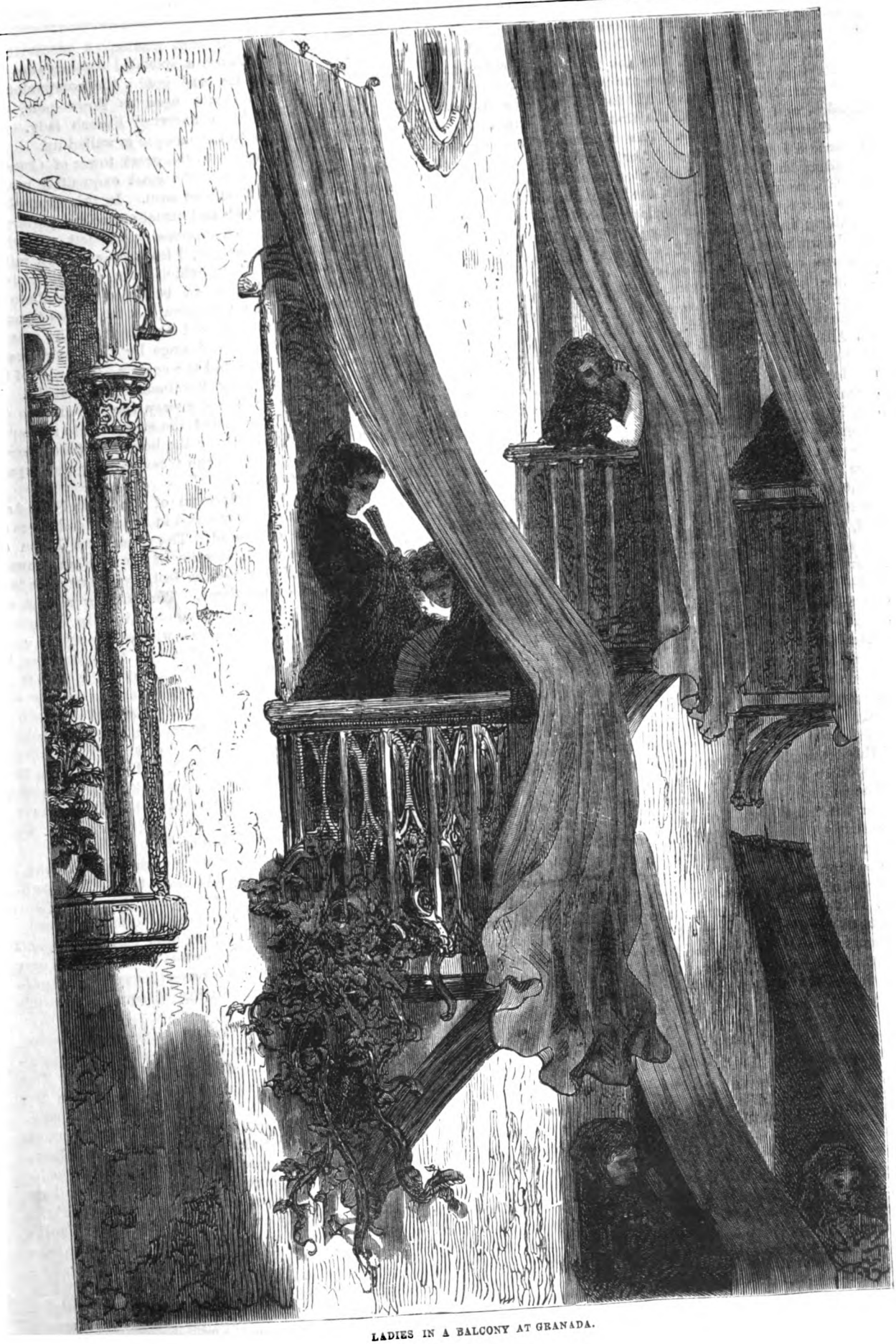
about thirty miles in length, twenty-five in width, and seventy in circumference, guarded like Eden by a wall of mountain. The Vega is dappled with villages, with villas; every field has its battle-story, every rivulet its ballad. To the left rise the snowy Alpujarrs, then the distant Sierra of Alhama, then the gorge of Loja in the distance, then the round mountain of Parapanda, bonneted in a purple mist. On my right was the rocky defile of Moclin, and the distant chains of Jaen—a picture more lovely it is scarcely possible to imagine.

The *Torre de la Vela* is so called because on its watch-tower — where I stood quaffing the glorious prospect like wine—here hangs a silver-tongued bell, which, struck by the warden once every five minutes, from 9 in the evening until 4 A. M., all the year round, gives notice to irrigators below of the hour of the night, thus acting as a primitive watch. On a still night it is heard at Loja, thirty miles away. This bell is also rung on the 2d of January, the anniversary of the surrender of Granada, and on that day the Alhambra is visited by vast numbers of the peasantry. Maidens tap the bell *en passant*, this action insuring a husband, and the greater the sound produced by the tap, the better the man. I am told that this *fête* is one of the most national and picturesque in Sunny Spain. The under bastions were laid out by Charles V. in hanging gardens, with fountains and statues and unique-cut sculptures in every available space. The cypresses, which flourish everywhere in the Alhambra, are poetically said to mourn the Moors. The vines are of the time of Boabdil, and their stems wind round the square pilasters like monster boa-constrictors.



A MODERN BANQUET IN THE ALHAMBRA.

Descending to the Plaza de los Algibes, my attention was drawn to an isolated Moorish tower, beside it a most perfect arch; both erected in 1345. Opposite stands the grand palace begun by Charles V., who left it unfinished and



LADIES IN A BALCONY AT GRANADA.

unroofed; yet to raise it he tore down any amount of Moorish work. This typical "Castle in Spain" was begun in 1526, and progressed, like the Brooklyn Bridge, at a snail's pace, until 1633, when the work was abandoned.

It consists of a square of 220 feet, with three elaborate façades, and was one of the first buildings in Spain of the Græco-Roman style. The interior is cut up into Doric and Ionic circular *patio*, or courtyards. They hoped to induce the Duke of Wellington to sink some of George III.'s sovereigns in it, but the Iron Duke didn't see it. It is now open to any American who has a "crank" for finishing incomplete buildings. The all-mighty dollar would work well here. The present entrance lies in an obscure corner, for Charles V. destroyed the superb Moorish façade. Its severe, simple, almost forbidding exterior gives no promise of the Aladdin gorgeousness which once shone within. In common with other Moorish Alcazars, it is built on the crest of a hill, and as a fortress-palace, was intended to awe the city below with the forbidding exterior of power, to keep out heat and enemies, foreign and domestic, and what was a much more difficult task, to keep in women. The voluptuousness and splendor of the interior were masked as is the glittering spar in the coarse pebble. The internal arrangements were purely Oriental, with its colonnaded walks, the fountains, the baths, the diaper stucco, the Turkish and the *Azulejo* dado, above which hung the rich *Artesonado* roof, gilded and starred like a heaven.

I may mention here that the colors employed by the Moors were in all cases the primary—blue, red and yellow, gold—blues predominating, to connect the reds and yellows, and thus preserve the harmony of color. The secondary colors—purple, green and orange—only occur in the dado's of *Azulejo*, which, being nearer the eye, proved a point of repose for the more brilliant coloring above. Some may now seem green, but this is the change effected by time on the original metallic blue. The Catholic Kings used both green and purple, and their work can be discovered by the commonness of the execution and the want of the harmonious balance of color which the Moors understood so much better.

The walls of this palace are covered with inscriptions, all in the most perfect condition of preservation. I was immensely struck by the palmlike white marble pillars and the exquisite variety of their capitals.

The honeycomb stalactical pendentives are all constructed on mathematical principles, and the conical ceilings in the Alhambra attest the wonderful power and effect obtained by the repetition of the most simple elements; nearly five thousand pieces enter into the construction of the ceiling of Las dos Hermanas; and although they are of plaster, strengthened here and there with pieces of reed, they are in most wonderful—nay, perfect, preservation. The *Artesonado* ceilings, the shutter and door *Marqueterie* works, resemble those in the Alcazar of Seville. To the left is the quarter allotted to the governor's residence; to the right, a door leading into the circular *patio* of Charles V.'s unfinished palace. This court, which is about one hundred and fifty feet long by eighty feet wide, is called De la Alberca, or the "Fish-pond." To the right is an elegant double corridor, the upper portion being the only specimen of its kind in the Alhambra. Here was the grand entrance of the Moors, which, with the whole western quarter, was pulled down by Charles V. The *salons* to the right of the *patio* were once most gorgeous; they belonged to the monarch's wife, and hence are still called *El Cuarto de la Sultana.*

On the opposite side I entered a small room which was fitted up, by Ferdinand the Catholic, for the archives, which were contained in iron trunks. A recess in the wall to the right containes a splendid earthenware vase, enameled in blue, white, and gold; the companion was broken, and the fragments used as flower-pots, until bodily carried away by a knowing French lady. The door formerly leading to the mosque is walled up.

I now paid my respects to the great tower of Comares, its ante-gallery being one of the most exquisitely proportioned apartments I have ever seen. In this ante-room I perceived the honeycomb and usual stalactical pattern in the ceiling. Passing up a staircase to the left, and which led to the *Mezquita* or mosque, I leant over the low railing and gazed into the *Patio*, which is a perfect picture. The flat alabaster columns and beams of the roof are the finest specimens in the Alhambra. A barbarous Spanish gallery destroys one side, and the door of the mosque was stripped of its bronze facings by the daughters of Governor Bucarelli, who sold the copper. The roof of the *Mezquita* was repainted by Ferdinand and Isabella. In an exquisite niche in the doorway the Koran was deposited. Charles V. converted the mosque into a chapel. Incongruous additions destroy the beauty of this interior, while a raised gallery recalls the "beautifying and repairing" with a vengeance.

Reascending to the ante-room of the Hall of the Ambassadors, I observed the recesses in which the slippers of the faithful were deposited. The Reception Room of State occupies the whole interior of the Comares Tower, which is a square of thirty-seven feet, by seventy-five feet high to the centre of the dome. The existing ceiling, an artesonado dome of wood, ornamented by ribs intersecting each other in various patterns, with ornaments in gold painted on grounds of blue and red in the interstices, is black with age. The enormous thickness of the walls may be estimated by the windows, which are so deeply recessed as to look like cabinets Below the hall are vaulted rooms, with any number of subterranean intercommunications, constructed to afford means of escape for the Sultan and his harem in times of outbreak. Here also were the state prisons, and from the window looking down on the Darro it is said that Ayeshah, fearful of her rival, Zoraya, let down her son, Boabdil, in a basket, as James I. was lowered from the Castle of Edinburgh.

Coming to the surface again, and turning to the right, a heavy gallery, built by Charles V., leads to the Tocador de la Reina, or dining-room of the Queen. The chilly Fleming, Charles, blocked up the elegant Moorish colonnade. The Royal Dressing-room is about nine feet square, and ornamented with pictures. The walls are scribbled over with the names of visitors in a manner that speaks volumes in favor of the ingenuity and daring of some of the pilgrims to the Alhambra.

From the ante-room of the Comares, a passage protected by iron gratings, leads to the Moorish baths. They consist of *El Baño del Rey* and *El Baño del Principe.* The Moorish caldron and leaden pipes were sold by the five thrifty young ladies who called Governor Bucarelli papa. The vapor bath is lighted from above by small lumbreras, or "louvres." The bathers undressed in the entrance saloon, and underwent, in the vapor bath, the usual shampoonings, musicians, in the meanwhile, discoursing in a gallery overhead. I had now to retrace my steps through the *Patio de la Alberca*, passing by an anteroom altered by Ferdinand and Isabella, and again doctored by Philip V. into the celebrated Court of the Lions. This patio is an hypethral quadrilateral oblong, of some 116 feet by 66; 128 pillars of white marble, 11 feet high, support a peristyle or portico on each side. At each end two elegant pavilions project into the court. The columns are placed

sometimes singly, sometimes grouped; although they are so slender that they seem scarcely able to support the arches, yet five centuries of neglect have failed to destroy this slight, fairy thing of filigree.

Wherever the destroyor has mutilated the fragile ornaments, the temple-loving martlet, guest of Summer, builds his nest, breaking with his twitter the silence of these sunny courts, once the scenes of Oriental voluptuousness, and even now a delicious spot for building castles in Spain or indulging in rose-colored day-dreams. The fountain in the centre is a dodecagon basin of alabaster resting on the backs of twelve lions, bearing all that quaint heraldic antiquity so peculiar to Arabian carvings. Their faces are barbecued, their manes are cut like the scales of a griffin, and their legs are like bedposts, the feet being concealed by the pavement, while a water-pipe stuck in their mouths adds nothing to their dignity. The Hypodromas, "the portico with a hundred pillars," the Azulejo pavement, the cypresses, the network of fountains, and the sound of falling waters, are all detailed by Martial. The Fountain of the Lions, like all the fountains in the Alhambra, are only allowed to play on the 2d of January and special festival occasions.

Some of the most beautiful chambers in the Alhambra open into this court, beginning to the right with that apartment known in song and story as the Hall of the Abencerrages. In 1837 the then *governor* (!) caused the exquisite door to be sawn in pieces. When I was informed of this, I'm afraid I uttered full-flavored language. Oh, the beauty of the honeycomb stalactite roof! Oh, the perfect proportions of the pillars! My guide pointed out to me, with a good deal of dramatic action, some dingy stains as the blood-marks of the Abencerrages massacred on this spot by Boabdil. I was skeptical in Holyrood Palace, when David Rizzio's blood was pointed out to me; I was skeptical at Canterbury over the blood of Thomas à Becket; I was skeptical here. The story of the massacre of the Abencerrages is so well known that it will not bear more than "hintage." The Abencerrages were a distinguished Moorish family, whose mortal feud with the Zegris, another noble family of Granada, contributed to the fall of the Granadian monarchy. The quarrel originated in the varying fortunes of Mohammed VII. of Granada, in the earlier part of the fifteenth century, who was alternately a monarch and an exile, and whose cause the Abencerrages espoused with unswerving fidelity. One of the youths of the Abencerrages, having fallen madly in love with a lady of the royal house, was climbing to her casement when he was discovered and betrayed, and the King, in revenge for this outrage on the sanctity of his harem, shut up the whole family in a particular court of the Alhambra, since then called the Hall of the Abencerrages and letting loose the fury of their hereditary enemies, had them butchered in cold blood. This is the story.

At the end of this court are three saloons, extremely rich in decoration. The *Sala de Justicia* is so called from an assemblage of ten bearded Moors seated in a council or divan which is painted on the ceiling. The picture is remarkable as giving the true costume of the Granada Moor. There are other paintings of a chivalrous and amorous character, all to the credit of the Moor and the discomfiture of the Christian. The color in these pictures is still wonderfully bright and vivid. I was shown three marble slabs, elaborately engraved, which were found in 1859, during excavations in the Moorish cemetery. Here, too, is an effigy of the "Deer-slaying Lion," with an Arabic inscription beneath. In the last of these three saloons the cross was first placed by Cardinal Mendoza—I have seen the identical cross in the Cathedral at Toledo—and here, as a matter of course, Ferdinand introduced his favorite whitewash.

Opposite the *Sala de los Abencerrages* is that of *Las dos Hermanas*. "The Two Sisters," so named from the two slabs of Macael marble; *sisters* in color and form which are let into the pavement. This hall formed a portion of the private apartments of the Moorish Kings, of which so much has been destroyed, and the alcoves or sleeping-rooms at either side speak of its residential character. This *Sala* and its adjuncts is unequaled for the beauty and symmetry of its ornaments, its stalactite roof, and general sumptuousness. One of the inscriptions says:

"Look attentively at my elegance, and reap the benefit of a commentary on decoration: Here are columns ornamented with every perfection, and the beauty of which has become proverbial—columns which, when struck by the rays of the rising sun, one might fancy, notwithstanding their colossal dimensions, to be so many blocks of pearl; indeed, we never saw a palace more lofty than this in its exterior, or more brilliantly decorated in its interior, or having more extensive apartments."

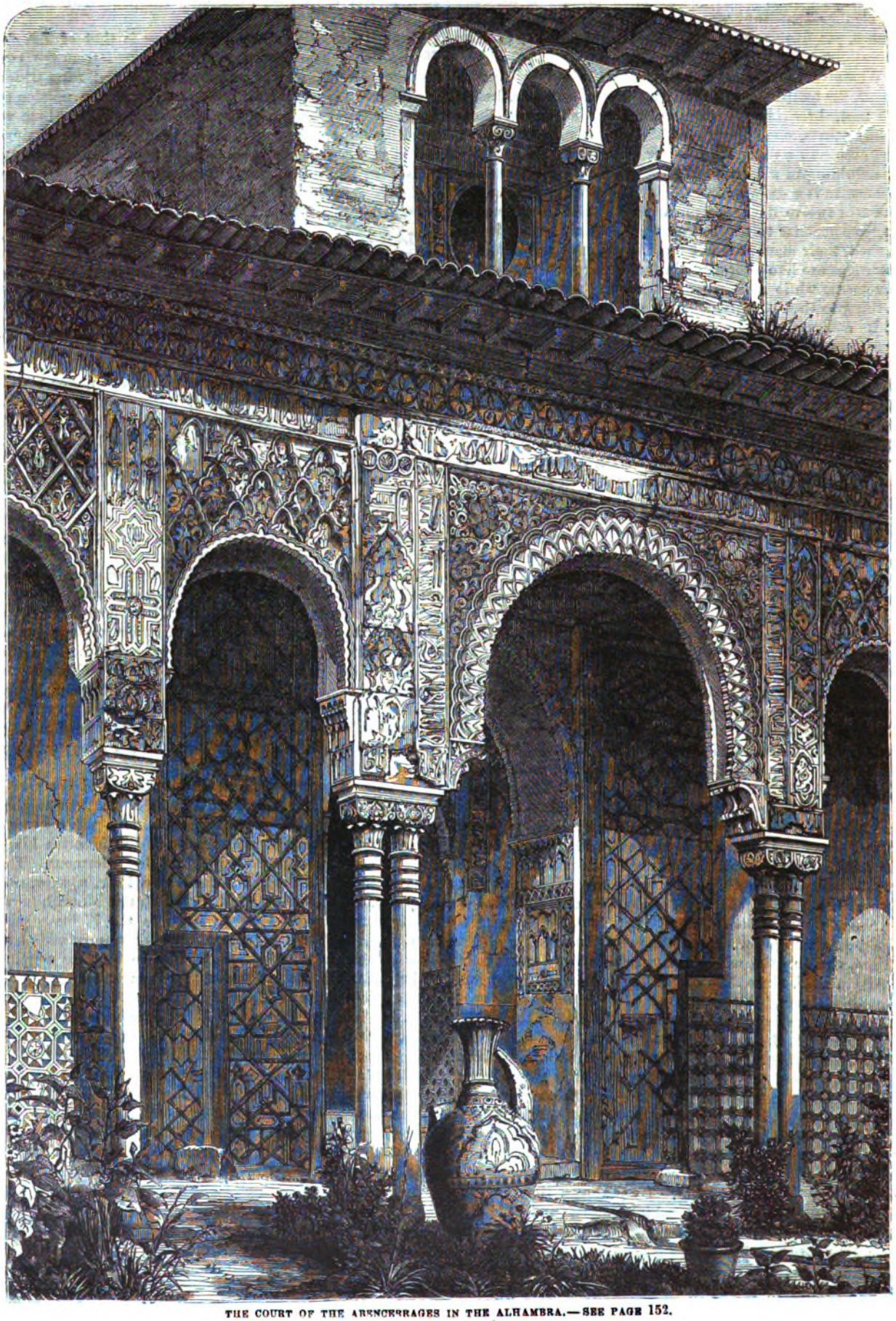
The entrance to this superb saloon passes under elaborate engrailed arches, with rich intersecting ornaments. Above is an upper story with latticed windows, through which the "dark-eyed," or Huaras of the Harem, could view the *fêtes* below, themselves unseen and guarded. A very hard-favored English girl, owl-like, was blinking through one of these windows as I looked up. She was *not* dark-eyed, and I must be ungallant enough to say that she played havoc with the vision I was gradually conjuring up of a beautiful Huara.

At the end of the *Sala* is a charming window, looking into the *Patio de Linderaja*. This Ventana and its alcove was the boudoir of Linde Raja, "Handsome Rachel," a Moorish princess, who became a Christian on the expulsion of the Moors, and who subsequently founded the Monastery of Santa Isabel Real, in the Moorish quarter of Granada. All the varieties of form and color distinguishing other portions of the Alhambra are here united, and "Handsome Rachel" must have exchanged a very sumptuous and beautiful apartment for her dingy quarters in the ascetic convent.

Leaving the palace by a small door, I passed the parish church of La Santa Maria, built in 1581. A little further on is the *Casa del Cura*, which contains a white marble *pila* or tank, in which the corpses of the Moorish kings and queens were washed, previous to interment. The *Casa* is separated from the road by a long, narrow, and deep excavation, once a vault, in which the Moorish royal family were buried. Further down is the Moorish postern gate, *La Torre del Pico*. The French intended to blow up this tower, and the holes made by their sappers still remain, but the mañana of Farses saved it.

The grand mosque of the Alhambra stood near; it was built in 1308, by Mohammed III. Turning again to the walls, I visited *La Torre de las Infantas*, once the residence of the Moorish Princesses. To the left are two other towers, *Del Candil* and *Las Cautivas*. Continuing to the right one sees the corner tower, *De la Agua* and *Los Siete Suelos*, the seven stories, the famous grand gate by which Boabdil went out, descending to the Genil by the *Puerta de los Molinos*. It was afterward walled up as a gate of bad omen. Having passed the *Puerta del Casil*, I completed my circuit of the Alhambra.

Part and parcel of the Alhambra is the *Generalife*, "the Garden of the Architect," which is reached by passing out of the Puerta del Pico. On my left lay the remains of the stables of the Moorish Guard. A deep ravine now divides the Alhambra from the Sierra del Sol. Ascending amid figs and vines is the Generalife, the site of the villa



THE COURT OF THE ABENCERRAGES IN THE ALHAMBRA.—SEE PAGE 152.

THE PRINT OF A FINGER.—"'EDWARD! YOU HERE?' THE TONE WAS AS JOYOUS AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED OF A YOUNG LADY AT THE UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF A MAN WHO WAS ALWAYS FOREMOST IN HER THOUGHTS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

which was purchased by the Sultan, in 1320. Here the canal of the Darro empties its full virgin stream, bursting through a cutting beneath an arch of evergreens. I stood in the open colonnade of the villa overlooking the Alhambra, no longer a filigree boudoir, but a grim-looking fortress. Near by where I stood is *La Suca*, an open kind of summer-house, formed of bamboo canes, where the Moors took their supper. The living rooms of the villa are at the head of the court; the ceiling in the anteroom to a small picture-gallery is in splendid preservation. Some of the portraits in the gallery are very remarkable. *El Rey Chico* is dressed like Francis I., in yellow and black fur. Ferdinand and Isabella both look idiotic. The cypresses are enormous, and old as the Moors, one having been planted in the thirteenth century. Under it the fair but frail Zoraya is said to have been discovered with her lover, the Abencerrage. Behind the cypresses is a raised garden, and on the top of the hill a knoll called the Moor's Chair. From this chair the view is most enchanting.

I visited the Alhambra again, and by moonlight. "Dian's bark of pearl" floated above it in the air like its crescent symbol; the tender beams tipped the filigree arches, giving a misty, undefined gloom to the halls beyond them. Granada lay beneath, its lights sparkling like stars, until I felt as if gazing upon a reversed firmament. Ah, that night!

THE SONG OF LABOR.

Out from the poor man's cottage
There floats a simple strain,
A few sweet words repeated
Over and over again;
If you think they have little meaning
You had better think again.

The nightingale is beginning
His song in the woods hard by;
And the lark is raining music
Out of the sunset sky;
But the gladness in the heart of a man
Makes sweeter melody.

His body is tired with labor,
His ease would to you be pain,
But his voice bespeaks a triumph
You find it hard to attain;
You are walking dumb and downcast,
Finding that life is vain.

You are a man of letters,
Deep in the meaning of things;
But your soul is bound in the fetters
Of words, while he finds them wings;
It is only soaring heavenward
That the soul within us sings.

THE PRINT OF A FINGER.

By David Ker.

Chapter I.—An Unlucky Meeting.

"EDWARD! *you* here!" The tone was as joyous as might be expected of a young lady at the unexpected appearance of the man who was always foremost in her thoughts. But there was a quiver of unmistakable fear along with it, and not without reason.

Here, in the very house which her father had ordered him to quit once for all, three months before, stood Edward Ashley, holding her hands in his own—the saucy fellow!—and papa was at home, and might at any moment make a third at the interview. Oh, goodness, what *should* she do?

What Mr. Ashley should do he seemed to know without telling. To kiss the blooming face beside him half a dozen times at least, to place a chair for the young lady, and to seat himself at her side, was, as the penny novelists say, "the work of a moment"; and considering the chances of detection, and the fact that the "stern parient" who held him in such aversion was at that moment in the room below, this exemplary young gentleman looked provokingly at his ease as he observed:

"Don't look so frightened, my pet; old Symonds, the butler, is an old friend of mine, and I can trust him to smuggle me out as cleverly as he smuggled me in. Come, clear away all the ruffles from that bonnie little face, and tell me all that's happened since I've been away."

The girl did so, not failing to lay ample stress upon the utter desolation of her life after he was gone, the dreadful scoldings that "papa" used to give her for thinking so much about him, and the odious attempt recently made to induce her to marry "a horrid man whom she couldn't abide"—at which last communication Ashley started and muttered a very shocking word, which, luckily, was not clearly audible.

Then his turn come, and he told her how he had turned his back upon England in despair after her father banished him, and had sought forgetfulness on the Continent; and how he hadn't found it by any means, but, on the contrary, had discovered that his only chance of avoiding suicide or hopeless insanity lay in coming back for a sight of her "darling little face" once again—with much more to the same purpose.

In short, their talk was so interesting that for a time they quite forgot the grim old man in the library below, who would have been upon them like a tiger had he had the least suspicion of what was going on over his head.

A local wit had called Squire Alstone and his daughter "Beauty and the Beast," with singular appropriateness in both cases. It would have been hard to imagine a more striking contrast than Evelyn's fresh, rosy face, all sunshine and beauty, and the old squire's harsh, deep-lined, granite-hewn visage, which, like the summit of Vesuvius, seemed always to have a cloud upon it.

Even those of his neighbors who did their best to admire the master of Alstone Grange as an "Englishman of the old school" were forced to admit that the old school, as represented by him, was anything but a pleasant school to go to; while the servants' opinion of him had once been pretty accurately summed up by the much-enduring coachman:

"You see, sir, I'm only a servant, and daren't speak my mind freely; but I wish he was dead—I do."

It was doubtless for the same unknown reason which

makes rain always set in on a picnic day, and a piece of bread-and-butter, by some law of gravitation undiscovered by Sir Isaac Newton, always fall with the buttered side downward, that on this particular evening the squire, instead of remaining in his study till dinner-time, as usual, came up to his daughter's boudoir, which he entered just as Ashley's fiftieth kiss was being given and returned.

"The devil!" roared Mr. Alstone, who, like certain other "English gentlemen of the old school," was wont to swear like a trooper, in a lady's presence as well as out of it.

Ashley jumped up as if the potentate thus invoked had answered the call in person, and there was a moment of silent dismay,

"What the deuce do you mean, you cursed young puppy," thundered the squire, "by coming here again after I'd turned you out? I'll have no such sneaking scamps hanging about my house, I can promise you. And as for you, you hussy," he went on, turning to his daughter, "I'll teach you to look as modest as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouth, and then go kissing and slobbering on the sly, when you think nobody sees you."

At this brutal insult to the woman he loved, Ashley's patience gave way altogether.

"Say what you like of me," cried he, fiercely, "but please remember that Miss Alstone is a lady, in spite of her being your daughter."

The words were scarcely spoken when the squire's fist —a pretty heavy one for a man of fifty-eight—fell like a sledge-hammer upon Ashley's temple, knocking him backward against the wall.

Almost stunned, less by the blow than by the tempest of rage which it excited, the young man sprang forward, but Evelyn threw herself between them and whispered, imploringly:

"Remember that he is my father, Edward. If you love me, go at once."

Ashley obeyed; but at the door he turned and shouted to his assailant:

"Thank those gray hairs which you dishonor, you foul-tongued coward, that I don't kill you like a dog; for I should think it no murder to rid the world of such a ruffian!"

Many a bitter tear did poor Evelyn shed that night, after her father, having fairly stormed himself into exhaustion, had locked her into her room and gone away. Toward morning she sank into a feverish, unrefreshing slumber, which was broken by the sudden bursting in of her maid, screaming:

"Oh, miss, miss! your poor father!"

"What's happened to him?" cried Evelyn, starting up.

"*Murdered*, miss—and they all say it's young Mr. Ashley that's done it."

CHAPTER II.

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY!

It is an ill wind that blows no one good; and the "Alstone Grange murder" proved such a windfall as the little town of Birchampton had not had for many a long day. From far and near people came flocking to the centre of attraction; and the amount of beer consumed over the discussion of the case made the heart of every tavern-keeper leap for joy.

In every corner eager groups were talking over all that was known of the affair; and the local papers were in their glory, picking up all available details, inventing twice as many more, and lavishly promising "further particulars in a later edition."

The road leading to the Grange was like the approach to Jerusalem during the Easter festival; and the house itself was only saved by its high boundary-wall, and the presence of two inflexible policemen at the avenue-gate, from becoming the goal of a second "Pilgrim's Progress." As it was, scores of enthusiasts kept peeping all day through the bars of the gate (which commanded no view whatever except a thick mass of trees and a hundred yards of carriage-drive), with that singular power of extracting amusement from staring hard at nothing for hours together, which is the leading characteristic of an English crowd.

But, as we have seen, public opinion had already fixed upon Edward Ashley as the criminal, a conviction shared by both police and magistrates who heard their report. Indeed, many a man has been hanged upon much lighter evidence, as a glance at the official summary of the case may suffice to show:

"1. The accused is known to have had a violent quarrel with the deceased only a few hours previous to the murder, when he was heard by a passing servant to say, in a tone of extreme violence, that 'he would think it no murder to rid the world of such a ruffian.'

"2. Blood has been found on the clothing of the accused, who can only account for it by saying that he *thinks* it must have proceeded from a hurt inflicted by the deceased during the quarrel aforesaid.

"3. The door of the conservatory (by which the accused admits having more than once entered the house clandestinely, was found *unlocked* the morning after the crime, and footprints led up to it exactly corresponding to those of the accused himself.

"4. This and other facts, more especially the circumstance of the murderer having made his way to the deceased's room without any noise or disturbance, tend to show that he must have been perfectly familiar with the interior of the house.

"5. On hearing the charge against him the accused became violently agitated, and muttered some words which were understood to be, 'All is over now.'

"6. On the night of the murder the accused is known to have gone out between ten and eleven, and not returned to the hotel till daybreak."

This formidable accumulation of evidence was totally confirmed by Ashley's own behavior.

He seemed completely stunned and bewildered, and, when questioned, answered so much at random as to be more than once cautioned by the presiding magistrate.

But the thought which unnerved him was not that of his own peril, but the fear that Evelyn, too, might suspect him like the rest.

To the poor girl herself, meanwhile, the long hours of that terrible day passed like a hideous dream.

Her father murdered, her lover branded as his assassin, her whole life seemingly wrecked at one blow, it might well be hard to believe that all these fearful changes could really have been brought about in a single day.

Again and again did she reproach herself for not feeling her father's death as deeply as she ought; but it was in vain that she strove to do so, for he had never been a father to her.

Alas! for the man whose own children cannot regret his loss!

But Ashley—*there* lay her keenest torment. Ever and anon the maddening thought would force itself upon her: Might he not be guilty, after all?

Guilty of deliberate *murder* she knew he could not be; but he might have ventured back to the house in the hope of one last word with her, and, encountering her infuriated father, might, perhaps, in self-defense, or goaded by some unendurable provocation——

But no—it *could* not be! Had she not herself seen him patient for *her* sake, under the worst outrage that could be offered to him? No—come what might, he was innocent. But how could his innocence be proved?

Was she, then, to sit here with folded hands while a life dearer than her own was in mortal peril? And yet, what could she do? Would *they* listen to her—these hard, cruel men, who would gladly prove him guilty only for the sake of exalting their own cleverness in finding him out? Was there *nothing* that she could do to help him? Yes, she could pray for him; and she did so, with all her heart and soul.

The prayer seemed to be answered as soon as uttered; for she had scarcely risen from her knees, when a servant entered with a visiting-card, at sight of which she uttered a cry of joy, and bade him admit the visitor at once. In another moment the door opened again with the announcement, "Mr. Morton Delancey."

THE SONG OF LABOR.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 162.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT WAS FOUND IN THE CLAY.

THE newcomer was a slight, fair-haired man, with a very handsome but rather effeminate face, whose appearance had nothing in it to account for the air of extreme reverence with which the footman ushered him in. But this quiet little man was really a celebrity of the first order, known in every civilized capital from Washington to St. Petersburg.

Born of an English mother and American father, he had inherited the beauty of the one with the keen intellect of the other, and had made his nickname of "The Amateur Detective" famous in every part of the world.

Why he had taken up this singular pursuit, devoting himself to hunting down criminals, as other men take to botany or geology, no one could tell; but his name had long since become a proverb for reckless daring and superhuman ingenuity, and it was a common saying with the police of London and New York, that "for anything with a knot in it, there warn't nobody like the "Amateur."

His acquaintance with the Alstones dated back to Evelyn's earliest childhood, and it is probable that no man living—except, indeed, Edward Ashley himself—could have been more welcome to her at that moment.

DRESSING FOR HER LOVER.

"I wouldn't have disturbed you at such a time, my dear," said Delancey, kindly, "if I had not hoped to be of use to you in this sad affair. It's too late to do anything for your poor father; but I'll try my best to clear Mr. Ashley, and with God's help I hope to succeed."

Evelyn answered only by pressing her old friend's hand in both her own, with a look of gratitude which said more than any words.

"Now, I'll just tell you what I'm going to do," he resumed. "Your old friend, Justice Rawdon, is down-stairs, having been good enough to ask my assistance in going into the case, and we're very lucky to have such a clear-headed man like him to deal with, instead of these Birchampton blockheads, who can't see an inch beyond their noses. With your permission, he and I will go over the house together, and if we find anything in Mr. Ashley's favor, as I have no doubt we shall, I'll get you leave to carry him the news yourself to-morrow."

In a moment Evelyn was upon her feet, with a glow of life and energy on her beautiful face, such as had not been seen there since the fatal news reached her. The "something to do" for which she had been hungering had come to her at last, and she was her own brave self again in a moment.

"My physic has worked wonders," muttered Delancey, eying her approvingly. "She'll be ready for anything now. After all, for real courage in facing trouble, there's no one like a woman."

Mr. Justice Rawdon, one of the few local magnates with whom the morose squire had been at all familiar, was a portly, grave-looking man of middle age, whose broad face had somewhat a heavy look, amply contradicted, however, by the ever-watchful keenness of his deep-gray eyes.

He held out his big hand to Evelyn with a hearty "God bless you, my dear," which went further to comfort her than anything else could have done, and then turned expectantly to Delancey.

"Now, Mr. Rawdon," said the latter, "I think I'm pretty safe in assuming that a man of your sense does not consider the evidence of this morning as in any way conclusive?"

"Certainly not," answered the justice, promptly.

Evelyn's face brightened at once.

"Nor I," said Delancey; "and I need scarcely tell you why. In the first place, no man but a born idiot would attempt to kill another just after telling him, in the presence of witnesses, that he would think killing him no murder. Secondly, if Mr. Ashley *had* intended murder, he would certainly not have entered the house by the very door which was well known to be his favorite entrance. Thirdly, it's quite intelligible that a young man who had just received a violent insult, to which we need not allude further at present, should be too much excited to sleep, and should take a moonlight walk to calm himself, without intending to murder anybody."

"Just so," assented the magistrate.

"As to the blood," pursued Delancey, "it very probably *did* come from the cut on his forehead, just as he says; but these wiseacres, having first made up their minds that he's guilty, snatch at every trifle that looks like a proof of it, and then call *that* a fair trial! Now, let us see these footmarks which they make so much of."

The three went round to the conservatory-door. Delancey knelt down to examine the footprints, and after a brief inspection, arose with a look of strong contempt.

"So much for the sagacity of a country policeman! Look at those marks through my spyglass, Mr. Rawdon, and you'll soon see that they couldn't have been made as lately as this morning; they're simply the traces left by Mr. Ashley when he came here yesterday afternoon."

The justice made an entry in his note-book.

"As to the door not being locked," pursued Delancey, "the servants most probably left it unlocked themselves. But all that matters little either one way or the other, for the murderer didn't enter by that door at all."

He spoke so confidently that his two companions looked at him in silent amazement, and Mr. Rawdon asked, eagerly:

"How on earth can you tell that?"

"Nothing simpler. I always follow one rule; namely, whenever I see some perfectly obvious proof, which a child might read, in one direction, I turn round and look exactly in the other. As a rule, criminals *don't* take the greatest possible pains to show you which way they went to do a murder, and how they did it. Your police say, 'Here's an unlocked door, with foot-marks leading to it, therefore he must have gone that way.' I say, 'No man would be such a fool as to go in the dark right through a house full of servants, with the chance of raising an alarm any moment, while there was another way to be had.' Let us see, now, if there *is* any other way. Tell me, Evelyn, which side does your father's room lie?"

"In the west wing, right on the opposite side of the house."

"As I thought," muttered Delancey. "We'll just go round there, if you please."

Round they went, accordingly. The window was on the third floor, partially hidden from them by one of a line of enormous elms that stood like sentries along the front of the house.

"There's the *real* approach," said Delancey, quietly. "That room was entered, not from the inside of the house, but from the *out*side."

"But where on earth could he have got his ladder?" asked the justice, measuring the height with his eye.

"Yonder's one ready-made for him. Do you see that big bough running out toward the window?"

"Well, I do, now that you point it out," said Mr. Rawdon, adjusting his glasses; "but you don't mean to say that any man could get on to the window-sill from *that!*"

"Judge for yourself," rejoined Delancey, swinging himself up into the tree, and mounting it as nimbly as a squirrel till he reached the bough in question, along which he went without the slightest hesitation, although it was more than sixty feet from the ground. In another moment he was standing upon the window-ledge.

"Are you satisfied, justice?" cried he.

"Not quite," said the magistrate, "for very few men can climb like you."

"Come up here, then, and I'll show you something that *will* convince you."

The two hurried into the house; but when Evelyn reached the door of the fatal chamber, the thought of being again confronted by the corpse of her murdered father proved too much for her nerves, strong as they were. She hung back, and Mr. Rawdon entered the room alone.

"Now, justice," said Delancey, "you see, don't you, that I have not stirred from this place where I'm standing. Well, look at the woodwork of that sill, and tell me if you notice anything."

The order was easily obeyed. The whiteness of the newly-painted wood threw out in strong relief a long brown scratch, evidently made by the sole of a shoe.

"You are right," said Mr. Rawdon; "the fellow must have got in here."

"Yes, it's all plain enough now. The night being hot, the window was open, and he could hear the squire's heavy breathing, showing that he was fast asleep. The fellow took off his shoes, and put them down just inside (you see where one of them has left a smear of mud upon the wainscot), and then stole into the room. Now, of course he came to rob; so the next thing is to find out what he took." He opened the door, and asked, in a whisper: "Evelyn, my dear, can you tell us if your poor father kept any money in his room?"

"I've heard him say that there was a good deal in the walnut-wood bureau by the fireplace," answered the girl from without.

Delancey stepped up to the bureau, and tried it. It was fast locked, and no key was to be seen.

"Well, the rascal didn't carry off his booty, that's one comfort," said Mr. Rawdon.

"The squire used to keep his keys on his watch-chain," was Delancey's only reply, as he moved toward the chair on which the dead man's clothes were lying, and drew out the watch. But the keys were not there.

Delancey's eye instinctively sought the floor. For a moment or two he looked in vain; and then, close to the bed, almost hidden by the fringe of the curtain, he espied the missing bunch.

The next moment the bureau flew open, while the magistrate, whose interest in the search had long since mastered his official dignity, pressed forward as eagerly as a schoolboy to look into it.

His first glance was followed by a loud exclamation. The interior was quaintly carved and gilded in the Louis XV. fashion, and had six drawers, three on each side, leaving space for a small, movable casket in the centre. But the place usually occupied by the casket was now *empty*.

"Thank God!" cried Mr. Rawdon, fervently. "Poor Ned's safe now, even if we do nothing more. Here's plain proof that the motive of the crime was robbery, and no magistrate in the county could be fool enough to think that Ned Ashley, with all the money he's got, would go robbing and murdering to get more."

While he was speaking, Delancey had again approached the bed, and was carefully examining the position of the body, which had been left undisturbed by order of the head inspector.

"I think I have it all pretty pat now," said he, at length, as coolly as if he had been merely working out a problem at chess. "These police of yours were right in one point—the murderer *was* well acquainted with the house and its ways. He knew where the money was kept, and he knew where to find the keys, and how to open the bureau. Having taken out the casket, he intended to put back the keys where he found them, in order to delay the discovery of the theft as long as possible. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, just then the squire awoke, and hearing something stirring, asked who was there? The robber sprang upon him at once, got the pillow over his mouth before he could cry out, and stabbed him in the throat, killing him at once (the moon would give him light enough for that, you know)."

"I understand."

"In the scuffle he dropped the keys, and naturally didn't care to waste time in hunting for them. The blow once struck, he made straight for the window, carrying the casket with him."

"He descended, then, the same way as he came?"

"Just so; for he could easily sling the casket round his neck by a handkerchief, so as to leave both hands free. See here!"

He clutched the projecting bough, and swinging himself into the tree again, descended it as nimbly as he had mounted; but when about twice his own height from the ground, he slipped suddenly, and fell to the earth.

"Good gracious! are you hurt?" cried Mr. Rawdon, anxiously.

"Come down directly!" was all the answer he received.

But Delancey's tone was so eager and excited that even the sober magistrate scudded down-stairs as if for a wager; but, fast as he went, Evelyn was there before him.

"That was a lucky fall for me," said Delancey, "for it's shown me something which I had quite overlooked, although I ought to be ashamed of myself for missing it. Do you see *that*?"

The two bent forward to look.

All around the tree the ground was so hard as to show no trace, but in one particular spot, between two outcropping roots, lay a patch of soft clay, in which was the perfect impression of a *human hand*, palm downward, as if some one had slipped and fallen there.

"Well, but didn't you do that yourself in falling?" asked the justice, with a puzzled look.

"Too big for *my* hand, as you see," replied Delancey, placing his fingers in the indentations; "but there's something else about it worth noticing. Evelyn, can you get me a glass of water and a handful or two of crumpled wall plaster?"

Miss Alstone, delighted to be of any use in the investigation upon which so much depended, hastened into the house, and returned almost immediately with the articles required.

Mixing a handful of the dust with the water, Delancey shook the rest of the plaster into the hand-print, and then let fall the mixture upon it, drop by drop.

"There," he said, quietly, "when that hardens we'll have a good enough cast of that hand to hang the man that owns it. You see, he had the casket with him when he tumbled, for here's its dent in the turf; but just then he must have heard a noise, and set off running, as you may see by these two footmarks, with the toe so much deeper than the heel. Unluckily, the ground's too hard further on to give us any more than those two; but it may be worth while to make a tracing of them on paper, if only to show that they don't tally a bit with Mr. Ashley's footprints over yonder."

"I'll do so at once," said Mr. Rawdon, producing his pencil.

"And now," resumed Delancey, going back to his plaster-cast, as soon as the tracing was completed, "look at this."

He held it up as he spoke. It was a perfect model of a large but rather well-shaped hand, which had lost *the uppermost joint of its little finger*.

"Now," said he, "unless Mr. Ashton has lost the top of his little finger since yesterday, this alone should be enough to clear him. What say you, Mr. Rawdon?"

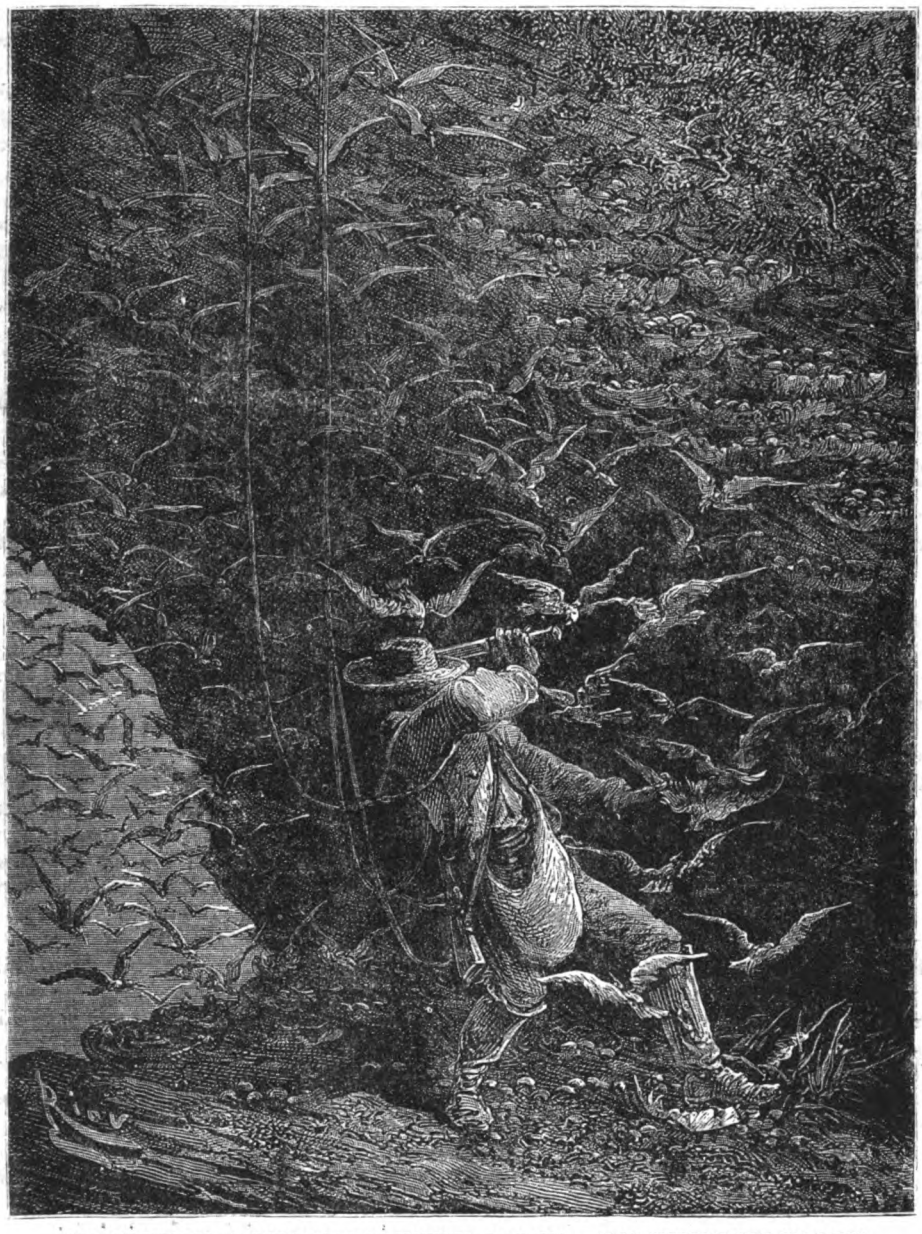
"Undoubtedly," answered the justice.

"Then that ends our day's work," quoth Delancey, "and a pretty good one it's been. Evelyn, my dear, I see you're looking tired; and you can sleep in peace now, for Ashley's life is as safe as mine. You shall tell him so yourself to-morrow; and to-night, by your leave, Mr. Rawdon, I shall stay here to take care of the house."

The kindly words came almost too late. The firmness which had enabled Evelyn to bear up so long and so bravely, had fairly given way at last; and it was only

with the support of her two friends that she succeeded in dragging herself back to the house, where she was at once consigned to the motherly care of the old housekeeper.

"I don't know how to thank you enough," said the justice to his companion, as soon as they were alone again. "I should have done my duty as a magistrate, I trust, even if it had broken my heart; but I really think it *would* have broken it to see my old friend George Ashley's only son found guilty of a cold-blooded murder."



OUR ADVENTURES AT THE BRIDGE OF ICONONZO, COLUMBIA.—JOHN FIGHTING THE GUAPACOS. SEE PAGE 171.

Delancey shook his head gravely.

"I'm glad Ashley's saved," said he; "but this is a more serious affair than you think. Do you remember the murder of the Honorable Stephen White, at Salem, a good many years ago?"

The magistrate looked at him for a moment with an air of utter bewilderment, and then turned pale as death.

"Why, you don't mean to say——"

"I mean to say that the man who committed this murder is *the* squire's own nephew, and Evelyn's cousin."

CHAPTER IV.

A MIDNIGHT VIGIL.

To be the inmate of a gloomy old manor house, in which a horrible murder has just been committed, is not the most tranquillizing situation in the world; and it can scarcely be wondered at that the second housemaid at Alstone Grange should find herself unable to sleep on the night following Delancey's researches, and be moved to get up and look out of her window in the highest story. But she would have been wiser not to do so, for the sight that she beheld made her flesh creep.

Far below, a pale light was gliding among the huge elms in front of the west wing—a light which, as she observed with inconceivable horror, seemed to surround and accompany a shadowy human figure—probably the ghost of the old squire, searching for some money that he had buried.

The figure paused at length beside the largest elm, and appeared to be digging a grave there. Susan's curiosity so far overcame her terror as to enable her to face even this objectionable performance without screaming, but when the phantom actually proceeded to lay itself down in the grave which it had dug, her overwrought feelings found vent in a shriek that made the air ring. Rushing back into bed, she dived headlong under the blankets, and rolling herself up in them so tightly that all the ghosts in Christendom could scarcely have got her out again, lay trembling there till morning.

Just at the time when this terrific recital was arousing the wonder of the servants' breakfast-table, Birchampton was similarly excited by the passage through its main street of a carriage containing Evelyn Alstone, Justice Rawdon and Mortimer Delancey. The latter had kept his word, and Evelyn was on her way to give the good news to her lover with her own lips.

What passed at that interview no one could say, her two chaperons having considerately remained outside; but Ashley's farewell words, as overheard by the policeman on guard at the door, showed that the visit had not been thrown away, so far as *he* was concerned.

"God bless you, darling! I can bear whatever may come, now that I've seen *your* face again!"

OUR ADVENTURES AT THE BRIDGE OF ICONONZO, COLUMBIA.— IN THE DEPTHS.— SEE PAGE 171.

But a still greater "sensation" was in store for the little town that day. It was suddenly noised abroad that the chain of evidence was now complete—that the police were to be withdrawn from the Grange, Miss Alstone to go on a visit to Justice Rawdon and his wife, and the house to be shut up immediately after the squire's funeral, only the old housekeeper and two servants being left to take care of it.

To the community at large (Delancey's discovery having been kept perfectly secret), this seemed to imply that Ashley's fate was sealed; but they might have changed their minds had they overheard the conversation which had taken place in the Grange garden that morning between Mr. Rawdon and Delancey.

"And you think, then, that this nephew—Colville, or whatever you call him—*is* the man?"

"I'm sure of it. I knew him at once by that maimed finger of his, which he got in a row in one of those London slums that he was so fond of frequenting. He must have cost poor Alstone a pretty penny, first and last, for he was always wanting money. *I* nearly got him convicted once, but he'd been sharp enough to leave no tangible proof against him."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, he was a pretty black sheep. Evelyn tells me that a few weeks ago her father got a letter, which seemed to put him in a great rage, directed in a very curious hand, which, as she described it, was certainly Colville's. He must have been asking for money again, and as his uncle wouldn't give him any, he decided to take it, and this is the result."

"And how will you set about catching him, if it's a fair question?"

"Ah, that's the best part of the whole story. Last night, as I was lying awake, thinking it all over, I got quite an inspiration. I said to myself, 'Now, supposing I'd committed a murder and were carrying off some stolen money, and heard a noise that startled me, what should I do? Why, I'd pop my plunder into some hole, so as to have nothing suspicious about me if I met any one.' I jumped up at once, got my lantern, and went out and grubbed into that hollow by the big elm, just where we found the last traces of the casket. Some of the servants must have taken me for a ghost, for I heard an awful screech overhead just as I dived into the hole; but I found the casket, anyhow."

"Did you? Bravo!"

"Yes; that's our best stroke of luck yet, for now we have the fellow fairly hooked. Men don't commit murders just to leave their plunder and run away. He's safe to come back after that money sooner or later."

"And what are we to do, then?"

"I'll tell you. As soon as the funeral is over, we'll call off the police, send Evelyn on a visit to your wife, and pretend to shut up the house altogether. Then Colville, thinking the coast clear, will come back to look for his casket, and you and I, with one of your men to help us, will watch here secretly every night till he does, and then we'll collar him in the act."

"Excellent!—just the very thing! I'll set about it this very day."

* * * * * *

Three nights later just as utter darkness was setting in, three men stood in the garden of the seemingly deserted Grange, whispering eagerly together.

"Are you quite sure he'll come?" asked Justice Rawdon, in a tone of undisguised anxiety. "We've been here two nights already, and no sign of him. Remember, a man's life is worth more to himself than any amount of money, and the fellow's scarcely likely to come back if he expects to get himself hanged by doing so."

"Never fear," rejoined Morton Delancey, as confidentially as ever. "It was only to be expected that he should wish to be on the safe side, by waiting a day or two after the house was cleared. Besides, these two last nights it's been bright moonlight, whereas to-night there'll be no moon at all. I'd bet all I'm worth that we won't be disappointed *this* time."

"We'd better get to our places, then," said the justice. "I suppose we can't do better than post ourselves as before?"

"Scarcely, I think. You get in behind that buttress yonder, and take care not to rustle the ivy."

Mr. Rawdon obeyed at once.

"You, Stokes, double yourself down between those two bushes, and mind you keep your ears open."

"Ay, ay, sir," rejoined the policeman, placing himself as directed.

The next moment Delancey swung himself up on the lowest bough of the elm, and lay so close that the keenest eye could not have detected his crouching figure. And so, in gloom and silence, the three hunters sat watching for their prey.

Weary, weary work, crouching there in the depth of the chill, ghostly darkness, with ears and eyes strained to the utmost, and every nerve tense as if on the rack.

The prospect of a hand-to-hand struggle with a desperate man, certain to be well armed, was, perhaps, no very inviting one; but, compared with this gnawing suspense, it appeared absolutely delightful.

Hark! was that the distant sound of a cautious footstep?

The less practiced ears of the two Englishmen had heard nothing; but Morton Delancey, who had listened many a time to the stealthy thread of the tiger in the depths of an English jungle, was on the alert in a moment.

Again came the sound—this time too plain to be mistaken; and Delancey's keen eyes distinguished amid the darkness the barely perceptible outline of a human figure, gliding stealthy toward the tree in which he lay ambushed.

On came the midnight prowler, pausing ever and anon, as if to assure himself that all was safe. At length he was right underneath Delancey's perch, and bending over the hollow at the root of the tree.

Now or never! With a spring like a panther, Delancey flung himself right upon his crouching enemy, prostrating him with the shock, and falling heavily beside him.

In another moment the two men were grappling like wild beasts.

Mr. Rawdon and the policeman, who had hurried up at the first alarm, stood over them in perplexity, not daring to strike, so closely intertwined were the two bodies, and so rapid their movements, as they rolled over and over each other.

Despite his slender frame and delicate features, Delancey was one against whom few men could have held their own. But, for this once he was fain to admit that he had fairly met his match, if not more.

Suddenly there came a quick grasp, and then a deep, gurgling groan. The stranger's grasp relaxed and he rolled over on his side, to all appearance lifeless.

"It was his own fault," said Delancey, rising as composedly as if such a death-grapple were one of his everyday amusements. "He drew a knife upon me, and as we were tumbling one over another, the blade ran into him somewhere, and I fancy it's pretty well done his business."

But although the wound was mortal, its effects were, fortunately, not instantaneous. Matthew Colville—for it was

he—lived long enough to make a full confession, and appended his name to the written statement of it drawn up by Delancey and the justice, declaring that the murder was his doing, and his alone.

Ashley was at once released; and, six months later the old house was thrown open once more to admit a merry party which had come straight from the celebration of a wedding in Birchampton Church, where Morton Delancey was "best man," and Justice Lawdon gave away the bride.

OUR ADVENTURES AT THE BRIDGE OF ICONONZO, COLUMBIA.

I could not think of supping or sleeping till I had at least a glance at the famous bridge of Icononzo, the object of our excursion, and which I was to examine in detail in the morning.

After quartering our servants and mules at the posada we kept on our road for about half an hour, crossing a pretty ravine, the slopes lined with rose-colored ingas in full bloom, and at last, descending by a rocky staircase, we came upon the bridge.

At first you cannot bring yourself to believe that it is the great wonder so pompously described by Humboldt.

The steep road that winds through the rounded boulders and scanty sunburnt trees, descends abruptly to a platform to which is made fast a wooden bridge covered with earth and grass, like all that we had seen.

You have a vague idea that water runs below, but you do not see it. The other bank of the river is abrupt, densely clothed with vegetation, through which the road winds amid rocks. But step on the swaying bridge, and cautiously lean over the eastern railing. You recoil with horror!

At your feet yawns a dark abyss, the immense cleft with perpendicular walls, where the Sumapaz River rolls three hundred feet below you. The white furrow, with its dark steel glints, is the imprisoned river rushing along its narrow channel.

As your eye grows bolder, and is accustomed to the half-obscurity, you notice objects dash across the tufts of foam, and shrill cries are heard amid the dull roar of the waters.

They are the guapacos, semi-nocturnal birds which swarm in the clefts of the rocky walls. Throw down a stone, it gives a dull sound that the rocks take up and repeat; while a gunshot evokes thunderous echoes, and spreads alarm through the winged world.

Below this wooden bridge, and twenty feet lower down, is the rounded stone, wider than the river-bed, which here forms a natural bridge. It can be reached with some little difficulty by the projections of the schist-bed above it, which make a rude kind of steps. On reaching it, you are right over the abyss, and hear the torrent distinctly.

Night coming rapidly on compelled me to return. At the posada I engaged ten vigorous men and had leather ropes prepared, for I was resolved to try and descend by a rope, so as to observe and measure the rocky wall through its whole course.

The next morning I was laid up with the fever; but my servant John resolved to try it. An opening at the side of the large stone, and just below it, afforded the best spot.

The men were stationed around it. John had four ropes of well-tested hide passed under his armpits and between his legs; he carried a bag of native cloth, a hammer, a gun and a machete. Beside him was let down a stout twine loaded with a small stone by which a paper could be sent up as a telegraph.

At the signal the men began to pay out the rope steadily. John was soon far enough down to see how the rock had fallen, and what supported it on either side. He had only to look up and answer the questions put to him. He was not a little surprised to find the rock granite above and schist below. Nor was it rounded below like a boulder, but concave, an arch, its extremity resting on the walls. The Iconozo rock was suspended; it rested on a bed of schist which crossed the gap unbroken.

The cable was again paid out. The seven alternate strata of granite and schist were measured. At thirty yards down he came to the first cavity, swarming with the birds, their nests of solidified black mud lining its walls. Ten yards below a granite platform formed the floor of another cavern. John explored both caves, battling with the guapacos, and successfully getting one alive with a nest and three eggs.

Then the descent continued, but two unforeseen incidents complicated the already dangerous position of this man, hanging like a spider on his thread from the top of some cathedral.

The platform extended so that it cut off all view of John, and the small cord had broken, so that no message could be sent. Under this rock John was attacked by the birds, which in thousands assailed him with bill and claw.

He fought them with his machete while calling to the men to haul him up. But the noise of the river, and the women and children gathered to witness his daring attempt drowned his voice.

The next danger was even greater, for, after passing the hostile birds, he kept descending till he reached the stream. He called, but called in vain. Unconscious of his position, they lowered still, and he was waist-high in water.

He looked around for a spot which he might attempt to reach at the risk of life, and drew back his machete to cut the rope, when Heaven allowed his voice to be heard.

They began cautiously to haul in the rope, and, with a grateful heart, he rose, dripping, from the tempestuous torrent, and swaying around, began the dangerous ascent; in a short time he reached the surface, amid the shouts of the men and the cries of the women.

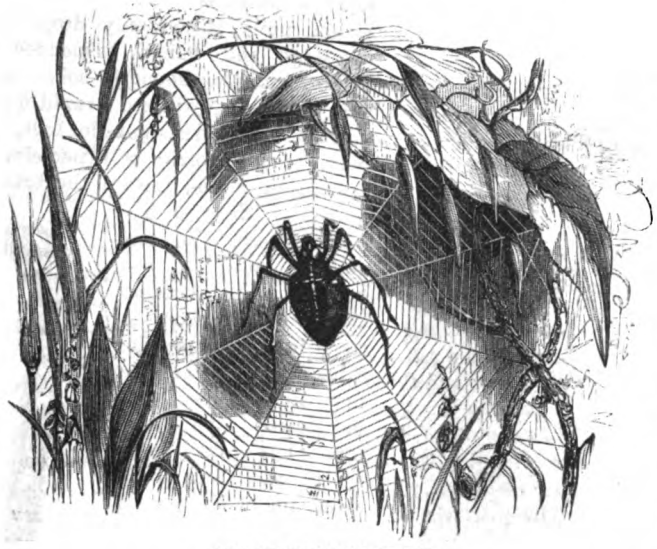
The alcalde of the district was as proud as John or our French Scientific Commission. He drew up a formal paper attesting that the abyss of Icononzo had been descended by one of our party, a feat never before attempted.

The depth from the wooden bridge to the surface of the water was about two hundred and fifty feet, and the water is more than fifty feet deep in its narrow channel.

We add to the sketch of the descent and of John's battle with his winged foes a picture of the level plains where the large cattle thrive amid the tall grass, seeking the shelter of friendly palms, and always attended by numbers of the falcon known as the garrapatero, from its habit of keeping near the animals to devour the ticks called garrapatos which infest cattle, and would often produce death were they not devoured by these friendly birds.

TASTING PURE CHAMPAGNE.

There is very little champagne that goes abroad from France that is not fixed or doctored or sophisticated in some way to suit foreign tastes, and I have heard Englishmen and Americans complain that they could not get as good a wine in France as they had been accustomed to drink at home. This opinion, I believe, was the result of getting a purer wine than they usually drank. It does not



THE NET-WORKING SPIDER.

do, however, to be too great a stickler for an entirely pure wine in all cases, as I learned by a little practical joke played upon me at M. Moet's table.

In my vanity I had been speaking of pure and impure wines, a subject I know very little really about, and wound up my diatribe against all makers of wine by saying that they all doctored their wine to a greater or less extent. This was not denied, and I was asked what I desired. I said I would like, for once in my life, to taste a perfectly pure wine, without any addition or supposed improvement — nothing but the pure juice of the grape. They politely said if I were to fix upon any of their brands they were then making they would give me next day at lunch a glass of perfectly pure wine, without any admixture. I selected the imperial wine which they were then making for the Russian court, and it was promised, although it was said I would not like it. Next day at luncheon the butler picked up from the ice-pail a bottle of the imperial wine in all its gorgeous trappings of gold-foil and scarlet paper, and filled our glasses, our host remarking that this was gotten up expressly for me. Being very thirsty, after bowing to my host, I tossed down nearly the whole contents of my glass, expecting to enjoy a most delicious treat, when, to my horror, my mouth puckered up and felt all the sensations of having chewed upon an unripe persimmon. I ran to the window, threw the remaining contents of my glass into the garden, turned round, and found all my friends with their glasses untouched and laughing heartily at me. It was then explained that it was all pure wine I was given, but that all champagne is undrinkable until it has received a certain portion of candy syrup, the wines that go to its manufacture being all of the most acid. This little episode has made me ever since modest in my demands for a strictly pure vintage.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF COLORS.—White, the emblem of innocence and purity; red, the color of passion; yellow, jealousy; blue, constancy; green, hope; pink, love; violet, friendship; brown, indifference; black, death and despair.

SPIDERS' WEBS.

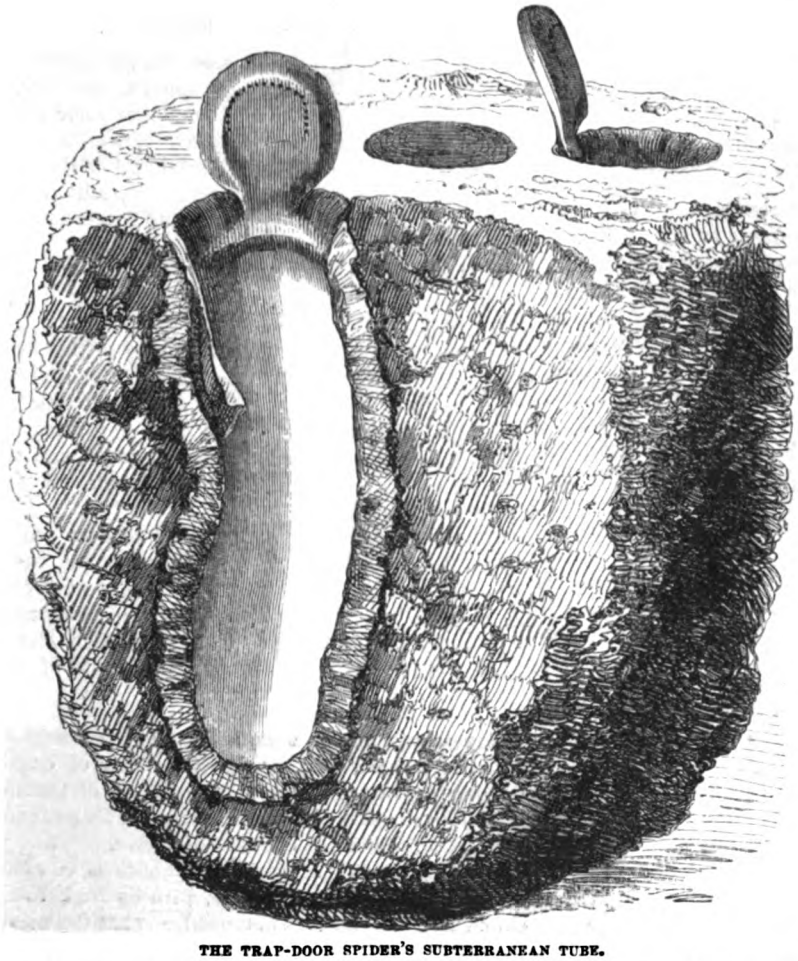
BY ARTHUR G. BUTLER.

MOST persons have often seen the geometric web of our commonest genus of spiders, and in all probability the majority of them have regarded it with disgust, neither knowing nor caring to know how it was constructed, but despising it as the work of a creature which is almost universally looked upon with feelings of loathing, and forgetting that nothing which exists is too mean for study if it be the workmanship of a perfect Creator.

Moreover, in the present age of inquiry it does not suffice for any thoughtful person to be contented to know merely that this thing or that exists as a manifestation of the operation of natural laws; he must also ask himself how the result which he sees has been arrived at, by clear reasoning and patient investigation expanding his mind, and thus rendering him a better and more intelligent companion to his fellow-men.

Let us suppose, then, that our readers are unconscious of any fact in relation to the spider excepting that it makes a web; they are, nevertheless, anxious to learn, not slow to observe natural phenomena, and patient in unraveling all mysteries which obscure their mental vision. To these I offer the results of some

THE MYGALE, OR BIRD-KILLING SPIDER.



THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER'S SUBTERRANEAN TUBE.

years' study of the various spiders common to our gardens, beginning with the commonest and best-known species (*Epeira diadematа*), the constructor of the familiar geometric web.

The first thing that puzzles the observer as he strolls round his garden is the fact that the direction of the webs indicates, to a great extent, from what quarter the wind is blowing, and whether there be much or little of it; this he is at first inclined to attribute to a natural instinct on the part of the spider; but he is at a loss to understand why only the greater number of spiders in his garden, and not all of them, seem to have inherited this natural gift. In order to determine the point, he must begin at the beginning, and watch the construction of the snares from the first thread spun, otherwise he will remain in ignorance.

Generally speaking, *Epeira diadematа* spins her web in the early morning, somewhere between six and eight o'clock; our student, therefore, if he rises at six some fine autumnal morning, will have ample opportunities of watching its *modus operandi*. At first he sees it running over the twigs and leaves in a vague manner, until, as it reaches some projecting point, it suddenly drops over the edge and hangs suspended in midair; likely enough, soon after this, the student will see a rapid movement of the spider's anterior legs, and then, to his horror will perceive it rushing up a line toward the brim of his hat. Here is another puzzle: he has entirely failed to see how the line became attached, or where it came from. Unless he solves this problem the first difficulty will not be cleared up; therefore, let him begin again, and this time stand out of the way of the spider's silk and his own light.

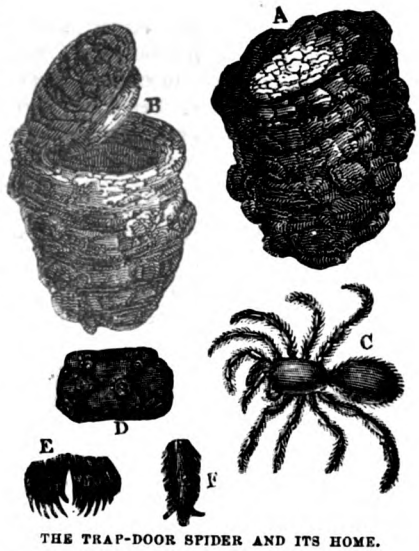
CALAMISTRUM OF AMAUROBIUS.

Letting the clear sunlight fall upon his second spider, the observer notices that immediately after her descent from the twig or projecting leaf, there is a movement of the posterior legs toward the spinnarets, and then, to his surprise, he discerns a quickly expanding fan of multitudinous delicate silken threads floating outward from the spider's body; the action is so rapid that one can scarcely believe the silk to be drawn out of the spinners; it appears to be forcibly expelled by muscular action. The whole of these threads are extremely glutinous, and adhere to the first object with which they come in contact; their direction is, of course, decided by the lightest breath of wind; consequently, if the wind be from the south, the centre of the silken fan will be directed in a southerly course from the spider's body.

Directly that one of the fine silken lines adheres to any object, the *Epeira* turns and pulls upon it with her anterior legs to ascertain its strength; and if satisfied, she immediately runs across and thickens it, sometimes rolling up the unattached threads upon the way, but frequently cutting them loose and allowing them to float

SPINNARETS.

SPIDER'S CLAW.



THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER AND ITS HOME.

A, Nest Closed B, Nest open. C, Spider. D, Magnified view of Lining. E, Claws Magnified. F, Mandibles.

away as a sport for the winds. This, as it seems to me, will account to some extent for the existence of "gossamer," "fils de la Vierge," or "fliegender sommer," which has been the theme of many a learned memoir and the cause for many a superstitious fancy.

> "As sore wondren some on cause of thonder,
> On ebbe and flood, on gossomer, and on mist,
> And on all thing, til that the cause is wist."—*Chaucer.*

It is thus, then, as I can testify from oft-repeated observations, that the spider, when necessary, forms an upper, or foundation line for its snare; if a lower foundation be required, it is carried from the point of attachment of the first, along which the spider runs with it to the opposite extremity; thence (still holding it clear with one of her hind legs) she descends to some distance, and there fixes it, thus inclosing a large triangular area; the remaining boundary lines are formed by dropping from one point to another, the thread being fixed here and there at intervals until the circumference of the web is completely inclosed. The direction of the web, therefore, is determined by the wind, not by the will of the spider, since the position of all the circumferential lines is decided by the course which the foundation line takes. Before, however, leaving this part of the subject, we must discover why, on one morning, many of the webs are placed above the garden wall, and on another morning all are below it. The reason for this is obvious: if the wind is violent, the spider takes advantage of the protection afforded by the wall; if there be no wind to float her fan of silk, she seeks the highest point to court the passing zephyr.

But to resume the thread of our web. No sooner is the frame for the snare completed than a diagonal line is spun across it: sometimes by a simple drop from one side to the other; but when, as sometimes happens) the foundation is oblique, by carrying the line round from one side to the other, there winding it in and fixing it. This being accomplished, the spider proceeds to about the middle of the thread it has just spun, fixes a second, and carries it to the circumference; runs with it for a short distance along the boundary line, fixes it, returns up the latter to the centre; fixes a third, and so on, each time traveling to and fro upon the line last spun, until the whole area is filled with a series of nearly equidistant silken radii.

The next labor is to convert the rays into silken ladders; this is effected by the spider beginning near the centre with a line which is carried in a spiral form, producing a series of continuous concentric circles, and fixed with a minute drop of gluten to each of the rays. This line is not carried to the boundary, but at some distance from the centre a second is commenced, formed of extremely viscid silk, upon which the gummy secretion is distinctly visible, with the aid of a lens, in the form of closely-approximated globules of amber-colored glue. It is said that when the viscid lines are completed the spider cuts away the unadhesive lines; but this I have never observed, and I have watched spiders for months together, petting, feeding and trying experiments with them every morning.

The centre of the web is attached by several very strong threads to some leaf or twig near by, which is bound together by a canopy of silk, and forms the den of the spider. Here she sits, with her anterior legs upon the threads, alive to every movement of her snare, not judging by the sight of her eight eyes, but by the sense of touch.

> "The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
> Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."—*Pope.*

Thus, then, we have seen how the common *Epeira* spreads her net; but there are other spiders, nearly as abundant, whose webs are entirely different in construction; indeed, Latreille classified the *Araneidea* by the form of their webs as follows:

Orbitelariæ.—Web a circle, or a portion of one, with lines radiating from a centre.

Retitelariæ.—Where a thin sheet of web is suspended among the branches of shrubs or in angles of buildings, and held up and down by lines in all directions above and below.

Tubitelariæ.—Where the snare is a silken tube, inserted in crevices, fissures and casual holes, and with an open mouth, more or less guarded or armed with insidious lines.

Territelariæ.—When a tube is spun in a hole formed by the spider itself, and closed sometimes by a close-fitting, cork-like, or occasionally scale-like or wafer lid, at times left open, but not unfrequently closed by the falling over of a portion of the tube which protrudes from the surface of the ground.

Next to the web of the geometric spider, which, of course, belongs to the *Orbitelariæ*, that of *Agelena labyrinthica*, one of the *Tubitelariæ*, will be most familiar as a garden curiosity. This spider usually spins its snare in rockeries, but on one occasion I found it constructed among the leaves of a laurestinus. The web, when fresh, is by no means unornamental; the main body of it consisting of a slightly concave sheet of densely woven flocculent silk, the surface of which is very sticky, being, probably (as in the adhesive web of *Amaurobius*), spun from the fourth pair of spinners, and carded or teased by means of the *calamistrum*, or double series of curved bristles, along a portion of the upper surface of the metatarsi of the fourth pair of legs, so that, from its minutely divided and elastic fibres, it becomes adhesive.

The posterior portion of the web consists of a cylindrical tube, in which the spider sits, with its back to the entrance and its posterior legs extended, so that (by means of the sense of touch) it may obtain intelligence of the capture of a victim.

Although one of the most savage of all spiders in its attacks even upon bees, or spiders of other species which may chance to fall into its clutches, I have several times been astonished to find that two examples, differing somewhat in size, occupied the same web; and that when, watching my opportunity, I have knocked one spider out of the canopy for closer examination, a second has rushed out and seized the insect which I have used as a bait. The Rev. O. P. Cambridge has, however, kindly informed me that this is a species in which the sexes dwell together in concord, not showing any tendency to devour one another; as is unhappily the case with many other spiders.

The speed with which *A. labyrinthica* seizes its prey and drags it down into its den is generally so great that it is impossible to detect anything beyond a black shadow, which crosses the web and is gone like a flash. In order to get a closer view of the spider, one must either dash it out of the web or drop in, as a bait, a sturdy caterpillar of the "looper" tribe *(Geometrites)*: the best, perhaps, is the leathery-skinned *Biston hirtaria*, a great black-looking larva, common upon the trunks of lime-trees during the Summer months. The moment this caterpillar begins to move upon the web the spider is up and upon it; but this species is not only very tough, but distasteful to insect persecutors, so that after one or two attacks, in which the spider is usually dragged along instead of the victim, the latter is permitted to march off unscathed. If the larva of *Abraxas grossulariata* be substituted, the spider succeeds in bearing it off, but soon becomes aware of its

acrid properties, and drops it in disgust; so that the next minute the caterpillar may be seen taking great strides up the tubular den and over the canopy, whilst the disappointed tyrant makes no second attempt to capture it.

It was probably *A. labyrinthica* which inspired the pen of John Bunyan, the immortal allegorist, when he wrote:

> "My den, or hole, for that 'tis bottomless,
> Doth of damnation shew the lastingness,"

the tube being opened at both ends, and the spider having her face toward the lower opening; so that if poked out with a stick from above, she vanishes with all speed, and takes refuge in the nearest crevice until her pursuer has abandoned the chase, and then quietly returns to her snare.

It would be imagined that *Epeira*, from the ease with which she traverses her own viscid network, would easily escape from the toils of *Agelena;* this is, however, not the case; she moves upon it with much difficulty, and the approach of the enemy is so sudden and savage that, even when greatly superior in size and disposed to show fight, she invariably becomes the prey of her assailant.

I was once witness to an interesting stratagem practiced by one *Epeira* upon another, and which, from certain points of similarity in the mode of attack to that of the *Tubitelariæ*, may be noticed here. I observed a large spider, apparently weak from want of food, and unable to construct a web, wandering over the leaves of an *Aucuba* shrub; immediately below it was a good-sized web, in the centre of which was its owner, a spider even larger than the wanderer above it. As the object of my pity reached the extremity of the leaf which hung just over the middle of the web, she suddenly dropped into it, immediately behind its unlucky owner, and before the latter could turn to resent the intrusion, had seized her firmly. There was a desperate struggle, but to no purpose, as the attacking spider had the advantage, and never for one moment relaxed her hold until the other had ceased to move.

Another web, somewhat similar in character to that of *Agelena*, is found commonly in the crevices of old garden walls from which the mortar has fallen out; the architect in this case is *Amaurobius similis* of Blackwall. Instead of the silken canopy of *Agelena*, we here have an irregular adhesive network of silk upon the surface of the wall round the entrance to the den. The latter consists of a silken tube, which lines the hole or crevice, and which, consequently, is usually horizontal instead of perpendicular or oblique. As soon as any insect settles upon the sticky web surrounding the den, the fine elastic fibres of which it is composed adhere to its legs and wings, and the first struggle to escape brings the spider from her lair, into which she speedily drags her prey.

It must not be imagined that all spiders construct snares for the capture of their victims, for this is by no means the case. The little hunting spiders *(Salticus)*, common upon walls and fences, depend upon their agility for their sustenance; running up and down, jumping over obstacles, and with the four great bull's-eyes along the front of the cephalo-thorax always on the lookout for some unwary fly upon which they may spring. At first it was a puzzle to me how *Salticus* managed to spring upon the side of a wall without falling to the ground, but I soon discovered that she always carried a silken line with her throughout her wanderings, fixing it to the wall before each jump.

Some of the *Thomisides*, again, obtain their prey by sitting perfectly still in the centres of flowers or on twigs, their bodies being so colored as to resemble the calices or buds amongst which they are found.

The spinning-glands of spiders are, according to Carl Gegenbauer, forms of skin-glands which lie in the abdomen, and open by several pairs of papillæ placed behind the anus (spinnarets), producing a secretion which hardens into a "chitinous" filament when exposed to the air, and thus forms the thread of the spider's web. The spinners are moved by special muscles, similar to those of the legs; they consist of from one to three joints, and vary greatly in size and structure, as well as in number; generally they are separate, but in *Tetrablemma* (Cambr.) they are inclosed in a kind of corneous sheath.

The legs of spiders are specially modified to enable them to traverse their webs. Each tarsus ends with either two or three more or less curved or bent claws, commonly (though not always) pectinated or finely toothed; in some groups with other opposed serrated claws; the latter are also used as hooks, to give tension to the lines of their webs by alternately pressing and straining upon them; and lastly, as already stated, the *calamistrum*, or series of curved bristles on the fourth pair of legs in certain species, is used in the construction of the flocculent silk used for ensnaring their prey.

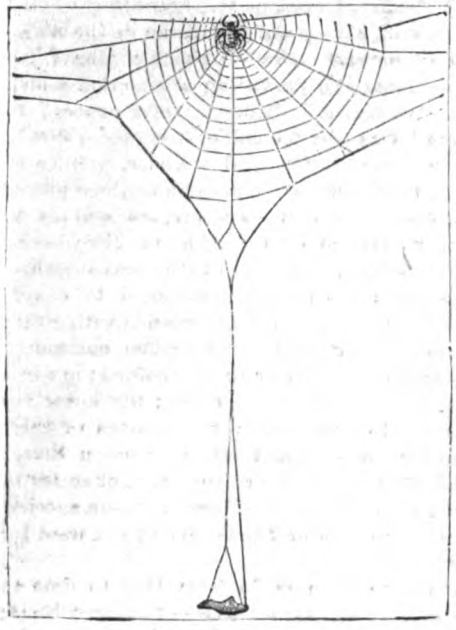
Various efforts have been made from time to time to utilize spider's silk in the manufacture of silken fabrics; but the difficulty of rearing spiders together, owing to their cannibal propensities, has hitherto proved an insurmountable barrier to the satisfactory accomplishment of this object. The possibility of making it into articles of apparel was demonstrated more than a hundred and fifty years ago, when silk obtained by Le Bon, of Languedoc, from spiders, was woven into gloves and stockings

If anything is ever done in the way of utilizing the silk of spiders, it will probably be obtained from the large exotic species of the genus *Nephila*, the silk of which is, in fact, used by ladies of the Bermudas for sewing purposes, and by the natives of the Island of Rodriguez in place of waxed-ends. The species of *Nephila* construct large geometric webs of great strength, in which (as I am informed) small birds are not unfrequently entangled, and which form no inconsiderable hindrance to travelers through a tropical forest, inasmuch as these spiders are said to build their webs close together in communities, sometimes amounting to hundreds of individuals. Whether or not this last statement be correct, one thing is certain—namely, that the individuals of the various species are extremely abundant, and are often the only spiders sent home in a collection of spirit specimens.

If the preceding observations on the spider's web are insufficient to dissuade the reader from looking with horror and contempt upon these marvelous architects, let him at least remember that, though he may consider them as unworthy of his regard, history has ascribed to their agency the victories of Bruce, the preservation of Mohammed and of Du Moulin; and let him know that the man who cannot stoop to the study of that which is small will never be able to comprehend that which is great.

Where the web hangs, the spider often finds the wind too strong, and shows no little engineering skill in its mode of ballasting it to prevent its fluttering to pieces. The spider will drop to the ground spinning a thread, which it fastens on a pebble, and then runs up, raising it; if the pebble proves too heavy for a single thread others are run around it, and it is then gradually drawn up. The same system is adopted to secure and draw up any prey that is too large for the creature to manage.

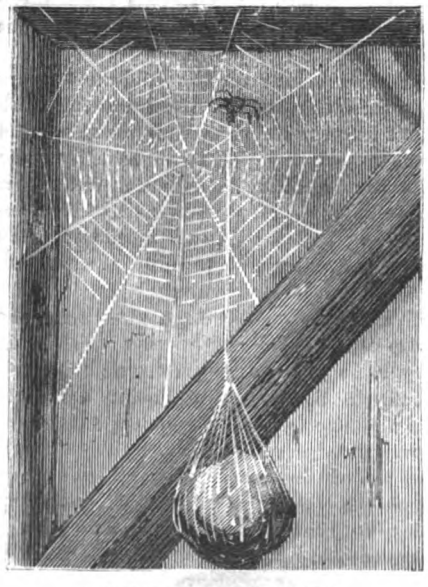
Besides the spinners of webs there are the curious Trap-door Spiders. Of these there are several varieties, the largest being the so-called Tarantula, of Jamaica. This



SPIDER ENGINEERING.

spider digs a burrow in the earth and lines it with a silken web, but instead of merely protecting the entrance by a portion of the silken tube; it proves itself a more complete architect by making a trap-door with a hinge that permits it to be opened and closed with admirable accuracy. The door is beautifully circular, and is made of alternate layers of earth and web, and is hinged to the lining of the tube by a band of the same silken secretion. It exactly fits the entrance of the burrow, and when closed, so precisely corresponds with the surrounding earth that it can scarcely be distinguished, even when its position is pointed out. It is a strange sight to see the earth open, a little lid raised, some hairy legs protrude, and gradually the whole form of the spider shows itself. The strength of the membrane is very considerable.

The mode in which these spiders procure food seems to be by hunting at night, and, in some cases, by catching the insects that are entangled in the threads that the creature spins by the side of its house. There are several species of Trap-door Spiders, and all seem to possess similar habits. In the daytime they are very chary of opening the door of their domicile, and if the trap be raised from the outside they run to the spot, hitch the claws of their fore feet in the silken webbing of the door, and those of the hind feet in the lining of the burrow, and so resist with all their might. The strength of the spider is wonderfully great in proportion to its size, and few persons would anticipate the force of its resistance.



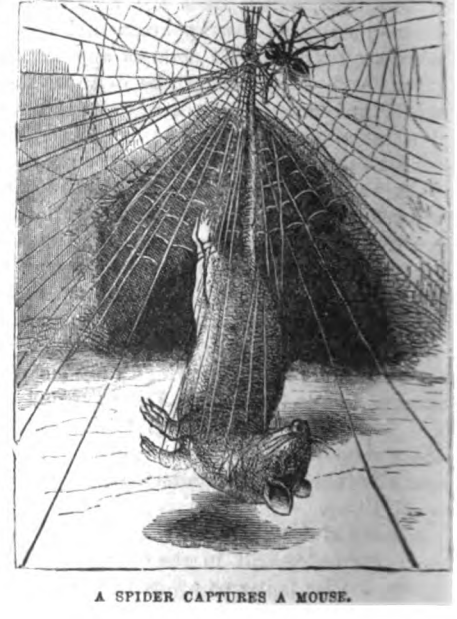
A SPIDER STEADYING ITS WEB.

One of the largest and strongest of spiders is the Mygale, or Bird-killing Spider. It spins no web to serve it as a dwelling. It burrows and lies in ambush in the clefts of hollow ravines, in volcanic tufas, or in decomposed lava. It often travels to a considerable distance, and conceals itself under leaves to surprise its prey, or it climbs on the branches of trees to surprise the *Colibris* (*i. e.*, humming-birds) and the *Certhia flaveola* (a bird allied to our common tree-creeper). It usually takes advantage of the night to attack enemies, and it is commonly on its return toward its burrow that one may meet it in the morning and catch it, when the dew, with which the plants are charged, slackens its walk.

A SNAKE CAPTURED IN A SPIDER'S WEB.

The muscular force of the Mygale is very great, and it is particularly difficult to make it let go the objects which it has seized, even when their surface affords no purchase, either to the hooks with which its tarsi are armed, or to the claws which it employs to kill the birds and the *Anolis* (a kind of tree-lizard). The obstinacy and bitterness which it exhibits in combat cease only with its life.

In the moment of danger this spider usually seeks a support against which it can raise itself, and mark its opportunity of casting itself upon its enemies. Its four posterior feet are then fixed upon the ground; but the others, half extended, are ready to seize the animal which it is about to attack. When it darts upon it, it fastens itself upon the body with all the double hooks that terminate its feet, and stretches to attain the superior base of the head, that it may sink its talons between the cranium and the first vertebra. The Mygale carries its eggs inclosed in a cocoon of white silk of a very close tissue, forming two rounded pieces, united at their border. It supports this cocoon under its corslet by means of its antennulæ, and transports it along with itself. When very much pressed by its enemies it abandons it for an instant, but returns to take it up as soon as the combat is concluded.



A SPIDER CAPTURES A MOUSE.

MILLICENT BERKELEY'S DOWER.—"THERE, AMID THE MOLDERING FRAGMENTS OF RICH CLOTH AND LINEN, LAY A SKELETON, THE FLESHLESS SKULL ENVELOPED IN A MASS OF SHINING GOLDEN HAIR."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

MILLICENT BERKELEY'S DOWER.

By Thomas S. Collier.

The night was gloomy, and filled with wild gusts of wind that raved about the turrets of the old castellated mansion, and sang in wide and dreary halls. It could have no better place than Berkeley House in which to waken ghostly sounds, for it was a rambling and disjointed building, full of deep bay-windows and corners that seemed made for the delectation of unearthly beings.

The old mansion was a relic from the early colonial days, and was said to represent the character of its master, who was noted for his eccentricities, even in those days of witches and goblins grim.

Disappointed in some cherished ambition or love affair, Simon Berkeley came to America when great forests still shadowed the shores of New England, and, traveling along the seacoast, found a hill that looked southward and overlooked broad sweeps of sea, and there built him a home.

Huge elms rose close to the massive stone walls, and where time and disuse had crumbled the casements the branches of these had forced their way into the silent rooms, and, when the wind shook them, shivered as though fear held them in a firm grasp.

Below these were old orchards, wherein the warm sunlight made golden-edged shadows in the long Summer days, but which were now full of storm-songs that came ringing up the hill with a strange weirdness born from the sea, for this was just below them, and its foamy waves came driving in on the rocky ledge that held them in check, beating them with a fierce fury that sent the spray high in air.

The building had a great hall that ran through its main part, and from this two wings ran away to the east and west, these containing the apartments that were intended for family use. They were solid and of a peculiar construction, those in the west wing having broad, deep windows, while narrow and strongly-barred casements gave the east wing a dungeon look, that carried one back to the dark ages.

Simon Berkley married shortly after his house was finished, his bride being a woman as strange and eccentric as himself. The result of this marriage was a daughter, who, in direct contradiction to received tenets, was as beautiful and bright as a June morning, and possessed a soul as lovely as her body.

The mother died shortly after the birth of this child, and, with two old servants to supply their needs, the stern and pitiless man shut himself and his daughter up on the estate he had purchased, and their manner of existence became a mystery.

There were many stories told concerning Old Simon, as he was called. People said that he was so hard and cold that if he stood near a blooming plant the flowers would close as though a storm were beating them. There were rumors concerning harsh words spoken to the woman he had married, and more than one whisper said that her death was caused by the cruel blows from his hands.

But she passed away and was forgotten, and old Simon lived on in the great house, with his daughter and the two servants for company.

The girl was named Millicent, and was very beautiful. This was all the few neighbors knew. They caught occasional glimpses of her golden hair, as she played in the garden lying south of the building, and sometimes heard a merry voice rippling into song among the great elms that rose about the mossy stone walls.

Years passed, and the girl grew to womanhood. Then a young man came to the place, a stranger to all living there. Some said he was a lawyer, some thought him an artist; but where his home was no one knew, nor did he tell. It was soon noticed that he frequented the vicinity of Berkeley House, and once he was seen talking to Millicent Berkeley in the wood that lay back of her home.

Then he suddenly disappeared, and no one ever saw him again; but the next Autumn some boys, seeking nuts, found the skeleton of a man deep in the silence of the woods back of the great stone mansion, and there were some shreds of moldering garments lying near which were recognized as being similar in color to those he had worn.

How he had come to his death no one knew, though Simon Berkeley's name became strangely linked with the affair, and many said that he knew more of it than he cared to tell.

With the disappearance of this stranger, Millicent Berkeley ceased to be seen, and whither she had gone no one knew.

A few years after this, a young child was seen playing in the garden where Millicent had played when young, and this newcomer had golden hair and a musical voice that were strangely like hers.

Ten years after the disappearance of Millicent, Simon Berkeley was found dead sitting at his writing-desk, his gray hair falling about the lifeless hands on which his head rested.

His will gave the estate to the boy who had been seen about the grounds, and whom he called Wardour Berkeley.

From Simon Berkeley's death to the time of which this story tells, the building had remained in the possession of the Berkeleys, son succeeding father as generation followed generation.

The estate, however, dwindled from its once grand proportions, though a large tract of land still remained, heavily cumbered by a mortgage, the result of the second Wardour Berkeley's profligacy. The old house and the orchards and gardens about it were free, the will of Old Simon having made them heirlooms in the family; but the house, though originally strong and massive, was growing ruined from want of care—the care that money alone can give.

There were stories that it was haunted, several people affirming that they had seen unearthly forms pacing the terrace in front of its broad hall, or moving before its ruined windows.

The general description made these a stern old man and a beautiful, golden-haired woman; but, strangely as it may seem, though many people residing in the neighborhood testified to having seen these, they were never visible to the inhabitants of the house.

At this time the owner of the old house was named Millicent Berkeley—a girl as beautiful and bright as the one whose strange disappearance two centuries and more before was still a mystery. She was the daughter of the last Wardour Berkeley—a man who had let his passions rule till they sank a noble genius in the ruin of a driveling drunkard, and the great cause of wonder was, how one so pure and sweet and womanly could come from such a sire.

His wastefulness had left the lands belonging to the old estate burdened with heavy claims, so that when he died the half-ruined house was all that his daughter could truly call her own.

His funeral drew together many of the distant connec-

tions of the family—off-shoots that had carried the name to far-away places—and among these came one Simon Berkeley—a young man just graduated from college, proud, handsome, courageous, talented, generous, ambitious and warm-hearted, but poor.

He had used up what little money he inherited in obtaining an education, and now stood ready to enter life's fight and bravely battle up to victory.

He had never mingled much with women, for he had lost his mother when a babe, and no sisters had been given him; and knowing that his success in the future depended on himself alone, he had kept steadily at his studies, and carried off the highest honors of his class.

Then came the funeral of Wardour Berkeley, and Simon met Millicent.

She was like a revelation to him, so lovely and so lovable that his soul went out to her in a great cry for love; and when the obsequies were over and the other members of the family were gone, he lingered on at the old house, striving by all the many powers he possessed to make Millicent happy.

That he succeeded can easily be imagined, for Millicent had led a lonely life, and her sunlit days had been very few.

The days of his stay grew into weeks, and these lengthened out to months. But he was not idle all this time; he could not afford to be. He read law for hours, filling his mind with a store of knowledge to help him in the future.

Autumn came, and with it the settlement of the estate, this showing Millicent that she was almost penniless, for she could not sell the house or land near it, and neither were productive of an income.

At this time of trial her cousin was of great service, and they were drawn closer together.

They were walking in the orchard one bright October afternoon when the beauty of nature, clad in her varied splendor and rich with warm floods of sunlight, filled their souls with that subtle sympathy that awakens love.

It would have been impossible for any man of a generous nature to refrain from doing what Simon Berkeley then did.

In their walk they came to a terrace that overlooked the sunlit sea-reaches, where the white sails shone and glittered as they filled and swayed in the wind. They had been talking of Millicent's business, and she was troubled when they reached this point.

They stood silent a little time, and then the fair girl suddenly stretched out her hands imploringly to the ocean, and said:

"Oh, that we might have the power to fly from trouble as easily as those ships glide through the sea!"

How could any soul stand unmoved at such a time? It would have taken a hard and storm-tossed man to withstand the pleading in her voice, and Simon Berkeley was not a person of this kind. He took the outstretched hands reverently in his, and looking into the clear, sweet eyes, said:

"My darling, will you not let me try to keep this trouble away—my love?—for I do love you."

She could not doubt this, there was such a great light in the deep-gray eyes looking into hers; and as she saw this a sweet rest came to her soul, and, with a low, glad cry, she nestled in the clasp of the arms so willing to take her. So they stood for a long time, holding that holy converse that love brings, and then again walked slowly through the orchard aisles.

"I should like to keep the old acres," said Millicent; "so many of our family have called them theirs, and lived and loved among them, that it seems like a sacrilege to let them go."

"They shall not go," answered Simon; "we will save them; for I can work now, and to him who works with a brave soul all things are easy."

He was hopeful and strong, for love and sunshine are the great powers that give the soul hope and gladness.

"Yes, I feel that we can and will keep them," she said, "for we can help each other."

"And I must not stay here much longer, dear, for when the work is ready and the hands willing, there should be no lingering by the way."

"I know; and yet it is so hard to let you go, just as I seem to have gained you," and her little hands clung closer to his arm.

Love's sweetest words are said in lonely places, and to those that love rules, the world is full of light and glory.

"You must not go before my birthday," Millicent said, at last, after an hour of rich pleasure spent in talking over the plans that were to be perfected and performed in the future.

"I can wait till then," he answered; and so it was settled.

Millicent's birthday came—a dark day, full of great masses of sober gray clouds. The wind rose when the sun set, and its notes sang loudly in the old elms, and went sweeping inland, laden with the wild melodies of the sea.

The old house seemed full of strange sounds, and the two young people soon became aware of a weird power that pervaded the building. They could see nothing, and no sounds reached them save those made by the wind.

They were sitting near a ruddy and crackling wood fire, which blazed on the broad hearth and sent its rose-colored light out into the gathering shadows.

As the darkness increased, the feeling that affected them grew more intense, and made their conversation sink to lowly murmured words.

They had wandered through the deserted rooms, talking of the old house and the people who had lived in it. Millicent said that they had left no room unvisited, and after this survey they ate supper, and then settled themselves by the fire for a long chat, as Simon was to leave for Boston the next day, there to try his strength in the battle and turmoil of life.

As they sat thus, Millicent's low voice making sweet echoes for the fierce storm-songs of the wind, this strange feeling came and grew so intense that they thought some one was with them.

Millicent was the first to speak of it.

"Do you not feel oddly?" said she. "There seems to be others besides ourselves in the room, and yet I can see no one."

"I have the same impression, and yet, as you say, can see nothing. The house must be haunted."

"There are stories to that effect current among the neighbors, and I surely believe we have some one in the room with us, though I have no faith in either ghosts or spirits."

"Nor have I; so we will talk of other things, and perhaps this feeling will then pass away;" and he changed the conversation to their approaching separation, and the condition of the old house.

"Oh, I do so wish that we had money enough to redeem the land and restore the building, for it is the home of the Berkeleys," said Millicent; "then we could come here every Summer, and make it a haven of rest, and you know the railroad brings it very near to the city."

"I know that it does;" and, stopping abruptly, Simon Berkeley sprang to his feet.

THE GREAT TONE-POETS.— SEBASTIAN BACH.— SEE PAGE 182.

"Do you know that there is some one in this room?" he said. "I felt their garments brushing past me."

Millicent rose and came to him

"I feel the same presence; what can it mean?" she cried.

"I do not know; I can see no one; but this feeling grows stronger all the while, and it seems to be like one beckoning me to follow."

"I have the same impression. What shall we do?"

"Let us see where it will lead us;" and he took up the lamp that stood on the table

She clung to his arm, and together they went slowly to the door, and out into the passage leading to the great hall.

The wind was raging fiercely outside, and sent wild sounds echoing through the old house. The elms swayed about the stone walls, and circling gusts of air came from the passages by which they walked, and made the lamp's flame flicker, and made weird shadows in the gloom that circled close about their way.

Slowly but steadily they went on across the great hall, and along a passage leading to the eastern wing. They had traversed the same route during the day, and the way was familiar. Through the musty apartments they went, the moldering tapestries of colonial days fluttering in the storm-filled air that came rushing through the broken casements.

Slowly onward they went, led by the strange power whose influence they felt, but which they could not see, and at last came to the great room that finished the suite. The door leading to this they had left closed when they visited it in the morning, but now it was thrown wide open. They distinctly remembered closing it, and looked at each other in astonishment.

"The servants never come here, and we fastened this door," said Millicent.

"Yes; but we are being led, you know."

"I know it, and I will go on to the end."

They passed through the open doorway, and Simon held the lamp high aloft.

As the light flashed along the walls, a cry of surprise escaped them.

The wind had torn away the faded hangings with which the room was decorated, and its force seemed to have opened a heavy, narrow panel-door, whose fastening bolt had rusted loose. This door was fitted to match the wall, and opened on a flight of steps leading up. So closely had it been set, that no one unacquainted with its locality would have thought it existed.

Simon led the way up the steps, and soon they came to a small chamber with a thin slit in the wall to admit light and air. A curtained recess was at one end, and as Simon Berkeley drew the tattered damask aside, a shudder of horror thrilled them.

There, amid the moldering fragments of rich cloth and

REUTER DISCOVERING HAYDN'S TALENT.

linen, lay a skeleton, the fleshless skull enveloped in a mass of shining, golden hair.

"My God! who can this be?" gasped Simon.

"I do not know; but see, here is writing on the wall," said Millicent, whose glance had turned from the ghastly picture.

Simon followed her look, and saw, cut by some sharp-pointed instrument, several long lines of writing. The letters were the quaint characters of olden time, and dampness had caused the broken surface to gather a dark-green mold, while the rest of the wall was yellow, thus making the letters stand out in bold relief.

The writing, when deciphered, read as follows:

"I, Millicent, the daughter of Simon Berkeley, founder of this house, feeling that death is near, write these words:

"I am the first person born in the Berkeley mansion, and in it I lived, seeing no one but the two old servants and my father for nineteen years. I never saw my mother to remember her, for she died when I was a babe. I was never allowed to go beyond the orchard-wall, and did not do so until I was nineteen years old; then one day I rambled into the wood north of the house, and there met a young man.

"He said that his name was Harold Mortimer, and that he was a distant relative of our family, my father being at enmity with his people. He had come to see him, to try and make peace, but had been coldly repulsed. During his visit he had seen me, and he determined to speak to me.

"He was very handsome and very kind, and we met frequently after this. Then he told me of love, and spoke of going away, and I found that his presence was dearer than life, and that I loved him. We knew that my father would never consent to our marriage, and plighted our troth in secret. We could get no one to marry us, he being a stranger, and there was no minister near, so I took my mother's Bible to the wood, and with our hands clasped on the sacred book we knelt and swore to be husband and wife from that time till God should part us by death.

"I had a happy week, meeting my husband every day, and then my father found us together. He said some hard and cruel words, and I fainted. When I grew conscious again I was in this room, and here I have remained ever since. Where my husband is I do not know, though, from some strange visions that have come to me, I think that he is dead. Were he alive he would find me, for love can unlock all prisons.

"Nine months after I was brought here my baby came, and for one year I was happy. My father was the only person I saw. He attended me when sick, never speaking to me, but bringing food and clothing. At the end of a year he took my baby away, and I have never seen it since.

"That is more than eight years ago. I have kept the time by marks on the wall. My father has visited me every day until five days back, and I have had no food since then. He has never spoken to me, though I have prayed for his forgiveness, and he has seen that I was growing weaker all the time.

"I feel I am dying of hunger and thirst, and am too weak to call for help with any hope of being heard. I do not know why he should so cruelly let me perish here; but if I die I shall see my husband and my baby. May God bless them and my father, and forgive me if I have sinned. MILLICENT."

Simon Berkeley had died five days before this was

HAYDN INSTRUCTED BY REUTER.

written. When his daughter died cannot be told. Doubtless God ended her sufferings very quickly after she wrote out the record of her sad story.

The hard old man, who had kept her a prisoner, had not intended that she should die thus, but death chilled his heart ere he could reveal her secret prison.

Beneath the writing stood a heavy oaken chest. The iron of the lock was rusted away, and when Simon had finished reading the first Millicent's story, he stooped and opened this. It contained caskets, and little sacks falling to pieces from age, and these held gold and jewels, the fashion and coinage being centuries old.

When these lay revealed, the strange feeling that had led them on slowly faded away, and the wind that had raged outside the building began to die away.

"It is the dowry of the dead Millicent, and she has given it to you," said Simon. "There is more than enough here to redeem the land, and make Berkeley House the grand old home it once was."

She clung closer to him.

"It will help you, too, for we have no need to wait to be married now," she said, "and we will be so happy that the sad soul who lived so lonely here may grow glad from our joy."

As she spoke, she took up a tress of the golden hair lying on the bed.

"This shall be an heirloom that must never leave the house," she continued, as they turned away and went back to the room they had left to begin their search.

The wind had changed when they reached the apartment. The storm-clouds were rolling eastward over the wild sea, their great masses edged with a rich silver light. The moon was sailing high in the heavens, and a sweet restfulness pervaded the room.

On Christmas Day they were married, and when Spring came workmen repaired the old house, the incumbrances on the land were cleared away, and the Berkeley mansion was once again the manor of as fine an estate as the country possessed.

One wonder that perplexed the people of the neighborhood was the appearance of a heavy granite shaft in the Berkeley burial-place, on which was cut this inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
HAROLD AND MILLICENT MORTIMER.

"The Harvest of Suffering is Joy."

THE GREAT TONE-POETS.

By Noel Ruthven.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH was born on the 21st of March 1685, at Eisenbach, a pretty little town of Thuringia, where his father was Court organist. His organ-playing began to excite much attention both far and near. His sole aim was to improve the condition of church music; but this seemed impossible at Arnstadt, and he abided the time when he could effect his improvements elsewhere.

He had not to wait long. The organist of St. Blasius's Church at Mühlhausen died, and the situation was offered to Bach. In less than a year, however, during which time Bach married, the St. Blasius's organistship was given up for that of Court organist at Weimar—a post which Duke Wilhelm Ernest had offered him.

As an organist and clavichord-player, Bach's fame was at this time prodigious, and gained for him the patronage of Frederick the Great. The great master's playing amazed not only the King but the musicians who attended him. A masterly performance of a six-part fugue brought forth exclamations such as "There is only one Bach! only one Bach!" Bach was a good judge of organs and organists, and was frequently sought for to act in this capacity.

We turn from the composer to his works. Bach was a prolific writer. The long list of his works includes two hundred and thirty complete cantatas for solo, chorus and orchestra; three complete sacred oratorios, "The Passions"; seven complete masses; twenty-one short church services, with Latin words; four complete funeral cantatas; eighteen cantatas for birthday and other congratulatory occasions; twenty-eight motets for double chorus; forty-eight preludes and fugues for the clavecin; numerous toccotas; six French suites for the clavecin; six shorter suites; thirty-nine long works for the organ; twenty-nine shorter pieces for the organ; six trios for organ, with pedal obligato; fifteen inventions in two parts; fifteen symphonies in three parts; six sonotas for the violoncello; six sonotas for violin, without bass; various concertos for one, two, three and four harpsichords, or pianos; seven overtures for instruments; the four volumes of the "Clavier-Uebung"; the "Art of Fugue"; pieces for the flute; and a host of single pieces, far too numerous to be mentioned.

Bach's latter days were gloomy and dark. He became blind, and died on the 28th July, 1750.

Of all those glorious names inscribed on the roll of master-musicians, not one, perhaps, is more revered, or is more familiar to the English people, either by his name or his works, than that of the great man who has immortalized his name with most of the grand narratives of Holy Writ, by wedding to them such sublime music as the reading and study of these sacred writings inspired within him. Nearly two hundred years have rolled by since he penned his heavenly melodies, and yet they always come to our ears as fresh and as welcome as Spring flowers. What a preacher and poet! What thousands of hearts must have been turned by his tone-preaching! Where is the prelate who can move our souls as they are moved by Handel's "Messiah"?

George Friedrich Handel was born on the 23rd of February, 1685, at Halle, in Saxony, in which town his father was then practicing as a surgeon. At a very early age the child manifested such unmistakable signs of musical genius that his father, among others, could not fail to observe them. It is not surprising that in a very short time he became a skillful and surprising extempore player of the clavichord, notwithstanding he was but seven years old.

In the year 1703, after the death of his father, he set out for Hamburg. On his arrival, he succeeded in obtaining an appointment in the Opera House orchestra as a violinist. During his sojourn in Hamburg, Handel produced his first dramatic work, "Almira; Or, The Vicissitudes of Royalty."

In Hamburg Handel remained for about three years, during which time he accumulated sufficient means to enable him to pay a visit to Italy in the early part of the year 1706.

Handel then proceeded to the Eternal City, where he found the whole populace waiting to do him homage. Cardinal Ottoboni, a great *dilettante* and a noble and generous man, was one of the foremost of those who showed their esteem for young Handel. For His Eminence Handel composed "La Resurrezione," and "Il Trionfo del Tempo."

He arrived in London in the Winter of the year 1710, and was soon engaged to compose music for "Rinaldo

and Armida," a work founded on Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata." Its first representation took place on the 24th February, 1711, and proved an immense success.

In the year 1720, the assistance of Handel was sought to get together a cast of Italian singers, and to direct the "New Italian Opera," which a body of English noblemen had determined to try to revive in London. Handel was engaged, and soon got together a splendid troupe, including the celebrated songstress Margarita Durastanti.

The new society, under the title of the Royal Academy of Music, began its first season in the Haymarket house on April 21, 1720, and enjoyed unprecedented success. Among the earliest operas presented was a new effusion by the talented conductor, entitled "Radamistus." This work took the house by storm. Many persons fainted on account of the heat and closeness of the house, and hundreds were turned back at the doors.

This same year Handel's first English oratorio, "Esther," was written, and for which he was paid one thousand pounds. After being performed two or three times at Cannons, it was laid aside, and did not appear till some time later.

The "Suites de pièces pour le clavecin," composed for his favorite pupil, the Princess Anne, also came to light about this time. In this collection we find that exquisite little piece, universally known under the title of the "Harmonious Blacksmith."

Nearly every one knows the anecdote associated with this delicious bit of music; but for the benefit of those who do not, it may be related:

One day, as Handel was making his way to the chapel at Cannons, he was overtaken by a shower of rain, which compelled him to seek shelter in the shop of a blacksmith, whom he knew as being the parish clerk. While there he caught the melody which the blacksmith was humming while at his work, and to which every stroke of his hammer on the anvil made an agreeable bass. On returning home, the great musician, it is said, made out of it the piece referred to.

The success attending the revival of "Esther" led him, no doubt, to think of his "Acis"; and on the 5th June we find it announced that "'Acis and Galatea,' with several additions, will be performed by a great number of the best voices and instruments."

After this Handel visited Oxford, and there brought out his "Athalia," which was also received "with vast applause before an audience of 3,700 persons." The great composer now received an invitation to set music to Dryden's "Alexander's Feast."

He did not remain idle, but at once set to work with prodigious activity, and after producing the famous Organ Concertos, he put his pen to the first of that series of colossal works which he continued to the year of his death.

"Saul" was the first of the immortal masterpieces of this, Handel's greatest, creative period. It was begun on the 31 July, 1738, and completed on the 27th September following.

The performance of "Saul" proved most successful, and it was frequently repeated before the season closed.

"Israel in Egypt" was the next work which the immortal genius produced. It was begun on October 1st, 1738, and in the short space of twenty-seven days this enormous work, containing no less than twenty-eight colossal choruses, four recitatives, and three duets, was completed!

On the 4th April, 1739, "Israel in Egypt" was given to the world, and proved a signal failure! Indeed, so much so, that for the next performance, some days after, it was found necessary to announce that "the oratorio will be shortened and intermixed with songs." Alas! for the taste of a public which could not tolerate the "Israel" without a coating of Italian love-lays.

The year 1739 was a fruitful one. "Saul" was produced; "Israel in Egypt"; the music to Dryden's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day"; and the twelve grand concertos for violin, tenor, violoncello, and harpsichord accompaniment.

Early in the following year came his admirable rendering of Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

On the 18th of November, 1741, Handel arrived in Dublin. On the night of the first concert, the Music-hall in Fishamble Street was crowded to suffocation. One after another his works were unfolded before these vast audiences; and at the performances of his "Acis" and "L'Allegro," the crush was so great that the doors had to be closed, and a bill put up to the effect that "no more money could be taken." Handel had brought over with him his oratorio the "Messiah," and to that "generous and polite nation," as he calls the Irish people, had been reserved the first opportunity of passing judgment upon this sublimest of oratorios. To their honor be it recorded, the verdict was one of enthusiastic approval; and though nearly one hundred and fifty years, with its ravages and changes, have passed away since the audience which filled the Music-hall in Fishamble Street, Dublin, set that seal upon it, the "Messiah" is to this day the most popular of all oratorios.

The "Messiah" was begun on the 22d of August, 1741, and completed on the 14th of the next month, so that this great masterpiece was composed in the marvelously short space of twenty-three days.

Toward the latter part of the year 1742 Handel returned from his pleasant visit to Ireland, and on the 18th of February, 1743, gave his new oratorio, "Samson," at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

"Judas Maccabæus" was brought out at Covent Garden on the 1st of April, 1747, and the public smiled upon it! It was composed in honor of the return of the Duke of Cumberland, "the butcher," from his recent victory at Culloden. With the Jews of the day it was a favorite, for it sets forth one of the most interesting episodes in their history.

This same year has the merit of producing "Joshua, a work of but thirty days.

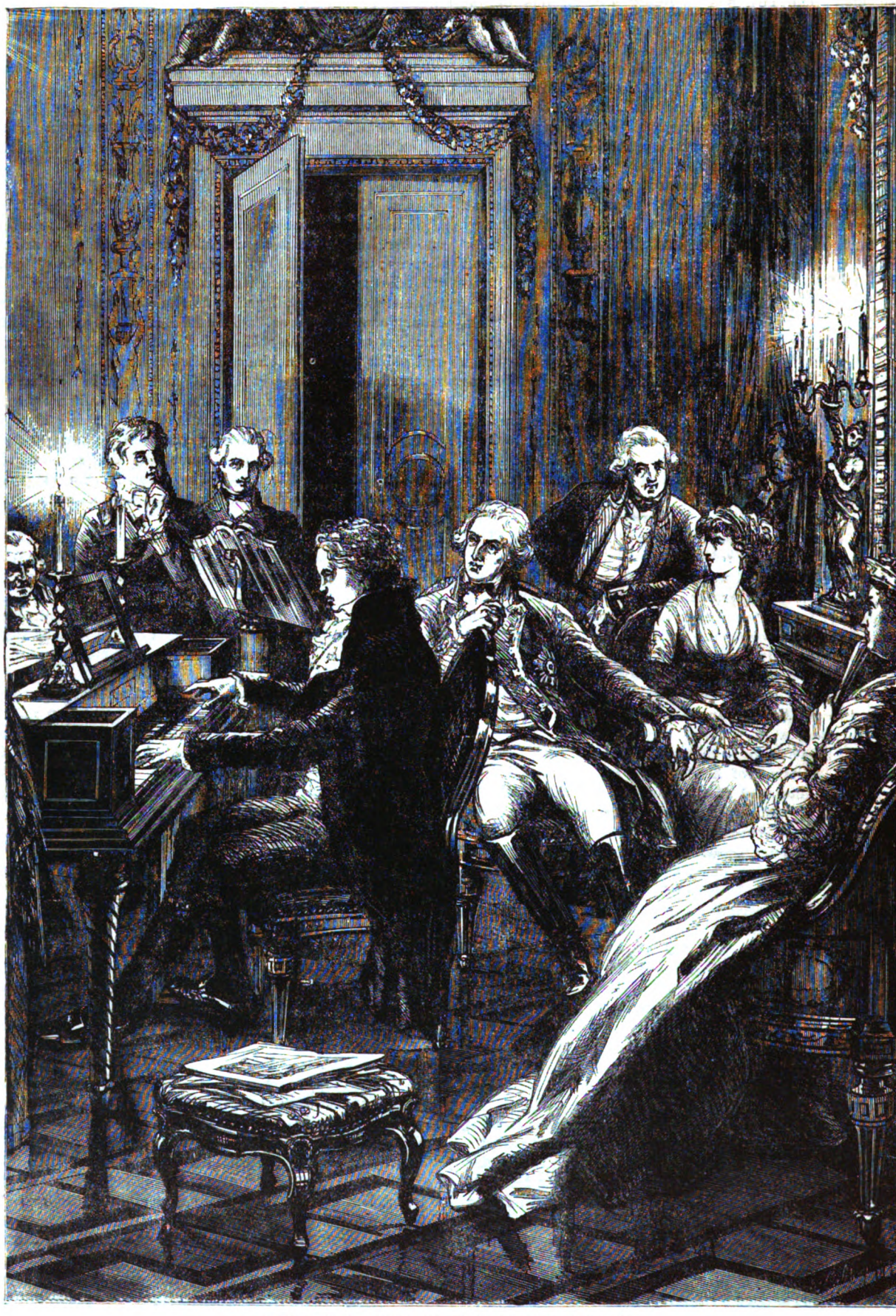
"Theodora" appeared on the 16th of March, 1749, but was badly received.

"Jephtha," his last oratorio, was produced in February, 1752, and under most painful circumstances. For a year Handel had had the score before him, and could not get through it. Again and again he seized his pen, yet only to lay it down again by reason of the dimness of his eyes. Poor Handel! his sight was fast going. Two operations were performed which partly relieved him, when his indomitable ardor led him to work on "Jephtha" again. He completed it. Alas! the last few pages of the score show too clearly the progress the fearful malady had made. Another unsuccessful operation, and darkness came over him. For a few years the great master lingered on, with the infirmities of age gradually creeping upon him. He died on Good Friday, April 14th, 1759.

Glück has been called "The regenerator of the opera."

On the borders of Bohemia stands the small town of Weissenwangen, and here, on the 2d of July, 1714, Christopher Willibald Glück was born.

His parents were in anything but easy circumstances, and, notwithstanding the love of music which young Glück early manifested, they could afford no money for



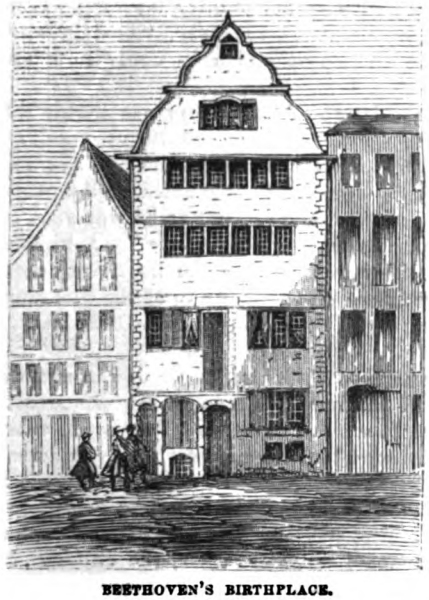
BEETHOVEN PERFORMING BEFORE PRINCE LOUIS FERDINAND.

teachers. The boy was therefore sent to one of the common schools, and there, simultaneously with his A B C, he was taught the gamut and the art of reading from music as well as from books. Glück's talent soon attracted attention; and, together with his forlorn condition, won the sympathy of a few generous hearts in Vienna, who not only provided him with proper sustenance, but also furnished him with means to continue his musical education.

At the age of twenty-four, Glück set out for Italy, for the pupose of completing his musical studies. He took up his residence in Milan, where, after a long term of diligent study, he felt that the time had arrived to give a work of his own to the world, and he then composed his first opera, "Artaxerxes." This was given at the Milan Theatre in 1741, and met with much success.

The ears of Lord Middlesex were tickled by all he had heard of Glück, and he longed to get the young composer over to the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, London.

"La Caduta del Giganti" (The Fall of the Giants), was composed expressly for Glück's introduction to the English public. It excited little interest, however, and in the following year "Artamane" was produced, but it met with the same fate as its predecessor.



BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHPLACE.

Glück returned to Vienna, and in 1764 produced "Orfeo" as an example of reformed opera.

It was received with great favor, and was played twenty-eight times in succession, a long run in those days. It was composed to celebrate the marriage of the Emperor Joseph II.; and its original cast included the following august personages: the Archduchess Amelia, who played the part of *Apollo;* the Archduchesses Elizabeth, Josephine, and Charlotte—the *Graces;* and the Archduke Leopold, who presided at the harpsichord.

Late in 1773 the Chevalier Glück, for he had lately been created a Knight of the Papal Order of the Golden Spur, set out, with Du Rollet's libretto, arranged from Racine's "Iphigénie en Tauride," under his arm, *en route* for Paris.

The first performance took place on the 19th of August, 1774, when it was found necessary for the police to take precautions against a disturbance. But "Iphigénie" proved an enormous success. Marie Antoinette herself gave the signal for applause, and the whole house followed her example. In some parts the house was in raptures, the military brandishing their swords in the general applause.

Following "Iphigénie," Glück brought out an adaptation in French of his "Orpheus," which was not very successful, though "the ballet was very fine."

A Neapolitan composer, aided by Madame Du Barry, the favorite of Louis XV., was the rival of Glück.

GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL.

"Are you a Piccinist or a Glückist?" became the cry. It was the same in the cafés and in the streets: "Monsieur, êtes vous Picciniste ou Glückiste?" decided whether a meeting was to have a comfortable ending or not.

There is little left to tell of Glück's life.

Worn out with the fatigue of seventy years' incessant work, the old man passed into retirement at Vienna, to enjoy the fruits of his long labors. He had grown rich; he had earned something like $150,000. In his declining years he frequently received friendly visits from kings and princes and persons of distinction. Amongst others, the Emperor and Empress of Russia paid him a visit, and comforted the aged composer with assurances of the pleasure they had always derived from his music.

Shortly after making his will he was seized with a paralytic stroke, but still lingered on till the 15th November,

LUDWIG SPOHR.

1787, when the "Michael Angelo of Music" passed into the spirit world.

Foremost among those master-musicians who have benefitted by Art creating what may be termed a landmark in music, must be placed the familiar name of Haydn. In music for the chamber Haydn has never been equaled; while his "Creation," masses, or symphonies, would each alone have rendered his name immortal. The list of works composed by Haydn comprises upward of eight hundred compositions, including one hundred and eighteen orchestral symphonies, eighty-three quartets for stringed instruments, twenty-four operas, fourteen masses, and an immense number of smaller compositions.

The 31st March, 1732, was the memorable day that brought Francis Joseph Haydn into the world. This was at Rohrau, a small town not very far distant from Vienna.

His father was a poor wheelwright, and his mother, before her marriage, had been cook in the service of Count Harrach, the lord of the village of Rohrau.

Haydn received instruction on the violin and other instruments; and his marvelous aptness for music was soon spread about by those who visited the schoolhouse.

Haydn served as choir-boy in the Church of St. Stephen's, at Vienna, where, in addition to his school lessons, he received instruction from very good masters in singing and in playing the violin and piano. Here was music such as the boy's soul longed for; and from this period Haydn has said that he did not recollect to have passed a single day without practicing *sixteen* hours, and sometimes *eighteen*.

While a boy in the choir stalls of St. Stephen's, he composed a mass, which the little fellow laid before Reuter, the Kapelle-meister. Of course it was but a pretty medley of unheard-of progressions and resolutions.

In his sixteenth year his voice broke, and he was obliged to leave the cathedral choir. His music lessons ceased; he was thrown on the world, and was worse off than ever. However, he still had his cherished treatise and an old worm-eaten piano; and with these he passed nearly all his time in the cold and cheerless regions of the garret.

Haydn was barely twenty years old when he produced his first opera. He received his pay for it—twenty-four sequins ($60). It had immense success, though it lasted only for a few days.

Haydn's sun was now rising, and he became second leader in the private orchestra of Prince Esterhazy.

He subsequently became head of the grand orchestra, a post he held for over thirty years, when the death of Prince Esterhazy caused him to vacate it.

From this time Haydn was fully occupied, and led a very regular life. He rose early in the morning, dressed himself very neatly, and then sat down at a small table by the side of his pianoforte, where the hour of dinner usually found him still seated. In the evening he went to the rehearsals or the opera, and sometimes he devoted a morning to hunting.

Frederick II. had sent him a diamond ring; and Haydn has said that often when he sat down to his piano, if he had forgotten to put on his ring, he could not summon a single idea. The paper, too, on which he composed must be of the finest and whitest possible, or he could not get on. He wrote with so much neatness and care that it is said the best copyist could not have surpassed him in the regularity and clearness of his characters.

Haydn visited London, where every mark of honor was paid to him, and the University of Oxford conferred upon him the diploma of a Doctor of Music.

Altogether, Haydn passed about three years in London, during which time he wrote some of his most famous works. The visit to London was not without its effect upon the mind of Haydn. He had heard Handel's "Messiah" splendidly rendered by an orchestra of over a thousand performers at Westminster Abbey; and the effect of this sent him back to Germany with his mind stirred with the impulse to compose an oratorio. The result was that great and glorious conception—"The Creation."

In 1801, while the musical world was yet stirred by the commotion which the "Creation" had caused, and while its melodies were fast traveling over Europe, Haydn completed and gave to the world the grand idyllic oratorio of the "Seasons."

Haydn did little more after this. "I have done," he said to a friend, after completing the "Seasons"; "my head is no longer what it was. Formerly, ideas came to me unsought; I am now obliged to seek for them, and for this I feel I am not formed."

Gradually the grand old man became more and more feeble, but it was long before the embers of life died out. Probably they would have smoldered longer had not the intelligence of the outbreak of war exhausted the remnant of fire left. Haydn's love for his country lay deep. Long before he had written its national melody, "God Preserve the Emperor," the sounds of which he could now hear from the distant battle-field.

About the 12th of May the French army was within half a league of Haydn's little garden, and firing upon his beloved Vienna. His loyalty warmed within him; and on the 26th of May he desired to be carried to his piano, when, with much emotion, and as loud as he was able, he thrice sang "God Preserve the Emperor." A kind of stupor then came over him, from which he never recovered, and five days later—on the morning of the 31st May, 1809—the great Father of Symphony breathed his last.

The 27th of January, 1756, is a red-letter day in musical annals, for then at Salzburg Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born. Almost as soon as the little fellow could walk, his fondness for the sounds of the pianoforte was observed.

Wolfgang was but seven years old when he was known as a wonderful clavier player, a violinist, and a composer! His little sister, Maria, was also an infant musical phenomenon. Accompanied by their father, the children, in the year 1762, arrived in Vienna, and were everywhere received most enthusiastically.

Paris and Versailles next opened their arms to the juvenile wonders, and as the father wrote, "went crazy over his children, especially with Wolfgang's organ-playing." From Paris they went to London; and they had not been there many days, before they were summoned to St. James's Palace to play before George III. and Queen Charlotte.

Upon their return, Wolfgang was commissioned by the Emperor to compose a Mass for the consecration of the new Waisenhaus Church. This he soon accomplished, and at its first performance on the 7th of December, 1768, before the whole of the imperial family, Wolfgang first appeared wielding the conductor's *bâton*.

"Figaro" was first performed on May 1st, 1786, and its melodies were whistled and hummed through Vienna, placing Mozart still higher in the ascendant than he had previously been.

The first performance of "Don Giovanni" took place on October 29th, 1787, and enjoyed a most brilliant reception.

The opera "Cosi Fan Tutte," the instrumentation of Handel's "Alexander's Feast," and the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," together with minuets and dances, songs, variations, quintets for strings, the grand pianoforte con-

certo in B flat, the "Ave Verum Corpus," and a cantata, fill the long list till we come to his last great opera, "Die Zauberflöte"—"The Magic Flute."

The night before Mozart's dissolution was a fearful one. The next day he was worse, and felt that his end was fast approaching. He said, "Oh, that I could only once more hear my 'Flauto Magico!'" About two o'clock he was visited by three intimate friends, to whom he showed the score of "The Requiem." After giving Süssmayr his final directions with regard to it, he once more glanced through it; and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, "Did I not always say that I was writing it for myself?" He then expressed a wish to have it sung. Poor Mozart took the alto part, and his friends the three remaining ones. They proceeded as far as the Lacrymosa, when suddenly Mozart burst into tears, and the score was put aside. His head then sank gently back, and the spirit of the great master had taken its flight. Thus died Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, on the 5th December, 1791.

Ludwig Van Beethoven was born on the 17th of December, 1770, at the lovely town of Bonn, on the Rhine, where his father, Johann Van Beethoven, was tenor singer in the Elector of Cologne's private chapel.

Urged by the poverty staring him in the face, and also by the glowing accounts of the successes of Mozart as an infant prodigy, Ludwig's father resolved to make a similar wonder of the infant, and at once commenced his musical education. At first the lessons were given in play, but were soon made sad and wearisome, for the poor child was kept at the piano day and night. Often, when his father and Pfeiffer returned from the tavern, the child was called from bed to sit at the instrument till daybreak.

In the Spring of 1787, young Beethoven started on a visit to the great art capital, Vienna, where Mozart and other great artists were living, the chief object of this visit being to obtain an interview with Mozart. This was soon accomplished, and Ludwig was requested to play before the then great idol of the musical world. A theme was laid before him, on which he was requested to improvise; with what result we all know. Mozart was struck by it, and stood watching with speechless wonder every movement of the lad; till at last, while the genius was winding up amid a labyrinth of melodies, Mozart crept stealthily to another room, where both critics and friends had previously assembled, and, with his face full of wonder and excitement, exclaimed: "Take care of this youth; some day he will make a stir in the world." Such was the verdict of the great Mozart!

In the year 1792 Beethoven again started for Vienna, which he had so suddenly quitted some five years previously, and with a somewhat similar object as before. It was not, however, to see Mozart, but Haydn, and to receive the benefit of his instruction. Arrived in Vienna, our artist soon procured lodgings, and enrolled himself among the list of Haydn's pupils. Haydn instantly perceived his marvelous talent.

In 1792 the young maestro made the acquaintance of another among the great *dilettanti* who flocked to hear and to see him. This was Prince Karl Lichnowski, who, together with his wife, took such an interest in Ludwig that they wished him to reside with them at the Lichnowski palace. This kind offer Beethoven accepted, on condition that he should not be compelled to observe court etiquette, and for about ten years this friendly intercourse continued.

But what is this cloud before him? Beethoven has forebodings of a fearful nature. His hearing occasionally fails him. Gradually the cloud creeps nearer and nearer, till, in 1800, his fears culminate—Beethoven is deaf!

Gradually was Beethoven compelled to give up his piano-playing and conducting, for he could not hear sufficiently what he or others played, and in the year 1802 he settled down to composition for the remainder of his life.

Now we come to that grand form of writing in which he has left us but one solitary specimen—"Fidelio."

On November 20th, 1805, this opera was given to the world, under the title of "Leonore; Or, Conjugal Affection," and met with quite an indifferent reception! Thus it was put aside for some years. In 1814, with several alterations, and another overture in E—the most beautiful and vigorous of the four Leonore overtures—it again made its *début*, under the title of "Fidelio." Since then it has found a place on every stage in Europe, and *Leonore*, the heroine, has supplied the part in which some of the greatest singers have earned their laurels—Schroeder, Devrient, Milder-Hauptmann, Pasta, Malibran, and, to come nearer the present day, Mme. Titiens.

This brings us to what is styled by some writers as the "matured period" of Beethoven's life, 1804—1814; that is, the period when his writings bear unmistakably the stamp of his individuality and genius, and to this period belongs a list of colossal works which cannot in this brief sketch be treated of singly.

Beethoven was doomed to have further burdens to bear. His brother Carl dying, left Beethoven his only child to support. Beethoven cheerfully undertook this charge, and the first thing he did was to place the boy out of the reach of his mother.

Having received an intimation that his nephew was in a fit state to be restored to him, Beethoven made a journey to the asylum and brought Carl away with him, on a wet and miserably raw day in December, 1826. The exposure to the cold and rain brought about an attack of inflammation of the lungs, from which he never recovered.

His naturally strong constitution enabled him to linger on till March in the next year, 1827. It then became evident that he could not longer battle against his disease, which was fast gaining the mastery over him; and on the morning of the 24th, on the doctor arriving, they begged Beethoven that he would allow the holy sacrament to be administered to him, to which he calmly replied, "I will."

The pastor came, and the holy office was performed with the greatest solemnity. He continued gradually to sink, till, on the evening of the 26th, Nature sang her requium over him. Amid a fearful storm of thunder and lightning his spirit took its flight.

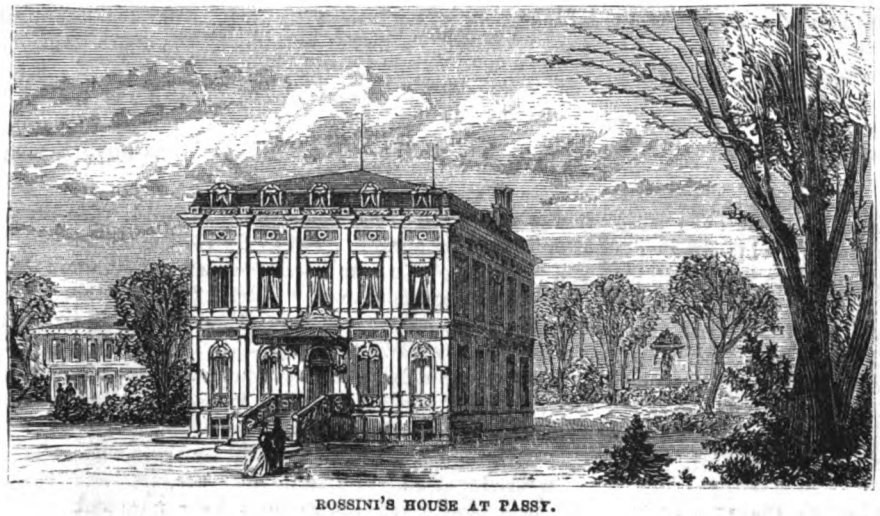
Spohr was born at Brunswick on the 5th April, 1784. Fortunately, both his parents were musical.

Spohr visited London, where he created a *furore*, and on the 20th January, 1821, made his *début* before a Parisian audience, and with much success.

The year 1850 gave birth to the splendid symphony known as "The Seasons," in which masterly work the freshness of Spring; the warm and sultry Summer; Autumn, with its characteristic music, and the joyous chase and vintage songs; Old Winter, so monotonous and cheerless, are all faithfully depicted in this grand musical structure. On the evening of the 22d October, 1859, the grand old musician passed away.

Carl Maria Friederich Ernst Weber, the first child of a second marriage, came into the world on the 18th of December, 1786, at Eutin, a town of Lower Saxony.

Before the weak and sickly boy was six years old, a fiddle and a bow had been thrust into his hands by his impatient father. Carl Maria's astonishing genius began to unvail itself; and, before long, there came two compositions—of course for the stage—the comic operas, "The



ROSSINI'S HOUSE AT PASSY.

Dumb Girl of the Forest," and "Peter Schmool and his Neighbors."

At seventeen years of age Carl went to Vienna, where an accident nearly deprived the world of "Der Freischütz." In reaching from his piano to the table for a bottle of wine to refresh himself as he played the work over, poor young Weber unconsciously took up, and drank of, a bottle of powerful acid, which his father had carelessly left on the table. In fearful agony he fell from his stool. It was some time before his burnt throat and mouth healed sufficiently to enable him to tell the tale, and to express his gratitude to his friend for his timely arrival.

The next few years of Carl's life saw many "ups and downs." So embarrassed, in fact, were his affairs, that before he left the place he found himself escorted by the police to the prison for debt, and there detained for some days.

1811 was an important year. The opera "Abu Hassan," which he commenced while at Darmstadt, was completed, and on the 6th of February the opera was performed.

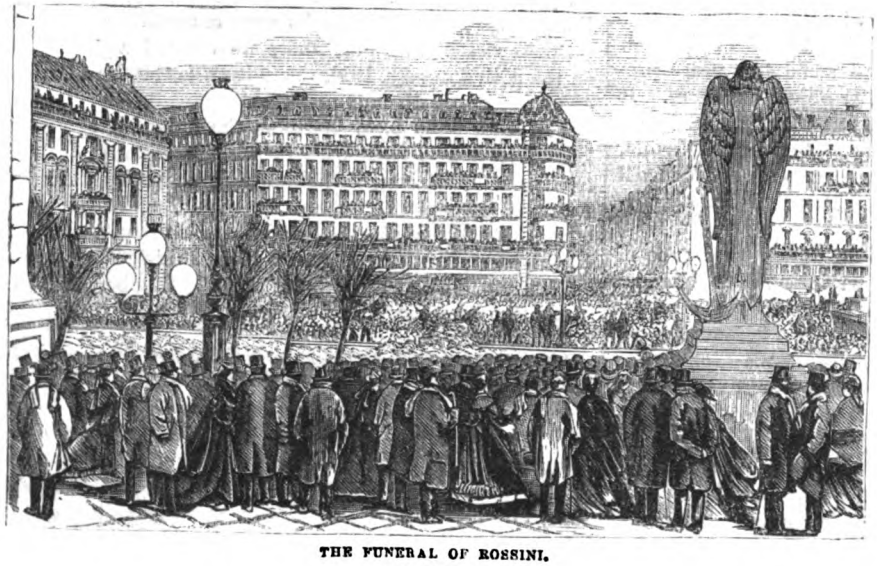
After this, Weber set out on a long artistic tour. Munich, Prague, Berlin, Dresden, and other cities were visited, in all of which he gave concerts, which proved most advantageous from an artistic, as well as pecuniary, point of view.

We now arrive at the most brilliant period of Weber's life, for it is that when his marvelous creative powers were at their highest; that period when he penned the sublime music which traveled almost with lightning speed over Europe, and made the name of Weber a "household word."

"Preciosa" appeared before "Der Freischütz," and well it might; for the Berlin public needed to be prepared for the "Freischütz" music.

At last the long-looked-for day came—the day of the first performance of "Der Freischütz"—June 18th, 1821.

ROSSINI.



THE FUNERAL OF ROSSINI.

For hours before the time of opening, the entrances to the new theatre were besieged by anxious crowds; and when the doors were at length opened, there was a fearful rush to get in.

In a few minutes pit, boxes, and galleries were filled to overflowing: the excitement was intense; and when Weber entered the orchestra there came from the thousands of people a burst of deafening applause which seemed to have no ending. Three times was he obliged to let fall his *bâton*, and to bow, before he could give the signal to begin. The overture was commenced, and the

last notes had barely been played, before the whole theatre rose *en masse*, and broke out with such a tumultuous *encore* that Weber was compelled to accede to the request.

The excitement and strain upon his already feeble health, consequent upon the production of "Euryanthe," left Weber in a very exhausted state, so that he returned to Dresden, suffering dreadfully from his inward malady, and, alas! with cruel traces of the mastery it was fast gaining over him.

Here it was, then, that Weber composed the well-known overture attached to the opera of "Oberon," and which was only completed three or four days prior to the night of the first performance of the work, Like his other overtures, this one is a sort of epitome of the opera itself, and contains many of its leading themes.

On April 12th Covent Garden Theatre was packed to the ceiling by an audience anxious to hear "Oberon." The great work was commenced, and was gone through amid the noisiest signs of approbation that could be conceived. At the end the whole house rose and demanded to see Weber before the curtain, when he met with a greeting such as few other composers have ever received.

HANDEL INSTRUCTING A PUPIL.

The morning after this successful *début* of "Oberon" found the great musician in an exhausted state, lying in

his easychair. "The machinery is shattered!" he murmured. Though ill-health was weighing him down, yet Weber conducted each of the first twelve representations of "Oberon."

A great concert given by him proved a failure. "The next morning," writes Weber's son, "at the early hour when Weber generally required his aid, Sir George Smart's servant knocked at his chamber door. No answer came; he knocked again, and louder. It was strange; for Weber's sleep had always been light. The alarmed servant rushed to Sir George, who sprang out of bed, and hurried to the room. Still to his repeated knocking no answer was returned. . . . It was now resolved to force the door. It was burst open. All was still within. The watch—which the last movement of the great hand which had written 'Freischütz,' 'Euryanthe' and 'Oberon,' had wound up—alone ticked with painful distinctiveness. The bed-curtains were torn back. There lay the beloved friend and master—dead. His head rested on his left hand, as if in tranquil sleep—not the slightest trace of pain or suffering on his noble features. The soul, yearning for the dear objects of its love, had burst its earthly covering and fled. The immortal master was not dead."

Of all sunny Italy's composers, not one can claim so prominent a place as Rossini. At one time his music solely occupied nearly all the operatic stages of Europe, and none other would be listened to. His music appeals to the million, not alone to the educated class, and his great purpose seems to be to please, and not to try his listeners with learned modulations, or masterly illustrations of his learning. It is perfectly natural, and in keeping with Rossini's character. Full of melody, sweet and beautiful, it never fails in its purpose of captivating.

It was on the 29th February, 1792, that Gioachino Rossini first saw the light, at the small town of Pezaro, in Romagna, where his father Giuseppe Rossini, filled the office of herald, or town-crier.

Paer's "Camilla" was produced there in 1799, and the subject of my sketch was chosen to fill the part of the child.

The Countess Perticari had heard young Rossini sing, and loved his voice, so she sent him to the Lyceum at Bologna, there to study counterpoint and fugue. Rossini was chosen, at the early age of sixteen, to write the cantata which was annually expected from the best pupil at the Lyceum. The result was "Pianto d'Armonia per la Morte d'Orfeò," which, on its production at Bologna, met with the greatest success.

"Tancredi" was written for the Venice Theatre in 1813, and it at once laid hold of the Venetians. Its airs were sung everywhere, the gondoliers shaped them into serenades, and they even crept into the law courts, so that the judges had more than once to forbid their being hummed. It is to this opera that belongs the exquisite cavatina "Di tanti palpiti," far better known than is the little anecdote which gave to it the title of "Aria del rizi." The day before the opera was to be given Madame Malanotte took it into her head to dislike her opening air, the consequence of which little whim was, that Rossini had either to write another or put aside the work. Sorely perplexed, he returned home from the rehearsal, wondering how he could meet the caprices of his *prima donna;* and it is said that while the servant was preparing some rice which he had ordered, Rossini noted down this beautiful air within the few minutes required for the frying and serving of the rice; and thus appeased the dissatisfied Malanotte.

Rossini was fond of saying that the form of his person was the best in the world: and there are not a few anecdotes current of his influence among the ladies of his time.

Who has not heard of Rossini's speech to the beauty standing between him and the Duke of Wellington—"Madame, how happy should you be to find yourself placed between the two greatest men in Europe!"

Shortly after this Rossini went to Rome, where he was engaged to write two works for the Carnival of 1816, and thus were created "Torvaldo e Dorliska" and "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Of "Torvaldo" nothing shall be said beyond that it was not successful; but the immortal "Barber of Seville," his happiest effort, deserves much more attention.

The public hissed it the first night, and when the curtain fell on the first act, Rossini turned toward the public, shrugged his shoulders and clapped his hands. The audience were deeply offended by this openly-expressed contempt for their opinion, but they made no reply at the time; the vengeance was reserved for the second act, of which not a note passed the orchestra. The hubbub was so great that nothing like it was ever heard at any theatre. Rossini, in the meanwhile, remained perfectly calm, and afterward went home as composed as if the work, received in so insulting a manner, had been the production of some other musician.

Such was the reception accorded to Rossini's happiest work on its first hearing. A week afterward it was applauded up to the skies, and was speedily played on every operatic stage in Europe. All the remuneration Rossini received for composing the "Barber" was about $400, beside his thirteen days' board and lodging in Zamboni's house; less, probably, than some pettifogging arrangers of the present day would receive for adding a few pages of musical gymnastics to one or two of its most popular airs.

"La Cenerentola," another of Rossini's most successful operas, followed closely upon "Otello."

No sooner did Rossini get "La Cenerentola" off his hands than he fell to work upon "La Gazza Ladra," which proved an unqualified success.

"Mosè in Egitto" appeared in 1818 at the San Carlo.

In 1822 it was brought out as an oratorio at the Covent Garden, but it failed. In the same year it was again produced, this time at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket; and, under another title, "Pietro l'Eremito," proving an immense success.

"La Donna del Lago," Rossini's next opera, brought out at the San Carlo, Naples, in October, 1819, notwithstanding the fine caste, proved a signal failure on the first night.

After the Vienna season Rossini retured to Bologna and produced "Semiramide," the last of his Italian operas.

Nor was it hurriedly composed. "It is the only one of my operas," said Rossini, "that I was able to do a little at my ease; my contract gave me forty days, but I was not forty days writing it."

"William Tell" was chiefly composed while Rossini was on a visit to M. Aguado, at his chateau—a retired country seat some distance from Paris. This opera was first produced at the Académie Royale, of Paris, on August 3d, 1829. It was partly successful, but after fifty-six representations the opera ceased to draw; for it was perceived that the master had wedded his fine dramatic music to a somewhat imperfect libretto; and the work of cutting down was commenced.

With this work Rossini's prolific career may almost be said to have ended—and this at the age of thirty-seven, when most great careers have but begun.

The "Stabat Mater" was originally written for a

distinguished Spaniard, Don Varela by name, but upon his death Rossini secured it again, and sold it to his music publisher, and in 1842 it was publicly performed, bringing fame for Rossini as a church composer.

The "Messe Solennelle" first came to light in 1864, when it was played at Paris before Auber, Meyerbeer and other private friends. As a sacred composition, it has not as much interest as the "Stabat," and can never become as popular.

The forty years of Rossini's retirement were spent partly at Bologna, and at Passy, near Paris. At this latter place he died, after intense sufferings, on November 13th, 1868.

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy's birthday was the 3d of February, 1809. His father, Abraham Mendelsshon, was a wealthy banker, his mother a highly-gifted and distinguished woman. Under her tender influence little Felix was educated, and it was she who gave him his first lessons in music.

About the year 1817 his father moved from Hamburg to Berlin, and in a year or so after he placed little Felix under the care of Berger, for the pianoforte, and under the learned Zelter, Sebastian Bach's great disciple, for the theory of music. His playing soon attracted the attention of the musical circles in Berlin, and there were few who did not notice the handsome boy as he walked through the streets of that city.

After returning from a visit to Weimar, in 1821, where the talented youth was introduced to the great poet, Göethe, musical meetings were resumed with more than usual briskness, and for them he composed two or three one-act operas.

The overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" marks a most important period of his life.

For the next two years Felix was a student at the University of Berlin, attending many of the lectures of the various learned professors, and working indefatigably at his studies.

He arrived in London on the 20th of April, and was received with open arms at the house of his life-long friend, Moscheles. On May 25th, at one of the Philharmonic concerts, he made his first bow to an English audience, and on this occasion the *bâton* was entrusted to his care, while the programme included two of the youthful *maestro's* works—his admirable C minor symphony, and the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." He created a marvelous sensation.

In sunny Rome he painted Göethe's "Walpurgis Night," with brilliant and harmonious coloring that can never fade. Besides this inspired music, there was the "Reformation" symphony, the bright "Italian" symphony in A, and the three exquisite motets for treble voices, written especially for the nuns of the convent, Trinità del Monto, at Rome.

In April, 1833, Felix for a second time visited London, this time accompanied by his father, and he gave to the world those exquisite little musical gems, the "Songs without Words."

Among the works he produced were Handel's oratorio, "Solomon," the "Morgengesang" of Reichardt, and Beethoven's 8th symphony.

"St. Paul's" first performance took place at Düsseldorf on the 22d of May, 1836.

It is, indeed, a beautiful work—truly a masterpiece. Whether in its choruses, airs, or recitatives, there is still that sweetness so characteristic of this master.

Mendelssohn spent the Summer of 1836 at Frankfort, and here it was that he first met his future bride, Cecilia Jean Renaud, the daughter of a Protestant clergyman. His friend Devrient says: "Cecilia was one of those sweet, womanly natures, whose gentle simplicity, whose mere presence soothed and pleased. She was slight, with features of striking beauty and delicacy; her hair was between brown and gold, but the transcendent lustre of her great blue eyes, and the brilliant roses of her cheeks, were sad harbingers of early death. She spoke little, and never with animation, in a low, soft voice."

In the spring of 1841 Mendelssohn visited Berlin, whither he had been summoned by the King of Prussia, to undertake the directorship of the music class of the Academy of Arts, and to conduct the great instrumental concerts held at Berlin.

Passing over the year 1845, spent chiefly at Leipzig, we come to the production of the splendid cantata, "Lauda Sion," composed for a festival held in the Church of St. Martin, Lüttich, which was followed by his great masterpiece, the "Elijah," first performed at the Birmingham Festival of 1846.

No sooner was the "Elijah" performed than the freshness and originality of its grand descriptive music, so religious in sentiment, laid hold of its audience, and ever since has continued to increase in popularity, till now it is second only to the "Messiah" in this respect.

At its performance by the Sacred Harmonic Society, on the 23d April, 1847, Exeter Hall, London, was crammed by a most enthusiastic audience.

In September Mendelssohn returned to Leipzig, where he continued to work upon the "Christus," "Loreley," and some smaller pieces. Among these latter was the "Nachtlied" ("Night Song"); and on the 9th October he took this to the house of Frau Frege, a distinguished amateur singer, who was generally the first interpreter of his inspirations. While accompanying her, a delirium, came over him, and soon he was insensible. Deadly pale, and as cold as ice, poor Mendelssohn was borne to his home in the König-Strasse. Here he lay for some days, till about the 18th he was sufficiently restored to discourse upon his future plans. A second attack occurred soon after this, but he struggled over it, till about the 30th October he was seized for the last time. He remained unconscious up to the 3d November, when he spoke a little. "Tired, very tired," he answered to Cécile's anxious inquiry as to how he felt. The next day convinced all that he could last but a short time longer. Surrounded by his wife and children, and a few of his most intimate friends, he passed peacefully away at nine o'clock in the evening.

Ere Mendelssohn had left his mother's arms, was born one who was destined for the same glorious calling as awaited that lovable child. Schumann was not so successful as young Mendelssohn, yet he followed his calling quite as nobly.

It was on the 8th June, 1810, that Robert Schumann surprised a quiet home, in the obscure town of Zwickau, in Saxony, where his father, August Schumann, was in business as a bookseller. With school studies still going on, with the burning love for music growing with him, Robert entered his seventeenth year.

Passing on to 1833, for there is little that needs to be mentioned in the interim, a sad incident has to be told. This, alas! is nothing less than the first outbreak of that mortal disease which terminated so terribly.

In 1840 the University of Jena conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy upon Schumann—an honor which he had long coveted, though he belonged to many other learned societies at this time.

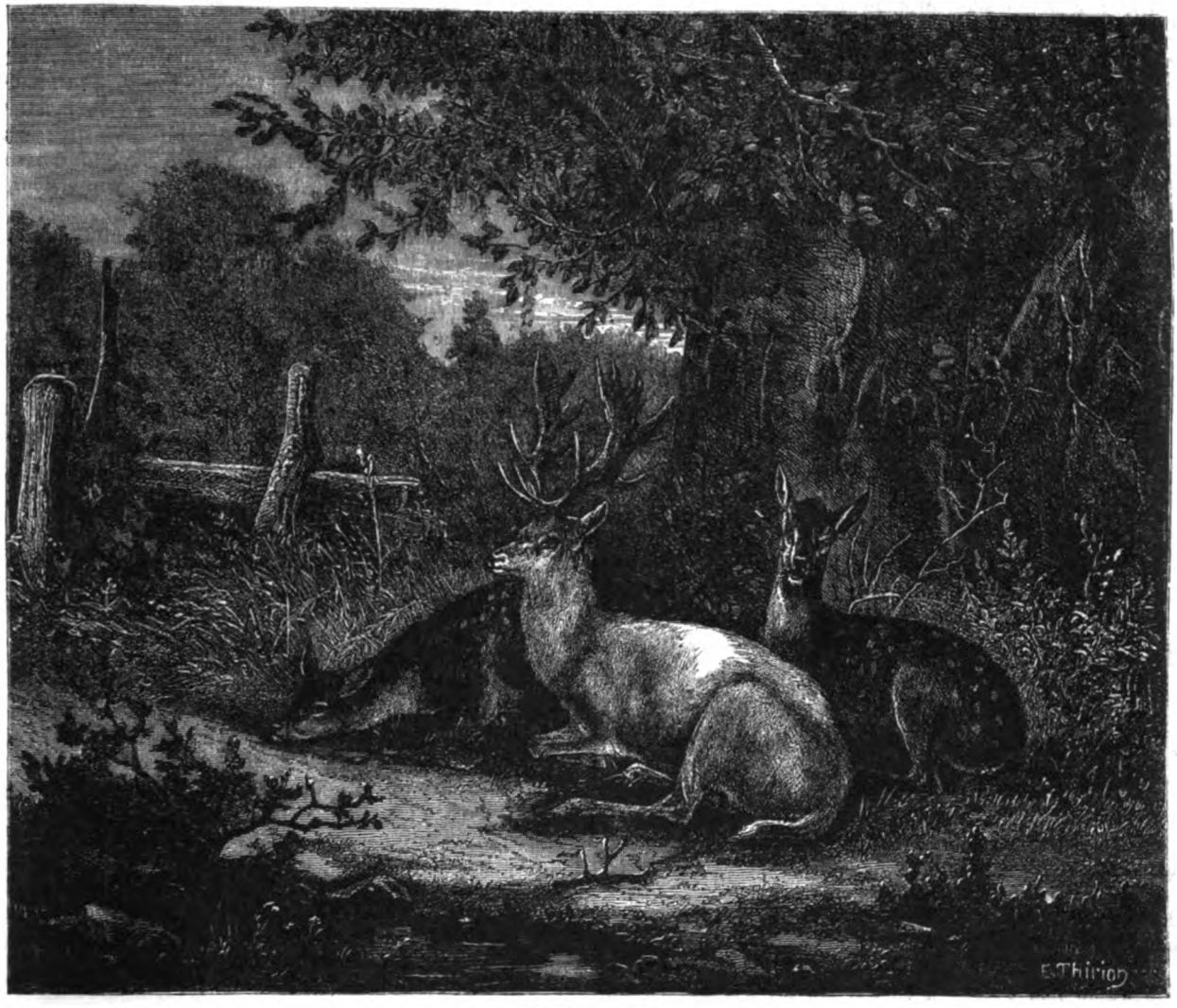
After his marriage with Clara Wieck, Schumann sank into the retirement of his home and worked incessantly.

Schumann's so-called profane oratorio, "Paradise and the Peri," came. It was first performed at Leipzig, under its composer's direction, on the 4th of December, 1843, when Frau Frege created the "Peri" *rôle*.

THE HANDEL MUSIC HALL, DUBLIN.

In 1848 came the "Manfred" and "Genevieve" music. The next year was a prolific one. Work after work followed each other, till the list grew long with books of songs, marches, pieces for the piano, numerous compositions for solo and combined instruments, small vaudevilles, and part of the "Faust" music. To dwell upon each of these is impossible.

Schumann's other works are the "Pilgrimage of the Rose"; "the "King's Son"; the setting of Uhland's "Minstrel's Curse"; the "Bride of Messina," and "Hermann and Dorothea" overtures; the playful "Children's Ball" pieces; some Latin church music; and many more, too numerous to mention. On the 29th of July, 1856, he died at four o'clock in the afternoon.



A QUIET WOODLAND SPOT.

LEONIE: EMPRESS OF THE AIR.

BY GERALD CARLTON,

Author of "Eileen Aroon," "Jasper Delaney," "Adam Ferguson," "Mark Mereton's Money," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

"WHERE IS COURTLANDT, EH?—WHERE IS COURTLANDT?"

LEONIE draws from her bosom a gold locket. She walks over to the gypsy and puts his hand upon it.

"Feel it—feel it," she cries, "if it does not scorch you."

He shrinks from her, and falls in a heap upon a sofa.

"You hell-cat!" he mutters, savagely. "You hell-cat!"

"Well," she says, in a mocking tone, "whose daughter am I now?"

The gypsy digs his nails into his palms till the blood spurts from them. Then he says, sullenly:

"Ralph Courtlandt's."

At that instant they are startled by hearing a smothered cough in the next room. Indeed, so distinct is it that it sounds as though it were in their own apartment.

"By heavens, we are betrayed!" Leonie cries.

In an instant she unlocks the door and bounds into the next room.

The feeble light from a lamp half burned down shows Leonie a man stretched at full length upon the sofa, apparently plunged in a profound slumber.

She watches his face narrowly. After a time she returns, satisfied that he has heard nothing.

"We are safe," she whispers; "the fool sleeps."

But there seems now a fresh cause for alarm.

Leonie hears the voices of Tomkins and another on the staircase.

"The idiot has brought him to-night," she mutters, furiously, ringing the bell. "They must be taken into another room. Remember," she says to D'Albo, "the rough night I described, and think of your precious neck when Ralph Courtlandt asks you who I am."

In the ordinary way Mr. Richard Tomkins has considerable assurance, not to say consummate impudence; but as he leads old Courtlandt into the room where Leonie is, he trembles like a leaf, and when he says, "Your daughter, Mr. Courtlandt," the words come with difficulty, and his

mouth feels hot and dry. The old man is still as one in a dream. He looks earnestly at the woman before him, but he says never a word.

Seeing that he does not, as she had expected, advance toward her, Leonie, after a moment's hesitation, springs toward him. She throws her arms around his neck, and whispers, in a soft, low voice:

"Father!"

Mechanically his arms fall around her waist—mechanically he kisses her forehead, and murmurs:

"My child!"

His voice makes Leonie start; it makes the man's face grow harder and more malignant than it usually appeared, and it makes him clinch his hands.

Leonie leads the old man to a seat, and then she places herself on a stool at his feet.

There he sits, running his hands through her hair and gazing earnestly into her face for some time; then he looks at D'Albo. As he does so a shudder shakes his whole frame.

"Is this my child?" he asks, in a voice almost inaudible.

Terribly evil the gypsy's face looks just now; more tightly does he clinch his hands. It is some few minutes before he can speak. His great thirst for vengeance chokes his words. At length he says, with a bitter curse:

"Yes."

"And what you told me before——"

"Was a lie, to torture you."

The rest of his speech is made up of imprecations.

Again Ralph shudders.

Then his gaze returns to Leonie, and he whispers:

"What is your name?"

"Marion," she answers, in the same low tone, taking his hand between her own.

"Her name!" cries Ralph, growing animated. "Her dear name!" and he again plays with her hair, and his hand travels round her soft, swelling neck.

He raises the locket which dangles on her breast—the one which had exercised so strange an influence upon D'Albo. At first he regards it indifferently. Suddenly he utters a wild cry and presses it to his lips.

"Her locket," he cries, ecstatically; "the locket I placed round her own dear neck. Now I know for very truth that you are my own darling child."

Black with passion, D'Albo makes a spring in the direction of the speaker.

Tomkins seizes him. D'Albo makes no resistance. All he does is to cry, fiercely:

"Take me away! take me away! If I breathe the same air with him I shall kill him!"

Ralph sits for some hours fondling the face and hair of Leonie. When Dick asks him what time he intends returning to Courtlandt Cliffs, he declares his intention to remain at the Raven the whole night—he will never leave his daughter again.

* * * * * * *

It has been an anxious time for those engaged in the notable scheme for making the fiery Leonie heiress to Ralph Courtlandt's wealth.

There had occurred much to disturb our friend Tomkins.

The impatient Leonie, chafing under restraint, had more than once burst through the lines he had laid down for her. She had frightened the little hotel out of its propriety by her mad riots, and she had nearly shaken the life out of the old crone at Courtlandt Cliffs. Prompted by curiosity, she visited the "dungeon," as she called it. At the entrance she was met by Rebecca, who, with the utmost volubility and with the strangest phrases, shrieked imprecation after imprecation upon her.

"Ay!" she screamed; "I know you, you witch! you false trollop! you wing of Baal! you vile creature! I know you! Where is Courtlandt? Eh! where is Courtlandt? You come with your limbs, and your blind devils; but where is Courtlandt? S'oho! s'oho! you have him, have you? May you be consumed and swallowed, you vicious, dirty jade!—you rag! you filth!"

This, and much more to the same effect, said Rebecca. Leonie, furious at the opprobious epithets hurled so energetically at her, caught the wrinkled, parchment form in her arms, and shook it with much vigor and for so long, that for a time it was doubtful whether the old beldame would again find breath to even whisper her wants, much less to yell out her maledictions.

However, in a little time, she was as lung-powerful as ever, and the first word she uttered was a ringing execration.

Leonie having commanded Dick to gag her, and seeing that he showed small inclination to carry out her wishes, left Courtlandt Cliffs in high dudgeon, followed down the hill for a considerable way by the gibes and curses of Rebecca.

D'Albo, who had accompanied them, appeared affected by the scene. He could not see her form, but he seemed to dwell with much satisfaction upon the hag's words.

"Tomkins," he whispered, as they were leaving, "she's a capital woman, that. She reminds me of my poor old mother, and she was one of the best that ever breathed; a trifle rough, perhaps."

There seemed to be a doubt about this, and D'Albo turned it over in his mind.

"Yes," he continued, "I suppose she was a trifle rough—but such a one! And she never bred a jibber—never!"

This man, too, has given our friend Dick a great deal of trouble. He hates Courtlandt with such uncontrollable fierceness that it is with the utmost difficulty Tomkins has prevented a serious outburst.

Had the two men been left together for any time, Courtlandt or D'Albo would have ceased to live. To keep them apart requires unremitting care. It is not thought advisable to send the gypsy away until the relations of Courtlandt have been introduced to the so-called daughter.

This in the ordinary way would have happened a day or two after their arrival at Englewood; but when Ralph rose in the morning, after the first meeting with Leonie, he rose as a man demented. He said little, and nothing to the purpose—he wandered about like one in a dream. The local doctor declared it was nothing—the sudden shock, the excitement, etc., had for the moment deranged his faculties; a few days' perfect quiet and all would be well.

This unlooked-for loss of reason is a great blow to them all. The friends, therefore, must be kept away until he has thoroughly recovered.

A madman's recognition will only excite suspicion, and just now he is so uncertain that he is as likely to repudiate this long-lost child as not.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I PRAYED GOD TO GUIDE ME IN THIS MATTER."

In the loveliest portion of one of the sweetest of the New England States, sheltered by lofty hills, and within the shade of an antique little church, stands the home of the Reverend Lawrence Gaythorne.

There is nothing you can compare his two daughters,

Maggie and Ada, to except the rose. They are two roses albeit of different natures—the moss and the damask. Maggie, with her mass of golden hair, her open, happy face (pure white and carmine), her bright, full eye; and Ada, with her darker skin; rich, deep-colored cheeks; the oval Madonna face; and her black, dreamy, languishing eyes. In the calm depth of these there seems a world beyond—a wistfulness, an unutterable longing, a strange inward spiritual gaze impossible to describe.

They are standing in a beautifully arranged garden, ablaze with gorgeous blossom, their graceful arms entwining each other's waists, and Ada says:

"You have not told me about the lady you have brought with you—Mrs. Carados!"

"She has some money at Edward's Bank, you know, darling," Maggie explains. "Poor thing! she was left a widow, and had come to New York hoping to get some light employment. I was going to write to mamma about her, when, a few hours after seeing her, Edward and I were on Broadway and we saw her run over by a carriage. Edward, of course, got assistance; and as she was unconscious and couldn't tell us her address, he took her to the St. Nicholas Hotel. I nursed her. Fortunately, she wasn't much hurt, and the doctor says her arm will soon get well. You are aware I wrote to papa and asked him to let her stay here a bit until she recovered. She's such a sweet, amiable creature, and I am sure mamma will like her."

"If Mr. Delmar knows her, I suppose that is sufficient," Ada ruminates, dubiously. "I thought I detected a curious expression in her eyes last night as she looked at you."

"You stupid, suspicious old darling," cries her sister, "what foolish fancy have you got now? There's papa."

The Reverend Mr. Gaythorne is not an old man, but sorrow and anxiety has left its impress upon his grave, pure face. As is his wont, he kisses his two daughters affectionately, and then, with his arms linked in theirs, he walks thoughtfully round the garden, saying:

"Your friend, Maggie—Mrs. Carados—has not come down yet. We will not commence breakfast until she makes her appearance. I like regularity, but I confess I am not sorry to have this opportunity of enjoying the fragrant morning air."

"You know, papa," Maggie remarks, apologetically, "she has been ill, and we must not be too exacting with an invalid."

"Poor thing, poor thing!" the clergyman answers, thoughtfully; "she has seen much trouble. She is a good woman—a very good, resigned and pious woman."

Eloise had not been long in this house, but her consummate art had blinded the unsuspecting minister, and already had he conceived a strong regard for her.

When at length they enter the breakfast-room, they find Eloise there, earnestly perusing her Bible.

At the family prayers, which follow, there is no one so devout as she.

A wise custom prevails in the parsonage. The letters are not distributed until after breakfast.

"If it is bad news, my children," Mr. Gaythorne used to say, "it will spoil your digestion; and if it is good news it will take away your appetite. Therefore, after breakfast we will open the letters."

There is a letter for himself, this morning, which strangely perplexes him. He reads it over several times, and then exclaims:

"Dear me, this is very strange!"

"What is it, papa, dear?" Maggie asks.

"Well, my child, it will puzzle you as much as it has me. You have heard us mention a brother of your mother's—a strange, and, I fear, a godless man. We have seen nothing of him for years; indeed, I have not wished to meet him. This is a letter from a man named Tomkins, saying that Ralph Courtlandt—your uncle—has just found his long-lost daughter, that he wishes to introduce her to the family, and that there will be great festivities in honor of the event. The writer adds further that this discovery was made some weeks since, but that the sudden shock was so great as to deprive Ralph, for some time, of his reason. He has now, however, recovered, and he desires our immediate presence in Englewood. I never knew he had a wife, much less a daughter."

"How funny!" cries Maggie, clapping her hands; "how awfully funny—quite a discovery. I should so like to see Uncle Courtlandt. Why, what's the matter, Mrs. Carados? How pale you look?"

"My arm is rather painful—that is all. Will you excuse me? Thank you. I think I had better rest a little."

"We have roused you too early, Mrs. Carados," suggests Mr. Gaythorne. "You are possibly not accustomed to our hours."

"Thank you. I feel slightly faint. I will retire to my room for a while."

"Poor thing, she's very weak," says Maggie, after Eloise has left; "and it must be a terrible thing to be left a young widow."

"I must show this letter to your mother," remarks Mr. Gaythorne. "I suppose, under the circumstances, we should visit him. But for myself, I really never wished to meet the man."

"My dear papa"—Ada takes his hand and fixes her pleading eyes upon his face—"I want to say something to you, but you must promise me that you will not be cross."

"Well, well, my child, what would you ask?"

"I know, papa dear, that we ought not to mention his name again; but our anxiety has been so great. Herbert——"

"Yes, pa, Herbert," Maggie chimes in.

"I have noticed your grief, my darling," the old man replies; "but I could not bring myself to speak of him. He has gone on so strangely, he has done such vile things, that for some time I have doubted his sanity. I trembled, every letter I opened, lest it should be to say that he was in the hands of the police. The disgrace would cling to you through life. I communicated with two gentlemen who have made this malady a study. They contrived to see him and question him without exciting his suspicion. They found that his mind was certainly unsteady, and that he was altogether deficient of the moral sense. They considered that he should be confined. He was taken in a half-drunken state at Philadelphia, and he is now an inmate of Dr. Gray's establishment. I prayed to God to guide me in this matter, and I pray now that I have done right. He is, at any rate, free from sin and temptation, and he is well cared for."

"Oh, you dear papa, how thankful we are!" both the girls exclaim.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"YOU SEEM TO ME LIKE A LINK BETWEEN MY BROTHER AND MYSELF."

IT had been a long time since the sufferings of Eloise had forced tears from her strange, wild eyes.

She had met want and the world's contempt with a sullen defiance.

When most women would have cried she laughed——laughed at her oppressors, and told them how she scorned and hated them. The greater her wretchedness,

the stronger became her determination to throw off, some day, the shackles of poverty, and, rich and free, to punish the world for its heartless contumely.

This dream of power and wealth, albeit there was small prospect of its realization, filled her mind with a savage satisfaction, and closed the floodgates of her agony.

Eloise had hitherto encountered no disappointment which had so overwhelmed her as the fact that Ralph Courtlandt had found his daughter.

At one blow her schemes, her visions, and all for which she had risked so much, were utterly wrecked; her whole future was destroyed. For what had she robbed her employer? and for what had she married Herbert? For what had she plotted at the New York and Havana Bank? and for what had she suffered anguish, physical and mental? To find herself, before the battle had barely commenced, disarmed and paralyzed; beaten, too, in a quarter she had every reason to believe incapable of opposition.

She had taken the word of Tomkins that Courtlandt's daughter was dead, and the possibility of such a claimant appearing on the scene never suggested itself.

It is true that the private-inquiry detective had told her that Tomkins had met a Miss Courtlandt in Washington Square, but this was a low trapeze performer, and the similarity in the names could be nothing but a coincidence. Indeed, so little impression had the incident made upon her, that, after her first exclamation that she would run down to Englewood and see the "creature," it had entirely escaped her recollection.

The news came with that terrible suddenness which so frequently accompanies evil tidings.

She left the breakfast-room, and, reaching her bedside, burst into a paroxysm of weeping.

It is very piteous and very fearful to see the ferocious agony of this woman. Her eyes flash fiercely, and all bedewed as they are look like ravenous flames, which burnt the more furiously for the water scattered on them.

"I had built all my hope upon it," she groans, "and all seemed to go so well. She should never have married —never! The money must have been mine—nothing but this could have snatched it from me. I never dreamt of such a catastrophe. Oh, my vision, my vision, how soon destroyed! There is no chance left now. I have tied myself to a penniless fool, and shall gain nothing. There is no chance."

Eloise remains for a time deep in thought, and then she continues, the glare of her eyes growing deeper:

"Yes, one, and only one—were she to die!"

A cruel smile plays around the woman's mouth. She feels an irresistible desire to strangle her rival. Had Leonie at that moment stood before her, Eloise would have struggled to kill her.

"Unless she dies," she reiterates, "my labor is in vain. Unless she dies!"

The possibility of the inexorable King coming to her assistance calms her. She repeats the words, "Unless she dies," many times, and then, with tearless eyes, sits for a considerable period thinking.

There is much to occupy Eloise's thoughts, much to render her anxious and watchful. The recollection of the strange man who had so persistently followed her when in New York makes her intensely uneasy.

She did not know his face, and her heart sinks within her when she considers that he might be in the pay of the police.

It was while endeavoring to elude this lynx-eyed and apparently untirable individual that Eloise had met with her accident.

This had occasioned her exquisite pain, but upon the whole, the adventure had been a fortunate one. It had brought her into the home of the Gaythornes' easier and earlier than she had expected, and it gave her an excuse for remaining much indoors.

The murder of Ezra Isaacs in Burkett's Court had created considerable excitement, and was widely discussed. The detectives were hunting high and low for the assassin. In the newspaper reports of the tragedy much had been made of the disappearance of the strange girl with the peculiar eyes, who had attended the store and acted as the old man's housekeeper. A tolerably correct description of her was scattered broadcast over the country, and morning after morning the public eagerly scanned the papers to see if she had been found.

Eloise had solemnly declared to Herbert her innocence of this crime; guilty or not guilty, appearances were terribly against her, and she shuddered as she thought of the verdict nine juries out of ten would immediately return.

Here in this quiet New England home she is at least safe—they will not look for her here. But the necessity of avoiding the busy haunts of men greatly limits her power of action.

"Still," she thinks, "with Van Buren in the office with Delmar, and me here with the girls, it will be easy enough to stop, or, at any rate, postpone, this projected marriage. Fortunately, I have only one to deal with. It would be troublesome were they both engaged. As it is, Ada is not likely for many years to dream of a husband."

Ada had some time since, with a woman's perversity, fallen in love with a man who was not only an artist, but a doubter of the Mosaic account of the formation of the world. This attachment had been a source of the most poignant grief to Mr. Gaythorne. But the cloud was at length dispelled by Ada herself; for her father's happiness she sacrificed her heart, and Edmund Sinclair, who loved her so strongly, was told he could see her no more.

Eloise was rather doubtful, now that she had seen the sisters, whether Ada would prove the cipher she had calculated upon.

Instinctively, she felt that this dark, quiet girl, with her wistful, dreamy expression, and her placid determination, doubted her.

The unfavorable impression she had excited must be removed, for, even apart from the consideration of winning old Courtlandt's money, it was absolutely essential for her safety that all here should respect and trust her.

Eloise expected to receive some token from Van Buren, for she imagined that Mr. Delmar would have mentioned at the office her accident, and told, at least, Mr. Stimson, her whereabouts.

The day before leaving New York she asked Maggie's lover the question, and she was surprised and annoyed that he had told Van Buren nothing. She begged Maggie to write a few lines for her to this young gentleman—ostensibly to thank him for his kindness in seeing her to ——— Street—really to acquaint him with her future address. All this Mr. Delmar declared was quite unnecessary; Eloise, however, had her own way, and the note was dispatched.

Eloise had been, for the moment, so disconcerted by the news the good clergyman had read at the breakfast-table, that for a time she forgot the letter he had handed her.

It is still in her hand. Now that she is quieter, she opens it. It is from Tom Van Buren; a long letter, and in every respect a wild one. An effort to express, in very guarded language, intense admiration and boundless devotion, leads him into many incoherencies. It is plain that

he has fallen foolishly and deeply in love with Eloise, and every line of his note breathes his ardor.

He complains, not without bitterness, of the reticence of Mr. Delmar, and it is easy to see that he bears his manager but little esteem. So much space is devoted to a declaration of his anxiety for her safety, and reiterated statements that he desired above all things to render her a service, ately during her illness. "You looked so awfully bad, that I was quite alarmed. I want you, if you are well enough, to come and see mamma. She's so anxious to meet you. Not if you don't feel strong, you know, dear. I'm sure you'll like her. She's been a great invalid, as we've told you, and sometimes she's a little funny, but you won't mind that, will you ?"

BEETHOVEN.

that Eloise had reached the last sheet before she read anything of the proceedings at Philadelphia.

The news astounds her ; it is utterly inexplicable. What did it mean ? Fresh danger to her ?

She is pondering over this mysterious seizure, when there comes a tiny knock at the door, and, asking if she might see her, Maggie enters.

"I hope you are better now, darling," she says. She had learnt with a girl's facility to address Eloise affection-

With careless, light-hearted prattle, she leads the way to her mother's room.

Mrs. Gaythorne had been confined to her bed for many years ; an affection of the spine prostrated her. She bore her affliction with much patience ; suffering and the monotony of her existence had made her abrupt in manner, and had given her some queer notions ; they had not, however, succeeded in making her either selfish or ill-tempered.

Mrs. Gaythorne has a thin, wan face, very gentle in its expression, pale blue eyes, and light brown hair. She is rarely fretful, but sometimes the dreariness of her life is too much even for her resignation. Upon such occasions the increased tenderness of her daughters, and her husband's mild and loving expostulations, never fail to coax back the spirit of contentment.

"Ah, Mrs. Carados," she says, as Eloise approaches her, "I am glad to see you here to cheer us up a bit! I am quite helpless, as you observe, dependent upon others for the slightest thing. Eight years I have been like this—a trouble, an anxiety, and a burden to all around me. Don't shake your head, Maggie; you are too good to acknowledge it, but I know of how much pleasure I have robbed my two dear girls. You will find me very fidgety and very irritable, Mrs. Carados, for they tell me I've a most terrible temper——"

"Oh, ma!" Maggie remonstrates.

"And so you have lost your husband? Well, well, we all have our troubles. Did you love him? But of course you did. Bend over me, and let me kiss you. I like your face, and I am never deceived in any one—never. It reminds me—who does it remind me of? Don't mind me if I stare at you. The face I knew so well is gradually coming back. Let the sun fall upon your cheek. There, that is it; I must look at you a bit, and I will tell you whom you resemble. It is a face I knew in my childhood; and it is those days I am dragging before me, through the tangled interval of suffering and incident."

She speaks in a low, dreamy way, as much to herself as to the daughter and stranger before her.

"The days when the roar of the sea lulled me to sleep, and the dancing waves sang to me in the morning. Sometimes they grew angry, and I heard them threaten in the night, and then there was awful havoc. When I was very young they sent me away from Courtlandt Cliffs, and I never returned. My husband was very poor, and my proud brother did not care to search me out. A strange boy he was; a stranger man he became. He will regret his neglect, I know, before he dies, and remember my children in his will——"

"I'm sure, mamma," pouts Maggie, "I don't want his money."

"My brother," the sufferer thoughtfully muses—"my brother. Of course. I see it now. You have my brother's forehead, and my brother's eyes. Come, let me kiss you again. You seem to me like a link between my brother and myself. In you I see him stand before me. You are a good, dear creature. You must make this house your home."

"You are very, very kind. I have met with more sympathy and generous care from your daughter than I have ever experienced before. I am, believe me, deeply grateful, and when you receive me with such affection—when your daughter's goodness becomes intensified in yourself—words fail me, Mrs. Gaythorne; I know not what to say."

For a moment Eloise is touched. She has been accustomed to rough receptions and contemptuous sneers, and here are strangers who surround her with love!

There is in her nature, as there is in every nature, a soft spot. The armor of her stubbornness and of her greed has its vulnerable points. Kindness is the only weapon which is likely to reach her heart; and here there is so little bitterness, so little selfishness, so little strife, and so much warmheartedness, that all the good in her unlikely disposition will be forced to assert itself. It will take time to change such as her; events may occur which will drive all idea of gentleness and gratitude away. Even now, even as her heart turns, she reflects bitterly, with all the bitterness of her bitter mind, that they would not receive her thus as Eloise d'Ancre—no, she would be spurned.

To what, then, does she owe this brightness? To money? To the miserable twelve hundred dollars she has deposited in the New York and Havana Bank? Even as a tear courses her cheek, even as she presses Mrs. Gaythorne's hand, she thinks this, and stronger than ever becomes her purpose of securing wealth.

"Papa had a letter from Uncle Ralph this morning," Maggie says, after a while; "at least one written by his order. Did you know that he was married?"

"Married!" echoes Mrs. Gaythorne, in a tone which declared at once how absurd in her mind the notion is. "Married, indeed!"

At this moment Mr. Gaythorne enters.

"He has written, my dear," he explains, "saying he has found his long-lost daughter——"

"Daughter!" repeats the invalid, in dismay. "Then she will have all his money."

"Never mind his money, my dear," her husband returns, smiling faintly; "what we have to think of is our duty. He wishes to introduce his daughter to the family, and he asks us to see him at Courtlandt Cliffs at the earliest moment."

"He acts very properly. We have been estranged too long." Mrs. Gaythorne is delighted at the prospect of a reconciliation with her brother.

The breach between herself and her only relative living had occasioned her much disquietude. She had hoped to see her girls benefit from his wealth, but apart from sordid motives she longs to clasp her brother's hand.

"Of course you can go, dear, and take Maggie and Ada with you," she continues.

"It would be really unkind, under the circumstances, to refuse to do so," replies her husband; "still I would rather the necessity had not arisen."

"You may like Ralph when you meet him," is the answer his wife makes. "Remember, you know nothing of him except from hearsay."

"Can't we take Mrs. Carados?" asks Maggie.

"I will remain with your mamma; it will be dull for her alone," Eloise says. "Is not this change enough for me?"

"Bravely spoken," declares Mr. Gaythorne.

"You are a dear, kind creature," choruses his wife, "and I shall be glad of your company."

CHAPTER XIX.

"IF YOU WISH TO LEAVE THIS PLACE IN SAFETY, DO NO UTTER ANOTHER WORD."

"O you are going to desert me already, are you, you naughty thing?" Maggie complains, in assumed indignation. "Never mind; I'll have my revenge. But my! look at the time; I shall never be ready for dinner. Do you know," she pursues, when they are out of the room, "old Dr. Baxter, who comes to see us sometimes, shocked papa awfully one day? He's a dear old gentleman, but *so* fond of eating. Well, he said he believed God was more likely to be found in the kitchen than in any other room in the house, for all the good things came from there. Wasn't it wicked? Pa gave him a good lecture, and told him that the devil sent cooks to pamper and to waste. But it was no use talking to him. He winked at me—yes, actually winked; and then, pointing to me, said with a chuckle, that if all the devil's emissaries came in such a delightful form, he should turn sinner at once.

This was too much for pa, and he walked out of the room, and they've never been such good friends since,"

To see Maggie, with sleeves tucked up, showing her soft, white, beautifully-shaped arms, her eyes sparkling, and with a coquettish-looking apron on, gracefully wielding the rolling-pin, and upon a slab forming all kinds of exquisite culinary dainties, wonderfully fashioned, and filled with all kinds of gustatory dainties, is a sight at once for the poet and the epicure—an airy fairy, conjuring elfin pastry as light as her ethereal self.

"I've such a lot to do this morning," remarks Maggie, as she proceeds busily with her work. "Ada never does anything of this kind. She's very clever, to be sure, but not at all domesticated. What does she do with herself? Ah! that's a secret; I mustn't tell you. Perhaps *she* will one day. You *will* be surprised when you hear it. Wouldn't you like to take a little walk round the garden and peep at the church? Don't trouble to dress yourself. Put on my old sun hat; you're sure not to meet any one; this isn't like New York, you know."

There is much in this well-arranged kitchen, with its numberless contrivances for saving labor, and its culinary curiosities, to interest most women.

Eloise neither understands nor cares for any of these things, and she is glad enough to take Maggie's hint, for at this moment company is irksome to her.

Her morning's cogitation had been interrupted. She had matured no plan, and she feels uneasy.

Eloise now walks through the garden, heedless of the gay flowers and the glories round her, into the graveyard of the little antique-looking church. Upon a convenient stone she sits for some time pondering upon her plans. In front of her is the arched doorway of the church, and upon this her eyes are fixed, vacantly, and without purpose.

After a time, and very gradually, Eloise realizes that the door is slowly moving; it is being cautiously opened from within. It is not a continuous movement, but short, gentle jerks. When sufficient space occurs, a shaggy head is obtruded, and two black, restless eyes meet her own.

The face is of a type Eloise is well acquainted with; low-browed, thick-lipped and brutal; a short, thick neck, and a bullet head; a countenance seen more often in the purlieus of Bleecker or Houston Streets, or in the Bowery, than in the quiet country.

Eloise returns the fellow's gaze more in astonishment than alarm. The class he belongs to is not so terrible to her as it would be to most women. She had lived much in low neighborhoods, where poverty is for ever elbowing crime.

"It ain't no good of yer makin' a row," says the man, in a low, ferocious voice, "'cause afore yer piped two notes I'd spoil yer windpipe, I would. If yer likes to lend a poor fella' a hand, you'll be doing a fair, upright, straightdown action. If yer ain't game for it, keep your clatter-trap still till I get away—d'ye hear? And if yer sets the cops on me, thunderbolt me if I won't come to yer in the night and tear yer innards out—that's what I'll do!"

Eloise listens calmly to the scoundrel's words. To see this low, rough head in the quaint archway of the little church, to hear the savage, vulgar voice destroying the solemn stillness, and murderous threats putting to flight the singing birds, is so strange, and altogether so out of keeping with the peace and beauty around, that it seems to her, for a moment, like some hideous nightmare—a grotesque horror breaking in upon a pleasant vision.

It recalls, too, much of the past, and in that instant she realizes that the law, daintily dressed though she is, will recognize no difference between Eloise Gaythorne and the hulking, ragged wretch before her, as they are, indeed, both criminals.

Eloise's fits of generosity and sympathy are few; just then she feels an intense desire to thwart the ends of justice. She would have gone out of her way at that moment to have saved the ill-conditioned rascal facing her.

It is a strange impulse, and one foreign to her nature; but as the sequel will show, it is an exceedingly fortunate one. It occurred to her afterward that there was even danger to herself in the man being found at this spot. The emissaries of justice were the last people she desired to see at Woodbine.

"Do you think that I am a baby," she returns, contemptuously, "to be frightened at your foolish threats? What can I do for you? Is it money?"

She speaks roughly, and without the suspicion of fear. The fellow is considerably surprised at her tone; from her appearance he has expected something very different. He now eyes her from head to foot.

"You seem a right 'un, hang me if you don't," he blurts out. "But it ain't spondulix, 'cause I can do with that; and it ain't only keeping quiet; there's suthin' else I want, and if you're game to do it—gosh! you'd be a peach, fair up and right down, and there ain't nothing I wouldn't do for you—there!"

"Say what you want, man; you are wasting time," she cries, impatiently.

"Why, it's like this," the fellow answers. "I've ripped this blank limb of mine open, and the pain's just awful, it is. The bit o' stuff I put round it's come off, and I can't stoop to put it right again. If I'd a bit of clean linen and a drop of water, now, I'd be another man."

"If you can manage to crawl to that little stream I will do my best. But you mustn't lose time talking, so move yourself."

Painfully, and with blessings strangely intermingled with imprecations, the fellow drags himself to the water.

The wound he had received is an ugly one, and want of attention has made it very unpleasant to look upon. To any one unaccustomed to dressing such injuries the task of bandaging it would have proved very repulsive. Eloise does not hesitate; she carefully washes it with the water of the running stream; the cold seems to give the sufferer much ease, for he groans out many queer expressions of gratitude.

"You must get into the hospital with this," she says to him, authoritatively, "or at least lie up; it will never get well unless you do."

"Won't it, though? Blow me, that's bad, ain't it?" he blurts out. "Might as well knock at the door of the Tombs at once as to go into a hospital."

He examines the woman who is kneeling by his side attentively. Suddenly he ejaculates in astonishment:

"Lord! in course I thought I knew the phiz. But I say, thunderbolt me, if you ain't changed."

Eloise turns very pale. She holds her head lower, and says nothing.

"Why, you're the little girl that used to be in Burkett's Court, off the Bowery. It ain't often I'm out of 'York,' but a bit ago I thought the country would be more healthy-like. I've seen yer scores o' times."

"You are dreaming," Eloise returns, in a nervous tone. "I've never been in New York in my life——"

"Oh! oh!" laughs the rascal, "that's a good un, that is. But there, love yer pretty little heart, I aren't a-going to give yer away. You've acted trumps to me, and I ain't the man to go agin yer,"

Eloise sees in the distance the form of a woman advancing from the house.

"Hush!" she cries; "some one is coming. If you wish to leave this place in safety, do not utter another word unless I speak to you."

CHAPTER XX.

"I WONDER THAT YOU LIKE TO DWELL UPON *his* FACE."

ELOISE has scarcely uttered her words of warning to the tramp when Ada Gaythorne comes up, and watches the movements of the pair with much curiosity.

Neither of them appears to be conscious of her presence. Eloise is trying to make a bandage of her handkerchief, which is not so easy a task as the bathing had been, for she has merely slight use of her one arm.

"Will you let me help you?" Ada asks, and without waiting for permission, she is on her knees, tenderly assisting Eloise. It is a pleasant, if strange, sight to see these well-dressed women carefully binding up the wounds of the repulsive tramp.

They finish their task at last in silence. The man rises to his feet, and showers upon them a profusion of thanks.

"I shall never forget you, young ladies; never. You've made another man o' me. Not the longest day I live shall I forget yer."

He looks at Eloise as he says this, and he lays some emphasis on his words.

Her expression plainly urges him to be gone; Ada presents him with some money, and he limps away.

"Poor fellow," she cries, "how shocking for him to have to walk in such pain! If he waits a little while some conveyance will be sure to pass down the road."

"Couldn't do it, thank yer," he replies, half turning, and showing a cunning leer upon his ugly face; "got a particular appointment with the minister of the next village, and can't wait nohow."

He limps away, and presently gets into the road, and they see no more of him.

As he disappears Ada throws her arms round the neck of Eloise, and kissing her tenderly, says:

"You are the noblest woman I ever met. Not one woman in a thousand would have shown the kindness you have to that poor man. I did not like you at first; pray, don't be offended with me for saying so. But now I see how good you are, I ask your pardon for having doubted you."

Eloise warmly returns her embrace, and they walk through the waving grass in silence.

Eloise is thankful to see the last of the tramp. His unexpected recognition had seriously alarmed her. Just now, however, is not the time to indulge in morbid apprehensions; she must make the best use she can of the sudden change in Ada's sentiments.

"Do you ever long for some change?" she gently asks. "Do you not ever sigh for New York, or the life of a large city?"

"Never," Ada replies. "You see, we have been very, very happy here. I could not feel dull in a house which contains all those I love—or nearly so," she quickly adds. "Then I have plenty to occupy my time. I am fond of reading, too. I love walking, for I reverence Nature, and then there is my——" She hesitates.

Eloise looks up inquiringly.

"Your what?" she queries.

"Well, I may as well tell you now. I dare say you will find it out. Oh, Mrs. Carados, don't think I'm deceitful; this is the only thing I have ever hid from papa—mamma knows all about it; but you know, dear, papa has such funny notions about these things, and I really couldn't help it."

The dark cheeks are beautifully tinged, and the soft, dreamy eyes vailed.

Her companion waits with curiosity to hear the revelation which requires so curious a prologue.

Ada Gaythorne, as she whispers, places her cheek so near to Eloise, that she feels how hot it is.

"I paint!" the whisper says.

At the instant Eloise does not see her meaning; she glances at her face in some surprise—certainly no art had produced *its* dark, burning beauty.

"Yes, I paint. He taught me to; and now what do you think I am doing?"

Eloise has not the remotest idea.

"I'm painting *his* likeness. Papa, you know, has a great horror of art, and so we are compelled to keep it a secret from him. I adore it. You've no idea how famously I am getting on. I will show you my precious picture presently."

"I wonder that you like to dwell upon *his* face. I should have thought that you would try to forget that bitter episode—it must have been very, very bitter," Eloise remarks.

"Forget him?" An ineffable smile overspreads Ada's face, and the old, wistful look returns to her eyes as she exclaims, fervently, "Never! If I cannot have his dear old self, his portrait shall never leave me. It isn't half as handsome as he is; but Maggie says it's exactly like him."

To Eloise this appears strange language from a girl who has been separated from her lover.

It puzzles her, and sets her thinking.

Maggie meets them at the door of the parsonage.

"Oh, Ada," she cries, "such news! Papa has decided to take us to Courtlandt Cliffs to-morrow. What do you think of that?"

Ada does not give utterance to her thoughts, but she kisses her sister, and her face beams with satisfaction. She expatiates upon the goodness of Mrs. Carados in attending to the poor, suffering man, and a little while after Mr. Gaythorne is dilating enthusiastically upon the subject of his wife.

Eloise has succeeded in finding her way to the hearts of this little household. They all like and trust her.

In the morning they receive a telegram from Mr. Tomkins, to the effect that Ralph Courtlandt has had a relapse, and begging them to postpone their visit. Three weeks pass before they receive any intimation of his recovery. Meanwhile Eloise is unable to glean any information of her husband—neither Ada nor Maggie can be induced to speak about their brother. She receives another letter from Van Buren, which darkly hints at a coming change in the management of the bank, and with this exception the time slips by without incident.

CHAPTER XXI.

"D'YE THINK YOU'RE GOING TO SWIM IF I SINK?"

LET us now return to Englewood and see what Mr. Tomkins is doing; or, rather, what he had already done.

Not satisfied with arranging for a family acknowledgment of Leonie, Tomkins had prepared a will for the old man to sign.

By this will he was to leave Leonie the whole of his wealth, with the exception of a thousand dollars a year for

THE WOODLAND MUSES.— FROM A PAINTING BY KAULBACH.

each of his nieces. This Mr. Tomkins had done entirely on his own responsibility; but he made no question that Ralph would sign it. Everything must be straightforward and regular, he considered. The will must be signed and witnessed by an undeniable witness, and there must be no doubt as to Ralph's sanity.

Hence the irritating and untoward delay that occurred.

To add to their other annoyances, they had run almost out of money.

So far, Leonie had paid the expenses of the three, but she was coming to the end of her resources, and if Ralph did not recover soon, their position would become exceedingly uncomfortable. They had expected to have found a home at Courtlandt Cliffs; as it was, its owner flatly refused to return to his habitation, and so the whole of them, during the weary waiting, staid at the Raven Hotel, Englewood.

The doctor's view proved a correct one; after a few days Ralph was once more himself. Strange yet in his manner, and fierce in his love for his newly-found daughter, he followed her about with a curious sort of savage satisfaction, and watched hungrily her every movement. It was love, certainly, but so ravenous that he appeared often more like a tiger warily guarding his prey than a father shielding his child.

With this exception there was nothing peculiar in his manner.

At this time, just after Tomkins had written to the old man's friends requesting their presence—at the moment when the prize seemed to be within their grasp—almost utter defeat followed from a totally unexpected quarter.

Mr. Edmund Sinclair, an artist, who had been staying at the Raven, denounced them to Ralph as a set of swindlers. He rehearsed the conversation he had overheard, and implored the old man not to be imposed upon.

It will be remembered that Dick knew nothing of the interview between D'Albo and the Empress of the Air; he was, during its progress at Courtlandt Cliffs, breaking the news of the discovery of Ralph's child.

The revelation startled him; he saw now that the characters he had to deal with were unscrupulous as well as dangerous. D'Albo and Leonie asseverated with considerable vehemence the untruthfulness of the artist's assertions. His tale was not a very probable one, and Ralph was loath to have his dream so quickly and so rudely destroyed. Still he hesitated.

A feather would have turned the balance—indeed, they were within an ace of being repudiated. Chance, however, saves them.

"Who are you?" Ralph asks of the artist, "that take so marked an interest in my concerns? What right have you to listen at keyholes and watch so carefully my interests?"

Edmund Sinclair replies, hotly enough:

"It is, *I* am taught, every honest man's duty to fight knavery. If you want any other right, let me tell you I love your niece."

"You love his wealth," snarls D'Albo.

"*Mon Dieu!* my friend, my faithful D'Albo speaks truth," Leonie sneers.

"Hah!" comes from Ralph, as this view of the matter is suggested.

Leonie seizes her opportunity. She falls upon her knees, and taking the locket from her neck, holds it before Courtlandt's eyes.

"Let," she cries, her voice boken with emotion—"let my dead mother plead for her injured daughter. Let this locket, like a voice from the grave, save the innocent and confuse the reviler."

Ralph seizes her in his arms and kisses her passionately.

"You are my own dear Marian's child—you are in very truth," he softly murmurs.

It is cleverly done.

Leonie's instincts are essentially dramatic. With rare judgment she has struck the right chord. The speech, the action, and the emotion produce the desired effect, when argument, proof, or fact might have failed.

Mr. Tomkins craves the honor of showing Mr. Edmund Sinclair the door. D'Albo swears at him, declaring he had before now shot a man for less, and Ralph stands gazing into Leonie's eyes.

So far, this is highly satisfactory to their schemes. But, alas! excitement has once more destroyed the intellect of old Mr. Courtlandt.

Again came the weary, worrying waiting.

Many times Leonie declares her intention of leaving the "hole" and the "old idiot," and resuming her former life. The solicitations of Dick, and her own desire to secure the wealth which she might, without doubt, make her own, prompts her, however, to remain.

The account of the interview overheard by Edmund Sinclair has made Tomkins uneasy. However, he has gone too far to retreat, and he has too large a stake in the success of their plans to entertain for a moment any idea of abandoning the undertaking.

At length reason again dawns upon Ralph Courtlandt, and they wait with much anxiety the arrival of the Gaythornes and the signature of the will.

"After that," says Mr. Tomkins, "let him go mad as he likes. That thousand a year each for the girls is a nice windfall, and, I guess, clergymen ain't the sort to make a muss when things are reasonable."

"I don't see any use," grumbles D'Albo, "in beating about the bush like this. The old fool, blank him, has recognized her, and what more do you want? If I'd had a voice in the matter, I should have touched some money long before this."

"Don't you be impatient, 'cull,'" replies Dick. "If we'd got hold of him secretly and obtained money from him on the quiet, not a doubt in the world his friends would have been suspicious, and all sorts of difficulties would have been put in our way. But if we call his relations together and do everything open and public; if we behave as honest men, and we are honest"—Tomkins draws himself up proudly—"we are honest," he reiterates, "who shall say us 'nay'? Miss Courtlandt, amid the acclamations of her relations, will assume her proper position in society; and we, my friend—you and I, 'cull'—will reap our reward. Dost like the picture?"

"If I'd picked you up when you were a young un," says D'Albo, reflectively, "I should have been worth my weight in gold. You're a fortune to any one. Supposing there were one or two sharp lawyers in the family—how about calling his relations together then? It strikes me you'd work in secret under those circumstances. What's the good of you attempting to make me believe that you are so confounded honest? It's a cursed fine farce, ain't it, bringing an old parson and two young girls to acknowledge her, and then talking to me of publicity and honesty. It's buncombe enough for greenhorns, but not for me, my boy. It won't work, I tell you. Blood and fire! d'ye think I've lived all these years to be humbugged by you? Bah!"

D'Albo is a gentleman of a very uncertain temper, and day by day, as disappointment succeeds disappointment, he grows more sullen and more bitter. The frequent sight of Courtlandt infuriates him. It enrages him, as a well-protected lamb exasperates a starving jackal. Unable

to reach the object of his passion, his venom is scattered indiscriminately upon those around him.

"Supposing," he continues, maliciously, "some one, when those precious relations *do* come, was to say she wasn't the right girl at all?"

"But we know that she is the girl," returns Dick, in a coaxing tone.

"Supposing," continues the gypsy, "some one was to prove it?"

"Then," observes the lawyer's clerk, firmly, "some one in this room would stand a good chance of finding himself within four walls, on a charge of conspiracy."

"Two people, you mean," hissed D'Albo. "D'ye think you're going to swim if I sink?"

"Pardon me," Dick sententiously observes. "Pardon me; I have entered this business with the cleanest hands. I believe honestly and truly that the woman is what she represents herself to be. No, sir; I may be a dupe—a dupe, sir—but not a confederate."

"You lie!" the gypsy returns, scornfully. "Fiends and torments! must I listen to him? Hear me, and humbug me no longer. She is not his child; nothing can make her his child; and hear this: as long as you live you're both in my power. A word from me, and her wealth vanishes. Ha! ha! ha! you thought to be rid of me when this was over, didn't you? There'll be an end of him, you thought—my heart and eyes, you do not know D'Albo, the gypsy. Call that cursed boy; he must lead me to the sands——"

"And you will return in time?" Dick falters.

"Ah, you will be then even a confederate, eh?" the villain sneers. "Oh, yes, I will return. D'Albo to-day takes his time, but I will come back, and if I am long you must await my coming. Jake!" he yells, "Jake!—where is the whelp?—bring brandy, and take me to the sands. Tortures on them who robbed me of my eyes!"

CHAPTER XXII.

"A PRESENTIMENT OF COMING EVIL."

HE Jake that D'Albo yells for in the concluding paragraph of the preceding chapter is a lad employed to take the gypsy about the country. Nothing pleases the man more, when he feels remorse, and his countless injuries rankle in his breast, than a walk to the desolate sands.

With a bottle of brandy by his side he would sit there for hours listening to the moaning of the ocean. He talked much to himself, the boy said, and he swore horribly.

"It's a nice thing," sighs Mr. Tomkins, "to be in the power of a scoundrel like that, ain't it? It's not the proper caper, nor is he the genuine article. It's dangerous work, and I sha'n't be sorry when it's over. One thing," he argues, endeavoring to soothe his conscience, "we're not doing anybody harm, even if she isn't his daughter. On the contrary, we're giving the old gentleman a good deal of joy. Anyhow, directly this matter is settled, I shall leave 'em. She'll pay me my money right enough, and then I'll go clean away and look after my own affairs."

Truth to tell, our friend Dick has grown sick of the varying humors of Leonie and the malignity of the gypsy. He sighs now for peace and his own mode of life.

"And I've enough to occupy me in that direction," he continues, "once I've made the future secure. I will then find Ann and make her happy. Poor, dear Ann," he murmurs, the tears starting into his eyes—"poor, dear, old Ann, I have not forgotten you. You shall be revenged, my darling—your injuries shall be atoned for. Gaythorne and his wicked wife shall swing, my love—they shall swing. Who would have thought that she was capable of murder? If I'd married her she might have settled *me*."

At this moment Leonie enters, and cuts short his reflections. She has evidently taken considerable pains with her toilet; her face is flushed, and she is excited.

"How do I look?" she asks; "worthy of my father, eh?"

"Charming," Dick replies, with genuine admiration.

She is dressed very quietly, and being herself a big, showy woman, the style suits her well enough.

"It used to take much," she says, communingly, "to make my heart beat, but it beats now very fiercely. As we near the hour of triumph I grow hot and cold by turns. No more worry and bother after to-day, my Richard. Within the hour the Gaythornes will be here; to-morrow we will start for Europe—away from this miserable place. We have won the stake, Richard, and I am not going to desert you—you shall come with *us*."

Dick does not think it worth while just now to enlighten her as to his future plans.

"We must never part, my brave Richard," she goes on. "You have been a good boy, and I shall never forget you. How parched I am! Get me some——no, I will drink water. See, there is papa"—they both start involuntarily; the word seems so strange from her lips—"going out. Run, Richard, and ask him where he is going to."

Tomkins returns with Ralph.

"I am only going to get a little air," the old man says, kissing the woman's forehead; "the place stifles me—only a little air—that is all."

"There is a curious look in his eye," whispers Leonie. "You had better follow him. But no, he's all right now, and I cannot be left alone."

There is likewise another person in the little hotel, looking anxiously forward to the arrival of the Miss Gaythornes. It is our artist friend, Edmund Sinclair.

"If they come alone," he soliloquizes, rapidly pacing his room—in the centre of the apartment, facing the door, stands upon an easel a painting; this is covered by a piece of white silk—"if they come alone I cannot resist the temptation of once more embracing her. The vow that keeps us apart is a cruel one—a wicked one. Still, for her dear sake, I dare not break it. Would she forgive me? I will not risk her anger. No; she shall not say that when she was brave and true I could not keep my solemn word. Still, if they come alone, it will be very bitter not to speak one word. Well, this shall decide"—looking at the picture—"if she asks for me. I pray to heaven that she may!"

He rings the bell and has a confidential chat with the chambermaid.

"If the Miss Gaythornes come *alone*," he says, "show them into this room *first*; but if they are accompanied by a gentleman, they will go to the one occupied by the other people. You understand?"

She does not quite understand until a two-dollar bill changes ownership, and then a smile of intelligence lights up her ruddy face. As she leaves the room, the dark young artist removes the covering from the picture. He lights a cigar and strolls through the little town.

* * * * * * *

"They are late," Leonie petulantly exclaims. She has

impatiently looked at her watch six times during the last half hour. "Courtlandt not returned, either! Heavens! There can be no miscarriage this time. *Mon Dieu!* I have seen and been much in my small life, but my heart to-day is in my mouth. I am on fire—it would kill me to fail."

"We shall not fail," Tomkins exultingly retorts.

As the time draws near to the final act of this strange drama he grows intensely anxious and excited.

"We are right now," he continues. "I dare say Mr. Courtlandt has wandered on to meet his nieces."

He opens the window and looks out.

"Here they are!" he cries, joyously. "Here they are!"

"Their father is not with them," Leonie answers, "and papa I do not see—a presentiment of coming evil——"

"Nonsense!" declares Dick. "This is the hour of triumph. Our labor is finished."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"WHEN THEY UNDERSTAND HIS TALE THEIR WORST FOREBODINGS ARE CONFIRMED."

THERE are some very wild spots about Englewood; especially wild are the tall, jagged cliffs that overlook the moaning sea.

Old Ralph usually takes his solitary walks along the cliffs, as being more in consonance with his feelings.

D'Albo prefers the sands, to be alone with his moody thoughts and indulge in his favorite pastime of cursing and drinking. The gypsy, having Jake to guide him, might prefer the cliffs, also, but there he may meet some of the Englewood people, or mayhap some of his own wandering kind.

D'Albo wants to meet neither.

This morning the gypsy is in an execrable humor. As he walks in the direction of the sea, he raves and storms at Tomkins until the lad who guides him is terror-stricken at his words.

"Yes," continues D'Albo, after he has given vent to some frightful oaths, "that precious scoundrel Dick thinks I am an idiot like himself. He thinks to fool D'Albo, the gypsy, about his honesty and all his other cursed nonsense. But we'll see. Ha, ha! We'll see. Jake, you thief, where's that bottle? Quick, the bottle—d'ye hear me, young ruffian?"

Jake does hear him, but the lad is so frightened at the awful string of curses, which come like a torrent from the gypsy's lips, that he seriously meditates taking to his heels and leaving D'Albo to get back to the Raven as best he can.

"The bottle—the bottle, beggar's brat!" the gypsy reiterates, savagely. "Curse you! do you want my throat to be like a furnace? Blank you, give me the liquor!"

The lad, thoroughly terrified, changes his mind about running away, and with a trembling hand passes D'Albo the brandy-bottle.

"That's something like it," the gypsy says, in mollified tones, as he takes a deep draught of the liquor. "There's nothing like brandy to give a man life. D'ye hear, Jake?—d'ye hear, young scoundrel?"

"Yes, sir," is the trembling response.

"And when you grow old and become blind like me—may Heaven's curse light on the fiends who deprived me of sight!—you'll find it the only consolation to live for, except—*revenge!*" the gypsy growls out, breaking once more into one of his frightful fits of cursing.

D'Albo keeps up an indistinct muttering now as they approach the sea. He has various pulls at the brandy-bottle, which seems to be the only thing to appease his execrable temper. He inquires gruffly of Jake, once or twice, if there are any people in sight. The boy replies in the negative; and then he throws himself upon the sands and resumes his mutterings.

Presently he again addresses the boy.

"Do you see any one, Jake?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is it?"

"Mr. Sinclair, the artist."

"Oh!" and D'Albo again subsides into silence, and has recourse to the brandy-bottle.

"He is coming this way, sir," Jake says, after a while, as he sees Edmund Sinclair approaching them.

"Curse him! what does he want here?" the gypsy growls out. "Is he coming to torture me? Tell him to go to Tomkins, Jake—to Tomkins—accursed be the whole of them!"

Edmund Sinclair has no intention, however, to come in the way of D'Albo. He sees the reclining gypsy and his guide, and, turning to the right, passes on in the direction of the cliffs.

"He is not coming here, sir," the boy says, as he observes the movement; "he's going on to the rocks."

"Well, let him go; who wants him? The fool thought of getting Courtlandt's money by marrying old Gaythorne's daughter. But we foiled him in that, Jake; he'll never get a cent of it."

For a time D'Albo sits silently listening to the murmur of the waves; they appear to soothe his savage spirit. But as the contents of the bottle give out, the old unrest of his nature returns, and, rising from the sands, he demands to be led along the cliffs.

"D'ye hear, Jake? I must follow that scoundrel artist. I would have a word with him."

This is a sudden, unexpected thought of the gypsy's; but then he is a man of strange freaks and unaccountable impulses.

The boy, without a word, rises from the sands where he has been sitting, and leads D'Albo in the direction taken by Edmund Sinclair.

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Mr. Tomkins's declaration that the "hour of triumph" had come, as transcribed in the preceding chapter, was doomed to be, as Leonie expressed it, "a presentiment of coming evil."

Ada and Maggie Gaythorne had, indeed, arrived alone. At the last moment their father had been seized with illness; slight in itself, but sufficient to prevent a man of his years from journeying far.

The two girls jump lightly out of the shabby carriage that conveyed them from the depot. The chambermaid meets them at the door of the little hotel, and inquring whether they are the Miss Gaythornes, and receiving an affirmative response, conducts them to the apartment occupied by Edmund Sinclair.

As they enter Edmund's studio Ada sees before her her own figure, glowing in the richest color. She falls on her knees in front of the picture, and burying her face in her hands, sobs:

"My love! oh, my love!"

Dick Tomkins, nervous and fussy, has followed them.

"Pardon me, young ladies," he says, in a tone of apology; "my name is Tomkins. I wrote to your reverend and worthy papa, and—and—you'll pardon me, ladies, but you are in the wrong room. Your—your cousin is here, good young ladies, if you will follow me."

Ada rises in some confusion, and the two follow Dick to the room wherein Leonie is so impatiently awaiting them.

Now Leonie had arranged in her own mind a pretty little scene for the benefit of her uncle and her cousins. There was to be a strong emotional display, and she was to fall upon the necks of the two girls and kiss them. It might be well to treat the old clergyman to a similar demonstration; upon this point she would decide when she had seen what manner of man he was.

For some reason or other, when Ada and Maggie enter the room, her histrionic capabilities desert her; she salutes them awkwardly, and seems rather ill at ease than otherwise. Certainly she has never seen before such clear, beautiful, guileless faces. Theirs is a beauty with which she is totally unacquainted—the beauty of perfect peace and perfect health and perfect innocence. To her, accustomed to the meretricious charms of circus-riders and bold women, it seems the beauty of angels.

She herself is well formed; her face, she knows, is handsome, and these two girls are pygmies beside her; still she feels mean, disreputable and abashed.

The most abandoned women have been cowed by the gaze of an innocent girl. It is, therefore, not strange that the effect upon Leonie has been so marked. She has met men of all characters—of ladies, properly so called, she knows nothing.

Maggie and Ada are also slightly embarrassed—they had expected to find a young, timid girl. Leonie is not old, but her manner and her build give her an appearance (and in no way can she divest herself of it) of a thorough woman of the world. They shake hands, and, after a few commonplaces, a distressing silence ensues.

"Will our uncle be long before he comes?" at length asks Ada.

"I hope not," Leonie answers—"he should be here now. Mr. Tomkins has gone to see if he can find him."

"You have been separated from your papa for many years," observes Maggie. "It must have made you very sad."

"Very, mademoiselle."

"Were you far away when you heard from him?"

"I was at—at Paris," hesitatingly.

"At school, I suppose?"

"Yes; I was schooled in Paris, I was schooled in Berlin, I was schooled in Madrid."

"You are quite a traveler, then?"

"Quite."

"You know we have never seen our uncle; isn't it strange?" says Maggie.

"Yes, very—very strange. But your father?—has he not come!"

"He could not; in fact, he is very ill," is Maggie's reply. "But I have a letter for my uncle from him."

At that moment Dick Tomkins enters the room.

"I can see no sign of him," he declares, in an alarmed tone; "I cannot think what's keeping him." Then turning to the sisters: "Pardon me, young ladies; what can I get for you; something after your journey?"

"A glass of water, please," from Ada.

"Now come, come," says Mr. Tomkins. "I——"

"I never drink anything else," is the quiet rejoinder of Miss Gaythorne.

"*Mon Dieu!*" comes involuntarily from Leonie's lips.

"You'll think that I am very vulgar," laughs Maggie, "but I like beer—lager—and not more than half a glass, please."

"They are confoundedly good-looking girls," says Mr. Tomkins to himself, as he again goes in search of Ralph; "but they're scarcely the proper caper for a man to introduce into society. They'd never do for heavy swells and the genuine article; never."

Dick is some little time away, and for the second time he returns without the owner of Courtlandt Cliffs.

The two girls have taken some refreshment, and now wait with anxiety the appearance of their uncle.

Leonie is much perturbed; there is a dead weight at her heart; she feels that some terrible calamity is about to befall her.

She regards Tomkins in dismay as he enters alone.

"Have you not found him?" she inquires, in a low tone.

"No," he returns, gravely; "no one appears to have noticed the way he went. I don't know what to do," he continues, "or which way to look for him. It is very curious. He has never been away so long before."

Ada and Maggie catch the prevailing feeling of alarm. They look at each other uneasily.

"You don't think," the latter timidly suggests, after a time, "that he has had a relapse, do you? And—done—something—awful?"

This is just what they do think, but neither Tomkins nor the woman dares breathe their fear. The question evokes no response, and they sit racked by suspense, listening eagerly to the slightest sound; Leonie tapping her foot nervously, Dick seeking through the ceiling a vast number of possible contingencies; the two Miss Gaythornes filled with a vague apprehension.

At last the terrible monotony is broken by the appearance of the lad Jake.

The boy is very pale, and so frightened that it is some time before he can relate his news with any sort of coherence.

When they understand his tale their worst forebodings are confirmed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"NOW, THAT I KNOW YOUR SECRET, HOW I PITY YOU!"

IT will be remembered that Jake had guided D'Albo, the gypsy, in the direction supposed to be taken by Edmund Sinclair; and the following is substantially his account of what subsequently led to a dreadful tragedy.

Searching around for the artist, Jake saw for the first time that Ralph Courtlandt was following them. Perceiving that he was noticed, the owner of Courtlandt Cliffs motioned Jake to preserve silence, and the lad, of course, obeyed.

Rising out of the sand, and under the shelter of the cliffs, was a square piece of rock, easily ascended, and sandy at the summit. Here they directed their steps; Ralph followed, and, taking his place in front of the Zingari, looked, Jake declared, very fiercely at the gypsy for a long time without speaking. His look and manner terrified the boy, but he was helpless, and he dared not speak.

At length the boss, as he termed Ralph, spoke. He called the gypsy a villain, and said that he had followed him to punish him for his treachery. D'Albo replied with equal ferocity, and there followed loud and passionate recriminations—language which for bloodthirstiness the boy had never before heard, even from the gypsy in his most ferocious moments. The tide, meantime, had steadily risen. Jake implored them to leave, and, to strengthen his argument, he pointed to the encroaching waters. They, however, did not heed him; indeed, he said, they did not seem to realize either his presence or their own danger, but sprang upon each other like wild beasts and battled furiously.

Unable alone to separate them or to drag them from their peril, and knowing that the advancing waves would soon encompass and then overflow the rock Jake, rushed wildly to obtain assistance. He turned his head once and saw that one of them held a dagger in his hand; it sparkled, he said, in the sun; but he could not distinguish the possessor of it.

This account Jake gives amidst great excitement.

Not a moment is to be lost now.

Leonie and Tomkins, led by the boy, start immediately for the spot.

"You had better remain," Dick suggests to Ada. "You can be of no earthly assistance, and God only knows what fearful sight may be in store for us."

Anything is better than the suspense, however, and impelled by an irresistible impulse, the two girls follow the little party, which is now joined by the landlord of the Raven and two men bearing ropes.

The tide is already up, and to reach their destination across the sandy expanse is out of the question. The rocky eminence is hid from their view by a projection of cliff.

"Quick!" cries the landlord, excitedly. "He stands high"—referring to the rock—"and the sea's not over him yet. Quick! The Courtlandt Cliffs, for your lives. Ve can reach them from the overhanging rocks.

Back they rush, and up the pleasant, mossy ascent, with terror at their hearts, they scamper breathlessly.

Leonie is the first to reach the edge of the precipice. She is the first, too, to look at the two forms so many feet beneath her. She does not shriek, nor cry, nor faint—she stares with her eyes fixed—with the gaze of one turned suddenly to stone.

On the rock, with an evil look upon their faces, and a crimson stream running from each, and coloring the surrounding water, lay D'Albo and Ralph.

As she looks, the insidious waves lick and fondle their prey. Gently at first they touch them, and tenderly they kiss their cheeks; then with a sudden roar they seize their spoil and ruthlessly dash the lifeless bodies against the hard, rough rocks.

A shriek of anguish rends the air. They turn, to see Rebecca—Ralph's old servant—her eyes wild, her dress disordered, and her matted hair floating in the breeze. With her arms extended, and a weird cry echoing and re-echoing over the incoming waters, she looks like some spirit of evil.

"'Tis Courtlandt," she screams, wildly; "'tis Courtlandt—the last of his house! Woe, woe, woe is me!"

At that instant Ada faints, and falls into the arms of Edmund Sinclair, who suddenly and unexpectedly appears upon the scene.

As the little group upon the rock stand spellbound, a cloud obscures the sun, and the wind rises. Long before boat and men can proceed—before, indeed, any effort can be made to secure the bodies, there comes a deluge of rain, then the fierce tempest, ending in a heavy, tumultuous sea.

When the wind was still and the sea calm, the boatmen did not care to venture amongst the jagged projections, and now that the waves rise high, and the hurricane gathers force, not one will volunteer to bring the bodies of Ralph Courtland and D'Albo, the gypsy, to the shore.

"No good," they coolly reply, "to throw away live bodies for dead ones."

No one, however, urges them to the task. No one's heart is the heavier for the death of these two men; not one of the spectators cares whether sea or churchyard holds those shattered frames. They have gone, and not a soul is left to mourn their going. Yes, one; one feeble old woman, who moans and shrieks and wrings her hands—'tis Rebecca.

In the morning the body of D'Albo is found dry upon the sand. It is cut and disfigured and battered almost beyond recognition. Ralph Courtlandt's is never seen again; whither it has been washed, no man can tell.

But the manner of Courtlandt's death, and the disappearance of the body so thoroughly accords with the odd notions of the man, that the majority of the inhabitants of Englewood seem rather gratified than otherwise to see their prognostications realized.

"I told you he would come to no good," said one.

"A bad life and a bad ending," chimed in another.

"They may look and they may look," declared another, exultingly, "but the devil loves his own too well to let them stay long in the water."

When Ada opens her eyes and sees the face she so dearly loves bending over her, she turns very pale, and trembles. She does not repulse Sinclair when he kisses her. They stand a little away from the others, and speak earnestly together. Maggie, in half wonder and half alarm, watches them furtively.

Leonie at length rouses herself. She considers that she has a duty to perform.

"Come, Miss Gaythorne," she says, with scarce a tremor in her tones, "this is no place for you. Let me offer you the hospitalities of Courtlandt Cliffs, such as it is," eying Rebecca with no small favor. "Though the master be gone, the mistress will not forget her duty."

"You'll never enter Courtlandt Cliffs again, ye foul witch. You and your limbs will find no foothold there. Now you've got the body, must you needs have the trappings as well? Satan smother me if you do—so now!" vociferates Rebecca, furiously.

"Who will dare stay the daughter of that dead man from entering her home?" cries Leonie, fiercely.

"No one," Sinclair rejoins, leaving Ada, and stepping forward, "when she comes. But I, for one, will use my utmost to keep you and your creatures from touching one cent of his money. You're an adventuress—an adventuress of the worst kind.

"Hush, hush!" remonstrates Ada. "You must not use such language now."

"Let him say on. Do you know," she cries, turning on him furiously, her face crimson with rage, "man, as you call yourself, I could take you in my arms and break you upon that rock? But I will not touch you. The man who listens at keyholes and threatens a woman before the dead body of her father is a mean, pitiful, dirty hound. Come, Richard, we will leave these brutes—these savages."

She hastily packs up her trunk, and, in company with Mr. Tomkins, takes the first train for New York.

"Bravely spoken, my noble boy," exclaims Rebecca, regarding with much favor the dark face of the young artist. "You shall come to Courtlandt Cliffs, you and your pretty lady."

The two girls and Edmund Sinclair follow the ancient crone to the massive and weather-beaten old house that is now ownerless.

They remain some time. As they leave, Maggie kisses her sister, and says, in a tremulous voice:

"Now, darling, that I know your secret—oh, how I pity you!"

(To be continued.)

CHARITY is greater than faith, as the fruit is greater than the blossoms of the bud; but without bud or blossom there can be no fruit.

ARBUTUS.

By Hilda.

I wonder why
So rare a flower should choose to bloom and die
By these old graves where coldest shadows lie?

I find it here
When all the fields are white and woods are sere
The earliest, sweetest, brightest every year.

It clutches around
Two ancient headstones of a sunken mound,
Its blushing face close pressed against the ground.

The headstones tell
Of lovers here. He served his country well.
She died the same day he in battle fell.

And gossips say
They kept the secret of their love alway,
And dared not tell it to their dying day.

A century
Has passed since then; and now a stately tree
Springs from his grave, and moans unceasingly.

And from below
Out of her dust these brightest blossoms grow—
A type of the sweet maid of long ago.

Sure it may be
When the arbutus blooms, this stately tree
Feels at its heart some far, dim memory

Of old-time pain—
Some joyful sense that love is near again;
And listens while he sings his sad refrain.

And so each Spring,
Thrilled with remembrance that his love-songs bring,
The arbutus breaks her heart in blossoming.

THE LAST CITATION.

An Old Lawyer's Story.

I was seated before the fire in my rooms at the American House, in Boston (writes an old lawyer), examining with some interest a lot of old papers, some of them extending over a period of a quarter of a century, when my eyes and hand were suddenly arrested by a boyish indorsement I had at some time made upon the back of a document I had just taken up.

The indorsement was, "The Last Citation," and the document itself was a summons, couched in the customary phraseology, to a certain reluctant witness, who had never been found, in a world-famous murder-trial.

To that trial, and its attending circumstances, my mind instantly reverted.

But not for long.

I was interrupted by a knock at the door, and the appearance of one of the servants, who stated that there was a man in the passage who desired to speak to me, and who had entreated and insisted in so urgent a manner, that he had taken the liberty of bringing him up.

The surprise I felt—for the hour was late, and everything about the house still—I did not express; but surmising the possibility of its being some old client from the country, unaware of my recent retirement from business, I pushed the papers on my table aside, and gave orders for the stranger's admission—for a stranger I discovered he was the moment he entered.

A tall, stout man, with a long, wiry beard concealing most of his features, the portion of his face visible being tanned to a swarthy hue, and his whole appearance bearing an impress of that rough usage which more or less stamps the cosmopolitan of the lower class.

My hasty survey of my visitor, resulting in the conviction that he was unknown to me, had scarcely taken form, when I was disagreeably impressed by observing him step to the door the retiring servant had closed, and turn the key in the lock.

"I've no time to waste in words, your honor," he said, briefly, yet removing his hat respectfully, as he came toward me; "I merely wish to keep out intruders. I suppose there is no mistake—you are Lawyer Lincoln?"

"I am," I responded, as my right hand softly tightened its grasp on a pistol in my table-drawer, open enough for the purpose; "I am, sir; what is your business with me?"

"My business is to conduct you to the bedside of a dying man," he responded, abruptly—"a friend of mine, whose ship is outward bound on the only voyage he'll ever take! He won't die peacefully, he says, unless you come to him; he must see you!"

"For what? Is the man known to me?"

"If not, why should he send?" was the quick response. "At least, your honor is known to him; else why should I be here? He's a sailor, like myself, and has some great trouble on his mind about something he wants you to know; but who he is, or what he is, is more than I can tell. The name he goes by is not his own, he says, and what *that* is, he declares you will know as soon as you lay eyes upon him; but there is no time to lose, your honor! He believed himself dying when I left him, but swore he would live till I brought you. You must come at once!"

"*Must* is scarcely the word," I said, briefly reviewing the proposition.

My hand was already withdrawn from the pistol in the drawer, and whatever of uneasiness I had felt had vanished in the curiosity evoked.

My immediate action evinced my determination.

Rising, I exchanged my slippers for my boots; my fireside wrapper for an overcoat; wrote a single line on a slip of paper, and placed the pistol, which I managed to take unobserved from the drawer, in a side-pocket, convenient to my hand.

I then signified my readiness to accompany the stranger.

Passing down-stairs, through the long colonnaded office, I nodded and shook hands with a gentleman who accosted me, but without speaking, and hurriedly followed my guide into the narrow and deserted street.

He led the way through Elm Street to Dock Square, and thence down North and Ann, till we reached Fleet Street, where he paused for a single instant, and glanced hastily about him, as if to confirm his knowledge of the locality he sought; then, turning the corner, hurried down Fleet a short distance, until we reached a narrow alley, leading into a still narrower court.

Again pausing, for here the shadows lay thick and heavy, the man groped forward in the darkness, and at length stopped before the door of an old rickety wooden building.

"We are here at last," he muttered, with a long breath of satisfaction, giving, as he spoke, two peculiar and distinct raps on the door.

It swung inward noiselessly, and a flight of stone steps was revealed in the dim obscurity.

"You will have to unbend, your honor," again spoke my conductor; "and you had better give me hold of your hand in the descent."

Had there been time for a moment's reflection, it is not unlikely that I might have hesitated before proceeding further.

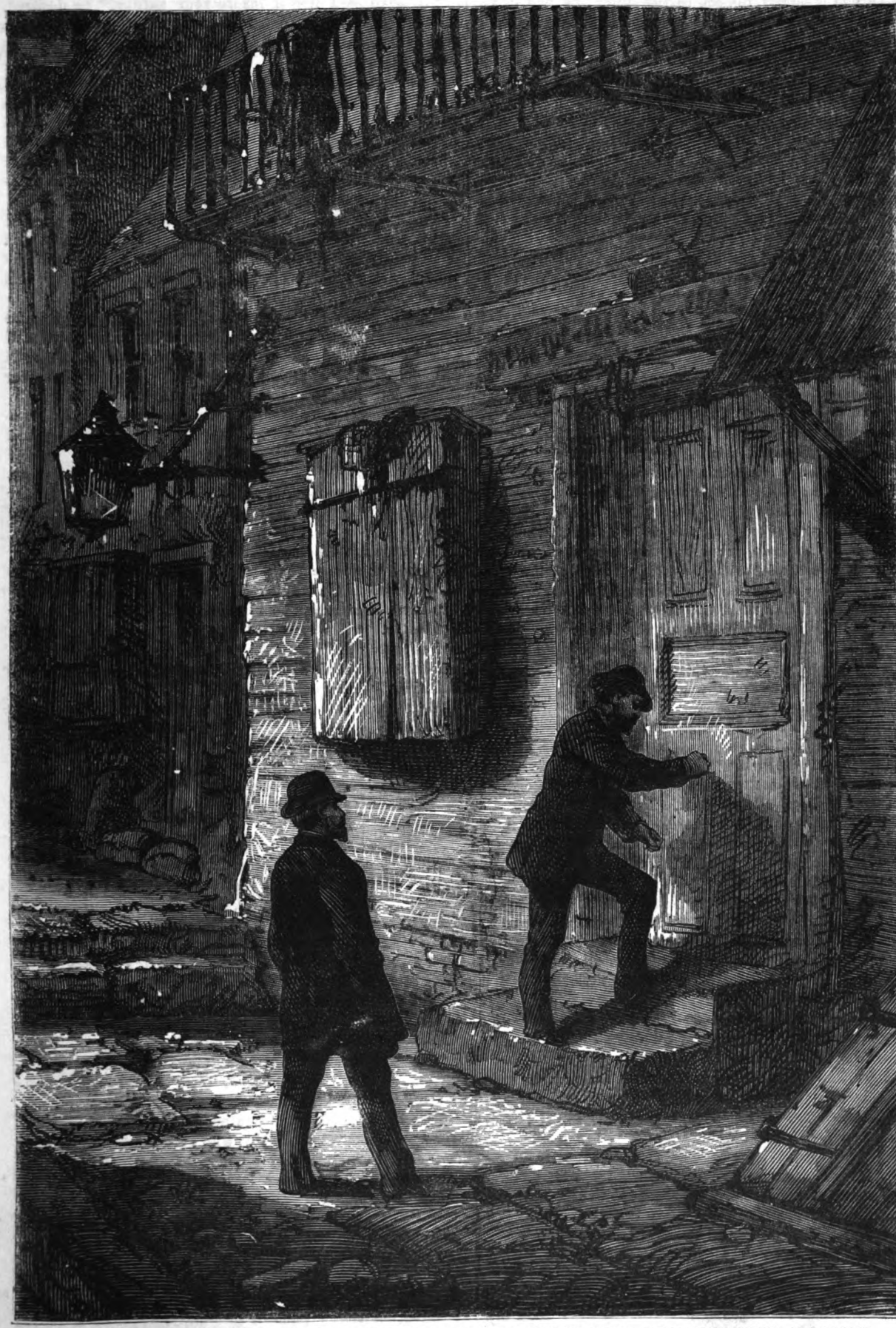
I knew that I was probably in a dangerous locality—possibly in the worst part of the city, but the knowledge brought no immediate thought of evil consequence.

Time, place and circumstance seemed for the moment lost sight of in the curiosity aroused in the summons to the bedside of a dying unknown.

In reply to the last suggestion of my guide, I placed my hand in his with an indication of cheerful confidence, as complete then as amazing to me since.

We descended the stair-steps, which were long and dripping with moisture, and found ourselves in a low square room, with a damp, brick floor, bare of furniture—unless a tallow candle, stuck in a broken bottle, on a three-legged stool, be worthy of the name. Without looking to the right or left, my conductor strode to a door in the wall opposite the steps, and gave three resonant raps.

THE GENIUS OF THE SNOW.



THE LAST CITATION.—"'WE ARE HERE AT LAST,' HE MUTTERED, WITH A LONG BREATH OF SATISFACTION, GIVING, AS HE SPOKE, TWO PECULIAR AND DISTINCT RAPS ON THE DOOR."— SEE PAGE 207.

It turned upon its hinges, as the outer one had done, and we found ourselves in a dim corridor of considerable length, lighted by a hanging lamp at the further end.

The floor of this passage was of wood, and, as my guide hurried forward without speaking, the silence was only broken by the reverberation of our footsteps.

At the opposite end we ascended three or four steps to a door, where my guide gave four of the peculiar raps, which seemed an established signal, and this door, like the others, immediately swung on its hinges.

As no doorkeeper had been or was visible, I was convinced that this action resulted from machinery secreted in the walls.

The room into which I was thus ushered was well lighted and moderately well furnished; a fire was burning in the grate, as if it had been recently occupied.

My guide paused, and, for the first time since leaving the hotel, faced me.

"Before we proceed further, sir," he said, in a tone noticeably different from that in which he had hitherto spoken—one implying command—"it will be necessary for you to be blindfolded!"

"For what purpose? Thus far I have followed you without thought or quesion of the result; I would still follow this strange adventure to the end, but I would as decidedly prefer to do so with my eyes open."

"That will be a simple impossibility under the circumstances," was the prompt response. "To reach the captain's room—the dying man who is waiting for you—we must first pass through the Assembly Room of the Fraternity, where no man is allowed to set foot unless he is a member. I mention this, but advise you not to attempt to understand the significance of the words. If I were disposed to admit you with your eyes open, it would avail nothing, for you would not be allowed to leave alive, unless you took the oath of the Band. Yield, then, to my guidance without delay.

"But suppose I refuse; what then?"

The man laughed—a laugh not pleasant to hear.

"How would you return?" he asked, impatiently.

I glanced about me for the door by which we had entered, in surprise at the question. I could see none.

Short sections of stained paneling extended from floor to ceiling around the entire room, effectually hiding the entrance, and I rightly judged that one might search for an hour without finding it.

Whatever the purpose for which I had been brought there, if other than the ostensible one, it was evident my safest course now was to go on; and, as this thought flashed through my mind, I felt my courage rising with the emergency. I was armed, and could at least sell my life dearly; I would not fall alone.

Something of this reasoning may have been reflected on my countenance—albeit not an open one at such a crisis—for my conductor said, decisively:

"Judge Lincoln, you have gone too far now to look back. Had harm been intended you by me, ere now you would have ceased to exist. I insure your safety; and, though you do not know me, I am a power here. But my directions must be obeyed. Otherwise your being here brings danger to me, and death to you. I have brought you at the request of the captain; and for no other, living or dead, would I have done as much. For his sake, who may be an old friend of yours; for mine, who would avoid trouble; and, more than all, for your own, put on this bandage at once."

I hesitated no longer, but signed assent.

He placed the bandage tightly over my eyes, took my hand again, and led me once or twice around the room.

"I have said that I insure your safety," he declared, "but it is solely with the proviso that you follow me without speaking, or attempting to remove the bandage. Have a care!"

I heard a sound like the click of a small spring, but I heard no door open, and yet I knew, from the slight rush of cold air, that one was opened. We commenced descending a flight of steps, the number of which I should judge to be fifty. On reaching the bottom, my conductor led me to the right, through a vaulted passage, as I inferred from the echoes of our footsteps.

Again that peculiar click of a concealed spring, and I felt a similar rush of air, but this time it was warm, and laden with the fumes of liquor and tobacco. At the same time I heard a babel of voices, and sounds of mirth and revelry.

My conductor spoke one word, which appeared to be the shibboleth of silence, for instantly every voice and sound was hushed, and we passed rapidly through what I judged to be a large hall, or cave-like apartment, under ground, and stopped before a door at the opposite end.

The turning of a key and the moving of a bolt announced an opening door, which shut noisily after we had passed, as if to give warning of approach.

A few paces further forward; then an ascent of steps, then a second passage, to the left, and we came to another door, upon the panel of which my conductor gave a low knock.

In response to the weak voice of a man bidding us enter, the door was instantly pushed open, and before I was fully aware of it, I was standing within the apartment.

"You can remove the bandage," said the voice of my conductor. "He is still alive, as he swore he would be, and expects you."

I did as directed, and turned to see the speaker, but he had already disappeared.

Slightly startled at his noiseless exit, I glanced hastily about me.

I was in a large, square room, poorly, almost scantily, furnished, with very little reference to order or comfort. A fire was burning at one side, which formed the only cheerful exception to the generally desolate appearance of the apartment.

A rude bed occupied the space opposite the grate, whereon lay the attenuated form of a man, so worn, wasted, and hollow-eyed, that it is doubtful if ever his dearest friend of other days, if he had had one, could have known him then.

His reported statement that I would know him at sight must have been erroneously based on his better knowledge of me. For his face was unknown to me.

If at any time I had ever met him, I was unable to recall the recollection.

He was evidently not surprised at this.

"It is useless for you to attempt to remember me, Judge Lincoln," he declared, after a moment's closer scrutiny of my face, for I had approached the bed—"quite useless. My features are unknown to you, whatever my lieutenant, Wingate, who brought you here, may have said to induce your coming. But I remember you very well; I have never lost sight of you. Time has changed you but little—so little that, as you see, I readily recognize you. But my moments are few, and I must to the business in hand. Fortunately, it is in such shape that many words are unnecessary. Let me talk while I can."

He had raised himself on one elbow, facing me, while speaking, and now paused, gaspingly, to take a potion from a glass, which he signed to me to hand him.

Relieved for the moment thereby, and repressing by a negative gesture whatever words of sympathy at his condition I might have uttered, he said, speaking hurriedly:

"Years ago a terrible crime was committed, the guilty perpetrators of which, with the exception of one, who was merely accessory after the fact, escaped conviction, and went unwhipped of justice. Their immunity from the penalty due an atrocious act was secured by the absence of a certain witness, who had been relied on by the prosecution to complete the chain of evidence. Without the testimony that last witness could have furnished, the theory of the prosecution was easily combated by the skillful counsel employed in the defense, and the prisoners were acquitted—acquitted, as I have said, when the evidence of the one witness would have surely convicted them!"

A glimmer of light, aided by the recollections evoked by that old indorsed paper I had that night examined, came to my mind.

"I see," continued the man, with a feeble negative gesture, as I was about to speak—"I see that you remember the trial well—it was you who had the preparation of the case, and it was you who made such an effort to hunt up and secure that witness so important to convict. I am that witness, as you already infer, whom you cited in vain. Why I did not appear it is useless now to state. If I was equally guilty with the others, or less so, and hopelessly compromised by my unforeseen connection with them, it matters nothing now. Think the last, if you choose. I have no time to waste in attempts at self-justification. I have sent for you to consummate an act of duty and justice toward the child of him who was so wantonly murdered. I say child—though in fact she is now (for the child was a girl) past twenty-five. Deprived of all the wealth justly belonging to her by those who deprived her parent of life, she has since struggled on in laborious poverty, while I, coward that I was, have been too afraid of the consequences resulting from possible exposure to make restitution. 'But death at last sets all things even.'"

He took from under his pillow a package of papers, and placed them in my hand.

"There," he said, "are all the necessary instructions to enable you to accomplish my purpose—that of restoring the alienated property to its rightful claimant, principal and interest. The address, the certificates of deposit in your name, for expenses, to enable you to proceed at once, are there. Do not hesitate to act, and to act promptly. As you once cited me before an earthly tribunal, so do I cite you, for this trust's faithful fulfillment, to a higher. Till then—till then——"

He paused in his speech, gasped once or twice, rallied again, faltered; his outstretched arm fell to his side; the earnest expression of his retributive purpose passed from his face; a hopeful longing centred there; his eyes fixed on vacancy, and he fell back—and was gone.

"Out of port at last," said a deep voice near me, so close that it caused me to start.

Quickly turning, I saw the one who had brought me to the place looking down with some little emotion, considerably gratified by an expression of apparent satisfaction at the prospect of probable promotion in the Fraternity, of which his departed friend had evidently been the chief.

"You have learned the purpose for which the captain sent for you," he questioned, indifferently, "and are ready to depart?"

I had previously placed the packet of letters in an inside pocket, and I signified my readiness.

"Then let there be no delay. Resume the bandage, and I will at once conduct you to the street."

And with the words, he assisted in tying the scarf over my eyes.

Taking my hand, he led the way from the apartment, passed through the ante-room, descended the short flight of steps, traversed the corridor, and stood in the large hall.

Half way across this, perhaps, we had proceeded in utter silence, save the muffled monotone of our footsteps reverberating from rude arches and pillars, when a cold hand, as if incased in a gauntlet of steel, grasped my disengaged wrist, while a deep voice hissed in my ear:

"Whatever you remember to-morrow of this night's visit here, forget it, straight! A word or hint coming from you, that endangers us, will seal your doom! The wretch who stands upon the gallows with the rope dangling above him would be surer of a longer life than you! Be cautious, then, and beware!"

The excitement and peril through which I had already passed had so far shaken my usually firm nerves that this sudden seizure and threatening voice surprised me into an act of dangerous folly and indiscretion.

I thrust back the hand which held mine, and, with the swiftness of thought, tore the scarf from my eyes.

As I dashed it to the floor, a terrific yell arose all about me, and half a dozen murderous-looking ruffians sprang toward me with flashing knives.

To strike right and left, to struggle with all availing strength against the fearful odds that encompassed me, was the impulse and action of the moment.

But before I could draw my pistol I received a stunning blow on the head, and sound and sight vanished away.

When next I awoke to consciousness, I was lying in my chamber in my own rooms.

How I came there I was at no loss to determine.

The observant reader will remember that I wrote a line before leaving my rooms. That line was to a young friend, explanatory of my going out, requesting search to be made for me if I failed to return in two hours.

I had placed this brief message, closely folded, in possession of the gentleman with whom I had shaken hands on my way out; he had delivered it, and, alarmed at its purport, immediate search had been made. To this fact, as I afterward ascertained, I undoubtedly owed my preservation; for immediate action enabled my friends to obtain a clew to the route taken as far as the small court, in which stood the old ruined building, and a mere accident had made known that as the house I had entered—a small comforter, identified as mine, being found on the door-sill.

Failing to obtain admittance, some delay necessarily occurred here, to procure requisite authority for forcing the entrance, and, while waiting, the rickety but strong door had been suddenly opened, and I had been thrust out insensible on to the pavement, the door immediately closing, and being followed a moment later by a muffled explosion within, that shook the solid earth outside.

The approach to the hall, as subsequently ascertained, had been blown up, and the steps and corridor by which I had entered choked and obliterated by the mass of stone and rubbish upheaved and fallen.

That there were other means of egress, however, was evident, and for these the police were searching.

This much I learned from the anxious friend who had hastened to my rescue, and I may add, in this place, that the search of the officials was in vain, no clew being obtained until long afterward, when the old buildings above this subterranean haunt were demolished, and the place found to be deserted.

The package of papers I had brought safely away, and with this much confirmed of the results of my nocturnal labors, I sat down after breakfast, in company with my friend—whose name was John Norton—to their thorough examination and perusal. We quickly found that a responsibility by no means light had devolved upon me.

I was to search out the daughter of the man so long ago murdered, establish her identity legally, and secure to her sole use and benefit the large sum of money due her, with the accrued interest of many years. And to the faithful fulfillment of this trust I was cited to a higher tribunal—that of heaven — in nearly the same words, and to me verbally, by the dead witness, in his last citation.

The authority given me to act was full and complete, the instructions clear and explicit, and the means placed at my disposal not only ample enough for the purpose proposed, but allowed a large margin for any unforeseen difficulties which might arise.

Setting resolutely at work to master the instructions, and calling to my aid my young friend Norton, we so expedited matters that in twenty-four hours thereafter we were on board an outward-bound steamer on our way to London.

Nothing occurred to mar the passage, save a two days' repetition of my usual experience of sea-voyages, in which an exasperatingly calm steward and warm, weak lemonade were in forced demand, and at the expiration of a fortnight we were safely moored in London.

But here a delay occurred.

We found the address of Miss White—the daughter of the murdered man—without much difficulty, somewhere about Shoreditch (I have forgotten the exact location), where she resided with a maiden aunt, of the same name, old and bedridden; the only other member of the family being a young errand-girl of the neighborhood, who came in the morning to her duties and went home every night.

On inquiry of this girl, who answered our call, I ascertained that Miss White, the younger, was absent, in attendance at the bedside of a sick friend, residing in one of the eastern districts, but exactly where the girl either could not or would not inform us.

"GIVE ME A KISS FIRST."

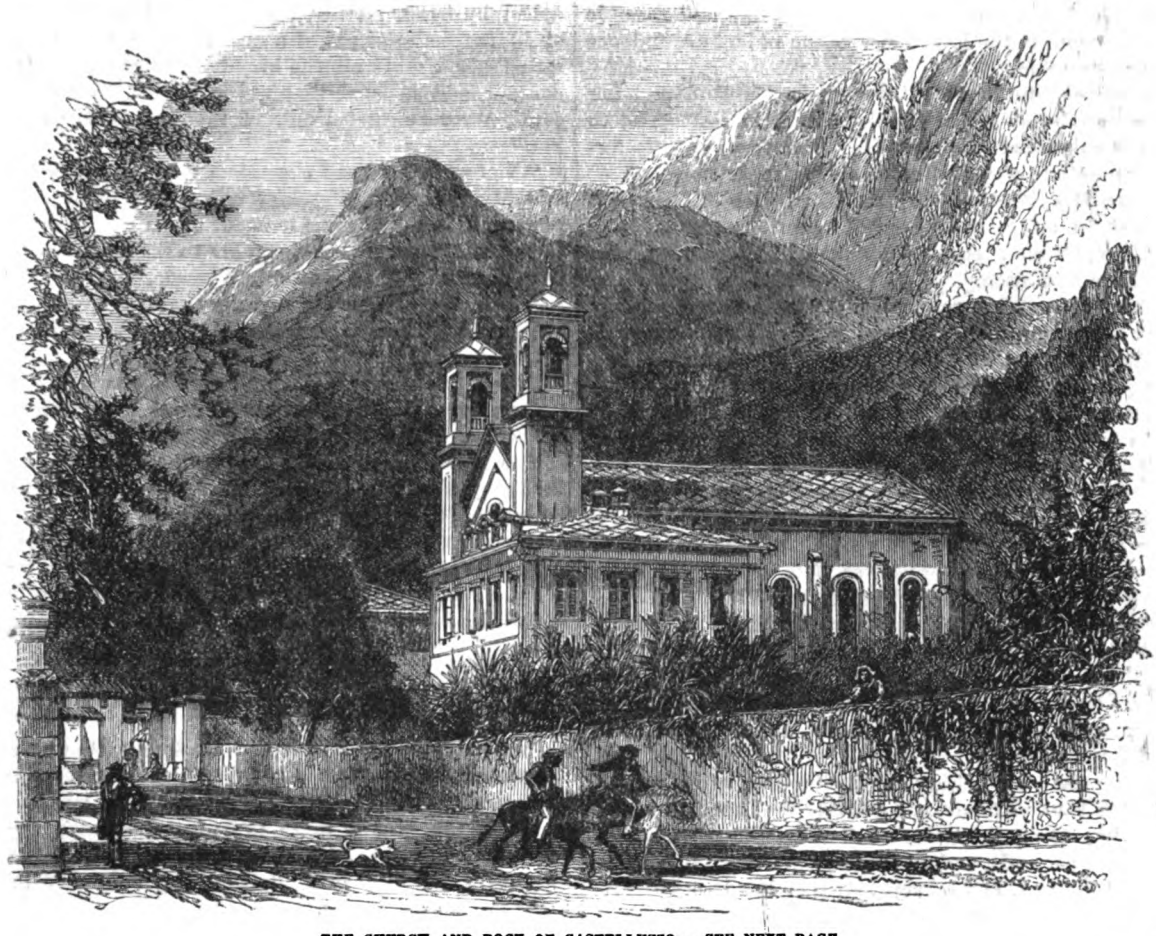
As to her return, it appeared somewhat uncertain, according to the same authority. She might be here within two days, and might not in a week.

I was about to ask to see the old lady, Miss White's aunt, with a view to giving her an inkling of my business, when a carriage drove up to the gate, and a man got out and came hurriedly up the steps.

He was attired in a suit of the latest fashion—just put on, as I judged by the gloss—which, notwithstanding its apparently unexceptionable make, appeared somewhat awkward and misplaced.

A heavy woolen scarf was bound around his neck, concealing the lower part of his face, of which I only caught a side-view, for, with a glance of recognition at the girl, he passed me and made his way into the house.

Assuming that he might be a physician on a visit to the aunt, or, at any rate, that his business was more urgent than mine, considering the absence of my principal, I reconsidered my previous intentions of seeing the invalid, and merely remarking that I would call again, came away.



THE CHURCH AND ROCK OF CASTELLUZZO.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

The moment we were out of earshot of the house, my friend Norton took me by the arm, and exclaimed:

"Did you notice that man, judge?"

I said, "Yes," with a look of interrogation.

"He knows us—or, at least, knows you."

I asked his reasons for so thinking.

"In the first place, he was disguised! Dressed like an exquisite, so far as clothes go; a face that, by its whiteness, had recently worn a beard; but a tough, hardy, hard-fisted man as ever sailed aboard ship. A sailor, if ever there was one! His rolling gait—his trick of lifting himself by the waistband, and the carriage of his hands, as if he held and was belaying a rope! Clearly a tar, and in disguise; may he not prove a Tartar?"

I complimented Norton on having used his eyes to some purpose, and confessed that I had also noticed something inconsistent about the man; but saw no reason for supposing that either my business there or my presence could be known to him.

"The reason is scarcely clear to me yet," responded my young friend. "But there was a something in his eye, or, rather, in his manner of avoiding yours, which was neither courteous nor honest. When do we call again?"

"The prospect of Miss White's immediate return is rather dubious, as you heard. I suppose it will be useless to call before the expiration of at least two days."

"With your permission to act in the matter, I will call in less time," said Norton. "I cannot divest my mind of some idea, unformed and indistinct, which has taken possession of it, that there is something in that man's presence and in Miss White's absence which has a sinister bearing."

Call a dozen times, if you like, Norton," said I; "but my rheumatism troubles me too much to allow of my following any bugaboos."

He laughed nervously, but declared his intention of following what he termed his intuition.

Two days passed, during which no reference had been made to the matter by either Norton or myself.

On the morning of the third day, as I was dining, my young friend made his appearance at my door, and was, of course, immediately admitted.

I saw at once, by his flushed face and excited manner, that something unusual had occurred.

"What is it, my boy?" I said. "Outwitted?"

"Miss White!" he gasped, sinking into a chair, out of breath with the run up-stairs. "Do you know, judge, she has never been out of that house but once since we came, and then only for a drive, the very day you were there? Nay, more, that she was actually in that carriage which stood at the door, waiting for that disguised scoundrel to drive her to some interview of pretended importance at a law-office in the city.

I expressed, but it must have been very faintly, the astonishment I felt.

"But the absence at the bedside of the sick friend in one of the easterly districts?"

"All a sham, got up by that man, and retailed by the errand-girl, who is merely his tool. Come! Miss White is below in the ladies' parlor waiting to see you, and will explain better than I can do, I am certain."

"It will require some explanations before I can understand how it happens that you have made so much better use of your time than I have."

And hurriedly completing my toilet, I followed him.

I found Miss White to be a very ladylike and sensible young person, in the happy possession of and dependence on her own mind.

I explained to her my business in England and her future prospects—for my young friend, in forcing, so to speak, his acquaintance upon her, had very properly forborne to go into any particulars as to that business.

"Then, I understand that my inheritance of this trust does not in any manner depend upon any future act or condition of mine?" she asked, after I had concluded, with some little hesitation.

"Certainly not," I responded. "It is now absolutely yours, and as soon as the legal form of identification is complied with, will and can be subject to the control of no other person. May I inquire why you ask?"

"I should be the most ungrateful of my sex if you might not," she replied, with feeling emphasis. "But if you will kindly consent to occupy a seat in our—in the carriage that brought us here, you will understand why, much better than I could tell you."

She rose resolutely as she spoke, and looked toward Norton, who nodded approval, as if the whole was but a part of some prearranged mode of procedure.

Yes, clearly, I reflected, as we bowled along, my young friend Norton had made much better use of his time than I, for there was a confidential undercurrent of conversation between him and Miss White, which seemed to bespeak an acquaintance of years or months, at least, instead of one of days only.

My surprise on reaching our destination, which proved to be Miss White's home, can scarcely be imagined when, on driving up to the gate, we found it festooned with flowers and garlands, and similar tokens about the portico, steps and hallway, and a bright strip of handsome carpeting laid down on the walk.

"A wedding," I managed to articulate, as I followed my guides, who went briskly in, unmindful of a little throng gathered outside the railing and in the yard.

"There was to have been one, I believe," said Norton, throwing open a double door leading to the parlors; "and they appear to be all ready and waiting—for the bride."

By a table, in his robe of office, stood an elderly clergyman, surrounded by a few neighbors and friends hastily brought in by the summons of the invalid aunt, who was seated in a large easychair in which she had been brought down to the honors of the occasion.

But the groom! I looked for him.

There was no mistaking him now, seen in his unaccustomed garb.

It was the man who had brought me from my rooms in the American House, on that memorable occasion, to the bedside of his dying chief—the lieutenant, Wingate.

He saw that he was recognized, and more—that his project here was at an end.

For an instant he sunk back abashed, and then his natural recklessness came to his aid.

"Put out the lights! Carry that scarecrow up-stairs again? Home to your roosts, the rest of you! Old man"—to the clergyman—"we sha'n't want you. Furl your bunting, but take your fee with you. Lively, all, before I scuttle the ship! And now, Judge Lincoln," he continued, brazenly maintaining his position until the rooms were cleared, "I suppose you would like to know what all this means? The gal there can give you particulars after I'm off; but it simply means that I wanted to marry her, and, having four days' start of you, tried my best to do it. First, for the fortune which is to be hers, and lastly, for the gal herself. And I wouldn't have made her a bad husband, neither, for whatever I am or have been, she'd make a saint out of a sinner bigger than I. I promised her a'most all the kingdoms of the world if she'd consent, and insisted that unless she did her father's will could never be carried out. I thought the last had fixed her."

"You were bold and shameless then, as you are now," said Miss White, taking him up at this point; "but if you could think for one moment that I would ever yield to my aunt's wishes, or to yours to the extent you mention, she and you have learned a lesson."

"A lesson of far less severity than the imprisonment of this lady," I said. "But it is evident we must let you off. Go, sir!"

He waited to hear no repetition of the word, but with a shrug of disdain, and a parting glance at Miss White, he went quietly out, and we saw him no more.

How much or how little the feeling he had expressed for the young lady influenced his action in his quiet acceptance of his defeat I cannot say.

Our voyage homeward was delayed two months; but pleasant ones they were, and all the pleasanter for the delay. For then we had an addition to our party, which included a bride—Mrs. John Norton, late Miss White.

THE CHURCH AND ROCK OF CASTELLUZZO.

The picturesque church and landscape shown in our illustration are connected with some of the most tragic scenes in the annals of the Vaudois, or Waldenses. Nowhere in the Alps is there to be found a more glorious combination of richness and beauty than in the lower valleys, with its wild magnificence and sublimity in the higher peaks and passes.

Every visitor to La Tour, the chief town of the district, must be struck by the picturesque rock which rises behind the little town. This is Castelluzzo, from which, on April 27th, 1655, the signal was given to execute the orders of Christina, Regent of Savoy, who sent fifteen thousand soldiers to massacre every Protestant the valleys contained. Accordingly, the Marquis Pianizza, with his fifteen thousand men, broke into the valley of Luserna, and the massacre began. They murdered the aged, and burned them in their beds. They took the men and women, and cut their throats like sheep in a slaughter-house. They took the infants by the heels, and brained them on the rocks; and one soldier, taking one limb of an infant they had torn from its mother's breast, and another taking another limb, they tore the living creature asunder, and smote the mother with the fragments of her own child. Tired of that slow work, they drove the inhabitants up to the top of Castelluzzo, and, stripping them naked, tied them head and heels together and rolled them over the precipice, where they fell bounding from crag to crag.

THE SILKWORM IN PORTUGAL.

This useful little insect was introduced into the Iberic peninsula by the Arabs when they settled themselves in the country west of the Pyrenees; and when, in 1130, Sicily sought for skilled laborers in silk in Athens, Corinth, and Thebes, the Portuguese already cultivated the mulberry-tree, and carried on a prosperous trade in silk, the quality being excellent and the thread strong.

For centuries past there have been plantations of mulberry-trees throughout Portugal, and when the Marquis

of Pombal was in power, silk manufacturers attained the nearest degree to perfection. Like many other things in Portugal, this fine trade commenced to fall-off after the death of the celebrated marquis; and at the present time the remaining few silk manufactories supply themselves principally from France and Italy. Strangely enough, the French buy up all the cocoons, and send them home to be prepared, and when the silk is duly spun, it is very often sent back again to its native climate.

The French merchants employ a number of local agents, who go about from house to house in the interior of the provinces of Traz-os-Montes and Beiras, buying up all the small parcels they can get hold of. The female part of the poor families devote their time to rearing the insect through all its transformations, and at every cottage window you will see the shutters hung with mulberry branches, on the leaves of which the industrious *eruca*, as it was called by the ancients, is busy at work eating, so that it may spin.

During the *bombylian* period (from *bombylius*) the dried branches of the mulberry present a strange appearance; but when the cocoon is completed it is a pretty sight to see the large wooden trays covered with these yellow silk eggs. To prevent the insect taking the form of the *vecydalus* the cocoons are put into the oven for a short time.

One gentleman alone bought over twenty thousand pounds worth of cocoons in one year in the district of Villa Real. In this district I have often seen the *Bombyx querci*, but I do not know if the natives make any use of this species of silkworm. I am now speaking of the *yamamai*, which was brought over from Japan to France in 1863, for it is of the genus *Bombyx querci*. It was introduced into Portugal about 1865, and although the silk is of excellent quality and very stout, still it is not so strong as that of the silkworm fed on the mulberry-leaf, nor does it take the dye so easily, consequently the Portuguese do not take much notice of it. The cocoons are of a greenish hue outside, white inside, and closed at both ends.

The *Bombyx cynthia* was acclimatized in Portugal about the year 1858. It lives in the open air, it causes no trouble in rearing it, but as the silk is of very inferior quality and very difficult to wind, it fetches a very low price.

HOW THE OLD SALARIES WERE PAID.

Between 1777 and 1784 the Territory of Tennessee (really part of North Carolina), maintained a State Government under the name of "Franklyn." In the old records—quoted once by Daniel Webster in a Congressional speech—stand the following curious statements of the way payments were made in a time when the people had no current money:

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Franklyn: That from the first day of January, 1779, the salaries of the officers of this Commonwealth be as follows, to wit:

"His Excellency the Governor, per annum, 1,000 deer skins;

"His Honor the Chief Justice, 500 deer skins, or 500 raccoon skins;

"The Treasurer of the State, 450 raccoon skins;

"Clerk of the House of Commons, 200 raccoon skins;

"Member of Assembly, per diem, three raccoon skins;

"Entered into a law the 18th day of October, 1779, under the great seal of the State."

The well-worn burlesque of the "leather medal" suggests a vague reference to the times when skins were the only money.

Cheerfulness makes the mind clearer, gives tone to thought, and adds grace and beauty to the countenance.

FASHION IN DEFORMITY.

By Professor Flower, F. R. S.

The propensity to *deform*, or alter from the natural form, some part of the body, is one which is common to human nature in every aspect in which we are acquainted with it—the most primitive and barbarous, and the most civilized and refined.

Fashion is now often associated with change, but in less civilized conditions of society fashions of all sorts are more permanent than with us; and in all communities such fashions as those here treated of are, for obvious reasons, far less likely to be subject to the fluctuations of caprice than those affecting the dress only, which, even in Shakespeare's time, changed so often that "the fashion wears out more apparel than the man." Alterations once made in the form of the body cannot be discarded or modified in the lifetime of the individual, and, therefore, as fashion is intrinsically imitative, such alterations have the strongest possible tendency to be reproduced generation after generation.

The origins of these fashions are mostly lost in obscurity, all attempts to solve them being little more than guesses. Some of them have become associated with religious or superstitious observances, and so have been spread and perpetuated; some have been vaguely thought to be hygienic in motive; most have some relation to conventional standards of improved personal appearance; but whatever their origin, the desire to conform to common usage, and not to appear singular, is the prevailing motive which leads to their continuance.

The Hottentots, objecting to symmetry of growth in the horns of their cattle, twist them while young and pliant, so that ultimately they are made to assume various fantastic and unnatural directions. Sheep with multiple horns are produced in some parts of Africa, by splitting with a knife the budding horn of the young animal. Hotspur's exclamation: "What horse? a roan, a *crop-ear*, is it not?" points to a custom not yet extinct in England. Docking horses' tails—that is, cutting off about half the length, not of the hair only, but of the actual flesh and bone, and *nicking*, or dividing the tendons of the under side, so that the paralyzed stump is always carried in an unnatural or "cocked" position—were common enough a generation ago, as seen in all equestrian pictures of the period, and are still occasionally practiced. In spite of all warnings of common sense and experience, we continue, solely because it is the fashion, to torture and deform our horses' mouths and necks with tight-bearing reins, which, though only temporarily keeping the head in a constrained and unnatural, and therefore inelegant position, produce many permanent, injuries. Dogs may still be seen with the natural form of their ears and tails "improved" by mutilation.

In this category may also be placed polled and humped cattle; tailless cats of the Isle of Man and Singapore; lop-eared rabbits; tailless, crested, or other strange forms of fowls; pouter, tumbler, feather-legged, and other varieties of pigeons; and the ugly double-tailed and prominent-eyed goldfish which delight the Chinese.

To return to man, let us begin with the treatment of the hair and other appendages of the skin as the more superficial and comparatively trivial in its effects.

Here we are at once introduced to the domain of fashion in her most potent sway. The facility with which hair lends itself to various methods of treatment has been a temptation too great to resist in all known conditions of civilization. Innumerable variations of custom exist in different parts of the world, and marked changes in at

TATTOOING A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

least all more or less civilized communities have characterized successive epochs of history. Not only the length and method of arrangement, but even the color of the hair, is changed in obedience to caprices of fashion. In many of the islands of the Western Pacific, the naturally jet-black hair of the natives is converted into a tawny brown by the application of lime, obtained by burning the coral found so abundantly on their shores; and not many years since similar means were employed for producing the same result among the ladies of Western Europe—a fact which considerably diminishes the value of an idea entertained by many ethnologists, that community of custom is evidence of community of origin or of race.

Notwithstanding the painful and laborious nature of the process, when conducted with no better implements than flint knives, or pieces of splintered bone or shell, the custom of keeping the head closely shaved prevails extensively among savage nations. This, doubtless, tends to cleanliness, and, perhaps, comfort, in hot countries; but the fact that it is in many tribes practiced only by the women and children, shows that these considerations are not those primarily engaged in its perpetuation. In some cases, as among the Fijians, while the heads of the women are commonly cropped or closely shaved, the men cultivate, at great expense of time and attention, a luxuriant and elaborately arranged mass of hair, exactly reversing the conditions met with in the most highly civilized nations.

A TATTOOED MOZAMBIQUE CHIEF.

In some regions of Africa it is considered necessary to female beauty carefully to eradicate the eyebrows, special pincers for the purpose forming part of the appliances of the toilet; while the various methods of shaving and cutting the beard among men of all nations are too well known to require more than a passing notice. The treatment of finger-nails, both as to color and form, has also been subject to fashion; but the practical inconveniences attending the inordinate length to which these are permitted to grow in some parts of the east of Asia appear to

have restricted the custom to a few localities. It may be objected to the introduction of this illustration here, that such nails should not be considered deformities, but rather as natural growth, and that to clip and mutilate them as we do is the departure from nature's

MODE OF TATTOOING STILL PRESERVED IN EGYPT.

intention. But this is not so. It is only by constant artificial care and protection that such an extraordinary and inconvenient length can be obtained. When the hands are subjected to the normal amount of use, the nails break or wear away at their free ends in a ratio equal to their growth, as with the claws or hoofs of animals in a wild state.

The exceedingly widespread custom of tattooing the skin may also be alluded to here, as the result of the same propensity as that which produces the more serious deformations presently to be spoken of. The rudest form of the art was practiced by the now extinct Tasmanians and some tribes of Australians, whose naked bodies showed linear or oval raised scars, arranged in a definite manner on the shoulders and breast, and produced by gashes inflicted with sharp stones, into which wood-ashes were rubbed, so as to allow of healing only under unfavorable conditions, leaving permanent large and elevated

CHINOOK APPARATUS FOR FLATTENING THE HEAD.

cicatrices, conspicuous from being of a lighter color than the rest of the skin. From this it is a considerable step in decorative art to the elaborate and often beautiful patterns, wreathes, scrolls, spirals, zigzags, etc., sometimes confined to the face, and sometimes covering the whole body from head to foot, seen in the natives of many of the Polynesian Islands. These are permanently impressed upon the skin by the introduction of coloring matter, generally some kind of lampblack, by means of an instrument made of a piece of shell cut into a number of fine points, or a bundle of sharp needles. When the custom of the land demands that the surface to be treated thus is a large one, the process is not only very tedious, but entails an amount of suffering painful to think of. When completed it answers part, at least, of the purpose of dress with us, as an untattooed skin exhibited to society

A PAPUAN, OF NEW GUINEA, WITH NOSE ORNAMENT.

is looked upon much as an unclothed one would be in more civilized communities. The natural color of the skin seems to have influenced the method and extent of tattooing, as in the black races it is limited to such scars as those spoken of above, which, variously arranged in lines or dots, become tribal distinctions among African negroes. In Europe tattooing on the same principle as that of the Polynesians is confined almost exclusively to sailors.

The nose, the lips, and the ears have in almost all races offered great temptations to be used as foundations for the display of ornament, some process of boring, cutting, or alteration of form being necessary to render them fit for the purpose. When Captain Cook, exactly one hundred years ago, was describing the naked savages of the

east coast of Australia, he says: "Their principal ornament is the bone which they thrust through the cartilage which divides the nostrils from each other. Our seamen, with some humor, called it their spritsail-yard; and, indeed, it had so ludicrous an appearance that, till we were used to it, we found it difficult to refrain from laughter."

On his visit to the northwest coast of America, Captain Cook found precisely the same custom among the natives of Prince William's Sound, whose mode of life was in most other respects quite dissimilar to that of the Australians, and who belong to a totally different race.

In 1681, Dampier described a custom which he found existing among the natives of the Corn Islands, off the Mosquito Coast, in Central America, of piercing the lips to insert pegs of tortoiseshell.

An almost exactly similar custon still prevails among a tribe of Indians inhabiting the southern part of Brazil—the Botocudos, so called from a Portuguese word *(botoque)*, meaning a plug or stopper. Among these people the lip-ornament consists of a conical piece of hard and polished wood, frequently weighs a quarter of a pound, and drags down, elongates, and everts the lower lip, so as to expose the gums and teeth in a manner which to our taste is hideous, but with them is considered an essential adjunct to an attractive and correct appearance.

In the extreme north of America, the Eskimo "pierce the lower lip under one or both corners of the mouth, and insert in each aperture a double-headed sleeve-button or dumb-bell-shaped labret of bone, ivory, shell, stone, glass, or wood." These operations appear to be practiced only on the men, and are supposed to possess some significance other than that of mere ornament. The first piercing of the lip, which is accompanied by some solemnity as a religious feast, is performed on approaching manhood.

The American tribe that has carried these strange customs to the greatest excess are the Thlinkeets, who inhabit the southeastern shores of Alaska. "Here it is the women who, in piercing the nose and ears, and filling the apertures with bones, shells, sticks, pieces of copper, nails, or attaching thereto heavy pendants, which drag down the organs and pull the features out of place, appear to have taxed their inventive powers to the utmost, and with a success unsurpassed by any nation in the world, to produce a model of hideous beauty. This success is achieved in their wooden lip-ornament, the crowning glory of the Thlinkeet matron, described by a multitude of eye-witnesses. In all female free-born Thlinkeet children a slit is made in the under lip, parallel with the mouth, and about half an inch below it. A copper wire, or a piece of shell or wood, is introduced into this, by which the wound is kept open and the aperture extended. By gradually introducing larger objects the required dimensions of the opening are produced. On attaining the age of maturity, a block of wood is inserted, usually oval or elliptical in shape, concave on the sides, and grooved like the wheel of a pulley on the edge, in order to keep it in place. The dimensions of the block are from two to six inches in length, from one to four inches in width, and about half an inch thick round the edge, and it is highly polished. When the block is withdrawn the lip drops down upon the chin like a piece of leather, displaying the teeth, and presenting altogether a ghastly spectacle. The privilege of wearing this ornament is not extended to female slaves."

The North Americans are, however, eclipsed by the negroes of the heart of Africa.

"The Bongo women," says Schweinfurth, "delight in distinguishing themselves by an adornment which, to our notion, is nothing less than a hideous mutilation. As soon as a woman is married, the operation commences of extending her lower lip. This, at first only slightly bored, is widened by inserting into the orifice plugs of wood, gradually increasing in size, until at length the entire feature is enlarged to five or six times its original proportions. The plugs are cylindrical in form, not less than an inch thick, and are exactly like the pegs of bone or wood worn by the women of Musgoo. By this means the lower lip is extended horizontally till it projects far beyond the upper, which is also bored and fitted with a copper plate or nail, and now and then by a little ring, and sometimes by a bit of straw, about as thick as a lucifer-match. Nor do they leave the nose intact; similar bits of straw are inserted into the edges of the nostrils, and I have seen as many as three of these on each side. A very favorite ornament for the cartilage between the nostrils is a copper ring, just like those that are placed in the noses of buffaloes and other beasts of burden, for the purpose of rendering them more tractable. The greatest coquettes among the ladies wear a clasp or cramp at the corners of the mouth, as though they wanted to contract the orifice, and, literally, to put a curb upon its capabilities. These subsidiary ornaments are not, however, found at all universally among the women, and it is rare to see them all at once upon a single individual; the plug in the lower lip of the married woman is alone a *sine quâ non*, serving, as it does, for an artificial distinction of race.

"Similar in shape is the decoration which is worn by the women of Maganya; but though it is round, it is a ring and not a flat plate; it is called 'pelele,' and has no object but to expand the upper lip. Some of the Mittoo women, especially the Loobah, not content with the circle or the ring, force a cone of polished quartz through the lips, as though they had borrowed the idea from the rhinoceros. This fashion of using quartz belemnites of more than two inches long is in some instances adopted by the men."

It seems, indeed, a strange phenomena that in such different races, so far removed in locality, customs so singular—to our ideas so revolting and unnatural, and certainly so painful and inconvenient—should either have been perpetuated for an enormous lapse of time, if the supposition of a common origin be entertained, or else have developed themselves independently.

These are, however, only extreme or exaggerated cases of the almost universal custom of making a permanent aperture through the lobe of the ear for the purpose of inserting some adventitious object.

The New Zealanders of both sexes, when first visited by Europeans, all had holes bored through their ears, and enlarged by stretching, and which, in their domestic economy, answered the purpose of our pockets. Feathers, bones, sticks, talc chisels and bodkins, the nails and teeth of their deceased relations, the teeth of dogs, and, in fact, anything which they could get that they thought curious or valuable, were thrust through or supended to them. The iron nails given them by the English sailors were at once conveyed to these miscellaneous receptacles. Some Zulus lately in London carried their cigars in the same manner. Mr. Wilfred Powell informs me that on one of the islands near New Guinea, he met with a man the holes in whose ears had been so greatly extended that the lobes had been converted into great pendant rings of skin, through which he could easily pass his arms!

Among ourselves the custom of wearing earrings still survives, even in the highest grades of society, although it has been almost entirely abandoned by one-half of the community, and in the other the perforation is reduced to

the smallest size compatible with the purpose of carrying the ornament suspended from it. Nose-rings are not now in fashion in Europe, but they are admired in the East.

The teeth, although allowed by the greater part of the world to retain their natural beauty and usefulness of form, still offer a field for artificial alterations according to fashion, which has been made use of principally in two distinct regions of the world and by two distinct races. It is, of course, only the front teeth, and mainly the upper incisors, that are available for this purpose. Among various tribes of negroes of Equatorial Africa different fashions of modifying the natural form of these teeth prevail, specimens of which may be found in any large collection of crania of these people. One of the simplest consists of chipping and filing away a large triangular piece from the lower and inner edge of each of the central incisors, so that a gap is produced in the middle of the row in front. Another fashion is to shape all the incisors into sharp points, by chipping off the corners, giving a very formidable crocodilian appearance to the jaws; and another is to file out either a single or a double notch in the cutting edge of each tooth, producing a serrated border to the whole series.

The Malays take the greatest pains to stain their teeth black, which they consider greatly adds to their beauty. White teeth are looked upon with perfect disgust by the Dayaks of Sarawak. In addition to staining the teeth, filing the surface in some way or other is almost always resorted to. The nearly universal custom in Java is to remove the enamel from the front surface of the incisors, and often the canine teeth, hollowing out the surface, sometimes so deeply as to penetrate the pulp cavity. The cutting edges are also worn down to a level line with pumice-stone. Another and less common, though more elaborate fashion, is to point the teeth, and file out notches from the anterior surface of each side of the upper part of the crown, so as to leave a lozenge-shaped piece of enamel untouched; as this receives the black stain less strongly than the parts from which the surface is removed, an ornamental pattern is produced. In Borneo a still more elaborate process is adopted, the front surface of each of the teeth is drilled near its centre with a small round hole, and into this a plug of brass with a round or star-shaped knob is fixed. This is always kept bright and polished by the action of the lip over it, and is supposed to give a highly attractive appearance when the teeth are displayed.

Perhaps the strange custom, so frequently adopted by the natives of Australia, and of many islands of the Pacific, of knocking out one or more of the front teeth, is usually associated with some other idea than ornament. In Australia it constitutes part of the rites by which the youth are initiated into manhood, and in the Sandwich Islands it is performed as a propitiatory sacrifice to the spirits of the dead.

The projection forward of the front upper teeth is admired by some races, and among the negro women of Senegal it is increased by artificial means in childhood.

Whatever might be the case with regard to the hair, the ears, the nose, and lips, or even the teeth, it might have been thought that the actual shape of the head, as determined by the solid skull, would not have been considered a subject to be modified according to the fashion. Such, however, is far from being the case. The custom of artificially changing the form of the head is one of the most ancient and widespread. It is found under various modifications at widely different parts of the earth's surface, and among people who can have had no intercourse with one another. It appears, in fact, to have originated independently in many quarters, from some natural impulse.

"Failure properly to mold the cranium of her offspring gives to the Chinook matron the reputation of a lazy and undutiful mother, and subjects the neglected children to the ridicule of their young companions, so despotic is fashion." A traveler, who mentions that he occasionally saw Chinooks with heads of the ordinary shape, sickness or some other cause having prevented the usual distortion in infancy, adds that such individuals could never attain to any influence or rise to any dignity in their tribe, and were not unfrequently sold as slaves.

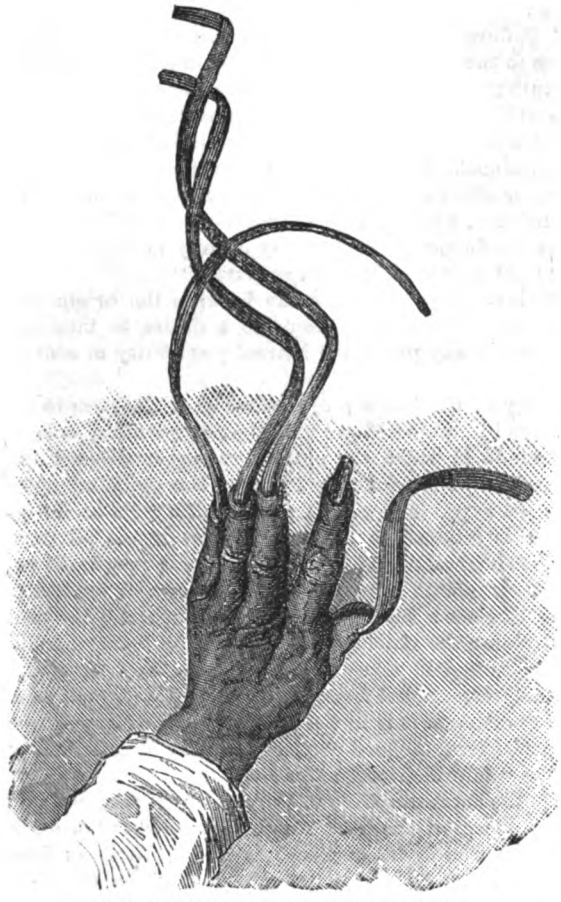
Endeavors have been made to trace the origin of this and many analogous customs to a desire to intensify or exaggerate any prevailing natural peculiarity of conformation.

Many of the less severe alterations of the form to which the head is subjected are undesigned, resulting only from the mode in which the child is carried or dressed during infancy. Thus habitually carrying the child on one arm appears to produce an obliquity in the form of the skull which is retained to a greater or less degree all through life. The practice followed by nomadic people of carrying their infants fastened to stiff pillows or boards, commonly causes a flattening of the occiput; and the custom of dressing the child's head with tightly fitting bandages, still common in many parts, produces an elongated and laterally constricted form. In France this is well known, and so common is it in the neighborhood of Toulouse that a special form of head produced in this manner is known as the "déformation Toulousaine."

Of the ancient notices of the custom of purposely altering the form of the head, the most explicit is that of Hippocrates, who in his treatise "De Aëris, Aquis, et Locis," written about 400 B.C., says, speaking of the people near the boundary of Europe and Asia, near the Palus Mæotis (Sea of Azoff): "I will pass over the smaller differences among the nations, but will now treat of such as are great either from nature or custom; and first, concerning the Macrocephali. There is no other race of men which have heads in the least resembling theirs. At first, usage was the principal cause of the length of their head, but now nature co-operates with usage. They think those the most noble who have the longest heads. It is thus with regard to the usage: immediately after the child is born, and while its head is still tender, they fashion it with their hands, and constrain it to assume a lengthened shape by applying bandages and other suitable contrivances, whereby the spherical form of the head is destroyed."

Herodotus, also, alludes to the same custom as do, at later dates, Strabo, Pliny, Pomponius Mela and others, though assigning different localities to the nations or tribes to which they refer, and also indicating variations of form in their peculiar cranial characteristics.

Recent archæological discoveries fully bear out these statements. Heads deformed in various fashions, but chiefly of the constricted, elongated shape, have been found in great numbers in ancient tombs, in the very region indicated by Herodotus. They have been found near Tiflis, where as many as one hundred and fifty were discovered at one time, and at other places in the Caucasus, generally in rock tombs; also in the Crimea, and at different localities along the course of the Danube; in Hungary, Silesia, in the south of Germany, Switzerland, and even in France and Belgium. The people who have left such undoubted evidence of the practice of deforming their heads have been supposed by various authors to have been Avars, Huns, Tartars, or other Mongolian invaders of Europe; but later French authors, who have discussed



CHINESE NAILS OF FASHIONABLE LENGTH.

this subject, are inclined to assign them to an Aryan race, who, under the name of Cimmerians, spread westward over the part of Europe in which their remains are now found, in the seventh or eighth century before our era. Whether the French habit, scarcely yet extinct, of tightly bandaging the heads of infants, is derived from these people, or is of independent origin, it is impossible to say.

In Africa and Australia no analogous customs have been shown to exist, but in many parts of Asia and Polynesia, deformations, though usually only confined to flattening of the occiput, are common. Sometimes, in the islands of the Pacific, the head of the new-born infant is merely pressed by the hands into the desired form, in which case it generally soon recovers that which nature intended for it. In one island alone, Mallicollo, in the New Hebrides, the practice of permanently depressing the forehead is almost universal, and skulls are even found constricted and elongated exactly after the manner of the Aymaras of Peru. The extraordinary flatness of the forehead, by which the inhabitants of this island differ from those of all around, was noticed by Captain Cook and the two Forsters, who accompanied him as naturalists, but they were not able to ascertain whether it was a natural conformation or due to art. It is only within the last few years that crania have been sent to England which abundantly confirm the old description of the great navigator, and also prove the artificial character of the deformity.

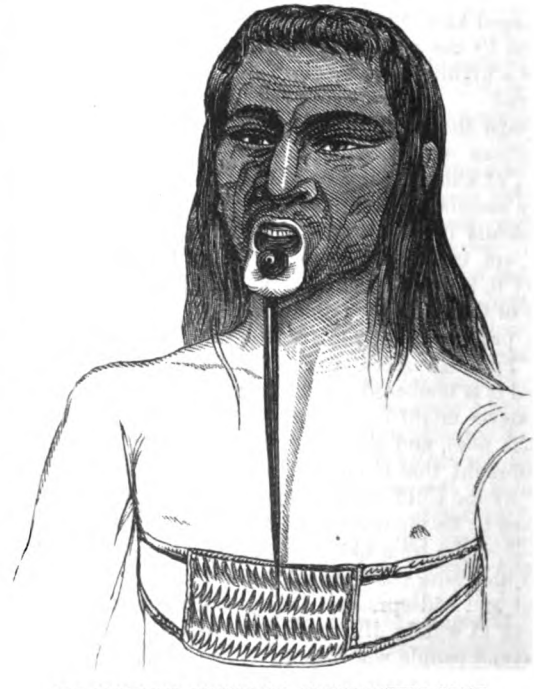
Though the Chinese usually allow the head to assume its natural form, confining their attentions to the feet, a certain class of mendicant devotees appear to have succeeded, to a remarkable extent, in getting their skulls elongated into a conical form.

America is, however, or, rather, has been, the headquarters of all these fantastic practices, and especially along the western coast, and mainly in two regions, near the mouth of the Columbia River in the north, and in Peru in the south. The practice also existed among the Indians of the southern parts of what are now the United States, and among the Caribs of the West India Islands. In ancient Peru, before the time of the Spanish Conquest, it was almost universal. In an edict of the ecclesiastical authorities of Lima, issued in 1585, three distinct forms of deformation are mentioned. Notwithstanding the severe penalties imposed by this edict upon parents persisting in the practice, the custom was so difficult to eradicate that another injunction against it was published by the Government as late as 1752.

In the West Indies, and the greater part of North America, the custom has become extinct with the people who used it; but the Chinook Indians, of the neighborhood of the Columbia River, and the natives of Vancouver Island, continue it to the present day; and this is the last stronghold of this strange fashion, though under the influence of European example and discouragement it is rapidly dying out. The process commences immediately after the birth of the child, and is continued for a period of from eight to twelve months, by which time the head has permanently assumed the required form, although during subsequent growth it may partly regain its proper shape.

"It might be supposed," observes Mr. Kane, who had large opportunities of watching the process, "that the operation would be attended with great suffering; but I never heard the infants crying or moaning, although I have seen their eyes seemingly starting out of the sockets from the great pressure; but, on the contrary, when the thongs were loosened and the pads removed, I have noticed them cry until they were replaced."

The methods by which this particular kind of deformity was produced varied in detail in different tribes. One of the most effective is thus described by Mr. Townsend: "The Wallamet Indians place the infant, soon after birth, upon a board, to the edges of which are attached little loops of hempen cord or leather, and other similar cords



LIP ORNAMENT OF INDIANS ON NORTHWEST COAST.

NEW CALEDONIANS, WITH THEIR EARS TATTERED BY FOLLOWING THE FASHION.

are passed across and back, in a zigzag manner, through these loops, inclosing the child, and binding it firmly down. To the upper edge of this board, in which is a depression to receive the back part of the head, another smaller one is attached by hinges of leather, and made to lie obliquely upon the forehead, the force of the pressure being regulated by several strings attached to its edge, which are passed through holes in the board upon which the infant is lying, and secured there."

The second form of deformity is produced by constricting bandages of deer's hide, or other similar material, encircling the head behind the ears, usually passing below the occiput behind, and across the forehead, and again across the vertex, behind the coronal suture, producing a circular depression. The result is an elongation of the head, but with no lateral bulging and with no deviation from bilateral symmetry. The brain, of course, has to accommodate itself to the altered shape of the osseous case which contains it; and the question naturally arises, whether the important functions belonging to this organ are in any way impaired or affected by its change of form. All observations upon the living Indians who have been subjected to it concur in showing that if any modification in mental power is produced, it must be of a very inconsiderable kind, as no marked difference has been detected between them and the people of neighboring tribes which have not adopted the fashion.

NOSE-RING OF CASHMERE WOMEN.

We may now pass from the head to the extremities, but there will be little to say about the hands, for the artificial deformities practiced upon those members are confined to chopping off one or more of the fingers, generally of the left hand, and usually not so much in obedience merely to fashion as part of an initiatory ceremony, or an expiation or oblation to some superior, or to some departed person. Such

practices are common among the American Indians, some tribes of Africans, the Australians, and Polynesians, especially those greatest of all slaves of ceremonial, the Fijians, where the amputation of fingers is demanded to appease an angry chieftain, or voluntarily performed as a token of affection on the occasion of the death of a relative.

But *per contra*, the feet have suffered more, and altogether with more serious results to general health and comfort, from simple conformity to pernicious customs, than any other part of the body. And on this subject, instead of relating the unaccountable caprices of the savage, we have to speak only of people who have already advanced to a tolerably high grade of civilization, and to include all those who are at the present time foremost in the ranks of intellectual culture.

The most extreme instance of modification of the size and form of the foot in obedience to fashion is the well-known case of the Chinese women, not entirely confined to the highest classes, but in some districts pervading all grades of society alike. The deformity is produced by applying tight bandages round the feet of the girls when about five years old. The bandages are specially manufactured, Miss Norwood, an American missionary, tells us, and are about two inches wide and two yards long for the first year, five yards long for subsequent years. The end of the strip is laid on the inside of the foot at the instep, then carried over the toes, under the foot and round the heel, the toes being thus drawn toward and across the sole, while a bulge is produced in the instep and a deep indentation in the sole. Successive layers of bandage are wound round the foot until the strip is all used, and the end is then sewn tightly down. After a month the foot is put in hot water to soak some time; then the bandage is carefully unwound. Notwithstanding the powdered alum and other appliances that are used to prevent it, the surface of the foot is generally found to be ulcerated, and much of the skin and sometimes part of the flesh of the sole, and even one or two of the toes, may come off with the bandages, in which case the woman afterward feels repaid by the smallness and more delicate appearance of her feet. Each time the bandage is taken off, the foot is kneaded to make the joints more flexible, and is then bound up again as quickly as possible with a fresh bandage, which is drawn up more tightly. During the first year the pain is so intense that the sufferer can do nothing but lie and cry and moan. For about two years the foot aches continually, and is subject to a constant pain like the pricking of sharp needles. With continued rigorous binding it ultimately loses sensibility, the muscles, nerves, and vessels are all wasted, the bones are altered in their relative position to one another, and the whole limb is reduced permanently to a stunted or atrophied condition.

The alterations produced in the form of the foot are—1st, bending the four outer toes under the sole of the foot, so that the first or great toe alone retains its normal position, and a narrow point is produced in front; 2d, compressing the roots of the toes and the heel downward and toward one another so as greatly to shorten the foot, and produce a deep transverse fold in the middle of the sole. The whole has now the appearance of the hoof of some animal rather than a human foot, and affords a very inefficient organ of support, as the peculiar tottering gait of those possessing it clearly shows. When once formed, the "golden lily," as the Chinese lady calls her delicate little foot, can never recover its original shape.

But strange as this custom seems to us, it is only a slight step in excess of what the majority of people in Europe subject themselves and their children to. From personal observation of a large number of feet of persons of all ages and of all classes of society in our own country, I do not hesitate to say that there are very few, if any, to be met with that do not, in some degree, bear evidence of having been subjected to a compressing influence more or less injurious. Let any one take the trouble to inquire into what a foot ought to be. For external form look at any of the antique models—the nude Hercules Farnese or the sandaled Apollo Belvidere; watch the beautiful freedom of motion in the wide-spreading toes of an infant; consider the wonderful mechanical contrivances for combining strength with mobility, firmness with flexibility; the numerous bones, articulations, ligaments; the great toe, with seven special muscles to give it that versatality of motion which was intended that it should possess; and then see what a miserable, stiffened, distorted thing is this same foot when it has been submitted for a number of years to the "improving" process to which our civilization condemns it. The toes all squeezed and flattened against each other; the great toe no longer in its normal position, but turned outward, pressing so upon the others that one or more of them frequently has to find room for itself either above or under its fellows; the joints all rigid, the muscles atrophied and powerless; the finely formed arch broken down; everything which is beautiful and excellent in the human foot destroyed—to say nothing of the more serious evils which so generally follow—corns, bunions, in-growing nails, and all their attendant miseries.

Now, the cause of all this will be perfectly obvious to any one who compares the form of the natural foot with the last upon which the shoemaker makes the covering for that foot. This, in the words of the late Mr. Dowie, "is shaped in front like a wedge, the thick part, or instep, rising in a ridge from the centre or middle toe, instead of the great toe, as in the foot, slanting off to both sides from the middle, terminating at each side and in front like a wedge; that for the inside, or great toe, being similar to that for the outside, or little toe, as if the human foot had the great toe in the middle and a little toe at each side, like the foot of a goose!"

The great error in all boots and shoes made upon the system now in vogue in all parts of the civilized world lies in this method of construction upon a principle of bilateral symmetry. A straight line drawn along the sole from the middle of the toe to the heel will divide a fashionable boot into two equal and similar parts, a small allowance being made at the middle part, or "waist," for the difference between right and left foot. Whether the toe is made broad or narrow, it is always equally inclined at the sides toward the middle line; whereas in the foot there is no such symmetry. The first, or inner toe, is much larger than either of the others, and its direction is perfectly parallel with the long axis of the foot. The second toe may be a little longer than the first, as generally represented in Grecian art, but it is more frequently shorter; the others rapidly decrease in size. The modification which must have taken place in the form of the foot and direction of the toes before a boot of the ordinary form can be worn with any approach to ease, can thus be understood. Often it will happen that the deformity has not advanced to so great an extent but every one who has had the opportunity of examining many feet, especially among the poorer classes, must have met with many far worse.

The loss of elasticity and motion in the joints of the foot, as well as the wrong direction acquired by the great toe, are in most persons seriously detrimental to free and easy progression, and can only be compensated for by a

great expenditure of muscular power in other parts of the body, applied in a disadvantageous manner. Laboring men, who from their childhood wear heavy, stiff, and badly-shaped boots, and in whom, consequently, the play of the ankles, feet, and toes is lost, have generally small and shapeless legs and wasted calves, and walk as if on stilts, with a swinging motion from the hips. Soldiers also suffer much in the same manner, the regulation boots in use in the service being exceedingly ill-adapted for the development of the feet. Much injury to the general health—the necessary consequence of any impediment to freedom of bodily exercise—must also be attributed to this cause. Since some of the leading shoemakers have ventured to deviate a little from the conventional shape, those persons who can afford to be specially fitted are better off, as a rule, than the majority of poorer people, who, although caring less for appearance, and being more dependent for their livelihood upon the physical welfare of their bodies, are obliged to wear ready-made shoes of the form that an inexorable custom has prescribed.

The changes that a foot has to undergo in order to adapt itself to the ordinary shape of a shoe could probably not be effected unless commenced at an early period, when it is young, and capable of being gradually molded into the required form.

The mother or nurse who thrusts the tender feet of a young child into stiff, unyielding pointed shoes or boots, often regardless of the essential difference in form of right and left, at a time when freedom is especially needed for their proper growth and development, is the exact counterpart of the Chinook Indian woman, applying her bandages and boards to the opposite end of her baby's body, only with considerably less excuse, for a distorted head apparently less affects health and comfort than cramped and misshapen feet, and was also esteemed of more vital importance to preferment in Chinook society.

No sensible person can really suppose that there is anything in itself ugly, or even unsightly, in the form of a perfect human foot; and yet all attempts to construct shoes upon its model are constantly met with the objection that something extremely inelegant must be the result. It will, perhaps, be a form to which the eye is not quite accustomed; but there is no more trite observation than the arbitrary nature of fashion in her dealings with our outward appearance, and we all know how anything which has received her sanction is for the time considered elegant and tasteful, though a few years later it may come to be looked upon as positively ridiculous. That our eye would soon get used to admire a different shape may be easily proved by any one who will for a short time wear shoes constructed upon a more correct principle, when the prevailing pointed shoes, suggestive of cramped and atrophied toes, become positively painful to look upon.

It is not only leathern boots and shoes that are to blame for producing alterations in the form of the feet; even the stocking, comparatively soft and pliable as it is, when made with pointed toes and similar form for both sides, must take its share. The continual, steady, though gentle pressure, keeps the toes squeezed together, and especially hinders the recovery of its proper form and mobility, when attempts at curing a misshapen foot are being made by wearing shoes of rational construction Socks adapted to the different form of the two feet, or "rights and lefts," are occasionally to be met with at hosiers', and it would add greatly to comfort if they were more generally adopted. For some cases it is well to have them made with distinct toes like gloves. With such socks and properly constructed shoes, a much distorted foot, even of a middle-aged person, will recover its power and freedom of motion to a considable extent.

Only one thing is needed to aggravate the evil effect of a pointed toe, and that is the absurdly high and narrow heel so often seen now on ladies' boots, which throws the whole foot, and, in fact, the whole body, into an unnatural position in walking, produces diseases well known to all surgeons in large practice, and makes the nearest approach yet effected by any nation to the Chinese custom which we generally speak of with surprise and reprobation.

The practice of turning out the toes, so much insisted on by dancing-masters, when it becomes habitual, is a deformity. Although in standing in an easy position the whole limb may be rotated outward from the hip, so as to give a broader basis of support, in walking or running the hip, knee, ankle and joints of the foot are simple hinges, and it is essential for the proper co-ordination of their actions that they should all work in the same plane, which can only be the case when the toes are pointed directly forward, and the feet nearly parallel to one another. Any deviation from this position must interfere with the true action of the foot.

I must speak lastly of one of the most remarkable of all the artificial deformities produced by adherence to a conventional standard, in defiance of the dictates of nature and reason.

Of all parts of the body, the elastic and mobile walls of the chest would seem most to need preservation from external constriction, if they are to perform efficiently the important purposes for which their peculiar structure is specially designed. The skull is a solid case, with tolerably uniform walls, the capacity of which remains the same, whatever alteration is made in its shape. Pressure on one part is compensated for by dilatation elsewhere; the body is not so; it may be compared to a cylinder with a fixed length, determined by the vertebral column, and closed above and below by a framework of bone. Circular compression, then, must actually diminish the area which has to be occupied by some of the most important vital organs. Moreover, the framework of the chest is a most admirable and complex arrangement of numerous pieces of solid bone and elastic cartilage, joined together in such a manner as to allow of expansion and contraction for the purposes of respiration—expansion and contraction which, if a function so essential to the preservation of life and health is to be performed in an efficient manner, should be perfectly free and capable of variation under different circumstances. So, indeed, it has been allowed to be in all parts of the world and in all ages, with one exception. It was reserved for medieval civilized Europe to have invented the system of squeezing together, rendering immobile, and actually deforming, the most important part of the human frame; and the custom has been handed down to, and flourishes in, our day, notwithstanding all our professed admiration for the models of classical antiquity, and our awakened attention to the laws of health.

It is only necessary to compare our two figures—one acknowledged by all the artistic and anatomical world to be a perfect example of the natural female form—to be convinced of the gravity of the structural changes that must have taken place in such a form before it could be reduced so far as to occupy the space shown in the second figure, an exact copy of one of the models now held up for imitation in the fashionable world. The actual changes that have taken place in the bony framework of the chest are seen by comparing the two figures on the next page, the one showing the normal form, the other the result of long-continued tight-lacing. The alterations in the shape and position of the organs within need not be

dwelt upon here; they and the evil effects arising from them are abundantly discussed in medical works. When it is considered that the organs which are affected are those by which the important functions of respiration, circulation and digestion are carried on, as well as those essential to the proper development and healthy growth of future generations, it is no wonder that people suffer who have reduced themselves to live under such conditions.

DEFORMED FEET OF CHINESE LADIES.

The true form of the human body is familiar to us, as just said, from classic models; it is familiar from the works of our greatest modern artists which adorn the Academy walls. It is, however, quite possible, or even probable, that some of us may think the present fashionable shape the more beautiful of the two. In such case it would be well to pause to consider whether we are sure that our judgment is sound on the subject. Let us remember that to the Australian the nose-peg is an admired ornament; that to the Thlinkeet, the Botocudo and the Bongo negro, the lip dragged down by the heavy plug, and the ears distended by huge disks of wood, are things of beauty; that the Malay prefers teeth that are black to those of the most pearly whiteness; that the native American despises the form of a head not flattened down like a pancake, or elongated like a sugar-loaf; and then let us carefully ask ourselves whether we are sure that in leaving nature as a standard of the beautiful, and adopting a purely conventional one, we are not falling into an error exactly similar to that of all these people whose tastes we are so ready to condemn.

CHINESE LADIES' FEET.

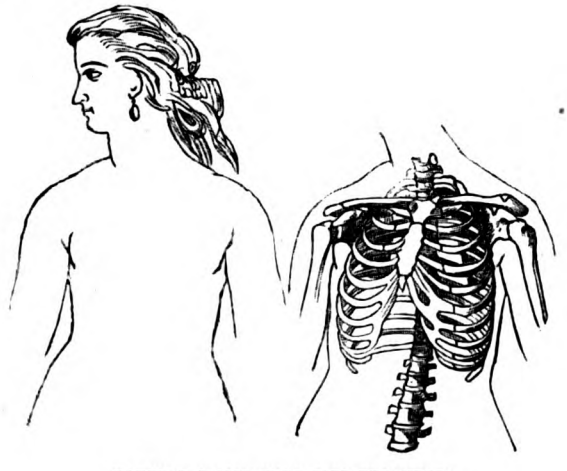
The fact is, that in admiring such distorted forms as the constricted waist and symmetrically-pointed foot, we are opposing our judgment to that of the Maker of our bodies; we are neglecting the criterion afforded by nature; we are departing from the highest standard of classical antiquity; we are simply putting ourselves on a level in point of taste with those Australians, Botocudos and Negroes.

We are taking fashion, and nothing better, higher or truer, for our guide; and after the various examples which have now been brought forward, may we not well ask, with Shakespeare,

"Seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?"

A Tuscan Wedding Custom.—The maidens of Tuscany cherish an old custom by bearing a sprig of jasmine on the wedding-day. The origin of the custom is said to be that a reigning Duke of Tuscany prized above all things a shrub of jasmine, which was the only one in European possession. He forbade his gardener to ever let any one look upon it. In spite of the order the gardener could not resist taking one of the precious sprigs to the peasant girl whom he courted. She planted it, and it grew with vigor, and in after-years, when misfortune overtook the married pair, she made enough to provide bread from the sale of its blossoms. A Tuscan proverb says, "The girl worthy to wear the jasmine is rich enough to make her husband's fortune."

Never speak much of your own performances.



NATURAL WAIST WITH RIBS EXPANDED.

FASHIONABLE AND DANGEROUS DEFORMITY.

THE MIDNIGHT LADY.—"A YOUNG WOMAN FELL ON HER KNEES BESIDE HIM, PEERING INTO HIS FACE WITH TWO WILD, BEAUTIFUL EYES. 'YOU ARE AWAKE. HUSH! RISE AND FOLLOW ME, IF YOU WISH YOUR LIFE SAVED.'"

THE MIDNIGHT LADY.

"And Owlswood is ours, Vaughan?"

"Yes, Vi; but——"

"But what?"

"We seem to have drawn a white elephant."

"What do you mean?"

"To tell the truth, my dear sister, the house is dreadfully—haunted."

"Fiddlestrings!"

"But the evidence is incontestable. Vain attempts have been made to dwell in the house—attempts not only vain, but dangerous. Mr. Morgan offered a reward to any person who would spend a night there. Several persons tried it and gave similar accounts of a lady seen at midnight—a small figure, robed in white."

"Oh, Vaughan Noble, I did think you above such folly!"

"As what?"

"Believing such stories."

"Please listen. The last man who attempted sleeping at Owlswood Mansion—a most substantial individual, of skeptical mind, answering to the unfanciful name of Smith—has disappeared altogether. Since when, nobody has volunteered to solve the mystery."

Vaughan composedly hung up his cap and overcoat. Violet threw herself back into the depths of her armchair. For a moment there was silence. The young lady pulled her long, fair curls; the gentleman took a seat and surveyed her.

"But we *must* live at Owlswood," said Violet, at length.

"It would seem so," answered her brother. "It is certainly a very great misfortune to have inherited this ghost."

"I do want to *live* somewhere! I am tired *staying*," was Violet's response—"staying" being her term for hotel-life. "All the time I was at school I longed for a home to go to, as the other girls had. And since—you have done the best you can for me, Vaughan; but a suite of rooms *is* very like a bird-cage! I get tired hopping back and forth on my perches."

"We must lay our ghost," said Vaughan. "You *shall* live at Owlswood, *Violette!* It is a splendid place. Old trees——"

"I delight in old trees!"

"I know. And lawns and a fountain——"

"Oh!"

"Yes; and vines cascading over the balconies, and oriel windows, long rooms within, with polished floors, carven balustrades, arched doorways, and deep window niches, which you also delight in, my dear Violet. And——"

"Why, Vaughan, have you been there?"

"No; but Alf Trafford has, and he told me all about it this afternoon."

Violet's face was full of roses.

"Alf Trafford—is he in town?" she said, slowly.

"Yes, and coming up for lunch to-morrow. Going to offer himself, I haven't the least doubt; so I shall take myself out of the way early, and go down to see Morgan again about this confounded ghost."

"Yes, I think so," murmured Violet, irreverently.

They were a handsome pair as they sat there—the heir and heiress of General Noble, their deceased father's brother. For they had the Noble beauty of straight features and blonde hair. They were intelligent, cultivated, well-bred. Their uncle, however, never had seen them. Both brothers had fallen in love with the same lovely woman, and it was rather to Grace Noble's children than to his natural heirs that the general had left Owlswood. He mourned for his lost love all his life, and never took the least notice of any other woman. If he ever forgave his brother for winning her from him, he made no sign of such amenity. He never sent for the children to visit him at Owlswood, wherein he buried himself in his later years. When he died he left a will, but it was not found until several years after his death, having fallen out of the drawer in which it had been placed, and slipped behind another. But Vaughan had reason for supposing himself and his sister the heirs, and this was at length established. The estate of Owlswood was theirs, but now the discovery was made that it had the marvelous incumbrance of a ghost. A surprising revelation. But an established fact.

Nobody who listened to the accounts could doubt it. Alf Trafford was well informed in the matter, for instance. He had known the man Thomas Smith, a burly farmer of the locality, who had attempted to solve the mystery, vowing to follow the midnight lady at her appearance—repairing to the haunted mansion, and disappearing for ever.

He left a young family to mourn his unfortunate enterprise.

"It isn't a bugabooo story, I assure you," concluded Alf. "It would have exploded long ago if it *had* been. There is something serious in it."

"Well, we must make investigations on our own account," said Violet, patiently stirring mayonnaise sauce, after Trafford's directions. "I can't give up Owlswood."

"Are you willing to go there and live?—make a trial of living there, I mean?" asked Vaughan, filling a glass with sherry, and then looking at his watch.

"No," said Violet, faintly.

For she was no longer an unbeliever in the danger.

"I thought not. Well, but we won't give it up so, sis. I'll see what can be done. Will see you this evening, Alf;" and Vaughan did take himself off, according to promise, leaving his sister and his friend to their lunch, etc.

Certainly a most agreeable fellow with whom to lunch *tête-à-tête*. *Au fait* in fashionable life, yet not a fop; dark, bright, witty, and entertaining, he would have pleased the fancy of *any* girl. But since he loved Violet Noble, he had made her love *him*.

By-and-by, when the mayonnaise sauce was perfected and the French glasses drained, he said:

"*I* am going to make a home for you, Violet, so don't fret if Vaughan and I fail to ransack the old house successfully.

"*Saucy!* But do you and Vaughan really intend to investigate Owlswood?"

"It's a great secret, mignon, but we do."

"When?"

"To-morrow night."

"Oh, no, no! I am afraid to have you!" cried Violet, starting up, a convert to the infestation.

* * * * * * *

Darkness was coming upon Owlswood. The woods were in thick shadow, though a ruddy light yet tinted the gray walls and arched windows. This light penetrated into the silent, unstirred rooms, revealing floors of polished oak, partially covered by rich mats and squares of foreign tapestry, carven chairs, and tall sideboards. The furniture was a strange mingling of colonial importation and modern luxury.

It was covered with dust, and cobwebs hung thick on the painted walls.

Spiders had spun air-webs across the mirrors, and as the apartments stretched one beyond another, the darkness came in and filled them.

The woody branches of a woodbine tapped against the closed sashes, as it climbed from balcony to balcony.

Overhead the colossal oaks soughed in the east wind, and soon all were hidden in a starless night.

In a large room in the east wing, somewhat remote from the body of the house, were lights and occupants.

Alf Trafford and Vaughan Noble had driven up quietly during the afternoon, and taken possession of this apartment. They had made a fire in the grate, brought in a leathern couch and an easy-chair, and were thus prepared for the night's watches.

Thick curtains of blue damask concealed the lights from the observation of any outside eyes, though the candelabras twinkled faintly enough in the centre of the dim, spacious room.

"If the ghost comes, there is scarcely light enough to see her by," laughed Vaughan, throwing himself upon the leathern couch. "You are going to watch the first half, Alf?"

"Yes."

"Because railroad traveling always makes me dull. I'll have a little beauty sleep, and then wake up and keep you company for an hour or two before midnight."

He reached to the table, placed his revolver beside the candelabras, gave a last glance about the shadowy room, and then fell back, and was almost instantly in a sound slumber.

Alf, reclining in the depths of the blue easy-chair, fell to musing.

It was still early in the October evening—about eight o'clock.

There would be no probability of the ghost before midnight.

Night-watches are proverbially tedious. He almost wished Violet had had courage enough to have joined them in their enterprise. How exquisite her beauty would have glimmered in that dim place! So young, so gay, so pretty in that atmosphere of stately decay!

But she would be frightened out of her life, poor child, by the isolated situation and the solemn stillness.

How long he sat watching the yellow, flickering flame he never knew.

All the doors of the apartment were locked. All was so still that he might have heard the ticking of the watch at his side, had his thoughts not been on distant persons and places.

He had his own theory about the ghost, and had no apprehension of any appearance that night. Such mischievous tricks would be thwarted by lock and key. Only a depraved and vicious mind could so employ itself as to create such disturbance.

A woman, crazed and half a fool, or wicked, might dwell undiscovered easily at Owlswood mansion, so vast and intricate its construction; and if such a person *was* there, she was certainly dangerous.

But, of course, she could not penetrate a room the doors of which were fastened.

It was by the operations planned for the next day that he expected to make discoveries.

Suddenly, without step or sound, a figure appeared at his elbow. He might have touched it if he had not, for an instant, seemed to be petrified. When he arose, mechanically, to his feet, it withdrew, without noise, and in a gliding, wavering manner, to the centre of the room.

A small female figure, robed in white—the ghost! Yet that which cast the spell over him was the *face*.

He had expected to discover in this midnight intruder a hag. From under the snowy cowl the face of an angel looked upon him.

Pale cheeks, fine features, pathetic dark eyes, clustering hair, a tiny hand holding the drapery across the breast. Young, eloquent with beauty and sadness, she gazed at him; then gliding softly back, she lingered yet again.

Trafford had no thought of the revolver, in which he had placed his trust. But he remembered his companion, and turning, shook him violently.

When he looked back, the figure had disappeared.

"What—what—what did you see, Alf?" cried Vaughan.

For a moment Trafford did not speak.

"Has the ghost come?" demanded Vaughan.

"She has been here."

Trafford tried the doors. They were still securely locked. He examined the wall. At last he came back to the blue chair, and sank down speechless.

Vaughan looked at his watch. It was just midnight.

* * * * * * *

The next morning the friends breakfasted in Bohemian style, and were ready for operations.

The sun streamed brightly into the spacious rooms, and echoes followed their footsteps as they passed from one to another.

Everywhere dust and disuse, and the signs of life gone out.

The hearths yawned black and empty; mirrors were hidden in mold; glass and dish were empty. A single starved blue-fly buzzed at a window of the stately dining-hall.

Through chamber, hall and balcony the young men carried their explorations, to return at last to the west drawing-room, where they had passed the night.

"The question is, how did she enter and leave this room?" asked Alf. "For since I have seen her face I have lost belief in a ghost—an airy nothing, independent of bolts and bars—more than ever."

"Well, we will both watch to-night, and leave the doors unlocked, that we may have a chance to follow her. I will take care that she doesn't disappear—vanish into thin air—if *I* am awake," said Vaughan.

Their explorations of the main building had revealed nothing.

The basement of the wing seemed to have fallen into ruin, for yawning floors precluded their footsteps, and a stifling, musty odor arose from the chasm.

Alf searched for some clew to a hidden human being, but had found none. The evidence, so far, was in favor of the apparition being a ghost, and nothing more; but he was yet incredulous.

They wandered through the grounds. The thick grass grew richly under the trees; shrubs shed an unavailing sweetness of blossom upon the air; trellises had rooted and fallen, casting a wealth of vine over the ground.

A rabbit leapt tamely across a lawn. The birds sang loudly in the thick branches of the ancient oaks. All was grand, peaceful, and beautiful.

"Violet would be delighted with this place," said Vaughan, meditatively whipping the trunk of a tree with his cane. "And there must be an end made of this ghost business, somehow. Alf, suppose we fire upon it?"

"Good God! *no!* You don't know what you are talking about. Wait until to-night, and see for yourself."

The second night drew on. The candelabras were again illuminated in the west drawing-room, the doors of which were left open—one leading into an ante-room, the other into the hall.

They made a fire and established themselves before it.

Trafford looked a little pale. Vaughan pulled a pocket edition of Tennyson from his pocket, and began reading.

The logs sang in the blaze. A chilly rain beat softly upon the panes behind the thick blue curtains.

Vaughan nodded over his book at last. His face fell against the velvet back of the chair in which he sat, showing the profile like a finely cut cameo.

Trafford thought, dozed and dreamed, perhaps, until he suddenly started to his feet.

"Vaughan, here she is!"

The small white figure stood by the hall-door, beckoning, beckoning, and slowly retreating.

Vaughan snatched a wax-candle from the candelabras and sprang forward.

Trafford caught up his revolver, but with no intention of using it.

Step by step, like one sleep-walking, Vaughan went on. Trafford followed him.

THE CALL OF "DANGER."— SEE PAGE 231.

She drifted like a cloud before them down the long hall, her siren face ever toward them—lovely, appealing, sad. She passed through a door. The wind lifted her dark hair. They followed her.

Yet came no nearer. She drifted ever at the same distance, like a mountain-mist. And now her small hands were folded on her breast.

The two men moved like enchanted beings as she led them on, on——

A cry! the crash of a rotten board! The light was extinguished! Alf Trafford found himself alone, and in darkness. An exclamation broke from his lips. He clinched his revolver.

But all was still. There was no sound but the rushing of the rain. The damp air blew cold across his face. A vine or tree began to rustle.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Where was he? He groped about, struck the opening of a door, felt a floor beneath his feet, then seemed suddenly to be out of doors. A branch of wet leaves struck his forehead. Such bewilderment and horror fell upon him as he called loudly for Vaughan, and received no answer, that he seemed for a moment insane.

But he found himself in the house at last. He groped in the rooms, found doors, pushed his way on, and perhaps retraced his steps many times before he caught the welcome gleam of a light, and found his bewilderment dissolve at the sight. He sprang into the one familiar room.

The logs were yet hissing on the hearth, the three remaining candles burned in the sockets of the old bronze candelabras.

Good God! where was Vaughan?

Morning soon dawned. At the first break of day Trafford was away from the accursed spot.

* * * * * *

Vaughan had uttered the cry, for he felt himself falling. The fall extinguished the taper he carried. He rushed helplessly through a dark space, and struck the ground with a force that partially stunned him.

Yet he had consciousness enough to realize that a strong grasp seized him, and dragged him for a considerable distance.

Then there was a period of entire unconsciousness, from which he awoke to find himself lying upon a bed of straw in what seemed to be a cellar.

A light glimmered before him. It was a lantern placed upon a table among a medley of objects, which looked like portions of some machinery. Close by, an old man in a battered hat was nodding sleepily, and was evidently unconscious that the prisoner was awake; for the place was little more than a dungeon—stone walls, unlighted by any windows, a wooden bench, and a hammock slung across the further end, comprising the remainder of the furniture.

He saw his danger; he knew it meant death, for he understood that he was in a den of thieves. He had chanced once to see a burglar's tools, and he recognized the implements upon the table, by which the filthy old man kept watch. He held a clay pipe between his teeth, which he was not smoking. Directly before him was a pile of silver, partly smelted. A bit of bread lay there, too, and a mug of beer.

But while Vaughan lay looking, without stirring, he was also listening. A murmur of men's voices was audible. A crack in the wall showed a brighter light, and now and then there was the noise of a heavy footfall.

With every sense alert, he yet lay still, as if dead.

Suddenly a space opened in the wall; a rough voice said, "Larry!" and the old man roused himself, stumbled out, and pressed through the open door, which immediately shut after him.

For one breathless moment Vaughan found himself alone. He listened—all was silent. He was about to lift his head when a light step sounded fleetly on the stone floor, a dress rustled, and a young woman fell on her knees beside him, peering into his face with two wild, beautiful eyes.

"You are awake. Hush! Rise up and follow me, if you wish your life saved!"

She sprang up, made a gesture of caution as he rose, and hurried to open an opposite door.

As soon as they had passed through the door, all was darkness. She snatched his hand with a soft, thrilling grasp, and drew him on. They seemed passing through a wine-cellar. At length they reached an arch which had a lantern swung from its centre.

"Stay! Hush!" she whispered. "Listen, but do not speak; this place echoes. I am going to save your life."

Her great, solemn eyes were lifted close to his face, her fragrant breath mingled with his as she whispered:

"They are going to strangle you. They strangled a man here once before. But I save you at the risk of my life. If I help you escape, promise not to set the officers upon us. I cannot do it else. Do you promise? Give me your other hand if you do."

He gave her the other hand, and she held both for a moment, as she went on:

"My uncle, the leader of these men—there are twelve of them—has just come in with some prize which engages their attention, or I should not have this chance. I am the same girl who led you here over the rotten boards—you do not know me? Never mind. I am going to rescue you now. Come now, carefully."

She flitted on ahead with the same light, exquisite step—he recognized it now—and saw the same dark, clustering hair, though the *petite* form was robed in a close-fitting dark dress. A few steps more, and they were out of doors.

"There! Now you are safe!" she said, in a low, eager voice, while he stood still, bewildered by the darkness. "You will remember your promise, will you not? I trust you."

"I will, for your sake."

He began to see objects plainer.

"There is the drive that leads down the avenue. It will soon be morning. Never come here again. Good-by!"

He was delighted with his escape. The free air blew over his face like a benediction.

"How beautiful it must be to be free!" said the young girl, as if she followed his feelings.

She spoke drearily. She was going away, but he arrested his eager steps, and exclaimed, turning back to her:

"Stay! Are you obliged to stop here? How do you live? What is your name? And why do you play this cheat on people?" he added, in a different tone.

"I stay with my uncle. He brought me up. I have no home but with him," she murmured.

For a moment there was silence. Her head drooped. She was going away, but Vaughan again detained her.

"What is your name, please?"

"Teresa—my uncle calls me Tressy."

"Why do you play ghost?"

"My uncle tells me to—I cannot help it," she replied, more quickly, and with some show of impatience. "Go! you are safe now," she added.

Day was breaking. He recognized his surroundings. He thought of Trafford.

"I must go into the house. I am not alone here," he began.

"Yes, you are," she interrupted. "He has gone—the other."

"Good-by, then."

He held out his hand.

"Good-by," she said, wearily.

She was not more than fifteen years old. Her cheek had still its childish roundness.

"You are very young to lead such a dreadful life. If ever you want a friend, come to me," he said, kindly.

So they parted in the dim morning. It had ceased raining, but the boughs shook their fresh drops upon him as he strode down the avenue.

A half-mile walk brought him to the turnpike, where he waited for the morning stage, and was thus borne to the nearest railroad-station.

He reached the city; took a carriage to his hotel. When he appeared to Violet, she flung herself into his arms with a scream of joy. Her hair was disheveled—her face bathed in tears.

"Oh, Vaughan, we thought you were murdered! And Alf has gone back to that horrid place with the officers!"

The officers! He thought of the little Tressy—his promise!

"How long have they been gone?"

"They have just started."

"I must go back, then. Don't cry, Violet; I will take care of myself."

He tore himself away from her again.

"She said she saved my life at the risk of her own," he muttered, giving the hack-driver twice his fare to catch the train.

He caught it, found the party bound to Owlswood—four officers and Alf Trafford, half crazed. His appearance created a sensation.

"See here, friends; there is a little girl there, a mere child, who saved my life. They were meaning to strangle me—that horde. I shall take the girl into my protection. You will seize only the others."

They acquiesced. Like pointers, they tracked their prey to the den. The ringleader—a hoary old vaillain—was killed, and Vaughan found the girl Tressy sobbing over his lifeless body. Five other men were shot, but only disabled—all were put in irons. A little strategy was used to effect a complete arrest.

For a time, Vaughan pleaded in vain with the half-distracted girl.

"But your uncle is dead. This is my home, and I am coming here to live. You must come with me!" he said, at last. There is no one else to take care of you."

She arose at this, brought her hat and cloak, and, sobbing all the while, let him take her away with him in the carriage he had brought.

Poor, beautiful, untaught child! It was necessary to keep her existence a secret from his fashionable friends. It was thought best to send her to school. She was quite docile in his hands, and so she was sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart for two years.

The robbers' nest in the cellars of Owlswood was broken up, the spot restored to its legitimate uses, and soon the Nobles came to the mansion to live. Life and wealth filled the wide rooms with fresh luxury and beauty. The solution of the ghost was satisfactory, and left no lingering fears. The robbers had, most of them, been tried, convicted, and sentenced. Some of them had died. The marvel died away. Peace and happiness reigned at Owlswood. A wedding was on the *tapis*—that of Violet Noble and Alf Trafford.

Just then Vaughan made a trip to St. Louis. He visited the Convent. He saw Tressy, who had learned to love the Sisters, and was happy.

"What are you ever going to do with that girl?" asked Violet, contemplating her wedding vail.

"Marry her."

"Good heavens! Are you in earnest?"

"I am."

He was. The spirit of Tressy had taken no guile from her early surroundings. She was soon glad to be free of the past, and accepted the Sisters' teachings readily. Her fairy grace and beauty developed into something marvelous. She was delicate and lovely as a flower; and when Vaughan Noble brought her to Owlswood as its mistress, after Violet's wedding, no one observed any incongruity in her reigning there, not as the Midnight Lady, but as the mistress of all hours and seasons.

INDOLENCE is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue.

THE CALL OF "DANGER."

A HAWK poised in the air is a curious spectacle. Before it dashes down with the speed of lightning, it hovers in the air almost motionless, its head to the wind, its tail spread, its wings expanded, looking more like a Chinese kite than a living bird. While hanging thus strangely suspended, its keen eye marks its quarry. If its aim be one of a brood of chickens, quail or pheasants, the mother-bird seems to know by instinct that the enemy is above, and a peculiar call brings all the chicks hurrying to the shelter of her outspread wings. The more alert soon gain the refuge, and crouch close in to her body; the dilatory and absent-minded need several sharp, quick calls. As they are fluttering along a shadow suddenly descends; the mother has done what she could for precaution; now she bristles for the battle, and is ready to strike her assailant, and, if possible, beat him off. All her mother-love for her young nerves her, and the swooping hawk, if he ventures too close, may pay the penalty of his rashness.

GWENDOLIN.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

THERE was a light step, a rustling of silk, and I looked up to see a glorious creature standing by Walt's side.

"My wife, Harry," he said, taking her hand. "This is Harry Morris, Gwendolin; my old chum, that I have talked so much of."

With a movement that seemed like music, the beautiful woman came toward me and extended her little hand.

"I am glad to welcome you to our home," she said, as I took her hand, and her voice was as clear and ringing as a silver bell. "Walt has often told me of you, and made me wish to see you. Of course you will stay with us while you are in the city."

I expressed my thanks for and acceptance of the invitation, and then we all drew close to the brilliant fire that sent its ruddy glare and kindly heat out from the wide and well-filled grate, and began a cozy and lively chat concerning the current news.

As we talked, my eyes would wander from the fire to the face of the woman by Walt's side, and an impression that she had a history, which came to my mind as soon as I saw her, quickly grew to a settled conviction.

There was a nerve—I know of no other word that so fully expresses my meaning—in the curve of her rich-hued lips, in the outflashing of her eyes, in the quick, decisive movement of her delicate hand, that told of a will-power before which all danger to self would become as naught; of a love-power to which death and suffering would be sacrifices of glorious import.

As we sat talking a servant brought in a card, and, after reading the name, Mrs. Dalton rose, and saying, "I must ask to be excused, as I have an engagement to visit some studios with a party of friends," went from us.

When we were alone, Walt looked at me with an odd glance, that had grown familiar in our college days. It was a silent interrogation, and I said:

"A noble woman, and you are in luck. But where and how did you meet her?"

"That is quite a story; but we have two hours before dinner, and Gwen will not be back much earlier than that, so I can tell it to you. This is my special den, and you

GWENDOLIN.—"WITH A MOVEMENT THAT SEEMED LIKE MUSIC, THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN CAME TOWARD ME, AND EXTENDED HER LITTLE HAND."

can smoke," and Walt pushed a box of cigars toward me, and lighting one for himself, settled back in his easy-chair and began :

"When we graduated four years ago, and made that little trip to Newport, you know I got ensnared by the blue eyes and gold hair of that little flirt, Linda Van Valkenberg. She was a beauty, and knew it ; I was a fool, and did not recognize the fact until I had followed her home, and found that I made one more in the number of her disdained conquests.

"You know you left me following in her train, and went off to study law. Well, when I found out that Miss Linda cared for me in the same ratio that she cared for a fashionable bonnet, I concluded that I would seek a more healthful and manly occupation than that of dallying about her. I had some land in Texas, and thought I could make a respectable rancheman, even if I did stand low down in Greek verbs.

"I reached the Plains late in the Fall, having equipped myself in the classic frontier costume of heavy boots, rough clothing, slouch hat and a revolver. I also let my beard grow, and, as I was playing the part of a broken-hearted Romeo, looked thin and very ferocious.

"Hands were scarce then, and I soon found employment. The wild, free life had a strength and vim in it that I enjoyed, and the heartache I had brought with me went flying away on the cool and frost-filled northers that whistled down from Dakota, and made my cheeks red and my appetite simply tremendous.

"There were some exciting times that Winter, for the Indians broke loose from a couple of reservations, and while the troops were looking for them along the foot-hills, the Indians came riding down among the cattle-droves of Texas, and carried away more booty and scalps than would suffice to pay for a dozen Indian territories.

"We were in the saddle about all the time, and I had more than one narrow escape.

"There was a spice of genuine danger in one of these adventures, however, and as it was the opening link in my matrimonial chain, I must tell of it. I was out on the Plains some four or five miles north of the ranche, with a herd of cattle. There was, perhaps, four thousand head in the run, and I was the man furthest away from home.

"Toward noon the drove were browsing on some tender and juicy grass that grew along the southern protection of a wide range of bushes, and, as they appeared quite easy and content, I staked my horse, to let him have a chance, and walked along the edge of the brush. When some distance from him I suddenly heard the whisper of strange voices between us, and in an instant was all alert. I was standing close to the bushes, and in the shelter of some thick catkins, so that I knew I had not yet been seen. There was something in the voices, a guttural sound or drawl, that made me think of Indians, and I loosened the straps on my revolvers and felt for my knife.

"Just to the left of where I was standing, a small creek bubbled out from among the undergrowth, over which a few trees rose like sentinels. To the right, the bushes curved away from me, leaving a space that more resembled a bay than anything else. It was from this direction that the voices came, and toward it my glance was fixed, while I silently drew closer in among the sheltering branches.

"There was a rustling, scarcely perceptible, and then a dozen or more warriors appeared, stealthily gliding out from the centre of the curve, where a narrow trail ran north. They were hideous in their war-paint, and carried rifles that showed all the marks of modern improvement. As they saw the cattle grazing so near, a satisfied grin stole over the stolid faces, and a short and animated parley was held.

"Then they separated into two parties, one coming toward me. As these came on, the leading warrior happened to cast his eye on the ground, and he instantly raised his hand. A low whistle called his companions to him, and by their words and gestures I knew that my trail was discovered.

"They would be on me in an instant, and the only thing to do was to fire and run, the first act being as a warning to my fellow-herdsmen. I was determined not to waste my shot, however, and consequently took good aim at the leading Indian. As the report rang out I saw him fall, and the next instant I was tearing along through the bushes with a half a dozen red devils after me.

"I made for the creek, which was narrow and led into a hollow where there was some good hiding-places. The path was a rough one, but I had no surplus clothing to impede me, and the nearness of the human hounds in

GWENDOLIN.—"I REACHED THE BROOK AND SPRANG ACROSS IT, AND THEN STRUCK FOR THE HOLLOW. THE INDIANS WERE NOT GAINING, BUT THEY WERE STILL FOLLOWING."

GWENDOLIN.—"AS THE SAVAGE ANIMAL AGAIN SPRANG ON ME, I BURIED MY KNIFE TO THE HILT IN ITS HEART."

pursuit gave my feet a lightness they had never before possessed. My college athletics stood me good friends now, and the training tramps that hardened me for boat-racing did the better duty of making me able to take a long run at this crisis.

"I reached the brook and sprang across it, and then struck for the hollow. The Indians were not gaining, but they were still following—that I knew by the noise they made breaking through the brush.

"In a short time I had gained the entrance to the hollow, and, following the brook, went swiftly up it. Soon I came to a bend, where some hard rocks, shaded by bushes, showed on the other side. The brook broadened out above these, but here I could leap it, and did this, hoping that I could give my pursuers the slip by doing so.

"Running along the ledge, and seeing some evergreen bushes below, and in a snug corner, I sprang in among them. They parted before my weight, and I felt myself going down, down, past the level I had expected to reach.

"The bushes closed above me and shut out the sky, and then I brought up with a shock that stunned and bewildered me. I must have fallen ten or twelve feet below the place where I thought I would stop, and it was some minutes ere I grew steady and accustomed to the dim light.

"Then I began to look about me for some solution of my strange adventure, and instantly became aware of the near proximity of a new foe. There was a low growl from the darker end of the cavern, and, turning my gaze in that direction, I found myself confronted by a dimly outlined face, in which shone two fierce red eyes.

"The form and the growl were enough to warn me, and I drew my knife, as I did not dare to use my revolvers, for fear the report would tell my Indian foes of my whereabouts, and though I knew the gray wolf to be a dangerous customer when driven into a corner, I determined to have my fight with only a knife to aid me.

"The light was too faint to give me a good chance in choosing a position, but I faced the nearing eyes and backed slowly against a jutting rock. As I reached this there was a sound of a spring, and throwing up my left arm to guard my throat, I lunged out with my knife.

"I felt the keen teeth sink in my arm, and a warm spurt of blood reply to my blow. The wolf was a heavy brute, and bore me down to my knees. It had released my arm, and was snapping and biting at my face. By a desperate effort I shook it clear, and quickly drove my knife into its neck.

"I had just given this final blow, and the gasping animal was still clinging to my coat, when, with a fierce rush, another wolf was on me.

"I had not noticed its approach, but the intuitive admonition of danger that warns all humanity caused me to start up from bending above the dying brute at my feet, and, as I did so, its companion struck at me. The force of the concussion threw the animal back and made me drop my knife.

"Ere I could get it again the wolf was on me, and I grappled it by the throat. Fortunately for me, it was not so powerful as my first foe, but, in my exhausted condition, it was a dangerous antagonist. In its struggles to get free it more than once sank its teeth in some part of my body, and we rolled about in as desperate a rough-and-tumble battle as I ever wish to participate in.

"While doing this, and when the brute was getting the best of me because of its freshness, I felt my hand strike something round and hard, and, making a desperate struggle, threw the wolf from me and grasped the friendly blade.

"Ere my foe could return to the combat, I was on my knees, my knife firmly clasped; and as the savage animal again sprang on me, I buried it to the hilt in its heart. With its teeth still in my arm, it gave a shudder, a quick, convulsive throe, and then its jaws relaxed and it fell dead.

"My eyes had grown accustomed to the dim light, and I saw that to the left there was a hazy radiance, as though the sun had forced its rays in through some opening. When I had slightly recovered from my struggle, I made my way toward this. I was stiff and full of pain, but life was dearer, now that I had saved it, and I would have made a desperate fight with any antagonist that had confronted me.

"As I went on, the light grew stronger, and soon I heard the trickling of water. At the same moment there came the sound of some rapid pistol or rifle shooting, and then a hasty retreat and pursuit, with a mingling of chaotic cries. After a little time I heard steps returning, and then some one shouted my name.

"This reassured me, and, following the light, I soon

GWENDOLIN.—"RISING IN HER STIRRUP, SHE SEVERED THE ROPE ABOUT MY NECK."

reached a narrow opening, by which the brook flowed. It was hid by bushes clinging to the rocks and hanging pendent toward the water. These offered no resistance, and breaking through them, I answered the next 'Hallo, there, Dalton!' with a faint cheer, but it reached the ears of Holt Campbell—one of my fellow-herdsmen—and the next instant he appeared on the ledge above me.

"'How did you get there?' he asked.

"I told him, and, with a strong exclamation of surprise, he gave a loud call for the rest of the boys to come.

"Soon they were all close to me, and I was hauled up on the rocks, and my wounds washed and dressed, one of the old hands having salve and soft bandages, to be ready for a knife-cut or any other emergency. The cave was then explored, the dead wolves brought out, and a nest of cubs discovered; and with these and the two skins as trophies, we returned to the herd, and, as we went, I was told of the morning's adventure.

"The report of my pistol had put the men on their guard, and the relief coming up at this moment, they made a rush to see what was up. The foremost men saw some of the Indians stealing toward the cattle, and others just disappearing in the bushes. So intent were the former on their work, and so elated with the prospect, that they forgot the possibility of there being other foes, and the men were on them before they fairly realized their danger.

"Of course the fight was a one-sided affair, for our men outnumbered the warriors two to one. That party disposed of, four men were left to see to the cattle, who had been sent scampering by the rifle-shots, while the rest sought for me. The trail of my pursuers was plain enough, and, under Campbell's lead, the men followed it up, using more caution now, as the other Indians might have been alarmed by the firing.

"They saw that I had made for the hollow, and Campbell made a short cut for a point that overlooked the ledge from which I had disappeared. Here they saw my pursuers, evidently thrown off their track by the sudden ending of my trail, and as they were not looking for any new foes, having doubtless thought the firing a ruse of their companions to start the cattle, their surprise was complete.

"My wounds kept me at the ranche for some days, and this was how I came to fall in love. Had I been out on the Plains with the rest of the fellows, the wagon that stopped at the ranche for directions and meat would have missed me, and I should not have seen the face that haunted me through the long watches that followed my rest.

"I was basking in the sun one morning when this wagon drew up, and I saw that it contained a man and woman and some household fixings. The man was middle-aged, tall and strongly-built, and there was a bold, determined look in his eyes, that showed he was well suited for the frontier. Of course I thought the woman was his wife, and was much surprised to see, when she turned her face to me, that she was much younger.

"I had risen to my feet to answer the man's questions, and when her beauty flashed on me I was done for. Had she been his wife, I would have loved her, and died there on the Plains, for a glance showed that her soul was as true as steel and as pure as heaven. You have seen her, and can judge of her beauty; and knowing it, you can also judge how that beauty affected me, who had seen no woman save the gaunt half-breeds who did our cooking at the ranche.

"I invited them to alight, and the throb of joy that thrilled me when I heard her say, 'Shall we, Uncle Jack?' can better be imagined than described. That she saw my admiration, and knew to what it would lead, you can know. A woman's fine intuition will grasp things in a moment that a man will blunder around for a year. She blushed a little, but there was a sympathetic cling in the dainty hand she gave me to help her out, and somehow I felt that I could win her.

"The wagon remained a couple of hours at the ranche, and I had a nice breakfast prepared for my guests. In the conversation that seasoned this repast, I learned that the uncle of my wife that was to be owned a large tract of land about sixty miles southwest of our place, and that he had located there the previous year, and gone East in the Winter for his niece and some housekeeping goods.

"I made some exchanges in reading-matter, gave them all they wished from my store, for I was head man at the ranche, and received a double invitation to come and see them. I would have gone even had this been forgotten.

"I tell you, Harry, a great light faded from my day when that large and lumbering emigrant-wagon rolled away southward, but there was hope and a cherished memory left. You can know that I was not long in fulfilling my promise to see them, and though I could only stay a few hours, those hours were glorious ones to me. Gwen shone resplendent as a housekeeper and hostess, and I found that though her life had been one of struggle and toil, she had studied hard, read much, and was a noble, intelligent woman.

"Somehow her presence was like an inspiration to me. There was a feeling caused by it that made one think of his duty to his fellows, and questions as to whether the life he was leading was the one best suited to him. I know that, though she never hinted at such a thing, I soon felt that I was wasting my education, and determined to make amends for past idleness.

"But I could not leave her neighborhood, and, besides, I had agreed to remain at the ranche till the next Spring. I had a package of books and writing material in my luggage, and that was something to help me, for when I was off duty I began to study and write. Then I would stand double duty for a week, and in that way get a chance to run down and see her, and so the Spring and Summer wore away, and Autumn came.

"Then I discovered that I had a rival. Now, I had never spoken of love to Gwen, so that I had no more right to her than had any other man, yet it made me very savage to see that sallow-faced, lanky Sam Whortley hanging around John Holcroft's ranche every time I went there.

"Gwen was a great lover of horseback-riding, and would often take a gallop with me when I started for home. She was a bold rider, and her steed was a noble fellow, and he loved the lithe and lovely woman that rode him with an affection that made him her slave.

"One moonlight October evening I started for home rather early, and Gwen went out with me. After a five-mile run we parted, and she had but just left me, when I heard the gallop of a horse to my right. I thought nothing of it, but went on, and was whistling a favorite tune, when the sound came nearer, and soon a horseman rode along beside me.

"I turned, and found that my companion was Sam Whortley.

"'Good-evening,' he said.

"'Good-evening,' I replied.

"'Got a long ride before ye.'

"'Yes, rather.'

"'Seem to think a heap of that Holcroft girl?'

"I made no reply.

"'Mighty fine girl——

"I could stand no more; but, wheeling my horse so that I faced him, I said: 'Silence, you contemptible cur, or I will wring your neck.'

"'Ha, ha!' he laughed, 'but you won't; and let me tell you that yours will be wrung if you come around these parts any more,' and with his yellow face fairly glowing with rage, he put spurs to his horse and dashed back toward the settlement.

"I sent a mad defiance after him, and then struck out in a long, swinging gallop for home.

"It was a month before I again visited Holcroft's, and when I did I had a new horse. I said nothing to Gwen of my adventure with Sam Whortley, though I saw him enter one of the outbuildings when I rode up.

"I spent a pleasant afternoon, and in the evening Gwen proposed a ride. I accepted, and went out for my horse, to find him gone and a strange one in his place. No one about the place knew anything of my animal's whereabouts, nor to whom the horse left in his place belonged, so I was forced to accept the change.

"Gwen told me that there had been several horses stolen or changed about the settlement lately, and I put my saddle on the one left, and found that he was superior to to mine. We had a good canter across the prairie, and did justice to the ample supper that was waiting for us.

"It was a moonlit night, and as I was in no particular hurry I did not leave Holcroft's ranche till near ten. Gwen went with me, as she expected to meet her uncle, who had gone away that morning to see about some cattle.

"We separated some five miles from the ranche, the trail her uncle would come by branching off from mine at this point.

"I had gone about two miles further on when I heard the sound of other travelers approaching. They were coming at a swift gallop, and I felt rather glad, for the ride was a lonesome one, and almost any company would be an acceptable acquisition. I did not hurry my horse. He was swinging along finely, his gait being long and even. I could hear the hoof-beats of the approaching animals, and knew that they were coming nearer all the time. Turning, I saw their dim forms far away on the plain, and could not refrain from shuddering, they looked so weird and ghostly in the thin moonlight. Then for the first time came the thought, 'Regulators.'

"In a moment my situation flashed on me. I had a strange horse, and the manner in which I came by him would make but little difference with these lawless judges.

"Determined to see whether they were following me or not, I turned off on a trail leading eastward, and went rattling along, gradually urging my horse to an increased speed. I was soon satisfied as to their object. They were following me, and their horses were fresh.

"I was speeding on at a rapid pace, but my pursuers were gaining—I knew that by the sharper sound of the hoof-beats, and then my horse stumbled and sent me flying over his head. I was up in a moment, but that stumble had wrecked my chance by flight, and before I could right my saddle and mount, my pursuers were about me, and their leader uttered the laconic decision:

"'Caught.'

"'Well,' I asked, 'what do you wish of me?'

"'Whose horse is that?' asked the leader.

"'I don't know. I borrowed it at Holcroft's ranche.'

"'Do you expect us to take that in?'

"'You can prove it by taking me back there.'

"'Bah!' said another of the party, 'we're not babies, to be fooled that way.'

"There was something about the tone of this voice, a sort of triumphant chuckle, that made me think it was Sam Whortley's, but I was not well enough aquainted with him to be sure. That he had something to do with my trouble I was certain, but that was no evidence for me.

"'What shall we do?' questioned the leader.

"'Why do you ask?' said the other man who had spoken. 'There is the horse; we all know that it is Jim Keene's, and that it was stolen to-day. This man has it, and, for all his soft stories, is the thief. There is but one verdict in the case.'

"'All right—do your duty.'

"As the leader said these words, I was seized, bound, and then seated on my horse. The shadow of a tree showed a short distance away, and to this I was led.

"A lasso was flung over a branch, a slip-noose formed in this, and the end made fast, so that the noose was even with my hat. I was lifted up and this adjusted round my neck. I made no expostulations, for I knew they would be useless.

"All things being ready, they were about to lead my horse from under me, when there was a rush of hoofs.

"The men drew their pistols, but ere they could use them, Gwen rode furiously in among them. She had a glittering bowie in her hand, and rising in her stirrup, she severed the rope about my neck. Then, with the butt of her whip, she struck one of the masked faces, the blow tearing away the covering.

"'Cowards!' she said, and the scorn in her voice was as keen as a knife. 'This is your justice—is it?'

"The men slunk back, the one she had unmasked, and whom I recognized as Sam Whortley and the second speaker of the band, putting spurs to his horse, and dashing away in the direction by which I had sought to escape.

"'There goes your thief,' she went on; 'but you had better let him go; and, hereafter, before you hang a man, find out that he is the right one to hang.'

"But this is Jim Keene's horse, Miss Holcroft,' said the leader of the band; 'and he was stolen.'

"'Yes, by Sam Whortley, who then stole this gentleman's, and left Keene's in its place in our stable. Who set you on this track?'

"'Sam Whortley.'

"'I thought so. And if you wish the man who stole Jim Keene's horse, you must find Sam Whortley. I shall borrow the horse for to-night, and I will return it to-morrow.'

"She had been busy cutting my lashings while she talked, and I was free now.

"'Come, you must go back home with me,' she whispered.

"I grasped my bridle, and we started on our return. The leader of the band apologized, and offered to accompany us as a guard, but declined the offer.

"'You will find this gentleman at my uncle's, if you wish him to-morrow,' said Gwen, and then we rode away to the west and left them.

"Before we had gone a mile, Harry, we were betrothed, for I loved Gwen with an affection that meant something—a love that would wear; and she, dear girl, had given her heart, as all true women give it, without reserve.

"How did she come to appear so opportunely? Oh, she was waiting for her uncle, when suddenly my pursuers passed her. Her horse was standing in a shadow, and they did not see her, but she recognized Whortley's animal, and became possessed with the idea that some harm was intended me, so she followed.

"Well, the end of my story is soon reached. We saw no more of Sam Whortley, and the next Spring, when my agreement was up, we were married. I have enough to keep us handsomely; but you can't be idle and live with

A BANYAN-TREE ACROSS A STREET IN INDIA.

Gwen. I am busy with my second novel; my first just fell short of being the long-looked-for great American romance, the critic said; and Gwen is an artist; I'll show you some of her work after dinner. There goes the bell; Gwen came in some time ago, so we must go to her."

UNDER THE BANYAN.

"The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar and Deccan spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade,
High o'erarch'd and echoing walls between.
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool and tends his pasturing herds
At loopholes cut through the thickest shade."

MILTON'S picture is delightful enough. The "Indian Herdsman," seated in cool-shaded ease, watches through a loophole in the dense foliage his grazing flocks. Unhappily, it is not quite to the life. But another, scarcely less quaint, is:

The sun is at its hottest, the languid flocks remember the pillared shade, and, their morning hunger sated, turn, with only one mind to all their bodies, in the direction of their noonday shelter. No need now for the herdsman to affect to lead his flock. It has already trotted ahead of him, and when, at the corner, the foremost has seen the welcome grove, the whole train breaks into a canter. A minute later and neither goat nor sheep is in sight. The herdsman follows at his leisure; all his scanty clothing swathed round his head, and in his hand a spray of unripe mango fruitlings, windfalls strangely overlooked by the cripple who watches the tree, and of which, by specious tending of a wayward goat, the simple herdsman had possessed himself to season a mess withal. And still merry over the harmless felony, he passes singing (save the mark!) a ditty of the kind that pleases such. Let us follow him under the banyan. Does not the sight remind you of some Puritan desecration of a church?

Along the pillared aisles, so dim of light, so loftily o'erarched, the bleating folk are scattered. Some, distracted among the many nooks that invite repose, wander about at a loss where to settle. "This way and that, dividing the swift mind, intent" to sleep. Others, the older heads, have clustered picturesquely, sheep and goats together, at the very threshold, making themselves comfortable at once. On every root a kid or lamb has perched itself, and the game they play is an old acquaintance, of very simple rules—"Tom Tiddler's ground." The herdsman, meanwhile, has found his own corner, has driven off the kid that affected to dispute possession, and (who so skillful as a native?) has blown three sticks into a blaze, and is cooking his meal. Beyond him, in another corner, a party of travelers have turned from the high road to bivouac. The red-curtained wagon stands by them tilted up; and tethered between two of the banyan's pillars the pony slouches to discuss his melancholy provender. A dog squats by—near enough to smell the food, too far off for any sudden lunge of staff. Beyond these, again, we find, hanging head downward in clusters and rows, the residents of the place, a colony of flying-foxes—an uncomely show and an unsavory company. But in spite of "vampyres," herds, and travelers, there is yet space enough under the banyan for solitude. Thread your way through the cloistered labyrinth of stem and bough, and whichever way you turn you will chance upon a retreat that, if you are of my kind, will tempt you to loiter, and, loitering, will delight you. Here is one.

SEEKING THE SHELTER OF A BANYAN-TREE.

Fit haunt for fawn or buskined nymph, a bower for Osiris's self—call him Noah or Bacchus, as you will—when the burden of the Summer's sun has overtaken him in his cups; a divan clean-swept, and garnished with sylvan seats, for his company of Bassarids and Bacchanals. Have you soul enough to shut your eyes and think Pan come again with all his happy rout? Raise your altars to Aditi, the Infinite Expanse, mother of all things. Pile up on it the green stuff grateful to Prithivi, the Broad One, the Earth. Strew the ground with tender foliage, and here, though the days of the Floralia be just gone—here in India, and arid May holding his breath from heat—you may conjure up any of the woodland scenes of "Endymion," and people it with all the Dryad folk. To help your imagination a kid peeps in at you. Simulating surprise, it skips sideways on to the gnarled root. But you are dull company, it says, and another sidelong skip takes it to the ground again, and away along the green vista it frisks to find a playmate. Amalthea will be here anon to look for it. A flash of crimson and gold and burnished bronze, and, see, over against you has perched the prophetic bird, with strong bill divining the secrets of the central bole, fluttering the creviced things that in the heart of the wood tunnel their mole galleries, and dragging to day the mystery-loving worm. Hark! It was

Picus calling. With a flash of crimson and gold and burnished bronze the augur's bird is gone. Surely the company will be here soon. But you will have warning of their coming, the fluty reed and the tinkling sheep-bell. Stay a while longer. Trail some bright-flowered creeper, the gorgeous trumpet-flower and full-scented clematis, about and between the green pilasters that crowd you round, and give your fancy a long tether. A glimpse of garden luxury snatched from Daphne by Orontes! A nook on Cithæron's side, the haunt of Mænads! a bower in Cyprus for the dove-drawn goddess's self.

And this reminds me of a protest I have often wished to make against those dull folk who "teach the bidden blush to rise" when Aphrodite is invoked. I am no apostle of the Paphian, and I hate sparrows. But I would remind the "stupidly good" that when they bridle at the love-queen's name, it is only to flatter their own uncouth interpretation of the great goddess. They should remember that in the Greeks' mythology the lover of Adonis was also the sunlight of the grimy home of hard-handed Labor. That though she proved weak when severally sued by the Gods of Valor, of Eloquence and of Wisdom, she always went attended by the modest Graces. These stole from the wine her lovers drank with her all that suggests your sensitive shudder, and quickened and made bright by charms of mind and demeanor the tedious lives of men. Remember this. The Greek that would compass Aphrodite had first to woo Euphrosyne and her maiden sisters.

And therefore I said that the sun-proof bower here under the banyan was, if you would have it so, a bower fit even for "the sweet Cyprian's" self.

Let out your fancy like (some one has said it before me) a "cockchafer tied by the leg." Kick out in your little circle and sprawl over it. Range for fantasies in cramped Laputas. Call up some mimic steward of the Sacred Things, to tell us what we did not know before—"the chief things of the ancient mountains and the precious things of the everlasting hills." Sense or nonsense makes little difference lying here. Around you the air tinted with the deep sea-green, above you the restless waves of foliage. The floor beneath your feet is as clean swept as the sea-floor. The ruddy fallen figs replace the shells. Further on, mayhap, you will find old Nereus couched in sea-drift, or the noisy Triton, his "wreathed shell" beside him, and his cheeks, even in his dreams, puffed to call together the glancing nymphs.

Avoid only the Sahara of common speech. It has but one perennial spring in all its dreary circle, its source the bare rocks of scandal, and bitter its waters—Marah. Forget for the hour your past, horrid with splinters of hopes. Do not think of the future, smooth though it be with good intentions. And the present! It is yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, three turns of the glass only—no more, though even you be a Macrobian. "The great sea is bound with a little sand!" And of parsley was made the crown of the victors in the Isthmian games! The harlequin empires glitter and go. Remember the Seven Sleepers. By reason of the wrath of Pagan Rome they fled to a cave "with the gadding vine o'ergrown," and slept. It was only for the space of three men's lives; yet, lo! when they awaked it was to find the Golden House of the Cæsar, "*semper* Augustus," untenanted, and all Europe Christian!

Your work can spare your thoughts for an hour. Call up forest fantasies for your pleasure. Unnail your mind from the everlasting pump, and let it loose among Norwegian pines, among the beeches and the firs of the Hartz, the oaks and cheer of the Himalayan range. You will meet strange company. At the Feast of Firs the Bear Kings reveling in woody Astor; on Munga Parbat the dainty Peri or awful Harginn; in Thuringian woods the willow goblin; in the Black Forest the Erl König and his elfin court—all the sprites of story. Idle dreaming enough, but dreams are wholesome, let doctors twaddle as they will. They were given us to lessen the remorseless distance between earth and heaven, this world and the next, and, by familiarizing it, to make less dreadful to the living the life after death. It is in dreams that the German stories make the elves steal human souls; in dreams that the people of the Philippines make their old men pass into the forms of old trees. Among the people of the Chilian coast souls of men that have benefited their kind when living continue, as cocoanut palms, to benefit them after death. In Burmah at this day the English Government pays to the headman of forest tracts a fee, "murung," for appeasing the manes of their ancestors lodged in old sal-trees.

The trees have been called "God's crops"; but this, as compassing their whole dignity, is as inadequate as if they had been called "the aviaries of God." They are more than mere providers of food and exhausters of the soil. To them in no mean degree is entrusted the regulation of the temperature and the rainfall; and among their great functions are the sanitation and the fertility of the earth. The trees are the Vicars of God. Nor are they altogether the ministers of Man. They at times defy him. At all times they are jealously on his track, relentless, taking advantage of his negligence and tiring labor. Before him man clears the forest; behind him the forest springs up again. And in the end the trees may conquer. Find if you can any of the great cities of Mexico or of Anam. Even his temporary triumphs man owes only to the want of union in the vegetable world. One-half the trees will not grow where the other half thrive. If every plant were universally indigenous, man could not keep his footing on the soil for a day.

Once in the world's story the trees, putting aside their rivalries, allied themselves together to thrust man, the destroyer, from the earth. They came up in all their strength. Leagues of tamarind shoulder to shoulder and in a great phalanx covering half an empire, the sun-proof mangoes, the peepuls, restless oceans of foliage, and the bamboos by forests so close stemmed that not a quail might slip by them. The banyans conjoined their pillared mazes, roofing in a continent, and with them paced in serried ranks the stout-limbed contingents of the sal and teak. From all the mountain slopes swept down in torrents the relentless pines, and, shuddering the hills as they came, the army of the hardy oaks. The soughing of the firs and deodars as they rushed aslope upon the devoted plains could be heard above the thunder of the rocks, which, as they dragged out their roots, rolled in avalanches from the riven hills. And so, behind them desolation and an earth torn to its very bowels, the giants of the forest rolled up before their leafy surges the whole animal world, the shrubs and undergrowth sweeping clean in their track, and at last they drove Man into the sea! And so, says the Vishnu Purana, the wind could not blow, and the sun was shut out, and for ten thousand centuries the earth was desolate of moving things. But at last the patient gods wearied of the intolerance of the presumptuous vegetables, and came down to the help of man, and smote the banded forests with swords of flame, till they had cleared a space where the sun could shine, the wind could blow, and man again possess the soil. And then it was (though the Purán does not say so) that the gods drove the trees asunder, a prototype of the confusion of Babel,

giving to each a separate nature, so that they might never again unite to defy heaven—

> "To mock the majesty of man's high birth;
> Despise his bulwarks and unpeople earth."

About "Tree worship" I have read *me pœnitet* nothing, though many and very wise have been the writers. But I can understand for myself how every nation in its infancy, casting about for a fitting symbol of the Great Spirit, should have worshiped trees.

> "It seems idolatry with some excuse
> When our forefather Druids, in their oaks
> Imagined sanctity."

The Brahmans give to trees the perceptions of pleasure and pain. And with that bright people that saw Pan in all their pines, Dionysus in every vine, and Athene among their olives, who feels not a liberal sympathy? It is no fear of Silvanus's wrath, nor of all the ill the Dryads may work me that makes me confess an enthusiasm for the conceit that personified the trees, that enshrined religion and enthroned letters in green groves. The Archæan League is now only a name; the oaks and beeches of Dodona have fallen to the woodman's ax, and all fellow-citizen's alike of the one Necropolis, are now the rivals of the Academe. And yet I revere that old greatness that chose for the conferences of its patriots, the dignity of its gods, and the wisdom of its men, the splendor of the shadows of trees.

And Cyrus, dying, gave orders that his body should be buried *Under the Trees*.

THE DIVER—A BALLAD.

"Is AMONG ye a knight or a squire so bold
As to plunge into this abyss?
I cast in the vortex a goblet of gold,
The dark waves already surround it and hiss.
Whoe'er again shows me the goblet I've thrown,
Let him keep it, and ever retain as his own."

Thus speaking, the King from the precipice flung,
From the verge of the cliff's rugged steep,
Which o'er the dark waves of the boundless sea hung,
The cup, where Charybdis howls down in the deep.
"Who is the bold-hearted, I ask ye again,
Who dares to dive down to the depth of the main?"

The knights and the squires with silent emotion,
All hear it, but cast down their eyes.
They gazed on the depths of the raging wild ocean,
But there's none that will risk the bold deed for the prize.
Thrice lifting his voice cried the monarch again:
"Is there none that will venture down into the main!"

But now as before no answer was heard,
Till a squire, young, daring and gentle,
Steps fearlessly out of the tremulous herd,
His girdle he casteth aside and his mantle.
The knights all around, and the ladies amazed,
Upon the bold form of the noble youth gazed.

And as he stepped on to the rock's hanging verge,
The dark gulf beneath him to view,
Charybdis, with deafening roaring, the surge
Which she had engulfed now disgorges anew,
And, as with the roar of the far thunder-clap,
The billows rush foaming from out her dark lap.

It seethes and it boils, and it hisses and lashes,
Like water which quenches the fire;
To heaven the steaming froth surges and splashes,
And flood upon flood rolleth maddened with ire,
Exhaustless and endless, succeeding each other,
As would the wild ocean give birth to another.

But at length the mad billows' wild fury doth cease,
And, black in the foaming white bed,
Wide yawneth a fathomless gloomy abyss,
As if to hell's regions of darkness it led;
Hurled onward the furious breakers are borne,
And down into the bubbling vortex are torn.

Now quick, ere returning the breakers resound.
To God he commendeth his soul,
And—a wild cry of horror is echoed around;
Already the surging waves over him roll,
The jaws of the cavern back over him close,
And to the bold swimmer its secrets disclose.

Now o'er the dark chasm deep silence lies,
Dull moans rise alone from the wave;
From lip to lip echo these trembling cries:

"Fare thee well, gallant youth, the bold-hearted, the brave!"
More hollow and hollow now grows the dull roar,
More fearful and fearful suspense on the shore.

E'en if in the billows thy crown thou shouldst fling,
And say, "He who bringeth it thence,
Upon his own brow may e'er wear it as King."
I should not lust after the dear recompense.
What the howling depths in their dark bosom conceal
No living soul ever to thee will reveal.

For seized by the vortex, resistless and fast,
Shot many a bark in the wave,
But, dashed into atoms, the keel and the mast
Alone rose from out this all-swallowing grave.
Like the roar of the tempest, now clearer and clearer,
They hear the wild breakers rise nearer and nearer.

And it seethes, and it boils, and it hisses and lashes,
Like water which quenches the fire;
To heaven the steaming froth surges and splashes,
And wave upon wave rolleth maddened with ire,
And, as with the boom of the far thunder-clap,
The billows rush roaring from out the dark lap.

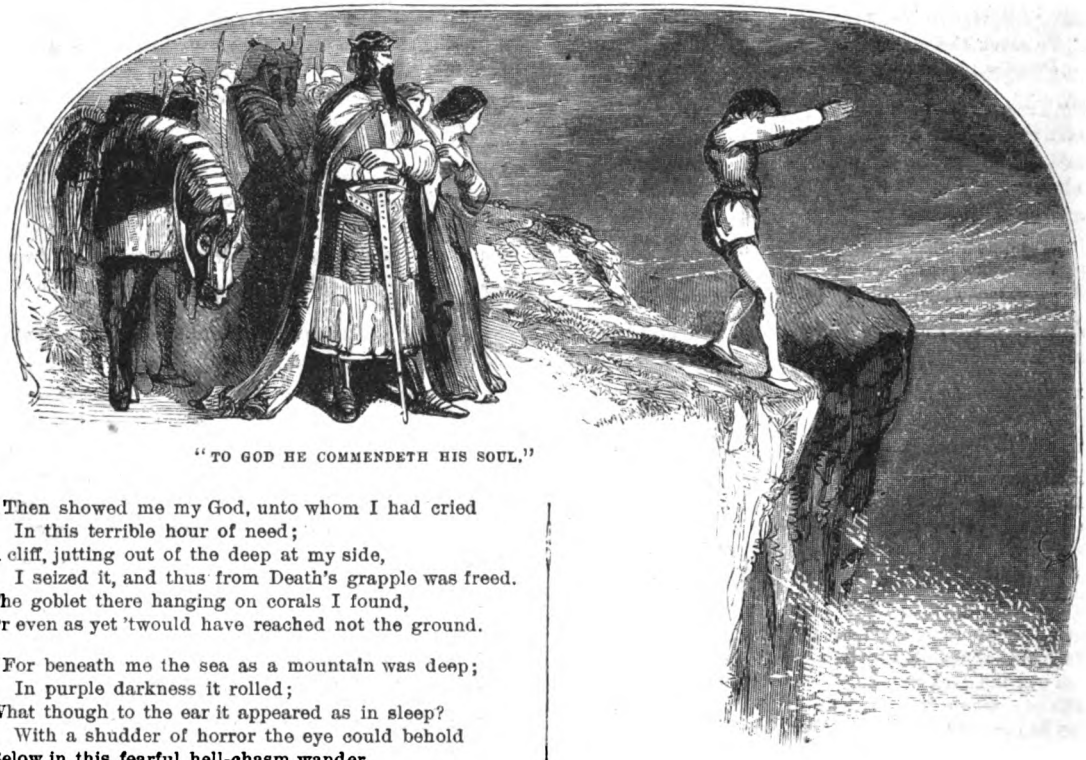
Lo! amid the dark waves of that deep-heaving womb,
What gleams so swanlike and white?
An arm and a neck peering forth from the gloom;
They stem the waves boldly, with vigor they fight—
It is he! and, oh, joy! he upraises his hand;
He waves the gold goblet, saluting the strand!

And long and deep was the breath that he drew
As he greeted the heavenly glow;
With joy to each other they shout as they view:
"He lives! lo, he comes! he has vanquished the foe!
From the bubbling vortex, from out the dark grave,
Comes the living soul, saved by the hand of the brave."

He comes, they surround him with shouting and glee;
At the feet of the monarch he falls;
The goblet he offers upon his bent knee.
To his lovely young daughter the monarch then calls;
She fills it with sparkling wine to the brim.
Thus the youth to the King, as he turned unto him:

"Long life to the King! Oh, rejoiced may he be
Who breathes 'neath the roseate sky!
But terrible is it there down in the sea.
In the secrets of Heaven let man never pry,
And never more strive to reveal to the light
What its mercy concealed beneath terror and night.

"With the speed of the lightning it tore me along;
When forth from the dark caverns gushed
A furious torrent, resistless and strong;
The double stream seized me, as o'er me it rushed;
In dizzying circles it hurled me, and vain
Was the struggle of man 'gainst the might of the main.



"TO GOD HE COMMENDETH HIS SOUL."

"Then showed me my God, unto whom I had cried
In this terrible hour of need;
A cliff, jutting out of the deep at my side,
I seized it, and thus from Death's grapple was freed.
The goblet there hanging on corals I found,
Or even as yet 'twould have reached not the ground.

"For beneath me the sea as a mountain was deep;
In purple darkness it rolled;
What though to the ear it appeared as in sleep?
With a shudder of horror the eye could behold
Below in this fearful hell-chasm wander
The dragon, the snake and the salamander.

"Black, swarming in hateful and fearful array,
Coiled in hideous shapes deform,
I saw the electric and prickly ray,
And the balance-fish writhing its horrible form,
And menacing gleamed the white teeth in the dark
Of the ocean's hyena, the terrible shark.

"There I hung, by a feeling of horror oppresst,
Far, far from humanity's aid,
'Mid demons, the only one sensitive breast,
Around me drear solitude's terrors arrayed,
Deep, deep, where the accents of man never rung,
'Mid the monsters of ocean's dark desert I hung.

"Thus thinking, I shuddered; lo! then it crept near;
I a hundred feet moving beheld,
And darting, it snapped—in the madness of fear
I loosened my grip of the coral I held;
Then seized me the vortex, with fury it tore me;
But 'twas to salvation, for upward it bore me."

At the tale of the youth marveled greatly the King,
And he speaks: "The goblet is thine;
For thee, too, I destine, bold swimmer, this ring,
Adorned with the costliest gems of the mine,
If again thou wilt venture and tell unto me
What thou'st seen in the lowermost depths of the sea."

The maiden's heart thrilled with soft pity's emotion;
Her accents caressingly plead.
"Urge, father, no more this dread sport with the ocean!
None other would venture the perilous deed;
And if thou canst tame not thy yearning desire,
So let, then, the knights put to shame the brave squire."

Then the King seized the goblet and hurled it amain,
Down into the furious sea:
"And if thou canst bring me the goblet again,
The noblest of all my brave knights shalt thou be,
And to-day shall embrace, too, the maiden as bride
Who pleads with soft pity for thee at my side."

Then thrilled in his breast a might wild as the storm,
And his eyes flashed forth fire around;
He sees the blush rise o'er that beautiful form,
And he sees the pale cheek as she sank on the ground;
To win the loved prize, by sweet hope hurried on,
To win it or perish—a plunge—he is gone!

The breakers were heard as returning they broke,
Their herald the deafening roar,
And o'er the wave bending, love casts a fond look,
And billow on billow rolled back as before.
They surge to the surface, then downward they sweep—
Not one bears the youth on its breast from the deep.

SCHILLER.

"HE WAVES THE GOLD GOBLET."

THE LADY ROCK.—"HER HIGHLAND BLOOD BOILED IN HER VEINS, AND THROWING HERSELF UPON HER KNEES, SHE VOWED THAT IF PROVIDENCE PRESERVED HER FROM THIS PERIL, DEADLY VENGEANCE SHOULD BE HERS."

THE LADY ROCK—A LEGEND OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

By Sir Randal Roberts.

On a dark, stormy night in the Winter of 17—, the waves of the Atlantic foamed and churned against the rocky shore of Ardnamurchan. The waters of the Sound of Mull seemed like a seething caldron as each angry gust tore the crest of the waves, tipping them with angry significance.

In the little village of Tobermory all seemed dark and still; in fact, it was a night upon which no one would have ventured forth for pleasure, and few for a reward. Occasionally the heavy, leaden clouds would be swept away by some fiercer blast, and then the dark rugged landscape of rock, shore, and tumbling waters would for a moment be lit up by the pale rays of a November moon. Then the close observer could perceive a skiff drawn up on the Mull shore, in close proximity to a cabin, and while sheltering himself under its lee, crouched the figure of a Highlander, in tattered garb. Apparently he was on the watch for some one, as ever and anon he rose from his recumbent posture, and peered into the darkness in the direction of the hamlet. Soon a shrill whistle attracted the attention of the watcher; the door of the cabin was hastily thrown open, and the ruddy blaze from a turf fire streamed across the beach to the water's edge.

"Are ye there?" called a loud voice, as a dark shadow stood in the doorway.

"Ay! ay! gude sakes, come awa'; it's an awfu' nicht."

Then the door was closed, and a tall Highlander, closely wrapped in a plaid, strode down to the skiff.

"Shove her off, Jamie, for I must be gone! Donart has sent me a message to the cave, and I must be there at once."

Half blinded with the spray, the two men with difficulty launched the boat, and, showing but the rag of a sail, boldly stood across the Sound for the black line which, here and there flecked with white foam, marked the Ardnamurchan shore.

The man who is now seated in the stern of the boat, with the tiller in one hand and the sheet in the other, boldly facing the storm that is driving down the Sound, was well-known in those days amongst the Western Highlanders as Red Rob of the Cave, a sort of half-pirate, half-cattle-stealer, whose residence was in a large cave by the seashore, under Ardnamurchan Point, for which place he is now heading.

Fierce, unscrupulous and rough, Robert Campbell had few friends and a multitude of enemies. In the lawless times of which I write, might was right, and a man's life was held but lightly, for any man's dagger was at the service of the highest bidder.

Red Rob in his cave at Ardnamurchan, with his rugged, bare-legged followers, seemed to hold every one in defiance. His raids were carried on with impunity, no matter

whether upon the lands of a chieftain or on the homestead of a poor farmer. Hitherto he had resisted all efforts to capture him, and all attempts to bring him to justice.

But although Rob was apparently friendless, he had in reality one great ally in his foster-brotner, McLean of Donart, then the most powerful chieftain who inhabited the Island of Mull.

Between McLean and Red Rob, at the period of our story, there existed a sort of compact, by which the chieftain agreed to protect Rob from the vengeance of his neighbors if Rob, on the other hand, would hold himself in readiness at any time to do the chieftain's bidding.

So powerful was McLean, that the Duke of Argyle became desirous of forming an alliance with him, and gave him his sister to wife. For a time McLean was all that a husband should be to his spouse, until, upon the occasion of a grand hunt in the island, he happened to meet the wife of a neighboring laird, whose charms so won his heart that he at once began devising some scheme by which to get rid of his present spouse and obtain possession of his fair enslaver.

To aid him in this scheme, he determined to apply for help to Rob, and accordingly dispatched messengers to Ardnamurchan, commanding his immediate presence at Donart, for that he had that for his ears to hear that would bring silver to his spooran.

With considerable difficulty, Red Rob reached the opposite shore, but so tempestuous was the weather, that he had been forced to land some miles below the point where his cave was situated. Nothing daunted by the rain, which, driven by the wind, beat in their faces and soaked them to the skin, the hardy mountaineers made their way along the coast until challenged by one of the band, who informed Rob that the messengers from Donart awaited him at the cave.

These having delivered their message, the rest of the night was given up to a debauch, Rob intending with the first dawn to proceed to Donart.

Under the shadow of the mighty Ben Mohr, and built upon a slight eminence overlooking Loch Don, stood the castle of the McLeans; the ruins of the tower are still to be seen, and, surrounded by the rugged scenery of rock and heather, they form a picturesque and romantic landscape.

All night long McLean paced the great hall of the castle, drinking deeply and swearing in Gaelic deep guttural oaths at the delay of his foster-brother.

For some weeks past the gentle sister of Argyle had scarce set eyes on her lord, so little had he made Donart his home; and, when by accident they met, she was received with a cold smile, and her inquiries into his health and his absence were repulsed with rudeness.

Then there came to her through one of her bower maidens the tale of his frequent visits to the small neighboring island of Gometra, and the beauty of the laird's wife, and the proud heart of Argyle's sister throbbed with jealousy and outraged pride.

At length the morning broke. With the turn of the tide the storm died away; and as the first rays of the sun shed a rosy light on the rugged sides of Ben Mohr, Red Rob stepped from a boat, and was shortly after ushered into the presence of the chieftain.

"Welcome, Rob of the Cave!" cried McLean, as soon as his visitor appeared; "thou hast not been tardy in answering our summons."

"Red Rob's spooran is not so full of silver, or his larder so well supplied, that he can afford to delay when Donart calls," answered Rob.

"It is well said, my brother. I have that for thine ear that concerns both me and thee. Tell me, Rob, thinkest thou that the eagle can mate with the crow? or if, perchance, such a union were to occur, that the king of birds would remain contented with his spouse?"

Rob watched the fierce features of McLean attentively before he answered.

"McLean is the best judge," replied the wily Highlander.

"What thinkest thou of Gometra's bride? Tell me that, Rob of the Cave?" rejoined McLean, paying no attention to the answer.

The coarse features of the foster-brother grew fierce and lowering, and his brow flushed with the angry thought that filled his bosom. It was but a short time since that Red Rob had been caught by Campbell, of Gometra, stealing some of his cattle, for which he had been ignominiously scourged by two Highland gillies.

Hence Rob's hatred of Gometra, of which the cunning Highland chief was fully aware, and was prepared to make use of to further his schemes on Gometra's wife.

"Gometra is a skulking fox!" cried the marauder, and the time is not far distant when the stripes he laid on Red Rob's back shall thunder on his own, repaid tenfold."

"Wouldst thou like to repay a portion of thy debt to the Campbell, my brother?" said McLean, placing his hand on Rob's shoulder.

"Show me but the way, and I am ready," he cried, with savage earnestness.

McLean then proceeded to tell Rob of his passion for Gometra's wife, and of his desire to possess her, promising him aid and a rich reward should he contrive to put her in his power.

He also informed him that he was tired of his present wife, and that if some misfortune were to befall her it would be a happy release.

Long and earnestly did they confer, and at length all seemed to have been arranged between them, and Red Rob took his departure for the shores of the Sound of Ulva.

The next day a gillie brought McLean intelligence that Campbell, of Gometra, was absent from home, and desiring the chieftain to meet Red Rob that evening at a lonely cabin on the shores of Loch Don. Accordingly, thither did McLean repair as the sun shed his last rays upon Ben Mohr, and Glen Forsa was wrapped in mist and darkness.

Red Rob had proved himself a shrewd messenger. He had waylaid Gometra's wife as she was strolling on the beach, and had told her of his foster-brother's passion. He had not shrunk even from the cold-blooded falsehood that McLean's wife existed no longer, and that his lord waited but to receive her as mistress of Donart. Campbell's wife, a vain, silly woman, was easily persuaded, by his specious representations, to accompany him to the shores of Loch Don, and as the McLean strode into the cabin, he beheld the shrinking form of his unhallowed love awaiting his arrival.

After a hasty conference between McLean and Rob, the latter took his way to the Castle of Donart, leaving the Lady of Gometra to the tender mercies of the Highland chieftain.

On Rob's arrival at the castle his first act was to give directions that the chieftain's skiff should be at once prepared, and await him on the shore; he then proceeded to demand an audience of McLean's wife, in order, he said, that he might deliver to her a message of the utmost importance.

When the Lady of Donart heard the message an instinctive dread of some impending misfortune seemed to seize upon her mind, but summoning all her fortitude, and

attended by her bower maidens, she received Red Rob in the great hall of the castle.

"Alas! lady!" he said, approaching her obsequiously, bonnet in hand, "I am the bearer of sad news; will you please to grant me a few words in private, that I may speak freely?"

Advancing to where Rob stood, with eyes bent on the ground, she said:

"Speak, Robert Campbell; but remember you are addressing a daughter of the house of Argyle. I know not why my lord should choose such an one as you for his messenger; still I am ready to hear what you have to say."

For one moment he shot a glance of hatred from under his heavy eyebrows, and then, in trembling accents, said:

"The McLean has sent me to you to say that he needs your presence, madame, on the island of Lismore. This noon, whilst following a stag, he fell from a rock into the corrie below, and he now lies at the point of death. He bade me say his soul would never rest unless your dear hands closed his eyes, and commanded me to use all dispatch to bring you to his side. I have done his bidding, and await your commands."

In a moment her woman's heart forgot the wrongs she had suffered; the love of early girlhood came back like a torrent, and, hastily throwing a plaid around her, she bade him lead on.

Now about mid-channel, where the current runs sharpest between the Island of Mull and Lismore, there is a low flat rock, some twelve feet square. This rock is covered as the tide rises, but is perfectly bare at low water.

Placing her carefully in the stern-sheets of the boat, Rob took the oars, and before any one could enter the boat, he pulled out into the channel. Little cared the lady as to who was in the boat; all she thought of was her girl's love lying bleeding and maimed in some rude Highland cabin.

The night was dark, and the wind was rising fast as the boat sped onward, but she saw nothing, thought of nothing, save her love; soon the bow of the boat grated on a rock, and Rob, with obsequious politeness, assisted her to disembark.

Just then the storm that had been brewing in the West burst out with fury, the wind tearing up the surface of the Sound and filling the air with spendrift. Scarce knowing what she did, and thinking herself at Lismore, she stepped out upon the rock, when Rob, with a defiant shout, which rung above the hoarse howling of the wind, pushed off the boat and pulled hard back for the castle.

For a moment the sister of Argyle was paralyzed with fear, but as her senses returned, and she found that she had been placed upon a rock scarce twelve feet in circumference, and surrounded by the now boiling waters of the Sound, the spray from which had drenched her to the skin, then she gave a shriek of despair which sounded above the howling of the tempest. The fell purpose of Rob now burst upon her distracted mind. The rock was covered at high water, and she would, ere long, be swept away, a victim to her husband's unholy passion. Her Highland blood boiled in her veins, and throwing herself upon her knees, she vowed that if Providence preserved her from this peril, deadly vengeance should be hers. Still the waters rose, the wind howled, and the seabirds shrieked around her. Now a greedy wave laps her feet, then another flows gently over the small surface she stands on; gradually but surely the waters rise, until one heavy billow sweeps her away, and her poor hands are fighting with the long and slimy seaweed; then consciousness leaves her, and all is dark and still.

THE BALLET IN JAPAN.

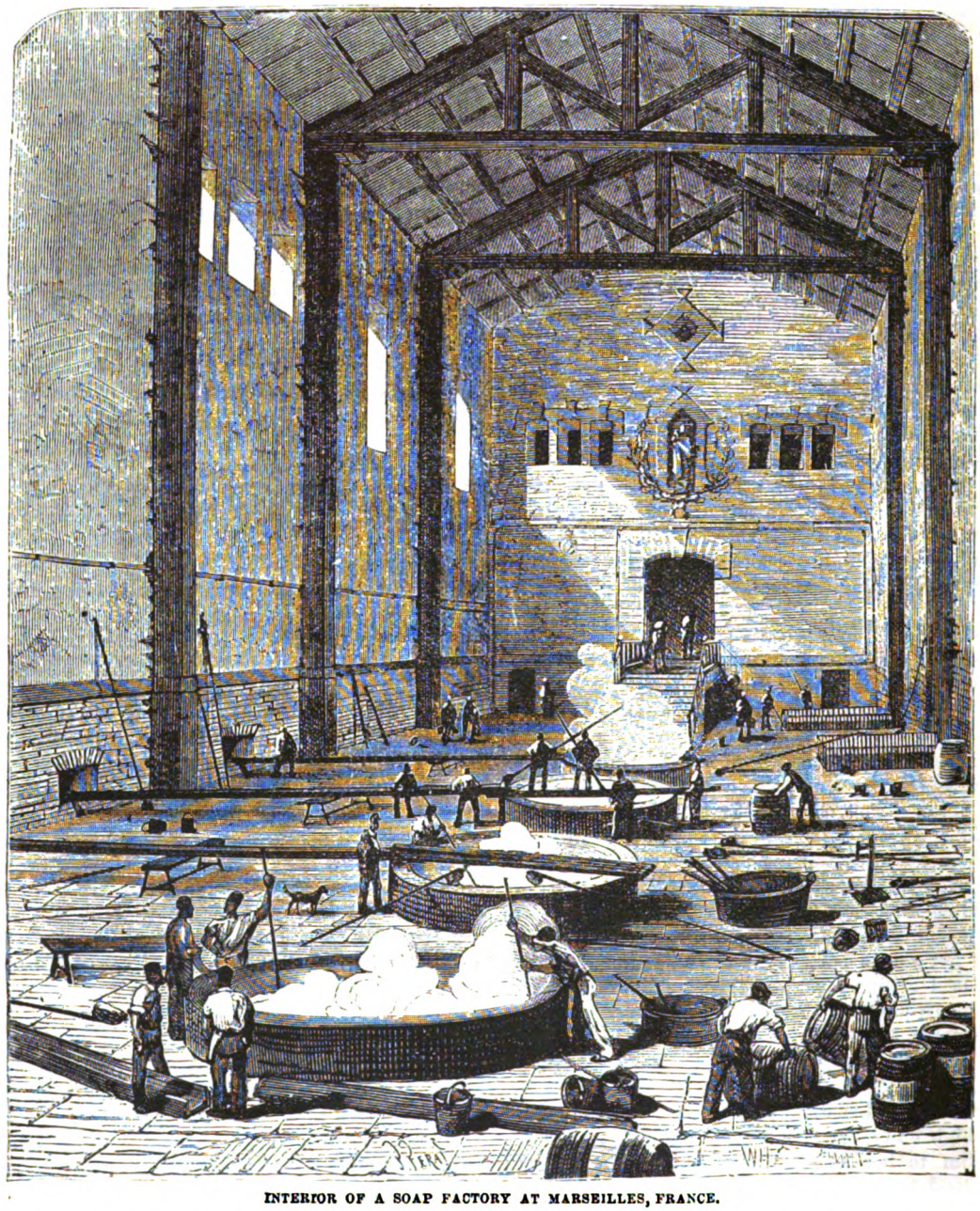
We return to our box to find the stage cleared for a species of ballet. Numerous dances follow one another—some very merry, some more subdued, but none so rigidly grave as that which opened the events of the day. Pantomime enters freely into this performance. There is a fan-dance, in which the omnipresent toy is put to more coquettish uses than ever a Rosina dreamed of. There is a shuttlecock dance, the implements of which, like Macbeth's, are but of the mind, but are capitally suggested by appropriate gesticulations. A favorite game with an elastic ball is worked into a dance; and it is delightful to see with what mock energy the supposed ladies compete for the possession of the plaything—which does not exist—and, having obtained the airy nothing, how each one, in a stooping posture, chases it about, withholding it to the last possible moment from the other claimants. There are plenty of dances by men as well, and they amply supply all that women lack in activity. They have their own shuttlecock game; and the violent struggles they depict, the collusions and overthrows, the mortification at missing a stroke, and the elation when especially successful, are irresistibly ludicrous, particularly as there are no shuttlecock and battledoor all the while. In the same way they go through the movements of the butterfly trick, of a certain dexterous feat with a looped handkerchief, and of vaulting exercises, the material fabrics being equally baseless in every case. Toward the end of this divertissement an "umbrella dance" is introduced, full of ingenious developments and strange surprises. The umbrella dances which we have seen at home are stupid bores. Here the instrument is so contrived that although, when shut, it is quite ordinary and insignificant in appearance, "with no points that any other umbrella might not have," when opened, it assumes, at the will of the holder, a dozen different shapes, colors and dimensions. The various combinations are thus made to resemble a brilliant pyrotechnic display. And the variety of uses to which they are put! Half closed they are worn as high-peaked hats. With the handles bent, they are disposed upon the stage to imitate beds of flowers, among which the dancers promenade. Rolled edgewise over the ground, they become the wheels of a harlequin coach, in which the queen of the ballet seems to ride. We really have seen nothing like it on any of the continents. The closing dance is not so entirely foreign in character. The women still retain their gentle stateliness, but, on the part of the men, it is a raging cancan, worthy of the habitués of the Mabille, or even their coarser caricaturists—those female Bedouins of the stage, who, unsexed from the crown to the toe, figure in the modern English and American burlesque.

The Chinese were the inventors of porcelain, and other nations have only been able to imitate their achievements afar off, and with inferior technical skill. The excellences of Chinese porcelain consist in the fineness of the material and its perfection of manipulation in the first place; next come the beauty and purity of the single colors which pieces large and small display, and the boldness or the delicacy, as the case may be, of the flowers and arabesques with which others are decorated. Something, too, must be said of the shapes, which are often of a beauty and dignity that deserve almost to be called classic; the Chinese in their important pieces avoid singularity and the grotesque, and their purity of line gives to the larger pieces, and even to many of those of small size, a certain monumental gravity.

THE MANUFACTURE OF SOAP IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

By Prof. Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

The knowledge of soap dates back to a remote antiquity, as is proved by its mention in several books of the Bible and by classical writers. In Jeremiah ii. 22, we read: "Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God." And in Malachi iii. 2, we have the expression, "He is like a refiner's fire and like a fuller's soap."



INTERIOR OF A SOAP FACTORY AT MARSEILLES, FRANCE.

The Hebrew word employed in the Bible is *borith*, which is translated by some scholars soap, and by others alkali. It would be better, also, to substitute for the word nitre, natron or soda, as that is the substance referred to. The nitre of the sacred writers is not our saltpetre, but the native carbonate of soda employed in the manufacture of soap.

The Greeks and Romans also refer to soap. Theocritus speaks of *sapónion*, and other writers say that *sapón* has certain detersive properties. But the Latin author, Pliny, goes into the subject more fully than any of his contemporaries. He says, "Soap (*sapo*) is an invention of the Gauls, who use it to turn their hair white. It is made of grease and ashes. The best is prepared of wood ashes and the fat of goats. There are two sorts, soft and solid. Both kinds are employed by the Gauls—by the *men* more than the *women*."

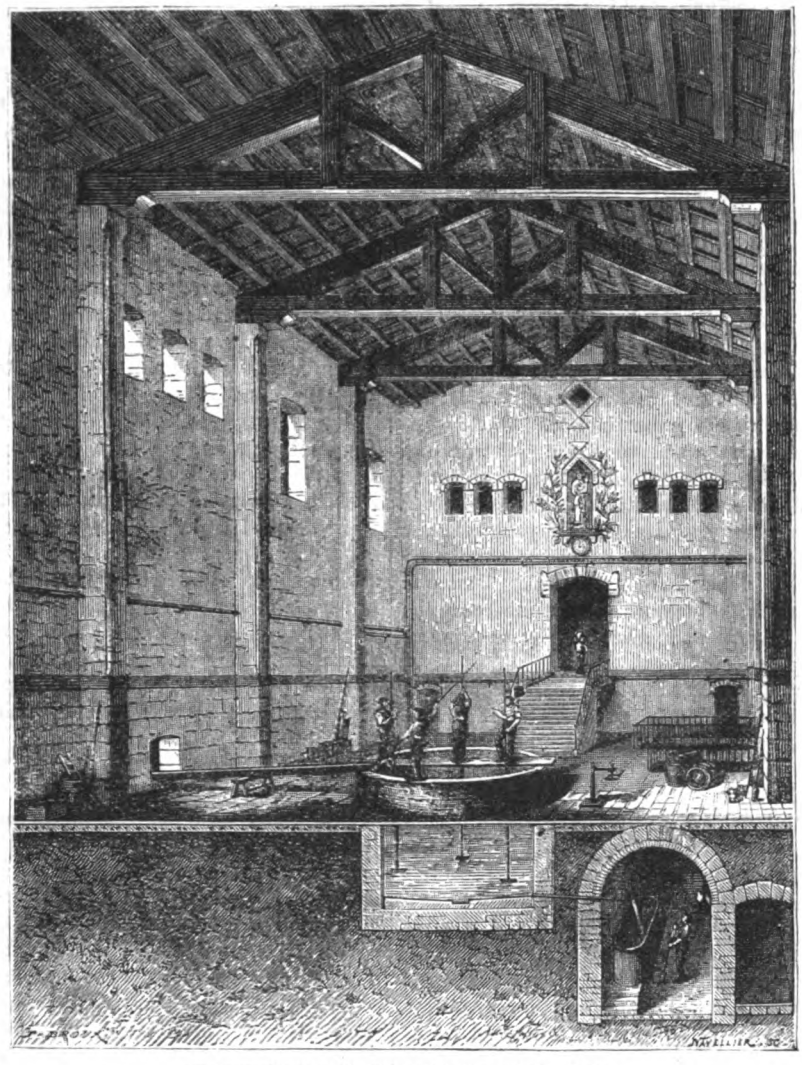
The latter part of the statement is rejected by modern German women as an impertinence, as they claim to make quite as free use of the soap as the men.

It was a favorite saying of Liebig, that soap and civilization go hand in hand. "Soap is the index of the civilization of a people," said the great chemist; but he did not

refer in this remark to the cleanliness which is akin to godliness, but to the great number of industries which necessarily cluster around the manufacture of soap, and thus, by superior inventions, give rise to the occupation of a large number of workmen, and make trade and commerce flourishing.

Incidentally, the manufacture of soap ramifies in a great number of directions; the very mention of it carries with it the idea of the cheap production of soda, the enormous consumption of sulphuric acid, the ready manufacture of glass, the spinning and weaving of textile fabrics for our clothing, and the bleaching of paper for our books. It is thus that it becomes the index of the civilization of a people.

This is not all. The soap manufacturer not only brings great benefit to his own country, but he carries the war into Africa, and does more to suppress the slave-trade than all the men-of-war that the English Government have been able to station along the coast. The King of Dahomey was obstinately bent on selling all his prisoners of war to the slave-dealers, until the soap manufacturer came into competition with the nefarious traffic, and was able to offer more for palm-oil than the king could obtain for his prisoners; in fact, the demand for hands to gather the oil for the consumption of the soap manufacturers was so great that none could be spared for the foreign marts, and thus the slave-trade was annihilated by a more legitimate commerce.



PROCESS OF MAKING WHITE SOAP AT MARSEILLES.

We could also trace the soap manufacturer into the mountains of Brazil, among the steppes of Siberia, "to Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strands," if the story would not take us too far from our proper subject. The business is much like charity—it blesseth him that gives and him that receives; it raises the civilization of the country where it is produced, and cleanses the nations whom it reaches; and hence it is quite worth while to spend some time in considering the subject.

When Pliny talked about the Gauls as being the inventors of soap, he doubtless referred to the inhabitants of the seacoast of the Mediterranean, especially the vicinity of Marseilles, where, from the most ancient times, the manufacture has been one of the chief industries of the country. The Greek word *sapôn* appears to be of Celtic origin, thus confirming the above theory; and this word is traced through all of the European languages. The Germans have the word *seife*, the Dutch, *zeeps;* the English, *soap;* the Spanish, *xabon;* the Portuguese, *sabaa;* the Italians, *sapone;* the French, *savon:* and in their patois *sabon* and *savelon*, the chief changes being in the letters *p*, *b* and *v*, according as the Celtic is changed into the different languages.

From Marseilles the soap industry appears to have been transferred to numerous colonies founded by the Greeks and Romans. An incontestible proof of its existence in ancient Italy was brought to light during the excavations made at Pompeii, which city was destroyed in the year seventy-nine after Christ.

In a map of the city of Pompeii, prepared by M. Breton, the house of the soap manufacturer is indicated as No. 25, between the streets Narcissus and Consul. In this house can be seen at the present day six stone vats which served for the preparation of the lye, and a furnace for boiling down the mixture. Certain fragments of well-preserved soap, and the untensils found on the premises, leave no doubt as to the character of the business carried on there. The factory was situated near the seacoast, as is also indicated by the decayed fragments of ships which must have been lying at anchor in the docks at the time of the sudden destruction of the city. It is more than probable that the ship in which St. Paul took passage, and which landed him at Puteoli, was loaded with the native carbonate of soda of Egypt for the use of the soap and glass manufacturers of Pompeii.

The industry at first appears to have been confined to the preparation of a liquid soap, made by boiling the lixivium from ashes with fat; but afterward lime was added, and a better article produced. The addition of lime led to the employment of pure soda or potash, and

this important improvement was soon followed by the substitution of olive oil for the traditional suet.

For centuries we find Marseilles enjoying a monopoly in soap manufacture in Europe, until we reach the twelfth century, where the returning crusaders exerted a great influence in changing the relative importance of this, as well as of many other industries in Europe. Venice became the seat of two industries dependent on soda, namely, glass and soap, and was for a long time the rival of Marseilles in their production.

Another city in Italy, or, rather, Piedmont, Savone, acquired a high reputation in the same direction. The name of the city has suggested to some historians the possibility of this town having been the first to produce soap, and thus to have given its designation to the article; but it is more probable that the town took its name from the article, rather than the article from the town.

The factories at Savone acquired great importance. They eclipsed those of Genoa, Marseilles, Malaga, Alicante. Having a harbor on the Mediterranean, it was easy to export its products, and thus to extend its commerce to all parts of the then known world. The extensive forests of olive trees surrounding the town afforded abundance of oil, and the seaweeds of the coast produced all the soda required, and thus all of the conditions were favorable for the prosecution of the industry.

The prosperity of Savone inspired the jealousy and hostility of the neighboring city of Genoa. That such a little town should dare to compete with the proud Republic of Genoa was scandalous, and not to be borne, and it was resolved to put a stop to the impertinence. One night, twenty large galleys loaded with stone put out from the port of Genoa, and silently approached the narrow entrance to the harbor of Savone. Here they discharged their freights, effectually closing the passage to anything larger than a small boat; and thus in one night the commerce and industry of a rival town were destroyed. That was the ancient brutal method of suppressing commerce; the modern method of tariffs and custom-houses is more polite, but is often quite as effectual.

The large and powerful countries, such as Spain, France and England, were able to preserve their industries on account of an extensive home consumption; but the small maritime republics, being deprived of the possibility of exportation, were necessarily driven to the wall, and eventually had to be absorbed by the neighboring nations. And thus the cities of Venice, Genoa, etc., in the course of time ceased to be dangerous rivals, and Marseilles was able to command the markets of the world.

It was not until the seventeenth century that the development of the industry attained the highest proportions. At that epoch, the manufacturers made use exclusively of the alkali obtained from seaweeds found in close proximity to Marseilles, and it was not until the introduction of cotton-spinning gave rise to a greatly increased demand for soap that the alkali was brought from different ports. Louis XIV. was a powerful patron of the industry, and in 1666 gave the monopoly to one Pierre Rigat, with the stipulation that he was to employ exclusively native workmen and native material. This monopoly was soon found to be prejudicial in every way and was soon revoked. The Government got so in the habit of interfering with the business by all kinds of edicts, that it was a constant struggle on the part of the capitalists to keep their heads above water. In fact, the history of soap manufacture in France affords the best illustration of the harm that can result from too much patronage and protection on the part of the Government. Napoleon very nearly put an extinguisher on the whole business by prohibiting the entrance into France not only of foreign soap, but of the soda necessary to its fabrication. The fortunate discovery of a method for the artificial production of soda from sea salt was all that saved the total wreck of the manufacture.

In 1622 the exclusive privilege of manufacturing soap was accorded in England to a company on condition of of the payment of a tax of £23,000 sterling, for every 3,000 tons of soap. Such a monopoly could not exist very long in the nature of things, and it was not long before the business was left to take its legitimate course.

But however great may have been the progress of the industry from the time of Julius Cæsar to that of Napoleon I., it was very insignificant in comparison to what was destined to be accomplished by the researches and inventions of two distinguished French chemists, Chevreul and Le Blanc. The discoveries of these two great men raised the business from a mere empirical trade to the condition of an art. The former of these men, Chevreul, is still living at an advanced age, seventy years after the publication of his first researches, and still engaged in adding to the sum of human knowledge. He has lived to see commerce and the arts of peace carried into all parts of the world in consequence of his discoveries, and can have the satisfaction of knowing that he has conquered vastly more territory by his science than Napoleon ever did by his sword. Le Blanc died many years ago, in poverty, and it was not until recently that the Government granted a pension to his heirs in consideration of his magnificent invention of a process for making soda directly from sea salt.

James Muspratt, who was the first to use this process in England on a large scale, was obliged to give away many tons of the artificial alkali to the soap-boilers of Lancashire, before he could convince them of the advantage to be derived from the use of this pure material. But as soon as the manufacturers became convinced of the great saving to be obtained by using the artificial soda, their orders came in so fast that Muspratt was obliged to deliver the red-hot material in iron cars as fast as it could be raked from the ovens. And now the business has grown to such proportions that more soap is exported from Liverpool alone than was formerly manufactured in all England. Before proceeding to give the practical details of the manufacture of soap, it may be well to say a few words about the theory of the operation.

For a long time soap was supposed to be the result of the direct union of fat with an alkali. Some of the older chemists considered soap as containing an alkali neutralized by a fatty body, and they thought that the carbonic acid of the air was the chief agent of the solidification of the oils during the saponification; while other chemists were of the opinion that the saponification was due to oxidation. It was left to Chevreul to overthrow all of these notions, and to place the industry on its true basis. The discovery of glycerine, or the sweet principle of oil, by Scheele, was the only important fact in this connection that was not made known by Chevreul.

According to the researches of Chevreul, the oils and fats are compounds of fatty acids with glycerine—very much like ethers. If we cause an alkali to act on acetic ether, for example, the constituents of the ether separate, the acid goes to the mineral base to form a salt, while the ether disengages, takes up water and becomes an alcohol. In a perfectly analogous way, Chevreul found that when alkalis act under the influence of heat on neutral fats, the fatty acid goes over to the mineral base, to form a salt called soap, while the glyceric ether which separates, takes up water and becomes an alcohol known as glycerine.

From a chemical point of view, the making of soap is an

operation by means of which the two organic elements composing the fat are separated. The glycerine becomes liberated, and remains dissolved in water, while the fatty acids combine with the soda or potash to form soap. Soaps are generally classed under two heads—hard and soft. The hard have soda for the base, and the soft potash. The most highly prized are those which are made with olive-oil mixed with nut-oil to give greater consistence.

A great variety of oils and fats, derived from the animal and vegetable kingdoms, enter into the composition of soaps, and to procure these in suitable condition for saponication is an important branch of the business. The seeds of colza, rape, linseed, poppy, flax and hemp are the most important articles employed in commerce for the production of oil. The manner in which the operation is performed varies according to the raw material, and to the traditions of the country.

Obtaining oil from seeds is a very ancient operation, as it is mentioned by the oldest writers. Oil-presses, with long arms and a wooden screw, have long been in use in Eastern countries. The greatest improvement was in the invention, in 1795, of the hydraulic press by Joseph Bramah, in London. This revolutionized the whole business, and introduced a new engine of great value in other mechanical operations. Before subjecting the seeds to pressure, it is necessary to pulverize them, and this is best accomplished by a stamping-mill, constructed very much on the same principle as the stamps used in pulverizing ores.

The stamps are made of square columns of hard wood, clothed at the bottom with an iron shoe. A long row of these stamps are set in motion by means of cog-wheels. After the seed is stamped, it is subjected to heavy pressure between rollers, and finally the last remnants of oil are removed by the hydraulic press.

Formerly the press cake was used at once as fodder, but of late years a considerable additional quantity of oil has been extracted from it by means of carbon di sulphide. The use of this re-agent has greatly added to the yield of oil from all sources. There are a large number of vegetable fats now used in commerce. Cocoanut and palm-oil are solid. They are highly prized for the manufacture of peculiar varieties of soaps.

The non-drying oils are very numerous, and may be worthy of special mention. Rape-seed oil has a specific gravity of 0.91, and freezes at —3° C. and just below 32° Fahrenheit. In some parts of Germany it is used at the table as a salad oil, but unless it has been previously heated it has a disagreeable taste and smell. It is more extensively employed as a burning oil, for which purpose it is admirably adapted, as it is non-explosive, and gives out a powerful light.

The product of the olive is, of all vegetable oils, the one that has been longest known. The culture of the olive-tree is conducted to a large extent in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, South Africa, Palestine, and parts of South America. Several qualities of oil are produced from the fruit, serving for table use, lamp-oil, and soap manufacture.

The drying oils are linseed, nut-oil, poppy-seed, sunflower and cotton-seed. These are extensively employed in other industries than soapmaking, and are produced in large quantities. The fatty materials of animal origin are not nearly so numerous as those derived from the animal kingdom. These are chiefly tallow, lard, fish and seal-oil. In the case of the animal, the oil is melted out or tried out by heat, rather than obtained by pressure, and it is often an incidental product of the kitchen.

Fat-rendering is an operation which in newly constructed furnaces can be accomplished without becoming a nuisance to the neighborhood; but as usually performed it is attended with very disagreeable odors, and has to be subjected to the most vigilant sanitary inspection.

In the scouring of wool, the oil and fat were formerly thrown away; but in modern times greater economy is practiced, and there has been a great saving in consequence.

Another material required in the manufacture is resin. This is obtained from the less volatile parts of turpentine, and is much prized as adding largely to the value of soaps.

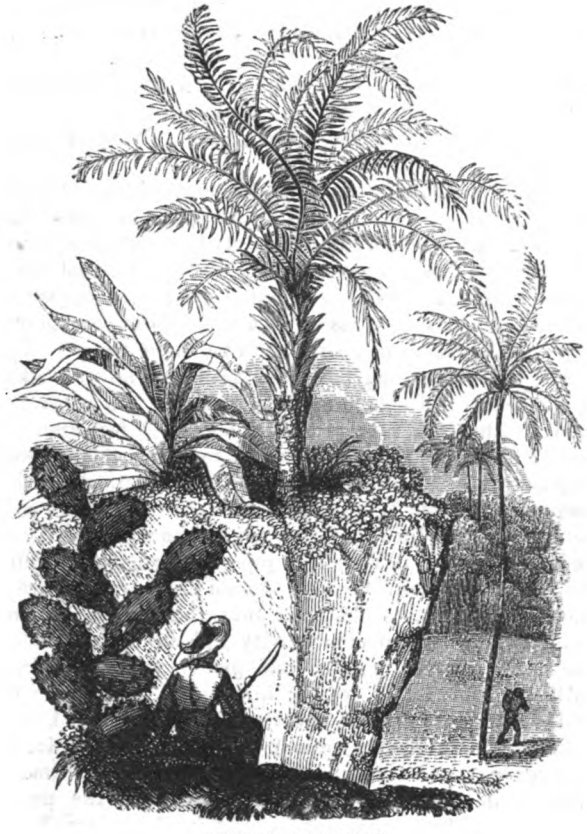
After this hasty recapitulation of the principal materials required in the business, we may proceed to give an account of how soap is made. In this we can confine ourselves to the modes of operation in common use.

The vessel in which the combination of fat and alkali is effected is in England made of wrought iron plates riveted together, and is often of such a size (15 feet diameter and 15 feet deep) that from twenty to thirty tons of soap may be produced from one charge. The heating of these soap-pans or pots is accomplished by steam, which may be directly introduced into the mixture in the pan—it may be led through it in a coil of pipe, or made to surround the pan in a jacket. Some of the oil or fat, or mixture of such ingredients, is first put into the pan; then some weak caustic lye (specific gravity 1.05 to 1.08) is added, the mixture being agitated and gently warmed at first; further quantities of lye, of increasing strength, being added from time to time, and the heating continued, until a kind of emulsion is formed. More fat (and resin, for yellow soap), and then more lye, are added from time to time, while the boiling is continued, until the proper quantities and proportions of each have been introduced, and the saponification or action of the alkali upon the fat is complete.

The next step in the process is the separation of the soap from the mass of the liquor—a separation or parting which is commonly made by the addition of about ten pounds of common salt for every 100 pounds of fatty matter employed. Soap, being insoluble in strong saline solutions, separates in a nearly pure condition, floating to the top of the liquor. The layer of soap may be drawn off, still melted or fused, at this stage of the operation, and separated by further heating into a clean portion and a mottled portion; or, the more usual plan may be adopted, of running off the spent water and saline liquor below, leaving the soap in the pan, to be afterward treated in the following way:

To the soap is added some lye, and the whole is once more heated. Then the mixture is allowed to settle for some hours, or even days, to drop the excess of lye and to deposit the colored impurities, called "nigre." Next, the liquor is run off to be used in the next charge; while the soap, which now contains more water than before, and a slight excess of alkali, is cast in iron frames or molds, and, when cold, cut into blocks or bars by means of wires. The following kinds of soap may be distinguished:

1. White or curd soap, made chiefly from tallow.
2. Yellow soap, into the ingredients of which resin enters.
3. Mottled soap, which contains gray or brown patches of impurities, chiefly sulphide and oxides of iron.
4. Castile or Marseilles soap, formerly made with good olive oil, and now prepared with lower qualities of that oil, with olive fat, and with cotton-seed and cheaper oils. The mottling is often produced in this soap, and in English mottled soap, by the use of a crude lye of caustic soda, containing sodium sulphide, and the addition of a little green vitriol solution.
5. Silicate of soda soaps, containing much water, or soluble alkaline silicate, and also a high percentage of water.
6. Fancy or toilet soaps, of many sorts, yet differing but slightly in composition. They are usually prepared from curd soap, by remelting and skimming it, etc.



THE PALM-OIL TREE.

Perfumed soaps, for instance, are curd soaps remelted, with additions of fragrant essential oils, or those of bergamot, caraway, citronella, etc. In most cases coloring matters are also introduced, so as to make the product more pleasing to the eye. Glycerine soap contains, or should contain, a considerable amount of glycerine, and is generally in the liquid form. Petroleum soap contains a little dark-colored native rock oil or petroleum, while from five to twenty per cent. of crystallized carbolic acid is introduced into what is called carbolic soap.

Transparent soap is usually made by dissolving curd soap in its own weight of spirits of wine, adding some perfume, allowing impurities to settle, distilling off some of the spirit and pouring the smooth and strong solution into molds.

Pure soap, as it comes from the pan, is known in English soapworks as "genuine pale"; it contains, when quite fresh, about seven per cent. of soda, sixty-three per cent. of fatty matters and thirty per cent. of water. By keeping, it becomes drier, and therefore stronger.

A good soap for domestic use, in its usual condition when offered for sale, should be firm to the touch, and contain, in one hundred parts, not more than ten of soda or twenty-five of water. It should contract but slightly, and that uniformly, when drying, and no efflorescence should appear upon it when kept in a dry place; this latter test being specially applicable to soaps which are intended to come in contact with the human skin, as the efflorescence shows the presence of too much alkali, which not only acts powerfully on the skin, but destroys the fibre of textile goods. In making such soaps, the use of bone-fat, of essence of mirbane (nitro-benzole) and of such coloring matters as arsenical and copper-green, and of magenta, etc., should be avoided.

Brown Windsor soap, one of the most popular toilet soaps, was formerly made with a soap formed from tallow, two parts; olive oil, one part; oils of bergamot, cumin, thyme, and caraway being added to impart a scent, and brown umber and ochre to give color. It is now often made from curd soap, by perfuming it and adding burnt sugar to give the brown hue; while other oils and fats beside those named above are often employed as the basis of its preparation. Cocoanut oil, for instance, is much used in lieu of the more valuable fatty matters, as, besides its cheapness, it makes a hard soap, which still remains firm and solid, even when an unusually high percentage of water has been incorporated with it.

The best shaving soap is made with oleic acid and potassium carbonate. Soft soaps are essentially potassium oleate, but as they are not "parted," that is, they contain all the glycerine and the constituents of the lye, they are usually very impure. They are made by boiling fish oils, seal and whale oils, rape, hemp, linseed, and other vegetable oils, with a lye, not of caustic soda, but of caustic potash; a little tallow being added in some cases to produce a speckled appearance in the finished product known as "figging," from its resemblance to the seeds of figs. The process of boiling is conducted in the same way as with the hard soaps previously described, only the mixture of lye and fatty matters, when saponification is complete, is merely boiled down, with constant stirring, till much of the water has evaporated. When frothing has ceased, very large bubbles, which often overlap each other, form on the liquid, and then the liquid is said to "talk"—a sign of the completion of the process.

Soft soap generally contains not only much glycerine, but an excess of alkali, and, being made from fish oils and other matters having an offensive smell, is used chiefly as a cleansing material in manufactures, such as that of woolen stuffs. The percentage of water in it is much higher than that found in hard soaps, being seldom less than 35 parts per 100, and often amounting to half the weight of the soap.

In some cheaper kinds of soft soap, water glass, silicious earth, or china clay, is introduced, but good qualities are made from such materials as gallipoli oil (a low quality of olive oil), and clean potashes alone. There is a growing tendency to add other and less costly materials, however; but if soaps were sold under a guarantee of approximate composition, so far as alkali, fatty acids, and water, were concerned, the value of the article might be better estimated by the purchaser than it can often be now. In some cases, these new materials added to soap for fulling purposes render it more effective, and must in so far be regarded as improvements.

Under this head we may sometimes reckon the use of sodium aluminate, of water-glass, of the mucilage of Iceland moss; this latter being a common seaweed, in which there is an abundance of a gummy substance closely allied to the mucilage occurring in linseed.

THE OLIVE AND ITS FRUIT.

In general, the soap should be selected with reference to the objects

PEASANTS GATHERING VAREEC OR SEA-WEED ON THE FRENCH COAST.

intended to be cleansed by it. What is an adulteration in one case is a benefit in another; so that the fault is with the finder, and not with the original.

Soaps are the salts of certain fatty acids which either occur in or may easily be made from the natural oils and fats. Only the soaps of the alkalis, potash, soda and ammonia are soluble; but others may be formed by the same kind of action, and some, such as lead soap, the soaps of zinc, manganese, copper, tin, mercury, silver and aluminium have been prepared for special purposes in some of the minor arts and industries; while calcium or lime soap is formed whenever soap is used with hard water. The principal fatty acids are palmitic, stearic and oleic; but there are several others which occur more rarely, but still play a certain part in soap-making. If these acids were free in nature, it would be easy to combine them with the alkalis to form soaps; but as they are generally in combination, it is necessary to liberate them before saponification can begin. In the ancient system of accomplishing this operation, the glycerine was thrown away; but in modern times this substance is saved, and it has now become an important article of commerce. A most interesting article could be written on the uses of glycerine alone, a majority of which have come up within a few years; we may mention nitro-glycerine and dynamite as being of peculiar importance. Soap-boiling has also led to the economical use of a large number of waste bodies, and has thus contributed to the wealth of nations.

Before beginning the operations previously described, it is necessary for the manufacturer to prepare various solutions, to be subsequently mixed. About 2,000 pounds of artificial carbonate of soda, marking 34 to 38 degrees on the scale, are mixed with 400 pounds of freshly burnt quicklime; a double decomposition takes place; the carbonic acid of the soda goes to the lime, producing carbonate of lime, which settles to the bottom of the tank in an insoluble powder, while the caustic soda remains in solution, and can be drawn off as soon as it has become clear. The crude soap is delivered to the soap-maker in the form of blocks weighing about sixty pounds. The workmen place these on stone tables, where they are broken up. The crude material has a gray color, and is usually quite impure. The following analysis will show the general character of its constituents:

ANALYSIS OF CRUDE SODA ASH.

Soluble Portion.

Caustic soda	5.00
Carbonate of soda	28.00
Sulphide of sodium	0.50
Chloride of sodium	2.00
Sulphate of soda	2.50

Insoluble Portion.

Oxysulphide of calcium	35.00
Carbonate of lime	16.00
Sulphide of iron	2.00
Silicate of soda	5.00
Carbon	4.00
	100.00

The impure blocks are broken up into fragments about the size of a nut—the pieces must be neither too large nor too small, in order to admit of perfect separation and lixiviation. As soon as the soda is well broken up, the lime is slaked with a small quantity of water, and the mixture of the two materials is made in filters provided with double bottoms. In the course of twenty-four hours the lime will have transformed the carbonate into caustic soda—the liquor is decanted and the residues well washed, in order to secure all of the soda. The caustic soda is then brought to a density according to the nature of the fatty matters or oils which it is proposed to saponify. It is not possible to accomplish the saponification by simply bringing the caustic soda in contact with the grease. This operation, which can be easily performed on a small scale in the laboratory, is not found to work on a large scale. It seems to be necessary in practice to have the first lye largely reduced with water. If this is not done, the mixture of the fats with the alkali is accomplished with great difficulty. This is partly due to the great difference in specific gravity which exists between the two materials—a difference which is further complicated by the effect of heat. It is therefore necessary to begin operations by preparing an emulsion—that is, a sort of commencement of combination between the oil and the alkali—by means of solutions which are adequately dilute.

The first union of the oils and fats with the alkali is one of the most important steps in the process, and must always be conducted with great care. At Marseilles this operation is accomplished on a large scale in tanks built of masonry, and heated by coils of steam. The shape and material of these boilers has been but slightly changed during the last two hundred years. Metallic boilers have been tried, but they were said to have the objection of cooling down too suddenly, and of thus stopping operations at a critical moment. Experience appears to have satisfied the manufacturers that the old form of furnace was satisfactory, and they have been loath to try new experiments. In England and Belgium, and also near Paris, cast or wrought-iron boilers are universally employed. In the United States the boilers are made in three sections, the lower one of which is alone exposed to the action of the fire, and is so telescoped into the others that, in case it cracks, it can be removed and a new one replaced without tearing down the furnace.

The vessel for making soap cannot be constructed in the same manner as a steam engine. In the latter the boiler is disposed in a manner to receive as much of the heat of the fuel as possible, but in the soap-boiler it is only the bottom that can be heated; for if the sides and top were also exposed to the fire, the fat would burn, and there would be great loss.

The introduction of steam for heating the soap-boilers was a great improvement, but it was not done at once; it required tedious experiments and much loss before the system could be reduced to practice. At first the steam was directed into the mixture, but it was found that the water arising from the condensation of the steam so much diluted the lye that operations were impeded. Then coils were laid around the sides of the boiler; but here arose the inconvenience of unequal heating, and the system was finally adopted of confining the coil to the bottom. This disposition gives excellent results. The ebullition is produced in all parts of the boiler, and the heating of the mass is so rapid that it scarcely requires more than half an hour to bring into active movement 10,000 pounds of soap; while under the old plan of a naked fire, three or four hours were necessary to produce the same results. The heating by steam enables the manufacturer to accomplish his work by means of a single fire-place and large steam generator, and there is thus a great saving of plant and of fuel. The cost of the installation of the boilers and furnaces is so great, that it is only possible in large manufactories. Smaller works must confine themselves to open fire.

To prepare the emulsion, the workmen pour the lyes into the vats and turn on the steam. As soon as the liquid begins to boil, 50 parts of olive oil, and 50 parts of seed oil are added under constant stirring. One operation at

Marseilles is composed of the enormous quantity of 20,000 pounds of fat, and 26,000 pounds of lye. The mixture soon boils, as is shown by tufts of white vapor which rise to the top. These soon disappear, and the whole contents of the vat boil in a quiet and regular manner.

What takes place in the vat is a purely chemical operation. The caustic soda, which constitutes the lye in the presence of the fat, decomposes that material, forming an oleate or stearate of soda, otherwise known as soap; and the glycerine remains dissolved in the liquid and is often thrown away. The water is evaporated by the boiling, and the soap becomes more consistent, but is often necessary to add either more alkali or more fat, to secure the combination of all of the material. It is also during this stage of the operation that sulphate of iron, or other coloring matter, is added to the mixture.

As soon as the preparation of the emulsion is finished, the next step in the operation is to get rid of the excess of water. This is accomplished rather by chemical than by mechanical means. When we add common salt to an aqueous solution of soap, the soap is precipitated, as before stated, and the water remains as a supernatant liquid. The combination of fat and soda, which is soluble in pure water, is insoluble in brine. Advantage is taken of this property to operate the removal of the water. A workman pours the salt solution into the boiler by small quantities at a time, and another workman brings about perfect mixture by causing a plunger to rise and fall over the whole surface. As soon as the contents of the vat have been brought in contact with the salt solution by active stirring, the further complete separation of the soap is accomplished by letting in a quantity of water. The soap being lighter than the water, floats on the top, and can thus be drawn off. As the water often contains some uncombined soda, it is used in further operations. The soap is even yet not finished, but has to be further boiled, in order to secure a perfect saponification. Some lye is added, to get rid of all traces of water, and to secure the combination of all the material.

It is during this stage of the operation that the marbling or coloring in stripes of the soap is accomplished. The peculiar striated appearance of the Marseilles soap is not effected purely as a matter of fashion and to please the eye. It has its practical advantage in the fact that only soaps of thirty to thirty-five per cent. water can be thus treated. More water would prevent the color from taking, and hence the stripe are certificates of the good quality of the soap, as being free from water; more than thirty per cent. water being regarded as excessive.

As soon as the soap is finished, the still hot and liquid contents of the vat are drawn off and run into molds of various forms and fashions, usually made of stone. In the course of a few days it cools down and solidifies in these receptacles, and is ready to be cut up into bars. The cutting is accomplished by wires, rather than by knives, which would stick fast. After this is accomplished the bars are packed in boxes, ready for transportation.

The manufacture of soft soap is conducted in a perfectly analogous manner, the chief difference being in the substitution of potash for the soda. The tendency of the potash to absorb water keeps the soap in a liquid condition. Vastly more soda soap is made than potash soap, partly owing to the greater cheapness of the former alkali.

We have not attempted to go into the description of toilet soaps, as they differ only in a slight degree from the crude material, the principle of the manufacture being the same.

Enormous quantities of soap of every variety were shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and the statistics of the trade published at that time exhibit proportions which almost surpass belief. The combined works of Marseilles yield an annual product of 110,000,000 pounds of soap. From this it can be seen that the industry is one of great importance to the prosperity of the nation. We must admit, without controversy, the truth of the saying of Liebig, that "Soap is the index of the civilization of a people."

THE EDITOR'S OPERA-GLASS

SEES still the Christmas greens, and hears the echo of Christmas chimes, if opera-glasses have ears. The holidays past, the holidays to come, have not lost a particle of their witchery. Prince Fortunatus, he of the wishing-cap and the endless purse, has been the deity most often invoked during the holiday season just gone.

The leading jewelry houses, declare that diamonds and rubies, emeralds and sapphires, have been ordered in such quantities, one would think, only needed by those architects who strove to restore the missing wonders of Aladdin's palace. The gorgeous display of ceramics has also been largely patronized by the millionaires. And added on to the Christmas season came the wedding of a daughter of our great millionaire, to whose *corbeille* was added the gift of a California millionaire—a superb vase of Sèvres, in an inlaid box of black wood and ivory, mother-of-pearl and malachite, the case itself such a gift as one monarch offers to another.

Amid such splendors as these, Santa Claus was not appalled, but went about with the wooden toys and the picture-books, which gave more ecstatic pleasure than all the jewels, to fresher souls. One pleasant feature of Christmas gifts in the later years has been the opening given to the industry of reduced ladies, who find a large market for their crewel embroidery, their china painting, and their charming illustrated books. Since Princess Beatrice sends forth a volume illustrated by her own regal hand, and takes the money for it, and gives the same to her favorite charity, even those half-enlightened people who have deemed it beneath the dignity of a lady to work may well get rid of this almost obsolete prejudice. One of the prettiest of the picture-books of the season is illustrated by Henry Richards, of Boston, the verses being written by his wife, who is a daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. With Kate Greenaway and Rosina Emmet to draw for them, the children of the present day can all hope to grow up artists.

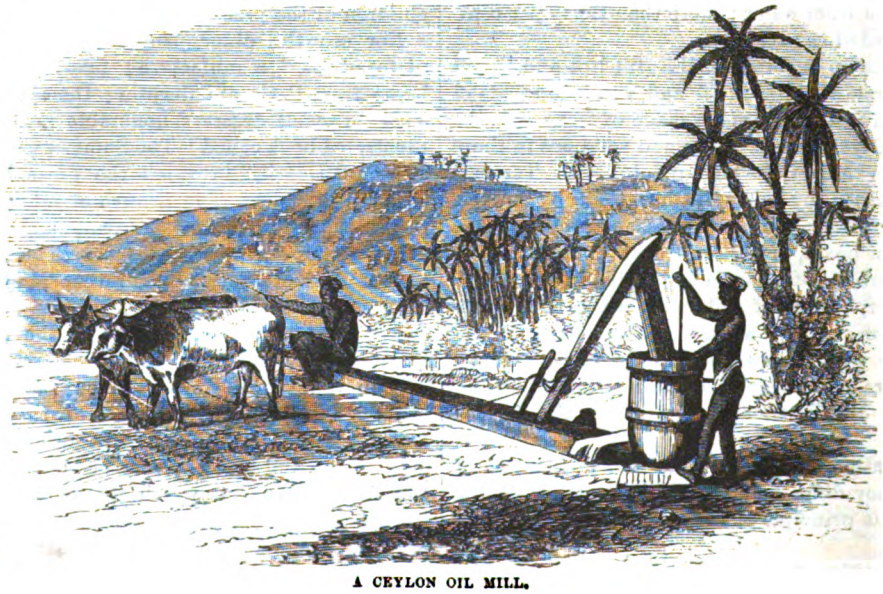
Nor are the older people neglected in the "pretty picture-book" manufacture; many of the young artists home from Paris are devoting themselves to illustration. J. M. Mitchell deserves honorable mention for a cleverly illustrated book called "The Summer School of Philosophy at Mount Desert," in which the great lesson of flirtation is largely taught. The growth of art thus nearly accompanies the vast increase of luxury and of material wealth which marks our present decade. The New York of 1872 and of 1882 are fifty years, rather than ten years, apart. No greater landmark can be used than the holiday season, and we see, as we look back, that the tide was very low, as compared with to-day, in that not remote past.

Even the White House, which remained stranded in bad taste, has felt the influence of this wave. The East Room is now in olive plush, olive brocade, lined with old-gold, ebony and bronze; very good except for a brilliant and dreadful carpet, which the economists decided was too good to throw away. On such great topics do our political economists waste their giant intellects. It reminds one of the royal household which is caricatured in

NEGROES MAKING PALM OIL AT WHYDAH.

"Genevieve de Brabant," where the queen hands out a coarse and a fine sheet for the same bed. However, we must acknowledge that the Green Room at the White House is now beautiful in fresh, delicate, spring-like tints, like a bed of buttercups and daisies, with exquisite carpet, fresco, and double-cushioned ottomans. It has all the freshness of a young administration. It is full of hope. The Blue Room is left in all its original coldness. The Red Parlor has, however, assumed a more home-like look. The Dining Room, with its monstrously ugly china, purchased by Mrs. Hayes, remains with nothing to redeem it but the beautiful carved wood from Cincinnati, and the superb Miltonian Shield; its windows open into the conservatory, which is a great relief. The President's rooms are tastefully papered, frescoed, fresh carpeted and furnished, and the White House is clean, for which let the nation rejoice. The public are no longer allowed to tramp over it, eat luncheon in the East Room, or cut pieces out of the curtains. It is proper to protect the residence of the chief magistrate from "the ravages of the curious."

The public has had before it the question of the insanity of Guiteau, and has heard a remarkable testimony from Dr. Barker that there is no such thing as "hereditary insanity." From such learned lips this will carry great weight with it, and give comfort to thousands of hearts, on whose future there may seem to hang a dark, prophetic cloud. The evidence in the past in the



A CEYLON OIL MILL.

experience of most of us would contradict this theory; but, after all, may not a nervous fear of insanity have sometimes proved its surest and most certain realization? Perhaps there has been a great deal of unnecessary uneasiness on this subject.

Society has been busy and gay with balls, evening parties, *conversaziones*, which are interrupting the "teas"; theatre parties, ladies' lunches and dinners, weddings, etc. Teas are evidently not to be so fashionable as they were last Winter. The gayety was late in coming, but it has opened at last brilliantly. Dancing classes amongst the very young are delightfully frequent, early and gay. Beautiful new houses are thrown open every day of the week. The opera dragged on its sleepy way to the close of Christmas week, and then wearily rolled off. Col. Mapleson has found us a patient and long-suffering people, and has ascertained that any sort of *prima donna* will be taken if only Campanini, Galassi and Del Puente are in the cast.

THE SOAP-BUBBLE.

Perhaps the prettiest and most artistic souvenir ever prepared for a theatrical public was presented to the audience on the centennial night of "Patience." The souvenir programmes, in red letter-press; outline drawings of the scenes, the whole held together with ribbons; embellished cover; a border in which the musical staff and the notes of Bunthorne's æsthetic song are made to do the usual duty of conventional forms; drawings of the lovely old musical instruments, whose archaic simplicity has served to throw out the Muse-like dress and the graceful attitudes of the love-sick maidens—all was in an elaborate degree the result of modern good taste and æsthetic excellence.

Bunthorne's resemblance to Whistler is most remarkable. Such a stage *make-up* has been seldom seen. It is pleasant to chronicle the success of this cleanly and amusing opera bouffe.

The return of Theodore Thomas to the baton again has, of course, been a great event to those who adhere to this master, rather than to Dr. Damrosch. "Under which King, Bezonian? Speak or die." There was an immense audience of Thomasites at the first rehearsal, and it proves that there are enough hearers for both, and no one need stay away from either concert or rehearsal because of hatreds or musical quarrels. These great harmonists always quarrel. They need the relief of a little discord.

Meanwhile, although with change of captains, the great "Constitution" sails on.

Mr. Frelinghuysen succeeds Mr. Blaine without a single lurch of the cockboat. The marked individuality of Mr. Blaine, perhaps, gave people reason to fear that he would always be a prominent power in any administration, as Mr. Gladstone in England, M. Gambetta in France, and Prince Bismarck in Germany control and efface the men with whom they act. Prince Bismarck scarcely pretends that his colleagues are more than clerks. Monsieur Gambetta has taken unknown men, because well-known men would not serve with him. Mr. Gladstone alone has established his ascendency over the acknowledged chiefs of the Liberal Party. If Prince Bismarck were to retire, neither amongst his opponents nor his followers is there any one to whom public opinion could point as his successor. If Mr. Gladstone were to break down, there is no one inside the Liberal Party and outside the Cabinet who would be marked out as able to take his place. But if Gambetta and his colleagues were out of the way, each separate section of the Republican Party would furnish a Cabinet. So Republics seem to be doubly armed against a change

of ministers. It would gratify the country if Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, the most popular, socially, as he is one of the most distinguished, politically, of the party in power, were to be given a portfolio.

New York has suffered much in the loss of distinguished citizens during the past month.

Col. Henry G. Stebbins, known to all lovers of art, music, beauty and public spirit, was suddenly seized with apoplexy, and died in the closing days of last year. Col. Stebbins was the earliest friend of Miss Kellogg, and gave her her musical education. He was always the stanch friend of Charlotte Cushman. When the Opera-house was to be rebuilt it was to "the Colonel" that the task was given, to build an Opera-house "without time or money." This he accomplished. He became President of the Central Park Commission when its fortunes were at a low ebb, and he made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. No public or private charity appealed to him in vain. He was one of those old-fashioned citizens who believe in the duty of a citizen to the State, and never failed in his. After his death crowds of poor people came to his door, to ask if they could look upon his beloved face once more.

One could scarcely ask for more fame than this. It reverses the cruel line, "Their good is oft interred with their bones."

Dr. I. I. Hayes, the Arctic explorer, and a most accomplished gentleman, has gone over to the majority. He never recovered from "that long vigil of unceasing cold"; his constitution was shattered by it. He would talk, however, of his goddess, Science, like a lover, and could imagine no greater bliss than to fight that weary battle over again with the monstrous powers of nature. The Arctic night had no terrors for this inquirer, and we can believe that the future holds for him that bright dawn that lasts for ever.

We are glad to chronicle the opening of Wallack's Theatre, which is a dream of beauty. Modern art and lavish expenditure have gone hand-in-hand with the most consummate taste. As the ever-popular and most finished actor of the American stage, Lester Wallack, made his bow to the public in his sphere, there was a universal and most tremendous acknowledgment of gratitude to a public benefactor. It is not too much too say that Lester Wallack has raised the status of his profession, socially, more than any actor who has lived in New York. Where, now, are the old edicts against the player? From what club, or social gathering, or Christian church, is he shut out? It is the man, and the woman, and not the profession, which exalts or debases.

A very great pleasure is it, too, to turn the Opera-glass toward the "Lights o' London," with its splendid sets of scenery, its moving and pathetic incidents, and its admirable acting.

With their usual generosity, the actors finished the work necessary to the completion of the Poe Memorial, and now the bronze bas-relief of the most original, and the most unhappy, of men, will soon grace the Poet's Corner of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A STRANGE phenomenon was recently observed at Emerson, near Lake Winnipeg. A dark cloud formed of myriads of winged black ants passed over the place from east to west. When it descended, the ground over a large area was covered an inch deep with the insects.

IN the recently published "History of Lynn, Massachusetts," the following occurs: "1716.—Extraordinary darkness at noonday October 21st; dinner tables lighted." "1780.—Memorable dark day May 19th; houses lighted as at night."

A PRETTY fair judgment as to adulteration of a sample of tea can be arrived at by a simple process. This is based on the extraction of the theine contained in tea; and ascertaining the percentage of theine extracted from a known weight of tea. Tea contains from a half to five per cent. of theine. The way to proceed is to weigh out about 150 grammes of the sample of tea, and boil with 2 litres of distilled water in a glass beaker; allow the infusion to boil for five minutes; then add to the infusion a small quantity of glass (reduced to a fine powder) and magnesic oxide. Keep this mixture in strong ebullition for about twenty or twenty-five minutes; at the same time occasionally stirring with a glass rod. Again, add 250 c.c. of water, and boil for fifteen minutes longer. The aqueous extract is now to be evaporated very carefully to complete dryness. The residue left on evaporation is to be treated three or four times with rectified ethylic ether by means of Payen's percolator. Three or four treatments with ether generally suffice to remove all the theine. The last portions of the ethereal washings when evaporated should leave no residue. These ethereal solutions are to be gently heated, and then allowed to evaporate in a shallow dish of known weight. The solid remaining is the pure alkaloid theine. The dish and its contents are now weighed. The weight of the dish and the theine, minus the weight of the dish alone gives, of course, the weight of the theine. From this the percentage of theine in the original weight of tea can be ascertained by means of simple proportion. If the percentage is less than a half per cent., you may conclude that the sample has been either adulterated with foreign leaves (which can easily be recognized under the microscope) or the leaves have been exhausted.

THEATRICAL TELEPHONES AND DIOSCOPES.—Wonders will never cease. By aid of the dioscope, an ingenious instrument brought for the first time to public notice during the Parisian electrical congress, patrons of the drama who are reluctant to leave their comfortable firesides and temporarily revolutionize all their domestic arrangements in order to attend theatrical performances *in loco*, will henceforth be enabled to see as well as hear their favorite operatic and histrionic artists without stirring a yard from home. The apparatus consists of a small "objective" lens fixed up in a position commanding the stage of no matter what theatre, and connected by an electric wire with a diminutive white glass plate, which may be framed and set in the panel of a private drawing-room, however distant from the playhouse in question. Total darkness having been obtained in the room furnished with a dioscope, a perfect picture of the stage, its scenery, actors, etc., faithful in color and absolutely reproducing the whole performance, will become visible upon the surface of the glass plate. Supplemented by a telephone communicating with the theatre, the dioscope will therefore enable its owner to spend his evening at the opera in a dressing-gown and slippers, if such be his ideal of comfort, seated in an easy chair within hail of his *lait de poule et bonne de nuit*. To those, and their name is legion, who detest premature dinners, hurried dressing, and a couple of hours' cabbing "there and back" as the hitherto inevitable concomitants of a visit to the play, the condition of things rendered feasible by the invention of the dioscope will present itself as a truly blissful addition to their pleasure resources.

A REMARKABLE TREE.—The following is from a letter sent by Thomas de Hoghton, Lieutenant, R.N., of Wolfreton Kirk, Hilla, Hull, and published in his report on the Torres Straits Pearl Shell Fishery. "Whilst writing of Torres Straits, I should like to mention a somewhat curious tree I saw on one side of the islands there, which, though probably known to science, would, I think, be new to most of your readers. While lying in H. M.'s schooner *Beagle* off the island in question, I was told by a white man resident there, that there was a tree there which took bones up to its upper and all its branches, and walking over one afternoon to see this tree, I certainly saw a large tree, I suppose quite thirty feet or more in height, with the extremities of all its branches and twigs covered with bones, apparently adhering to them. My informant told me that as the tree stood close outside some huts, they noticed that bones thrown under it were taken up (by, I believe, its leaves) in some way, so they always threw bones there afterward, and the result was the tree was laden with them when I saw it. It was quite impossible they could be placed there by human agency, I think, as many were on the extremes of too slender branches to bear any weight, and I have no reason to doubt the statements of the white men residing on the island; and should Mr. Moff, of Plymouth, son of a warrant officer, residing there, see this, I am sure he would confirm it."

EFFECT OF GREEN IN PAINTED WINDOWS.—I noticed to-day a curious effect in the east windows of Old Upton Church, which may interest artists among your readers, and of which I should be glad to see any explanation. The pattern is in small, regular pieces in which a strong red is prevalent, especially in the ribbon round the edge. Green is, perhaps, the least represented in area. At all events, generally, red largely prevails over green. The latter is not over-brilliant. At a distance of ten feet the general effect is red. At that distance I see the pattern sharply, and green is not at all obtrusive. At the length of the church, say fifty feet off, I cannot distinguish the pattern, and the whole window looks a thin, watery green haze; the bright-red margin is inappreciable.

Richmond, (Eng.), October 12. W. J. HERSCHEL.

THE FUTURE RAILWAY SLEEPER.—Now that Bessemer steel rails are coming into general use, the marked disparity between the life of a steel rail and that of a wooden sleeper has become very much more apparent. The question of the substitution of iron sleepers has received considerable attention, and a paper on this

important subject has already been read and discussed by Mr. Charles Wood. Later experience has shown the correctness of the views expressed as to the necessity of a more durable material than wood. Mr. Webb, of Crewe, has lately been directing his attention to the construction of Bessemer steel sleepers, which bid fair, from the result of their behavior in the road, to supply what is alone wanted to afford the necessary amount of strength, durability and safety to the permanent substructure of the main line of railway in every country. Between the steel sleeper and the seats of the chairs is interposed a stout paper packing, the effect of which when the chairs rock up, besides contributing to the elasticity of the substructure, effectually prevents any jar or noise.

DR KALISCHER, who has been experimenting on selenium cells for the photophone, confirms the observations of Adams and Day that light may in certain cases set up in these cells a photo-electromotive force; the cell becoming its own battery. The same experimenter draws attention to a curious point—namely, that the sensitiveness of selenium cells to light is often greater in cells of high resistance than in those in which, by annealing, the resistance has been greatly reduced A single cell kept for some months gradually lessened in resistance, while becoming less sensitive to light. These anomalies DR. Kalischer attributes to the allotropic modifications through which the substance passes, the want of homogeneity accounting also for the photo-electromotive forces observed.

A CHEMICAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIVING AND DEAD PROTOPLASM.—From various experiments (chiefly with protoplasm of plants, also with Infusoria) Herren Loew and Bokorny find (*Pflüger's Arch.*) that living protoplasm possesses, in an eminent degree, the property of reducing the noble metals from solutions, and that this property is lost when death occurs. "It may well be inferred," say the authors, "that the mysterious phenomenon denoted by the name of 'Life' depends essentially on these reducing atom-groups. In the present state of science we explain these 'groups in motion,' these springs of life phenomena, as aldehyde groups, but would by no means exclude some different and better mode of explanation."

SUN-BURNING.—Is the appearance called "sunburnt," which we acquire after exposure to the sun's light and heat, due to the action of the former or the latter, and if the latter, is it due to the presence of "osmozone," the substance which gives cooked meat its brown color, or is it due to a chemical change in the juices of the skin?

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A YOUNG man from the country saw steam fire-engines working at a conflagration upon his visit to the city, and asked his father, "What in thunder makes 'em heat the water by steam to put fire out with! Cold water's a darn sight better."

"WHY are you late?" asked an Austin schoolteacher of a little girl, who hung her head and said: "We have got a little baby at our house." "Do not let it happen again," said the teacher, fiercely, and the little girl said she would not, and took her seat.

THE bride was led up the broad aisle,
Got up in the most killing staisle,
When asked if she'd be
A true wife to he
She promptly replied, "I should smaisle."

WHALING.—A boy in the country told one of his playmates that he was getting ready to run away to sea. Several months afterward the boys met, and the playmate wanted to know if the other had been at sea. "Yes," was the reply; "I was found out, and went on a *whaling* expedition with my father."

THE great excitement among the school children of New Haven just now is vaccination. "See here, my little man," said the attending physician, "you were vaccinated yesterday. What did you come again to-day for?" "Oh," and he shuffled his toe around on the floor, "I wanted to hear the girls screech."

THAT PAINT.—"Anything new or fresh this morning?" a reporter asked, in a railway office. "Yes," replied the lone occupant of the apartment. "What is it?" asked the reporter, eagerly whipping out his note-book. "That paint you are leaning against." That railway man is now in the hospital, and that reporter is in jail.

A LITTLE boy said at the breakfast-table, "Pa, I want some milk." "Is that the way to ask for anything?" inquired the aggrieved parent. The child hung his head. "How have you been told to ask?" was the next inquiry. "Pa," said the young extenuator, in a subdued voice, "it makes my throat sore to say 'Please.'"

BABY'S APPEAL.

"What makes I cry, and folks say Ize naughty?"
Cause stomach ache, and sour in my mouffy;
Cause, too, can't seep, and worms bites ze belly;
"Fever" za say; feel like I was jelly.
Guess your babies cry, Dick and Victoria.
When mammas gone, and don't have CASTORIA.
"You're right, they fairly yell," There Uncle Cy;
Cousin Frank have CASTORIA, he don't cry.

CYNICUS, who does not believe in the tonic virtues of iron waters, says that the steel springs of a carriage furnish him with all the toning up that he wants.

SHE: "Why don't you grow a mustache, Edwin? You would look so much better." *He:* "Well, but I don't want one. I've got a pair of cricketer's whiskers." *She:* "Cricketer's whiskers! What are they?" *He:* "Eleven on each side, dear."

CURRAN told an anecdote of an Irish Parliament man, who was boasting in the House of Commons of his attachment to trial by jury. "Mr. Speaker, by the trial by jury I have lived, and by the blessing of God with the trial by jury I will die." Curran sat near him, and whispered, audibly: "Why, Jack, do you mean to be hanged?"

A PRIZE show of parrots was held in the north of England. After many others had been brought forward in front of the judges, one bird, on having its cover removed, won the prize by acclamation. Looking around on the company in which it had been so suddenly introduced, it exclaimed: "By Jove! what a lot of parrots!"

CHILDREN AND FOOLS SPEAK THE TRUTH.—A mercenary little boy overheard a conversation between his parents, concerning a wedding that was soon to come off, and recalled the subject at the breakfast-table the next morning by asking the following question: "Papa, what do they want to give the bride away for? Can't they sell her?"

A NEGRO boy, who professed to be dreadfully afraid of the cholera, took to the woods to avoid it, and there was found asleep. Being asked why he went to the woods, he said, "To pray." "But how is it you went to sleep?" asked the overseer. "Don't know, massa, 'zactly," responded the darkey, "but 'spect I must have overprayed myself."

NATURE'S PERFECTION.—A guide is showing off a remarkable echo to a band of tourists in the Pyrenees. "You will observe, ladies and gentlemen," he says, with rapture, "how the sound is repeated from rock to rock, from crag to crag, and especially how beyond the frontier the echo replies with a perfectly distinguishable Spanish accent!"

IDLE CURIOSITY.—A prisoner, who has been convicted at least a dozen times, is placed in the dock. "Your worship, I should like to have my case postponed for a week. My lawyer is ill." "But you were captured with your hands in this man's pocket. What can your counsel say in your defense?" "Precisely so, yer honor; that is what I am curious to know."

DOGS, more so, perhaps, than any other animals, are capable of the strongest attachments. In this respect it is not too much to say their emotional nature is almost human. Scarcely a day passes that we do not see instances of these strong ties, particularly in the suburbs, where they usually consist of an old tin pan through the agency of a piece of twine to the canine's tail.

NOT SURPRISING.—Two soldiers met the other day in a garrison town. One of them asked the other: "Did you hear about Jim Archibald?" "No; what about him?" "He was walking about town last week when a man fell off a scaffolding on him, and killed him as dead as Julius Cæsar." "Well, it doesn't surprise me in the least. When I saw him last Summer he wasn't looking well."

"YOUR mind is in a twilight state," observed the good man. "You cannot differentiate the grains of mistrust from the molecules of a reasonable confidence. You are traveling the border land, the frontier between the paradise of faith and the arctic regions of incredulity. You are an agnostic." "Divil a bit," said Pat, with mingled amazement and indignation. "I'm a Dimmycrat; ivery inch o' me."

GRANDPA'S WHISKERS.

Grandpa likes to kiss wee Sallie;
She says no;
Says his whiskers, thick and bushy,
Prick her so.

Grandpa's head is soft and shiny
On the top,
Where the hair began to thin, and
Would not stop.

Grandpa kisses; Sallie questions;
So 'tis said,
"Grandpa, why not put your whiskers
On your head?"

THERE has been a great deal of bad feeling between two Galveston families; hence there was much surprise when they intermarried. A friend, in speaking to the father of the bride, asked if the families had made friends. "Not a bit of it. I hate every bone in my son-in-law's body." "Why did you let him marry your daughter, then?" "To get even with him," was the prompt reply; "I guess you don't know the girl's mother as well as I do."

A LONDON merchant sent a number of bills for collection to an attorney at Birmingham. One of them was against a man named Mawcombe, who was dead, and the attorney sent back the bill with the endorsement, "Mawcombe's dead," on the back of it. Several months later he received another lot of bills from the same establishment, and among them was one against Mawcombe, which the attorney sent back with the endorsement, "Mawcombe is still dead."

PRISCILLA, THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

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THE "JEANNETTE" AND HER CREW.

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

WHEN, last December, a telegram from the Siberian town of Irkutsk, on the River Lena, suddenly announced that the Arctic exploring steamer, *Jeannette*, had been crushed in the ice some 300 miles north of the Siberian coast, but that the greater portion of her crew had landed safely, joy over their delivery was widespread.

Much remained untold. The wreck of the splendid expedition fitted out by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York *Herald*, caused general regret; but, as is natural, anxiety was keenest to learn if all the brave men under the command of Lieutenant De Long had been rescued from the death impending over some of them. The way from the mouths of the Lena is long. Before reaching Yakutsk, the first considerable town up the river, 1,400 miles had to be traversed by a courier on dog-sledges, and then to reach Irkutsk 1,900 miles more had to be covered. Irkutsk is 4,000 miles from St. Petersburg. The story the courier had to tell was a brief one. On the 23d of June, last year, the *Jeannette* had been crushed in the ice in latitude 77° 15′ north, and longitude 157° east. Of the three boat-parties that left the disabled ship, that under Chief Engineer Melville had first touched land on September 17th. First discovered by the wild natives, they had been later succored by the Russian authorities at Bolonenga. Fifty miles from land the three boats had been separated in fog and storm. A

THE "JEANNETTE" LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 8TH, 1879.

month of waiting brought to Bolonenga two seamen from the boat that De Long commanded. The rest of the captain's party, including De Long himself, were reported on the mainland, a long way off, "all badly frozen." The third boat, commanded by Lieutenant Chipp, had not been heard of. An expedition to search for and bring in De Long's party had started. The names of those in the three boats were furnished—money was asked for. And that was all. The Arctic night closed around the suffering wanderers. The telegraph could tell no more.

To the call for money Mr. Bennett at once responded. The United States Government hastened to lay any means needed at the wrecked party's disposal. The Russian Government instantly ordered money, men, and all the resources of its power to draw the castaway explorers back to home and friends again. From such concurrence of wealth, goodwill and power, all possible desired results should flow. But the long-frozen stretches of the Siberian plains and ice-bound rivers lay between the last telegraph instrument and the officers and crew of the *Jeannette*. Be sure no time was lost in covering these distances. Urged by the orders of the Czar, with men, sledges, horses, dogs at command, the courier, who went back, to push on succor, found the distance no shorter, though the pace was hotter. Thus dramatically closed for us the first scene in the rescue of the crew of the *Jeannette*—the polar night around the brave men on the Siberian coast, relief expeditions organizing, a courier pushing for bare life over a frozen waste, civilization straining forward anxiously and listening for a word of cheer.

Three weeks elapsed before another glimpse of the party was given. Then, in a few words, the story of the *Jeannette's* voyage came out. Caught in the ice-pack three weeks after the last time she had been seen by whalemen in the Arctic sea in 1879, she had been carried northwestward in the giant arms of the ice, until they closed upon and crushed her. But the fate of twenty of the brave men was still left in doubt. Engineer Melville's party were on their way to civilization. De Long and his party were, at the latest accounts, unfound. Lieutenant Chipp and his men were still missing. Dismal news, at the best, but not closing all avenues to hope.

"Why do men try to reach the North Pole?" asks the humdrum person, whose little ambitions are bounded by the block he lives on. "Why does Mr. Bennett spend his money that way?" asks the grubbing fellow, who counts his expenses by tenths of a cent. "Why do men risk their lives in a battle with cold and ice?" ask those whom no cause could stir to adventure.

For answer to these questions, and a hundred like them, from the timid, the self-centred, the cynical, and the vapid, be it said that, as Nature would fill up a vacuum, Man is impelled to break over the bounds of the Unknown. Fool or wise man, no one gainsays that that desire for knowledge is as wide as humanity. The wiser the man the deeper the desire. The harder the path to knowledge, the greater the glory of treading it. But not that alone enters into the answer. The difficult and perilous attract men. Apart altogether from the yearning to attain an object is the instinct—the desire to act. Alexander "weeping for more worlds to conquer" typifies this in its intensity. The longing for action that brings strain upon mind and muscle is the parent of progress and discovery, as it is the esoteric impulse to adventure and conquest. It was the mainspring of knight-errantry, the soul of chivalry. When Columbus, on that Friday morning in August, 1492, sailed out of Saltez Roads, near Palos, westward bound, Alexander of Macedon's yearning was in another age reaching fulfillment through the Genoese enthusiast in the caravels of Spain. But the voyage of Columbus was through Summer seas.

A student of the Arctic problem not long since professed to find in the fabulous story of the Argonauts the first journeys to the lands of the Winter night. To him the long Arctic night was figured in the Cimmerian gloom, and Jason was the first Arctic explorer. It is beyond doubt that voyages of discovery which did not result in immediate settlement have in the world's history gradually merged into fable, the adventure surviving while the details were distorted in the oral traditions of succeeding generations. Since the invention of printing all this has been changed. Every explorer on land or sea who adds a mile to our knowledge of the earth's surface has that mile recorded. The blanks upon our maps disappear. Old lands in Asia reappear. The dismal map of Africa of twenty years ago, with the Mountains of the Moon near the coast in one corner, Timbuctoo set down at hazard in the Sahara, and all the great Soudan a blank, is known no more. Stanley, Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, Cameron, and those who follow in their footsteps have shown us great river lines and mountain chains and inland seas. Little has been left there to discover. If an Alexander of the press wanted new worlds he must go to the ends of the earth. He must turn from the zone of sun to the zone of snow. Poleward lay a problem that for three centuries of strenuous endeavor had defied solution. The mystery of the Sphinx of Thebes could be solved by guessing; but the Œdipus of the Polar mystery should take his life in his hand to solve it. Great names were on the roll of those who had tried and honorably failed of the great object of reaching the crown of the world—the North Pole. Their names are dotted over the Polar map, where they have placed their mark, or others have later honored their memories.

At first the explorers sought passage from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, or from the Pacific to the Atlantic, by sailing along the north coast of America or along the north coast of Europe and Asia. Later, the more purely scientific and adventurous effort to reach the Pole has come into prominence as the object of Arctic journeys. No continuous passage by a vessel and crew from ocean to ocean has yet been made north of the American continent. The great Swedish navigator, Nordenskiöld, made the voyage along the north coast of Europe and Asia but three years ago.

Many disasters have overtaken these daring mariners. The Polar expedition of Sir Hugh Willoughby, after his discovery, or rediscovery, of Novaya Zemlya, perished on the coast of Lapland in 1503. A century later, Henry Hudson, who first sailed up our noble river that bears his name, was cast adrift by his mutinous crew with seven companions on an Arctic voyage, and perished at sea. The terrible fate of Sir John Franklin's expedition in the present century—the whole party dying by inches of cold, hunger and scurvy on the frozen wilderness of King William's Land—is within the recollection of all. A land whence the sun departs for months, where the waters are locked in ice save for three or four months in the year, when the sun circles around in the sky without setting, or gradually dips but for an hour or so below the horizon; a land of terrific storms, where the mountains of ice that seemed immovable are crashed together by forces beyond computation; a land where Winter brings cold so bitter and storms so fierce that the crash and wreck of the Spring and Summer are welcomed because they mean that the sun can be seen, and his warm rays felt again. In such a land, over such seas, disaster should seem the inevitable, and death a constant neighbor. Yet, though loss of ships has

not been infrequent, loss of life has not been a constant feature of Arctic exploration. Hardships, indeed, are to be reckoned with; but escapes so marvelous as to be classed with the miraculous have made the story of Arctic voyaging read like a vast romance. It was to this region that the *Herald's* proprietor turned his eyes when Stanley's successes in Africa had left the tropics bare of ground worthy a great explorer. It has been the office of governments to equip such expeditions; but as this is the age of individualism, Mr. Bennett undertook to fit out at his own expense the expedition he desired to send to the North.

One hundred and fifty expeditions, counting voyages and land journeys, had been made in the Arctic seas. Of these, but twenty-nine had gone northwest, via Behring Strait; not one had attempted a direct Polar search by that entrance to the Arctic basin. The stretch of sea between Greenland and Sweden had, from the earliest periods, been the scene of northerly explorations. Here Pythias had plowed his way among the heavy, "viscous" seas, and saw the floating rocks. Here the hardy Norseman, Eric, steered. Here Barentz, Jan Mejan and Willoughby sailed. Here, at last, Payer and Weyprecht, the Austrians, sailed from Novaya Zemlya, and were caught with their ships in the ice and carried to Franz Josef Land, putting their mark very high toward the Pole. Here Leigh Smith, the English yachtsman, now lies Winter-bound, waiting for the Summer and relief. Up Baffin Bay and northward through Smith Sound, or westward by Lancaster Sound, another phalanx of explorers sailed. Hudson, Baffin, Fox, Parry, Ross, Franklin, Kane, McClintock, Hayes, Hall, Nares and a host of others, are names inseparably connected with the lands and waters north of the American continent. It seemed to many sound geographers, after Kane, Hayes, Hall and Nares had made their "highest," that beyond a few miles north of latitude 82°, or 480 geographical miles from the Pole, there was no navigable way northward by the Smith Sound route. The Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya routes had also been thoroughly exploited. Was there not a chance worth trying by a determined push northward, via Behring Strait? North of latitude 71°, or for over a thousand geographical miles, nothing was known of the land or water, currents or tides. Wrangell Land had been seen by Kellett in 1848, and Rogers, in 1855, had gone a little higher. To the eastward, along the coast of the American continent, many explorers had been, and the whalers hunting in the sea which Behring, the Russian, first entered, went mostly to the eastward also. For a hundred years the limits of the ice-pack in that sea varied, from June to August, between 68° and 72°. The whalemen dared not linger north late in September, lest the treacherous pack should close around them, for once caught, disaster was their portion, as the records tell. Yet the route north from Behring Strait, by Wrangell Land, had never been tried by a well-equipped steamer, and that fact tempted Mr. Bennett to give it a trial. Let it be remembered that Wrangell Land had been untrodden by the white man, that Nordenskiöld, on the *Vega*, was then working his way eastward along the Siberian coast, and was believed to be beset—a further motive, and a humane one, for the journey. Thus much premised, let us turn to the ship that Mr. Bennett selected, and the men who volunteered to carry his ship to the North.

In 1875 the steam yacht *Pandora*, under the command of Sir Allen Young, of the British Royal Naval Reserve, made an attempt to solve the Northwest Passage, Mr. Bennett bearing a share of the expense. On the 25th of June she sailed from Southampton, and on the 27th she bade good-by to the shores of England. On board with Captain Young, it may be mentioned, as *Herald* correspondent, was the gallant MacGahan, who had already made his name for daring in the famous ride to Khiva, who was later to astonish the world by his letters to the London *Daily News*, from Bulgaria, and who, soon after, was to die of injuries and disease contracted in the war he so largely helped to bring about. By the 21st of August the *Pandora*, after sailing along the western coast of Greenland, entered Lancaster Sound, and passing through Barrow and Peel Straits, found an impenetrable barrier of ice across Franklin Strait. There was nothing for it but to return. On the 16th October the *Pandora* dropped anchor in Portsmouth harbor again. It had been a pleasant trip for Captain Young and MacGahan, and that was all.

In 1878 Mr. Bennett purchased the *Pandora*. By this time his idea of the Arctic venture via Behring Strait had been matured, and Lieutenant De Long, of the United States Navy, having been selected—with the approval of the Secretary of the Navy—for the chief command, the *Pandora* was brought to Havre, and there rechristened the *Jeannette*, after Mr. Bennett's only sister, now Mrs. Isaac Bell, Jr. In the middle of July, 1878, she sailed from Havre, under Captain De Long, for a leisurely voyage around Cape Horn. After a run of 165 days she reached San Francisco on the 27th December. Having, by Act of Congress, been allowed to take out an American register, and having been placed under the orders of the Navy Department, the other naval officers who had volunteered were regularly assigned to her. She was then taken to Mare Island Navy Yard, to be fitted out for her coming struggle with the ice. She was a bark-rigged steamer of 420 tons register, long, low and rakish-looking. She was what is called a long-legged ship—that is, she had a sharp, wedge-shaped floor, that if caught between two heavy ice-floes she would rise to the pressure, instead of being crushed. Yet the changes made in her were many and important. Her bow was filled in with solid timber; heavy beams and trusses were laid across the hold at short intervals, so thoroughly braced that crushing her seemed impossible. Heavy extra planking was also laid on her bottom and bilges, and on her sides to two feet above her deep load-line. Her bow was protected on the outside by thick iron straps, to protect it from being cut by the ice, should she butt against it to force a channel. A large poop-cabin was added to increase her stowage room and officers' accommodations. She carried a steam-launch and five strong whaleboats, and a folding boat to carry at need upon a sledge. She was provided with extra screw-blades, an extra rudder, duplicates of the parts of her engine liable to breakage, and full assortments of tools and implements. The engine was thoroughly overhauled, and a new boiler put in. The surgery was fitted up with every necessary. The forecastle was made snug as felting could make it. Clothing of every kind fit for Arctic journeying was provided in abundance, and the Alaska Fur Company offered complete sets of furs. She was provisioned by Mr. Bennett's orders for three years. Not a nook of the vessel but was utilized. All this was done with an eye to the utmost economy of space. Never went forth a steamer better fitted for the battle with the ice.

We may now glance at officers and crew. They were a hale and hearty set as eye ever looked upon, scarce a man over forty, except the tough ice-pilot. The Commander, George Washington De Long, Lieutenant U. S. N., was born in New York in 1844. In his boyhood he longed for nautical adventure, and left a law clerkship in Brooklyn to enter the Naval Academy. In 1861 he was appointed midshipman, and reached the grade of

Lieutenant in 1869. He was then a dainty-looking young man, more of the student than the sailor in his handsome face. When the Grand Duke Alexis came here, in 1871, he had charge of the decoration of the great store-building in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, which was fitted up for a grand ball, and he did miracles with many yards of bunting, as all who remember that fairy-like construction may recall. But there was sterner stuff in him. When in 1873 he was appointed navigator of the relief ship *Juniata*, sent to Greenland after Captain Hall, he showed his daring in a determined dash in the steam-launch *Little Juniata* across the terrible stretch of Melville Bay. By 1879 he had grown full and bronzed, and the daring in his face had come out of its hiding. Gentle in social relations, firm in command, a thorough sailor, it was evident that the choice was a fit one.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR OF THE "NEW YORK HERALD," AT WHOSE EXPENSE THE "JEANNETTE" WAS FITTED OUT.

Next to him in importance, to the world in many ways of, perhaps, greater consequence, stood Mr. Jerome J. Collins, the meteorologist and historiographer of the expedition. Born at Cork, Ireland, in 1841, Mr. Collins, after completing a solid educational course, chose the profession of civil engineer. He came to America in 1866, and had charge of the marsh-land reclamations in New Jersey, and other important works. But he had made meteorology a study, and in 1874 he joined the *Herald* staff, whose now world-famous weather bureau he organized. In this he showed unrivaled powers, and soon in domestic forecasts outdid the Washington Meteorological Department, under the late General Myers. But his studies of the laws of storms pushed him to more daring forecasts. In 1875 he began his systematic predictions of transatlantic storms, setting the English meteorologists by the ears, but delivering eighty per cent. of the storms whose passage he had announced by cable to London beforehand. At the Meteorological Congress at Paris, in 1877, his great work was recognized by the scientists of Europe, and to-day the English Government are being asked by the doubters of a few years ago to have the service, still carried on by the *Herald*, made a national one. Through this scientific struggle Mr. Bennett's enterprise had sustained the young scientist. In person he was tall and commanding; his genial, cheerful soul made him a splendid companion.

LIEUTENANT G. W. DE LONG, COMMANDER OF THE "JEANNETTE."

Lieutenant Charles W. Chipp, U. S. N., second in command, was born in Kingston, New York, and early won distinction in the navy. He was with De Long on his Melville Bay dash in the *Little Juanita*, had seen service in the Corea, and was in Santiago de Cuba with his vessel during the *Virginius* excitement. Of medium height, he was strongly built, and an accomplished seaman. The missing boat was commanded by a brave, resolute and skillful officer.

Lieutenant John Wilson Danenhower, U. S. N., was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1849. He also was on the *Juniata*. His safety is assured, for he was in charge of the party that first reached Yakutsk on the way home.

Chief Engineer George W. Melville, who commanded the boat that first touched land, had had previous Arctic experience. He was engineer of the *Tigress* during her cruise up Smith Sound after Buddington's party. He served on the *Chattanooga* during the war. While on the cruise so disastrously ended he gained his present naval grade.

GEORGE W. MELVILLE, ENGINEER OF THE "JEANNETTE."

Dr. James Markham Marshall Ambler was born in Vermont in 1848. His father was a physician. He is in the party with De Long.

Raymond L. Newcomb, the taxidermist, is a

THE "JEANNETTE" CAUGHT IN THE ICE-PACK.

native of Salem, Mass. He went to the *Jeannette* from the Smithsonian Institute.

Captain William Dunbar, the ice pilot, a native of New London, Conn., was born in 1834, and had been for almost his entire lifetime a whaler. He was familiar not only with the ice-fields of the Arctic, but of the Antarctic Ocean. A fine, keen-eyed, steel-strung man.

Those who doubt the readiness of mankind to undertake adventure will, perhaps, be astonished to read that when it became known eighteen men were wanted for the voyage, innumerable applications were received, and that 1,250 men were actually examined by the doctors. The conditions fixed on to govern selections were sufficiently stringent. Men were required to be of good character, of northern birth or raising, and inured to extreme cold; hardy mariners, with some experience in the northern seas, men of the greatest physical stamina, sound in all respects, and without the slightest consumptive tendency. A decayed tooth, a cough, a rheumatic twinge, depression of the chest—in fact, the very slightest defect, was sufficient to cause a rejection by the examining surgeon. Men too solid or too lean, too tall or too short, too young or too old, were promptly rejected. The weight desired was 150 pounds. The men selected from the army of applicants by this process of exclusion were superb specimens of physical vigor.

Jack Cole, the boatswain, a native of Ireland, was trained to the merchant service, but entered the navy in 1858, and served through the war, taking part in many engagements. On his captain's recommendation he was appointed petty officer of Mr. Bennett's yacht, the *Henrietta*, when she was in the Government service during the war. He became successively boatswain and mate, and in the latter position took part in the *Henrietta's* ocean race with the *Vesta* and the *Fleetwing*. He was afterward mate of Mr. Bennett's yacht, *Dauntless*.

It would be beyond the limits of this article to sketch the record of each seaman; but as specimens of the crew we may take the two men who are reported to have brought news of De Long's party to Engineer Melville. Their names are Noras and Ninderman.

Louis Philip Noras, seaman, was born at Globe, Mass., in 1850. He served on board the U. S. schoolship *St. Mary's*. He is of fair complexion, with light-brown hair, dark-blue eyes, of the required visual power, weighing 182 pounds, and five feet eight and a quarter inches in height. Mean circumference of chest, thirty-nine inches, an expansion of two inches, and in the spirometric test he gave a result of 244 cubic inches in exhalation. The man for a hard journey, as he proved.

William Ninderman, carpenter, was born in 1850 on the island of Rugen, Germany. He came to the United States in 1865, and sailed in different ships, American and foreign, until 1871. He ran the Spanish blockade on the Cuban coast, and joined in several of the patriotic expeditions. He went to the Arctic with Hall on the *Polaris*, and was one of the survivers of the great drift on the ice with Tyson. He went north again on the *Tigress* in search of the *Polaris* party. He escaped drowning many times, once in the wreck of Mr. Lorillard's yacht on the coast of Tunis. Before enlisting with the *Jeannette* he was quartermaster on the schoolship *St. Mary's*. A lucky as well as a plucky man.

The remainder of the brave men are Henry Wood Leach, born in 1856, at Penobscot, Mass.; George W. Boyd, born in 1855, at Philadelphia; Walter Lee, machinist, born in 1840, at Providence, R. I.; Henry D. Warren, born in 1850, at Bristol, R. I.; James H. Barrett, born at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1847; George Stephenson, born in Roumania, in 1858; Adolph Dressler, born at sea, in 1857; Carl August Gortz, born in Sweden, in 1844; Peter E. Johnson, born in Norway, in 1854; Henry Wilson, born in Sweden, in 1852; Edward Star, born at Hamburg, in 1851; Alfred Sweetman, born at West Cowes, England, in 1840; Hans H. Erickson, born in Denmark, in 1847; Henry H. Knack, born in North Schleswig, in 1857; Nelse Ivorson, born in Jutland, in 1848; and Albert George Kuuna, born in Prussia, in 1858.

Looking over this list we see the hardy, seagoing peoples admirably represented. Two Esquimaux, Alexia and Aniguin, were taken on board at St. Michael's, in Alaska, to look after the forty sledge-dogs there purchased. Three Chinamen—Sam, the cook; Charley Long Sing, the steward, and Ah Sing, the cabin-boy, completed the crew.

On the 8th of July, 1879, the *Jeannette*, thus splendidly equipped and manned, steamed out of San Francisco Bay through the Golden Gate on her arduous journey, amid waving of flags, firing of guns, and blowing of steam-whistles, and with the good wishes of the whole civilized world. A schooner, the *Funny Hyde*, with a cargo of coal and stores, accompanied her to St. Michael's. Touching at Alaskan ports for furs, natives and dogs, the *Jeannette* finally, on the 27th August, steamed out of St. Lawrence Bay, through Behring Strait, and into the Polar Sea.

Captain De Long wrote on that day: "I hope to reach Wrangell Land this season." Mr. Collins wrote to the *Herald*, "All before us is now uncertainty, because our movements will be governed by circumstances over which we have no control. We will try to reach Wrangell Land. At the worst, we may Winter in Siberia, and go for the Wrangell Land mystery next Spring."

Alas! man proposes, but God disposes. A week later, on the 3d September, the captain of the whaler *Sea Breeze* saw the *Jeannette* about fifty miles south of Herald Island, and steaming in that direction. She was steaming through an opening in the ice. At noon of that day the last of the *Jeannette* was seen by any one except her crew. She was well to the eastward of Wrangell Land, which we now know she never reached. Following various "leads," or openings in the ice, she steamed about that portion of the Arctic Ocean, still going northwestward. On the 1st of October the treacherous pack long threatening her closed round, and held her fast. The days grew shorter and shorter; at last, by the close of the month, the sun disappeared altogether, and there in the Arctic night, locked in the thick-ribbed ice on an unknown sea, began the drift of the *Jeannette*. Doubtless the stout-hearted De Long and his men held firmly to hope. The story of Arctic travel, in which they were well versed, told them strange stories of escape from just such situations; but the suspense must all the same have been terrible, and the disappointment great. The wonders of the Arctic night were unfolded before them. The marvelous Aurora Borealis flung its long shafts of delicate-tinted or flame-shot light up the starry heavens; but the bitter cold came, too, and storms, whose fury we cannot imagine in these latitudes, burst over them, making the icebergs grind all round them. Dismal fogs and mists, heavy snow; anon clear weather, with stars shining like brilliants; then the glimpse of Arctic dawn, but no sun. Sledge-journeys, no doubt, were undertaken, to spy out some land, and the electric light they had with them blazed from the mast-head at intervals. But if they saw any land they could not bring the ship to it. Still they drifted and drifted, as their observations told them.

Then came the sun, in February, mounting higher and higher in the heavens, gladdening their hearts with light, but filling them with secret dread that when his rays

poured down their Summer heat a release from the grip of the ice might be the prelude to a crushing of monster bergs together, and the death of their ship, for all its stout timbers. But the sun rose up and circled without setting in the heavens, and no release came. They were drifting, drifting westward and northward, as the *Tegethoff*, with Payer and Weyprecht, had drifted to Franz Josef Land from Novaya Zemlya. They knew their bearings, knew that they might make a desperate dash in boats and sleds for the Siberian coast, but the grit in their natures forbade this, so long as a chance remained that the good ship might cleave the blue waters once more. All Summer the grim, blue icebergs held them fast. All was a waste of ice, or salty pools in the hollows of the ice around them. Perhaps they often saw open water not a mile from their ship. So the Summer wore away, the ship drifting with the ice. Winter closed in again, and again the sun disappeared. But the coming of the sun again was to presage the death of the ship.

On June 23d, 1881, when the sun was high in the heavens, the dreaded hour arrived. They had drifted 500 miles in twenty-one months without disaster, but at last the incalculable pressure of the ice had crushed her. To remain with her would have been to risk the life of all on board, for a parting of the ice around her would have sent her to the bottom in an hour. Ample preparations for this disaster had no doubt been made, and, on sledges, taking three boats, the crew put off from the *Jeannette*, with all the food they could carry. They made for the Siberian coast, distant, at the nearest point, 300 miles. They were cheered by memories of the survivors of the *Tegethoff*, who traveled safely from Franz Josef Land; of those of the *Hansa*, who, from the sea east of Greenland, reached civilization. They did not forget the miraculous ice-drift of 1,500 miles by Tyson and his party, so shockingly separated in an instant amid night and storm from the *Polaris*. They had the long Arctic day for their journey, but its difficulties may be guessed from the slow rate

MAP OF THE CIRCUMPOLAR REGION, SHOWING WHERE THE "JEANNETTE" WAS ABANDONED AND WHERE MELVILLE'S BOAT LANDED.

JEROME J. COLLINS, CORRESPONDENT OF THE "NEW YORK HERALD."

LIEUT. CHARLES W. CHIPP, U. S. N., EXECUTIVE OFFICER.

DR. JAMES M. M. AMBLER, U. S. N., SURGEON.

of their progress. It took three months to traverse 500 miles. Yet veteran Arctic travelers speak of it as the most masterly retreat on record.

De Long commanded the first cutter in person, and with him were Mr. Collins, Dr. Ambler, Ninderman, Noras, Erikson, Knack, Dressler, Gortz, Lee, Ivorsen, Boyd, Alexia and Sam.

Lieutenant Chipp had charge of the second cutter, and had with him ice-pilot Dunbar, Sweetman, Warren, Johnson, Star, Kuihne and Ah Sing.

Engineer Melville commanded the third. With him were Lieutenant Danenhower, Newcomb, Jack Cole, Bartlett, Leach, Lauderbach, Wilson, Stephenson, Aniguin, and Charley Long Sing.

On reaching the southern edge of the ice-pack, they took to the boats, which kept together, and probably made for the New Siberian Islands, moving slowly along their coasts, and at last making direct for the mouths of the Lena. The ocean currents may have also compelled this oblique descent to the Siberian coast. Within fifty miles of land, the three boats were separated in fog and storm. Out of that storm Melville's boat was the first to reach the land, on September 17th, at the east mouth of the Lena. On October 29th, the two sailors, Noras and Ninderman, reached Bolonenga, where Melville's party were in charge of the Russian authorities, having been rescued from starvation by the native Tongoos. The sailors reported De Long and his party "in a sad condition, in danger of starvation, and all badly frozen." Native scouts set out in search of them, but up to November 16th, when Melville's party left for Yakutsk, no word of De Long's party had been heard. The cutter commanded by Lieutenant Chipp had not been heard of. So, in doubt and hope, the narrative closes for the present.

Can the men still unaccounted for survive? Much is wanting in our knowledge of their condition. Lieutenant Chipp's party may have landed on another portion of the coast, and may have met with natives, as Melville's party did. De Long's party we know more about. They were at the north mouth of the Lena, probably on the delta, when Noras and Ninderman left them. Dreariness and desolation untold was about them in the lessening days and the strengthening cold. Their food supply was short, and the stronger had the burden of the frost-bitten upon them. They must, therefore, have moved but slowly.

The delta, a number of low, barren islands channeled by the many branches of the Lena, is two hundred miles wide. Driftwood in plenty is to be found on them, so fire would not fail. Game, feathered or furred, such as the ptarmigan and the Arctic hare, is not very scarce, so that with what they could snare or shoot, and by cooking and eating reindeer-moss, they might be

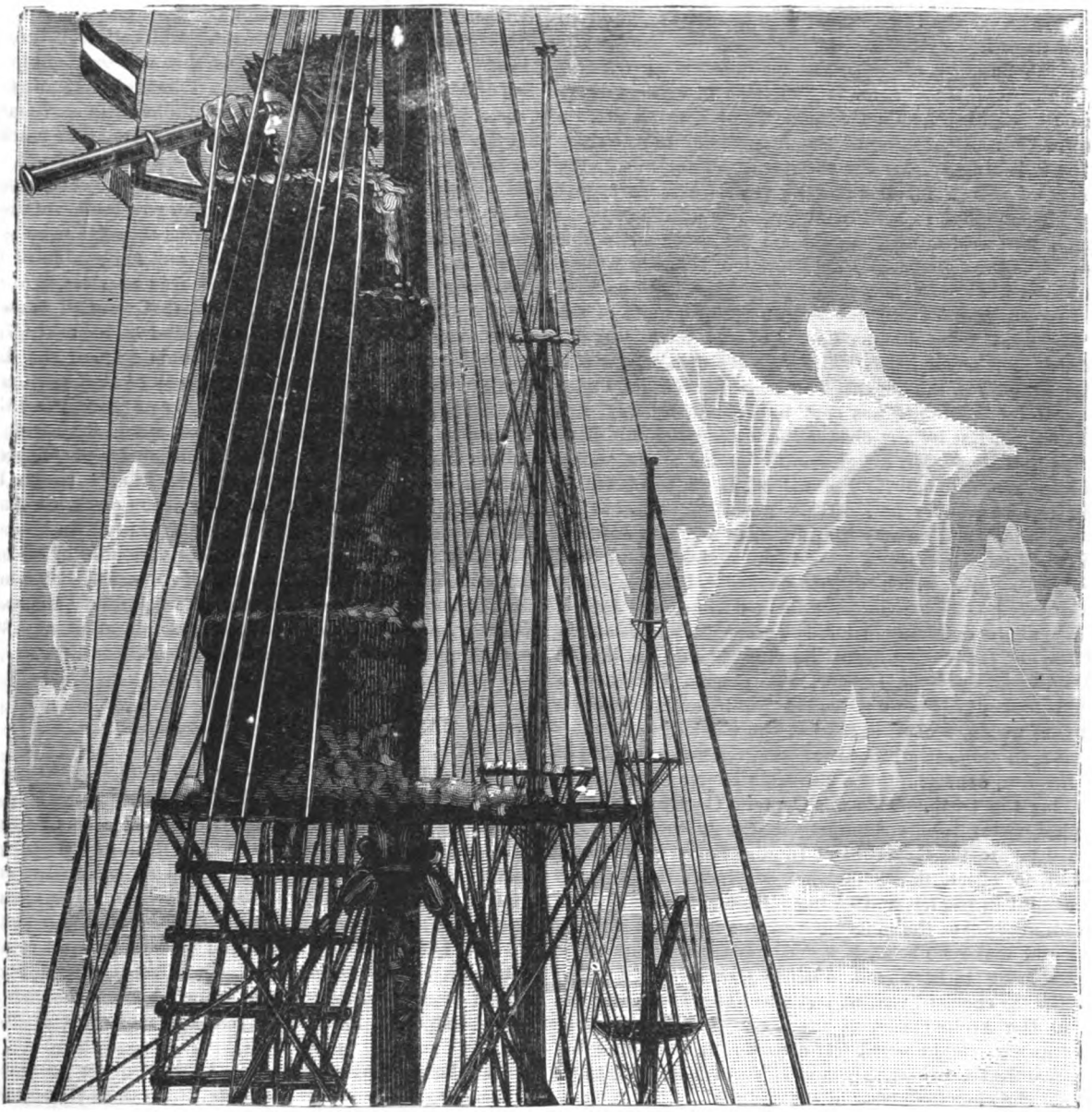
W. DUNBAR, ICE-PILOT.

JOHN W. DANENHOWER, SECOND OFFICER.

R. L. NEWCOMB, NATURALIST AND ASTRONOMER.

fed. Snow huts or huts of driftwood might shelter them. All these things give some color to hope; yet a long, bitter struggle must be theirs, if unrescued, to live through the long Winter night. It is only necessary to picture the region around them to see this. "For hundreds of miles back from the Arctic Ocean," says Mr. Kennan, "the country consists almost entirely of the great desolate steppes known to the Russians as the *tundra* (pronounced toondra), which in Summer are almost impassable wastes of brownish-gray Arctic moss, saturated with water, and in Winter trackless deserts of snow, drifted and packed by Polar gales into long, hard, fluted waves. Moss has grown out of decaying moss year after year and century after century, until the whole *tundra* for thousands of square miles is a vast spongy bog. Of other vegetation there is little or none. A clump of dwarf berry-bushes, an occasional tuft of coarse swamp-grass, or a patch of storm and cold-defying *kedrovnik* diversifies, perhaps, here and there the vast brownish-gray expanse. At all seasons and under all circumstances, this immense borderland of moss *tundra* is a land of desolation."

Lashed by icy rain in Summer, and scourged by the fierce storms of Winter, it is always terrible to travel over. Winter, indeed, which had come before help, so far as we know, had reached De Long's suffering party, brings the culmination of desolation. "Even at noon, when the sea-like expanse of storm-drifted snow is flushed faintly by the dusky red light of the low-hanging sun, the *tundra* depresses the spirits and chills the imagination with its suggestions of infinite dreariness and solitude; but at night, when the pale-green streamers of the aurora begin to sweep back and forth in the north, lighting up the whole white world with transitory flashes of ghostly radiance, it takes on a strange, half-terrible unearthliness which awes yet fascinates the imagination."



A LOOKOUT IN THE CROW'S NEST OF AN ARCTIC VESSEL.

Such scenes of weird lights and shadows upon snowy wastes, we may well imagine, had ceased to impress De Long and his companions as they would one who encountered the Polar night for the first time. It was their third Winter in the north. They knew that action was the price of life, and while they were able to move in search of game, they would keep astir. Their debilitated state

must have been against them; but the last thing we would expect of such men would be to lie down supinely while action meant existence. And while there's life there's hope.

The year that the *Jeannette* sailed north was notable in the Arctic from another fact—namely, the failure of two whalers of the Arctic fleet to return at the close of the season. It was feared they had been caught in the pack and crushed. The unexplained absence of these vessels, and the mystery regarding the movements of the *Jeannette* acted strongly on public opinion, and led to great efforts on the part of the Government to find all three, and to succor them if they needed it.

In the Summer of 1880 the revenue cutter *Corwin*, under Captain Hooper, made five trips in various directions through the Arctic Ocean north of Behring Straits, but saw or heard nothing of the *Jeannette* or the whalers. In the following Winter the absence of all news made the subject of search for the missing vessels a more urgent one. The neglect to search for Franklin until it was too late, it was determined, should not be repeated in this case. Congress generously appropriated $175,000 to buy the steam whaler *Helen and Mary* (rechristened the *Rodgers*) to prosecute a diligent search for the waifs of the Arctic night. Lieutenant Berry, of the navy, was appointed to command her. The *Corwin's* commander was ordered to aid in the quest. The U. S. S. *Alliance*, under Commander Wadleigh, was sent to Iceland, Norway, and Spitzbergen, lest by any chance the *Jeannette* should have drifted that way. Mr. Leigh Smith, on his steam yacht, the *Eira*, about to sail for Franz Josef Land, promised to keep a lookout for her. It is uncertain whether he reached there, and he may himself be in evil case now.

The Signal Service Expedition, under Lieutenant Greely, U. S. A., which winters in Lady Franklin Bay, was directed to keep a lookout for her from Cape Joseph Henry, at the extreme northeast of America, and Lieutenant Ray, of the Second Signal Service Expedition, landed last Summer on Cape Barrow, also promised to keep a bright lookout. She was looked for in every direction but that which, locked in the ice, she was taking.

One man alone in all the discussion before the sailing of the *Rodgers*, concerning the probable course of the *Jeannette*, hit the truth. This was Captain Coglan, a whaler, who had spent twenty Summers in the Arctic Sea. Examined before the Government Inquiry Board last March, he said, in effect, that even when last seen the *Jeannette* was caught in the ice, and sailing with it to the northwest; that on account of the movement of this ice, against which she could make no head, it would have been impossible for De Long to have made a landing on Herald Island; that the ice enclosed her, and she had to go with it. He was in the Arctic Ocean at the time. The ice, he said, was drawing one hundred feet of water, and showing ten to twelve feet above the surface. It was hummocky and broken, showing the stress of the current.

It is worthy of note, also, that Lieutenant Hovgaard, of the Danish Navy, stated some months since, in London, his belief that she would be heard of along the Siberian coast, and was himself on his way to this country to organize a search in that direction, when the news of her loss and the retreat of the crew reached us in America. The work of the search expeditions was far from sterile. Hooper, in the *Corwin*, landed on Herald Island on July 30th, last year, and on August 12th landed on Wrangell Land, his party being the first that ever had set foot there. The *Rodgers's* party made a landing on Herald Island on August 24th, and the following day made a landing on Wrangell Land. Lieutenant Berry ordered a systematic survey by three parties, whose united efforts proved that so far from being a great polar land, it was simply a small island. This discovery at once opened up a possibility of judging the real state of affairs. Lieutenant Berry reported a strong current setting to the westward north of Wrangell Island. He landed a party at Cape Serdze, who, through the Winter, are to prosecute a sledge search along the Siberian coast, not, unfortunately, at any point where the boat-parties may even be heard of. With this sledge-party is Colonel W. H. Gilder, who accompanied Schwatka on his wonderful sledge journey from North Hudson's Bay to King William Land.

With all the experience of Arctic explorations before us, it can be safely laid down that no ship will ever sail to the North Pole. The ice-barrier is effectual. It may be reached by land parties with a suitable outfit and traveling device; it is highly improbable that it can be reached by balloon, or by any air-ship, in the present state of our knowledge, or, rather, ignorance of the subject of navigating the air. All the gateways have now been examined. For scientific outcome of the *Jeannette* expedition we shall doubtless have some additions to our knowledge of the laws of storms, if, happily, Mr. Collins survives to apply the facts he has gathered. Beyond that we shall know to a certainty whether or not there is land between the 77th parallel and the New Siberian Islands, or near the drift track of the *Jeannette*. Our knowledge of that portion of the Arctic basin has been considerably advanced, and that is much. At too great cost, however, would it be bought, if lives are to be, or have been, laid down for it. There is ground for hope that not only De Long's party, but Lieutenant Chipp's also, may safely reach civilization and their homes. Mr. Bennett, whom the expedition has cost $340,000, would not, it is certain, let a thought of his outlay trouble him, if only every man of the expedition comes safe to home and friends again. He has linked his name with Grinnell as a patron of Arctic exploration, and two such Americans do honor to their age and country.

ECCENTRIC PEOPLE.

Martin Van Buchell and Sir John Direly.

There are no queer people now; no extraordinary characters; no singular beings. Society seems to have been brought, somehow, to a kind of dead or living level, so that for one of its members to be an original is considered to qualify him for an insane asylum. The records of some of the queer people who claimed attention before we were born are still to be found in odd pamphlets and dog's-eared volumes at the doors of second-hand booksellers, or may be occasionally gathered from the recitals of old-fashioned folks with pleasant memories of their youth.

Singularly enough, references to these queer people occasionally survive in the language which finds its way into boys' schools, and is preserved there. Why, for instance, do we so often hear of alacrity in connection with "Old Boots"? Old Boots was once the boots of a celebrated inn at Ripon (Eng.), and his fame was spread abroad in consequence of a personal peculiarity which enabled him to hold a coin between the end of a long nose which turned down and the point of a long chin which turned up. His fees were no doubt considerable, and his willingness to respond to the good nature of his patrons even at the sacrifice of some personal dignity elevated him into a proverbial personage, but only his official name remains. He was called Old Boots till he died, and had, perhaps, forgotten that he ever had any other.

Who would now consult a doctor if he exhibited the eccentricities of the once famous Martin Van Buchell? And yet worthy Martin was very nearly being appointed dentist to the King. There are queer people amongst our doctors still, but the queerness is of rather a more private character. They don't ride on a rough pony painted of a piebald pattern, nor do they advertise that ladies in delicate health may receive great benefit from purchasing hairs from their beards. The father of Van Buchell was tapestry-maker to King George II., so that the future doctor may be said to have been born under the shadow of the Court, and he commenced his career as groom of the chamber to Lady Talbot, in whose service he saved money enough to enable him to commence the "study of mechanics and medicine," the latter under the tuition of William and John Hunter. Like many other medical aspirants, Van Buchell first appeared as a dentist, and was so successful that he is said to have received as much as eighty guineas for a set of false teeth; but he also devoted himself to mechanical inventions connected with surgery, as well as patent stirrups and other contrivances long since forgotten.

The most extraordinary freak of this eccentric philosopher was exhibited after the death of his first wife, from whom he was so unwilling to part that he had her body embalmed, and for a long time kept it in a glass case in the drawing-room, where numbers of persons went to see it, and, in order to account for such a strange whim, invented a report that he was entitled by a clause in a will to certain money so long as his wife "remained aboveground."

His was a queer household; but little meat and no fermented drink was allowed; at all events, he partook of none of the latter, though he may have winked at its consumption by his wife, for he made it a rule to take his dinner alone, and whistled when he wanted anything.

He was twice married, and on each occasion gave his wife the choice of wearing either white or black clothes from that time thenceforth. The first chose black, the second white, so that he had an opportunity of discovering which was most becoming; but neither of them ever appeared in colors.

His own appearance was not a little singular, and, as at one period, he took a fancy for selling cakes, nuts, apples and gingerbread at his door in Mount Street, Berkeley Square, London, he became, perhaps, rather more notorious than famous, although there was really a certain dignity about his fine flowing beard in days when everybody shaved clean. Imagine him, however, on a gray pony untrimmed and undocked—for his objection to hair-cutting extended to the clipping of animals—with a shallow, narrow-brimmed hat, rusty with age, a brown coat, and unblacked boots; his steed not only decorated with streaks and spots of black, green, or purple, but furnished, by way of headgear, with a sort of spring blind, which could be let down over the animal's eyes in case of his taking fright, or to conceal any particular object at which he was likely to shy.

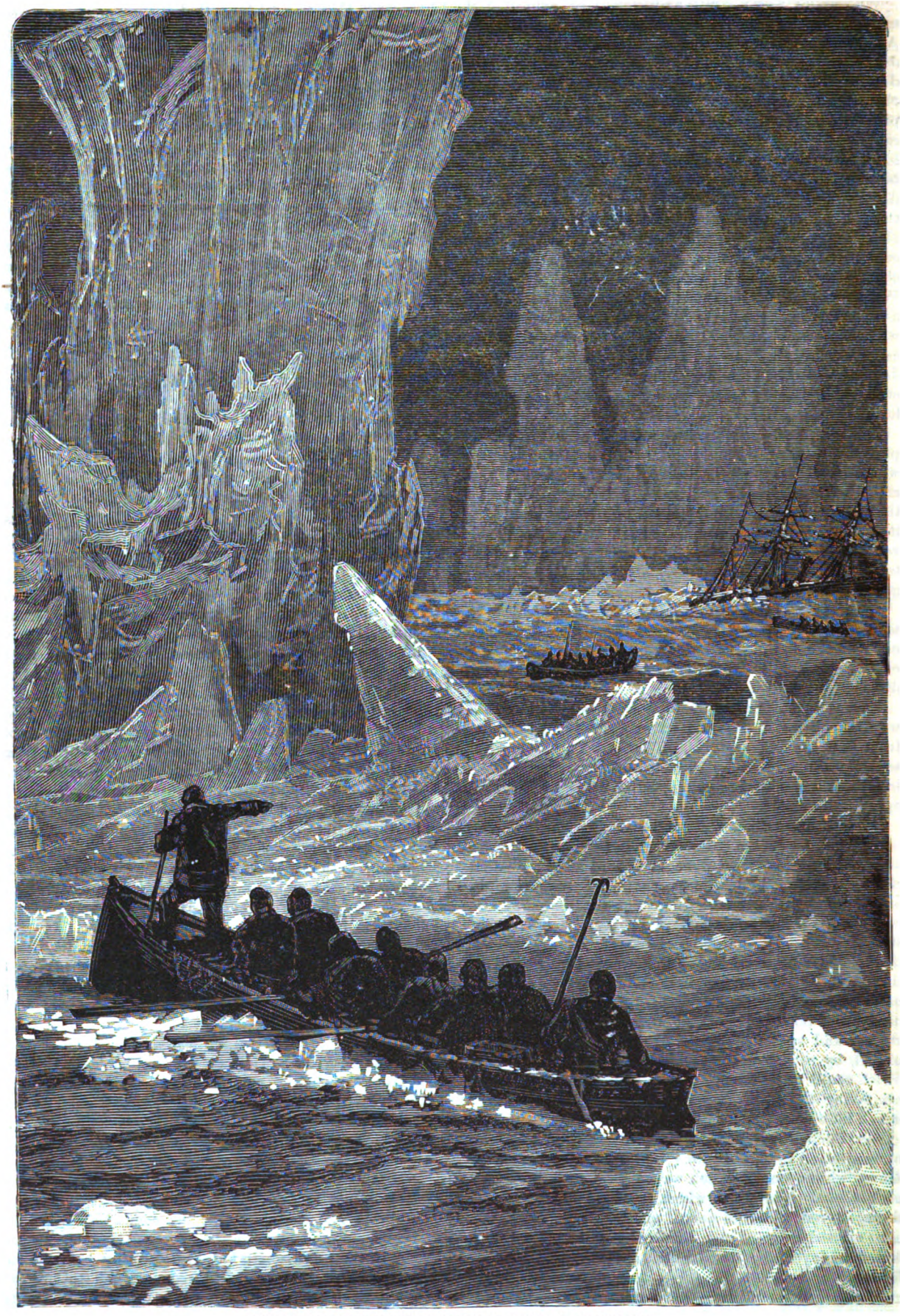
Van Buchell was said to be really skillful, and might have attained to a first-rate practice but for his extraordinary whims, one of which was that he would never visit his patients. The motto which appeared in all his advertisements was, "I go to none," and it is reported that he once refused a fee of five hundred guineas offered by an eminent lawyer who desired him to come and prescribe for him.

His advertisements were even more whimsical than his appearance, and yet they had in them flashes of humorous common sense. One of them was in the form of an address to George III., and set forth that "Your majesty's petitioner about ten years ago had often the high honor, before your majesty's nobles, of conversing with your majesty, face to face, when we were hunting of the stag in Windsor Forest."

It was certainly true that the ingenious eccentricities of the doctor very often attracted the notice of his sovereign. He was, in fact, just the sort of person to whom George III. was likely to be communicative on a chance meeting, and it is easy to imagine that the King was curious to discover the effects of the long beard, and willing to admire the little mechanical contrivances of the robust doctor. One of the favorite advertisements of Van Buchell was the quotation from an essay on the subject of beards. It was headed, "Beards the Delight of Ancient Beauties," and went on to say, "When the fair were accustomed to behold their lovers with beards, the sight of a shaved chin excited sentiments of horror and aversion"; and so on, narrating the story of the cropping of Louis VII., the consequent divorce of Eleanor of Acquitaine, her marriage with the Count of Anjou, and the subsequent wars which ravaged France for three hundred years. In another public announcement he says: "Let your beards grow long, that ye may be strong in mind and body; leave off deforming, each himself reform." In another and much milder effusion, he speaks of himself as having "a handsome beard like Hippocrates," and as "a British Christian man, with a comely beard full eight inches long."

Probably, few men have made more capital out of a beard than Dr. Van Buchell, though there are still many men who owe much to the appearance given to their faces by this appendage, and who would sink into comparative insignificance if they were once to be induced to shave. Their strength, like that of Samson, is in their hair, which may be said to be a preface without which they would not be able to assume so confident an address. Whether his beard or his temperate manner of living had most to do with it, it is certain that Van Buchell enjoyed a robust old age, and his venerable figure was well known at the Westminster Forum, a sort of debating society of some note; but which, during the agitation caused by the writings of Paine, was suspected of having deteriorated through the opinions of some of its members. The doctor, however, always exercised the right—claimed by every individual according to the rules—of reading aloud a chapter of the New Testament; and at that period he frequently visited Newgate for the purpose of consoling the prisoners confined there on account of seditious practices. In 1806, Dr. Van Buchell suffered a great domestic calamity in the loss of his eldest son; but he lived for some years afterward, and there are still people who remember, as children, hearing of the house in Mount Street, with its motto of, "I go to none."

Do any of my readers remember Sir John Dinely, Knight of Windsor? It is scarcely probable, and yet his is a grotesque shadow not altogether disconnected with a tragedy. His father was Sir John Dinely Goodyere, who had taken the name of Dinely in consideration of the estate he held from his mother's family, and who, being on bad terms with his younger brother, Captain Samuel Dinely Goodyere, of the *Ruby* man-of-war, threatened to disinherit him in favor of his cousin, John Foote, the elder brother of Samuel Foote, the comedian. Domestic disagreements and a case in the Divorce Court had already issued in the unfortunate knight disowning his wife, and it was the fear that he might remarry, and that an acknowledged heir should be born to the estate, that first led to the animosity of his younger brother. In order to make some attempt to reconcile the two men, a good-



THE CREW OF THE "JEANNETTE" LEAVING HER IN THREE BOATS.

natured friend took the opportunity of Captain Goodyere's ship lying off Bristol, and invited them to his house to dinner. They met without quarreling, and parted with seeming friendship; but a few days afterward there were rumors that the elder brother had disappeared, and at the next sessions Samuel Goodyere, late captain of the *Ruby*, was indicted for aiding and abetting in the murder of Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Baronet.

A Mr. Roberts, who kept the "White Hart" on College Green, just opposite the house of the gentleman where the

GROUP OF TONGOOS, THE TRIBE THAT RESCUED MELVILLE'S PARTY.— FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

brothers had dined, deposed that the prisoner came to his house early in the morning the day before the murder was committed, and ordered him to get a dinner ready for six men. These six guests having assembled, they talked much about some person named Mahony, who, however, was not one of the company, though Roberts knew him well as a visitor at his house. The men who dined there were dressed like seamen, and Roberts thought the captain was giving a treat to some of his crew; he was a little surprised, however, when a message was sent to make tea for the men, that being a beverage not generally appreciated by sailors in those days. Charles Bryant was one of the six men who had been hired by Captain Goodyere to seize the deceased, and forcibly to run him on board the *Ruby*, man-of-war. After dining at the "White Hart" they stood on the balcony watching for a signal, and when that signal was given they left the tavern and overtook the deceased knight, and at once dragged him toward the ropewalk, where twelve more men joined them, and hurried Sir John on board a boat near the Hotwells. The prisoner was with them all the time, directing them, and stopped the mouth of the deceased with his cloak when he called out "Murder! I am Sir John Dinely Goodyere." Some people asked what was the matter, but they were answered by the assertion that a criminal had escaped from a ship, and had just then been captured. When they got into the boat the knight, addressing his brother, said: "Brother, I know you have an intention to murder me; I beg that if you are resolved to do it you will do it here, and not give yourself the trouble of taking me down to your ship." Upon which the prisoner replied: "No, brother, I am going to prevent your rotting upon land; but, however, I would have you make your peace with God this night." Upon this he was hurried on board,

and the crew were told not to mind his noise, for he was mad, and had been brought on board to prevent his making away with himself. They then thrust him into the purser's cabin, and all the ruffians except two were ordered on shore.

Mr. Berry, the first lieutenant of the *Ruby*, the ship's cooper and his wife—all three watched the proceedings in the purser's cabin, through a crevice in the partition. The prisoner, and two men named Mahony and White, staid with the deceased, and arranged their sanguinary bargain. Mahony was to have two hundred pounds, White one hundred and fifty pounds and all that the murdered man had about him. Goodyere stood sentry with a sword and pistol, while White held the victim's hand, and Mahony tried to strangle him with a handkerchief, in which he was afterward assisted by his companion, both of them pulling it as hard as they could; but the knight continuing to struggle and cry for help, Goodyere ordered Mahony to take a cord which he had laid ready, and with this he was at last strangled, but not without great violence. White took eight guineas and a gold watch from the pockets of the murdered man, and showed them to Goodyere, whereupon he gave them what money he had about him, and told them to get ashore directly, that they might escape before daylight.

The discovery of the murder was perfectly accidental. Mr. Smith (the gentleman at whose house the brothers had dined) heard on the following evening that a person of respectable appearance was hurried in a very violent manner over College Green, and that a gentleman whose description answered that of Captain Goodyere assisted in thrusting him along. The suspicions of Mr. Smith having been aroused, from his knowledge of the ill-feeling between the brothers and his having learned that the *Ruby* was only waiting for the first fair wind, he applied early the next morning to Henry Combe, the Mayor of Bristol, for an officer to go and search the ship before she was out of the liberty of the city. This mission was entrusted to the water-bailiff and his officers, who had no sooner reached the vessel's side than they heard the account of the lieutenant and the cooper. Captain Goodyere was seized at once. Goodyere, Mahony and White received sentence of death, and were hanged in chains to the north of the Hotwells, in sight of the place where the murder was committed.

The son of the unfortunate gentleman, who came into some portion of the family property, and seemed always to expect to make good his title to the whole, cut so strange a figure in the world that people might well wonder how so comical a person should be, as it were, the only living representative of such a tragical event. Sir John Dinely spent years in the pursuit of various ladies of fortune, until he had almost entirely exhausted his own means. By that time, and when he was a spare, middle-aged gentleman, with queer, old-fashioned, seedy garments, which yet had about them something of a court fashion, the interest of Lord North procured for him the pension and residence of a poor Knight of Windsor. His one foible—his character being quite harmless and good-natured—was a kind of amorous Platonism; all his talk and most of his amusement was in reference to his supposed proceedings to obtain a wife, until he became a public character, and his matrimonial advertisements, his old-fashioned finery, and his rather comical figure were so well known to the public, that he became a character, and was recognized as one of the queer folks of the time.

Of course his small pension made the practice of strict economy a necessity, and in Windsor he might sometimes be seen on his way from the chandler's shop carrying his own small purchases; but not without a certain dignity, which showed that he believed he was only under a temporary reverse of fortune. Very different was his appearance when he was on his way to the place where he hoped to meet some fair respondent to one of his advertisements in various country newspapers. If the day turned out to be wet, he was generally mounted on a pair of high pattens, and his costume was at least half a century behind the time, consisting of an embroidered velvet waistcoat, satin breeches, silk stockings and a full-bottomed wig. Perhaps the interviews and adventures which ensued from his pursuit of matrimonial fortune repaid the trouble, for numerous assignations were kept, some of them, it is to be feared, by practical jokers, who damaged the holiday attire of the poor vain gentleman; but he kept on advertising, and waiting and hoping for the lady who, with a fortune of not less than a thousand a year, would consent to become baroness, and receive a settlement of a possibly contingent three hundred thousand pounds when Sir John obtained his rights.

The old gentleman never achieved success in this strange pursuit, but died in 1808, still a Windsor pensioner; but he persevered to the last. Perhaps the fame which he had obtained, founded as it was on a sort of contemptuous amusement, became sweet to him after he had given up his hopes of an alliance. At all events, he persisted in advertising to the last, and the terms of his proposals were not in the least abated. In one of them he says: "As the prospect of my marriage has much increased lately, I am determined to take the best means to discover the lady most liberal in her esteem by giving her fourteen days more to make her quickest steps toward matrimony, from the date of this paper until eleven o'clock the next morning; and as the contest will be superb, honorable, sacred, and lawfully affectionate, pray do not let false delicacy interrupt you in this divine race for my eternal love and an infant baronet." In the *Reading Mercury* for May 24th, 1802, appeared an address to "Miss in her Teens," saying, "Let not this sacred offer escape your eye. I now call all qualified ladies—marriageable—to chocolate at my house every day at your own hour. Pray, my young charmers, giving me a fair hearing, do not let your avaracious guardians unjustly frighten you with a false account of a forfeiture, but let the great Sewell and Rivet's opinions convince you to the contrary, and that I am now in legal possession of these estates, and with the spirit of an heroine command my £300,000, and rank above half the ladies in our imperial kingdom." In the *Ipswich Journal* of August 21st, the same year, he addressed "The Angelic Fair of the True English Breed," and winds up by saying: "Pull no caps on his account, but favor him with your smiles, and pæans of pleasure await your steps." These effusions were all signed, and applicants were directed to address him at his residence at Windsor. Sir John Dinely was another word for a sort of amatory Don Quixote, a man whose absurdity had something about it which gave it an "air tendre." His great amusement—besides that of attending auctions, when the poor old fellow could afford to spend a shilling or two—was an occasional visit to Vauxhall or to a London theatre. Before going to either he apprised the public of his intention by an advertisement, and always took up his position in the front row of the pit, or paraded in the most conspicuous portions of the "Royal Gardens." Singularly enough, his visits to these places of public entertainment were in the nature of an extra attraction, for the Sir John Dinely nights were sure to draw a large attendance, especially of the ladies, who went to see the strange, old-fashioned gentleman.

THE APOLLO BELVEDERE.

One of the most famous and exquisite works of ancient sculpture that have come down to modern times is the statue of the god Apollo, and known in the art-world as the Apollo Belvedere. It lay for centuries buried in the rubbish that had accumulated in Italy, in the various chances and mischances that befell the Eternal City from the days when she ruled the world with a rod of iron.

The Apollo Belvedere was found about the time when Columbus sailed to reveal a new world to mankind. It was exhumed at Porto d'Anzio, the ancient Antium. Cardinal della Rovere, afterward Pope Julius II., a statesman more than a priest, was a great lover of art. He purchased the statue, and placed it in the Belvedere palace. This has given it its current name. This statue was the first step to that vast and rich collection of ancient sculpture gathered by successive Popes, those intelligent patrons of art, and which now form the wonderful Vatican museum. It is supposed to be the work described by Pausanias. Winckelman believes that it represents Apollo just after he had slain the Python.

It is supposed to have stood in one of the baths connected with the imperial villa at Antium, a favorite resort of many early emperors, and the birthplace of Caligula and Nero.

When found it had received some injury in the ankles and right leg, but the fragments were recovered.

The statue has been the admiration of all. Lord Byron devotes to it these beautiful lines:

"Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

"But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
And madden'd in that vision—are express'd
All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood
Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a god!"

CUSTOMS OF THE SAVAGES.

Among the many strange customs of savage nations, not the least curious are the ceremonious observances offered by them to the wild beasts which they hunt and kill. The boldest native hunters of British India would shudder at the thought of leaving the corpse of a slain tiger till they have singed off its whiskers to the very root, without which precaution they firmly believe that the ghost of the dead monster will haunt them into their graves. In many parts of Russia, the killing of a wolf is not thought complete without the cutting off of the head and right forepaw. The Lapps and Fins, whenever they kill a bear, surround the body with loud lamentations. One hunter then asks the dead beast:

"Who killed thee?"

Another hunter answers:

"A Russian."

Then all the rest exclaim in chorus:

"A cruel deed—a bloody deed!"

They hope by this means to divert the bear's resentment from themselves to the imaginary Russian. Skulls of brown bears, nailed to the trees by the Indians, in compliance with some native superstition, are often found by Canadian camping parties in the woods around Lake Simcoe; and the tribes of Northern Siberia never kill a polar bear without extracting its two largest teeth, which operation, in their belief, is the only safeguard against the bear coming to life again.

LOUIS XI. AND HIS PHYSICIAN.

In looking over a sketch of the Life of James Coytier, physician to Louis XI. of France, we find the following quaint bit of imposition. It must not be confounded with the circumstance of the French King and the astrologer, the latter named having, when his royal master had ordered him to be thrown from a high window to the pavement below, wittily foretold that the death of the king would occur just three days after his own dissolution; whereupon the monarch became as anxious to preserve his life as he had been before to destroy it.

In the life of James Coytier the only one quality of mind worthy of note was the singular dexterity with which he managed the King. With regard to death, Louis was an ignoble coward; and of this circumstance the wily physician took mean advantage. So abject was the monarch's fear of the dread summons that he would allow Coytier to threaten him with speedy dissolution, and would then purchase his favor by granting almost anything his cupidity might lead him to ask.

On one occasion, however, poor Louis gained strength of mind enough to feel really ashamed of his imbecility; and having thought the matter all over he was astounded at the result—to find how utterly he had become the slave of this designing man! His indignation was aroused, and he issued private orders to an officer of his household, whom he felt he could trust, that the physician should be secretly and surely put to death.

Now, it so happened that this officer had often shared in Coytier's manifold sequestrations upon the royal treasury, and he went at once to him with the story.

Straightway the physician donned a suit of sables, and putting on a long face, appeared before the King, who, of course, was surprised, and eager to know what was the matter.

"Alas! your Majesty," replied Coytier, in lugubrious tones, "it is not for myself that I mourn, but for you. In a vision, last night, appeared to me my old tutor, who informed me that I should bid you to watch my failing health, and prepare your earthly house for dissolution! For he said my royal master should survive me only eight-and-forty hours. But it would be time enough for preparation, since your Majesty would have warning of my death before it would be given to me.

"Sire! I hesitated about coming to you with the strange story; but my old tutor's presence was so like himself, and he spoke so confidently, that my heart was impressed. Beware, oh, King! and when the note of my approaching dissolution shall be sounded in your ears, make your own earthly tabernacle ready!"

The King's fit of wrath was gone; and from that day he was careful that no danger befell the physician which his forethought could withhold. And we may suppose that Coytier was himself thereafter more careful in his conduct than he had been in times past.

Not that which men do worthily, but that which they do successfully, is what history hastens to record.

THE FAIRY MORGANA.

By Rosenberg.

The Fairy Morgana sleeps under an oak
Which was riven in twain by the storm's red stroke;
The Sun wakes to laugh, and the Cloud comes to weep,
Nor the drop, nor the beam, stir her magic sleep.

On her cheek has the theft of the East-wind shed,
Leaf by leaf, from the rose, yet they blushed less red,
Less white on her bosom that panted below,
Did the North wind let fall the flake of the snow.

But not for the fall of the leaf, nor the flake,
Did the Fairy Morgana arouse or awake;
The seasons may change, yet the lid folds her eye,
As the lily-buds hide their young hearts from the sky.

The Fairy had wept over each broken dream
Her fancy had painted on cloud or on beam,
And there must be sleep, till a joy without pain
Bids the blue of her eye to waken again.

The Lover went by in the youth of his bliss,
He bent him the Fairy Morgana to kiss;
The Fairy, she murmured, and turned her around,
A thorn on the bloom of his lip she found.

The Monarch, he paused by the bolt-riven tree,
And his royal lip touched her right tenderly;
The Fairy Morgana, she uttered a moan,
The nettle had stung her that grows by the throne.

The Soldier drew nigh, and he slackened his rein
As he paused on his road from the battle-plain;
But scarce had he bent him, than loudly she cried,
The point of his dagger had entered her side.

The Poet beheld her, and laid by his lyre,
As he pressed her warm cheek with his lip of fire;
The Fairy Morgana, she shrank when he knelt,
In the flame of his breath the fever she felt.

In blushes and wonder, the Maiden went by,
And gazed on the Fairy with marveling eye,
But ere she might kiss her, she turned her away;
Girl's hopes have their twilight as well as their day.

The Courtier bent o'er her, with soul full of guile,
A lie on his lip, on his cheek was a smile;
But fierce was the Fairy Morgana's quick start,
The barb of his lie had passed into her heart.

The Bond-slave he tarried, and longed to draw nigh
Yet, in silence and shame, he sadly went by;
She shuddered in slumber, and turned her again,
She heard, as he passed her, the clank of his chain.

The Bigot gazed down through the emerald leaf,
And sharp was the pang of her soul-tearing grief;
To the slumbering Fairy his secret was known,
She felt that the heart in his bosom was stone.

And many went by her, but ever she slept,
While the tears in her sleep through her eyelids crept
Till the rattling footsteps of grim Death came by,
Then the Fairy awoke, but she woke to die.

DWELLERS IN TREES AND EARTH-EATERS.

A French naval doctor, M. Crevaux, has lately made important explorations in the northern parts of South America, more especially in the Valley of the Orinoco and its affluents. Among other facts of observation he states that the Guaraunos, at the delta of that river, take refuge in the trees when the delta is inundated. There they make a sort of dwelling with branches and clay. The women light, on a small piece of floor, the fire needed for cooking, and the traveler on the river by night often sees with surprise long rows of flames at a considerable height in the air. The Guaraunos dispose of their dead by hanging them in hammocks in the tops of trees.

Dr. Crevaux, in the course of his travels, met with geophagous, or earth-eating tribes. The clay, which often serves for their food whole months, seems to be a mixture of oxide of iron and some organic substances. They have recourse to it more especially in times of scarcity; but, strange to say, there are eager gourmands for the substance—individuals in whom the depraved taste becomes so pronounced that they may be seen tearing pieces of ferruginous clay from huts made of it, and putting them in their mouths.

THE APOLLO BELVEDERE.—SEE PAGE 271.

KIT: A MARTYR.—"FLYING ACROSS THE FIRE-ESCAPE, AND BEARING IN HER STRONG YOUNG ARMS A BOY OF TENDER YEARS, HER GOLDEN HAIR UNBOUND AND STREAMING BEHIND HER, WAS 'KIT'—KIT JONES, MY LITTLE KIT!"— SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE TOKEN.

By Sarah Howard Webb.

Once, in a desert region, drear and lone,
A cloister rose, of dark and massive stone,
Whose inmates were a holy brotherhood,
Whose fame for prayer and penitence had stood
Above all others, and whose chiefest care
Was still for their last summons to prepare.
Shut in by vast old woods and savage rocks,
They dwelt secure from earthly passion's shocks;
So near the pearly gates of their blest home,
That oft celestial messages would come
Through the bright portals—and at midnight hour,
When the deep, solemn bell from the moss-grown tower
Would summon from their lowly cells to prayer,
The pious brethren, angels met them there.
So very near were they allied to heaven,
So much from earth was every pure heart riven,
That their great King, a token sent of love,
When He would call them to His courts above.
A token reach'd by shining angel hands
Of loving welcome to immortal lands—
A pledge of life eternal, and of peace—
A mystic emblem of a soul's release
From pain and sorrow, to a clime all fair,
Where naught is heard of woe, and naught of prayer;
But praise, and joy, and endless bliss are won
By alms and penitence in this life done.
And when the time would come, that one must pass
Through the dark door of death unto his last
And long-desired home, in that bright land,
A pure white rose plucked by an angel hand
Was dropt upon his seat; and meekly there
Received it, when he came to midnight prayer.
Once, as they entered at their wonted hour,
The pale and lovely rose, that mystic flower,
Lay on the seat of him—the youngest there.
Why does he start aghast? why that dread stare
In eyes so mild? Oh! can it be for him?
Must he pass through the portal sad and dim
Of the dark grave! just in life's glad bright morn?
Oh! rose, thou bear'st for him a piercing thorn!
He is not ready: life is all too sweet
For him, death's silent messenger to meet
Without a shudder; his dim, lonely cell
Could not youth's aspirations wholly quell;
Fasting and vigils have not chill'd his blood—
Why this untimely call to meet his God!
Why should he be taken, while the ripened saint
Longing to go, is left, all weary, faint,
And ready for his change to bliss on high—
While he—oh, no! he could not, could not die!
He glanced around, none had the token seen,
None knew that on his seat it ere had been;
An instant, and its pearly petals lay
On his next neighbor's, who, all bent and gray,
Beheld it with a calm joy; a sweet release
That called him to a home where all is peace;
Reverently in his bosom placed the flower,
And to his cell retired, to wait the appointed hour.
Woe! woe! the convent's bell tolls out for both,
The aged saint, and he, the youth so loath—
One sank all gently in the arms of death,
The other in fierce agony resigned his breath,
In terror, and in anguish, in despair—
And the white rose, with all its petals fair
Besprinkled o'er with blood is lying there
On the still'd heart, to rest beneath the clod,
While the affrighted spirit soars to God.
Never again did holy angels bear
The pure sweet token to the brethren there;
Silence and sorrow settled o'er the scene;
They passed from earth, as they had never been,
One by one, mournfully and still—
And naught is heard save the low, murmuring rill,
Where once the midnight Mass swell'd on the air—
Naught seen, but moldering ruins scattered there;
The moonbeams glimmer through the crumbling wall—
Decay, and death, and silence—that is all.

KIT: A MARTYR.

Chapter I.—"Poor Jones."

We all called him "poor Jones." No one appeared to entertain the slightest idea that it might be just as well, if not better, to call him something else. As "poor Jones" we knew him; as "poor Jones" we spoke of him; as "poor Jones" he was of us and with us, a disappointed, ill-to-do barrister among barristers, the only sad and seedy one of us all.

But Meredith Jones had not always been "poor Jones," nor the kind of man upon whom other men would naturally incline to bestow a title of commiseration. A gentleman's son, he had married a ballet-girl. How he came to do it was the question in that circle to the charmed circumference of which Jones, born "in the purple," at that time belonged.

"We"—Jones's friends—were of the same "guild"—poor sons of rich fathers, left to do for ourselves. My name is Henry Clarke, and I am a good fellow enough in my way, which is a very quiet way, and has the peculiar merit of not interfering with that of any one else; and a better fellow than Wilfred—called "Wilf"—Greyson, my cousin, I defy any man to find.

We both magnanimously forgave Jones when we saw the ballet-girl he had married. Terpsichore! goddess of the dance! what a creature!

I remember the first time I ever saw her. How she floated in upon the stage as Undine! Coral-laden tresses of feathery gold, that sparkled as the light touched them, immense brown eyes, an earnest face, a form at once light and full, and, in the motion of the dance, a poetic, a matchless grace.

The little *ménage* went on charmingly for three years. One morning Jones, with much exultation, informed us that he had a little daughter.

"As good-looking a child, though I say it," said he, "as it was ever my good fortune to behold."

I remember how Wilf and I talked away about that little daughter, when, a couple of months after, we made up our minds, it being Jones's baby, that it was our duty to "call round" and see it. We fully expected it to be beautiful—a baby of babies. Flora, we reminded ourselves, was a rare creature, and Jones, we candidly admitted, by no means bad-looking. I am not sure that, as we walked along, our imagination did not draw a picture of that babe—a sort of cherub "*after* Raphael," but altogether an improvement upon that master.

Little anticipating what we were about to meet with—I remember yet some of Wilf's nonsensicalities of talk as we walked—we rang at the door of the small though pretty house, and the servant, one Sally, a slim girl of twenty, opened it after some delay. The girl was deadly pale, and crying bitterly.

"Oh, I am so glad," sobbed she, recognizing us, "that

you've come, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Greyson, *gentlemen*, for I can't do nothing at all with master! He's just like one crazy, he is, an' no wonder!"

"Why, what ails him?" demanded we, breathlessly.

"Missis died this morning," sobbed the girl; "quite sudden like, you know, an' un'spected; and he's tearin' his hair this minnit, he is, an' layin' on the study-floor all alone, an' I'm afeard he's goin' to take his life."

We made but one bound up-stairs, followed by Sally, still crying bitterly, and wringing her hands in a helpless way, and we entered the study.

I still see, at times, Jones's face as it looked then. His hair, which he had a fancy for wearing in a "young Germany" fashion, hung disheveled about his cheeks, and his complexion wore a ghastly grayish hue. But what terrified me was the expression of his eyes—a vacant look, almost idiotic.

When we opened the study-door, we saw that he lay prostrate upon the floor. He did not stir till, though we walked on tiptoe to make no noise, he heard us enter, and mechanically rose, sat down at a table, rested his head upon his clinched hands, and stared before him. Several minutes passed thus, during which he neither spoke nor moved, nor gave any token of being aware of our presence. No ray of reason came into his eyes; they were staring wide open, and utterly blank.

We learned from Sally that, at about eleven in the morning, hearing loud cries, and recognizing her master's voice, she had rushed into the apartment where Flora, the wife, and her infant slept, and found Jones beside her bed, but tearing his hair, beating his breast, and seeming utterly unable to reply to her questions, while he continued to call wildly upon the dead woman, who lay there with one arm around her moaning infant, but white and cold and still.

CHAPTER II.

JONES DISAPPEARS.

After his recovery from the long illness that followed upon the death of his wife, Wilf and I still continued to call upon our friend. He had shut himself up, and did not attend to his professional duties. He appeared to have lost all ambition, though he had worked very assiduously during the transient period of his wedded life.

I began to suspect after a time that we were not always welcome, but I continued, though Wilf did not, to call whenever I could find time to do so. Wilf took offense at the first coldness. I did not; I had a motive—I pitied little Catherine, or, as her father oddly enough insisted upon calling her, "little Kit."

The babe grew fast. A premature *oldness* came into her face. And what large, deep eyes the child had! She would look up at me, look long and earnestly, and then stretch her tiny waxen hands for my watch-chain and eye-glass, which she would grasp and begin "cooing," but quietly, as if afraid to utter a sound. She never really did her rightful share of either laughing or cooing.

Wilf, when I urged him to "look in" upon Jones, replied that he did not like the way things looked.

"I'm afraid Jones is a mere weak fellow—a 'fraud,'" said he to me, one day. "Why don't the man work? Hasn't he a daughter?"

"Yes; but he is dreadfully cast down. You cannot expect him to be himself at once," said I, reproachfully.

"But why did he marry, if he meant only to live for himself? I think he drinks," added Wilf, who has an appalling way of uttering what he believes.

I scorned the thought; but after that, watched with a weight in my heart over Kit. What, if Jones drank, was to become of her? I "feared with a great fear."

It did not lessen when I had proof too convincing that Wilf's surmise had grounds.

It is useless to follow Jones's downward career, or depict the cruel indifference he began to evince as to his child.

I interfered. It did no good.

Promises were made, and broken as soon as I was out of sight. Jones grew paler and paler, more and more dejected, seedier and seedier, and I daily saw all chance of an education and future position for Flora's child grow less and less.

At last, one night, without apprising me of his plans, Jones, taking with him his daughter and the still faithful Sally, who, ever since the mother's death, had been the child's attendant, left his lodgings, and disappeared. I failed to track him.

CHAPTER III.

A HEROINE.

Years passed by. I very, very often thought of Kitty, trace of whom I had never discovered; and many the dark-eyed, golden-tressed girl I have started at meeting, hoping it might be my lost darling, Kitty's face never came!

Sometimes, while I sat lost in thought in my office, as was my habit of an evening, an old woman—a worthy soul, who swept and dusted my office—would look in, seeing me solitary—I had what she called "lonesome ways"—and venture, with many apologies, to sit down. She would talk of the "manners and customs"—strange, indeed!—of that portion of the city's inhabitants among whom she lived—they call it living! She dwelt in a tenement house!

If I bestowed upon her any *largesse*—any one might have supposed my donations to be worthy that name who had heard Mrs. Mixson's thanks—she would divide my gift into two portions, and tell me that one was for "a girl that there *wasn't two of*—no sir, no where!"

Then she would relate how this wonderful girl, an orphan, acted in the pantomimes of the Bowery Theatre; would tell me what astounding leaps she made; what risks she ran; how long she hung suspended in midair in fairy cars; what an actress she was; what a good, "smart" girl; how great her devotion to a little boy, the child of a widowed mother, who played imps and sprites—Mrs. Mixson called it "gimps and frights"—in the ballet. But she never by any chance mentioned the girl's name, and I, dreamily listening, never asked it.

While she chatted thus one evening, the fire-alarm suddenly sounded. Mrs. Mixson listened a moment, then sprang to her feet.

"That's my street, Mr. Clarke, sir! God help those children, if it's *that* house!"

In two minutes more we were both racing—nature never intended Mrs. Mixson for that exercise—in the direction indicated by the bell.

As my companion had feared, the spot where the fire was raging was a tenement-house of the most miserable description. The flames, as is always the case in such buildings, had spread quickly and fiercely. It seemed that every room in the rickety old dwelling must be consumed. But, thanks to the energy and dexterity of the firemen already at work, not one of the inmates of the ignoble abode, the crowd said, remained within.

But Mrs. Mixson, who till then had been out of breath with running, suddenly exclaimed, in a voice of agony—

KIT: A MARTYR.—"SHE FOUND JONES BEHIND HER BED, BUT TEARING HIS BREAST, AND SEEMING UTTERLY UNABLE TO REPLY TO HER QUESTIONS."

just at that moment the dead body of a woman who had died of fever, about half an hour before the fire broke out, was borne from the building in a fireman's arms :

"Where are the Bowery Theatre children? Where's Margaret Phelphs's boy? Where's the circus girl?"

A thrill of horror ran through the crowd. I gathered that the boy was a lad of four, the child of the widow Margaret Phelphs, who had died of fever that night. The girl was Mrs. Mixson's favorite, Kit Jones. How I thrilled at the name!

It appeared that the girl had taken—so said a woman's voice in the crowd—the dead woman's boy to her room to sleep, and to keep him "from crying himself to death" over the body. The room was in the fourth story.

What was to be done? Beneath, all was ablaze. The crowd looked up. There ran through it that feeling of desperation that comes from an impossibility to give relief. Then there was an awful hush.

Suddenly some one said :

"Look! look!—there!—up there!—on the fire-escape!"

We all looked up. I can never forget the sight.

Flying across the fire-escape—it was swung over to the roof of the next building above a gulf of flame—and bearing in her strong young arms a boy of tender years, her golden hair unbound and streaming—a banner of light—behind her was "Kit," Kit Jones—my little Kit! The flames lit up the same exquisite face, almost unchanged since childhood, but beautiful now with a seraph's beauty.

She flew on and did not totter. She appeared, she passed, and did not fall. The angels that had charge concerning her bore her up.

It was not long ere she was in the midst of us, safe and quite unhurt.

She was not faint or giddy, but laughed, and showed her pretty pearly teeth when the crowd of rough men and women passed around her, and caught her small hands in their coarse palms and blessed her.

But seven years in a circus and a tenement-house—Kitty was fourteen now—had not failed to do some work, and had made her speech like that of those among whom she lived. I could have wrung my hands when, grasping the little boy she had saved by the shoulder, she exclaimed :

"Georgie's all right! Stand up, old chap, and let us see if you're singed!"

But how ashamed I am, now that all has been that was to come, to remember that the heroic girl was ever for a moment less to me than what she was—grand and glorious!

I told Kit my name. I took her home with me, for she remembered, and was glad to accompany me. But Georgie she refused to part with. She had promised his mother, she said, to take care of him, and he must "come, too." In poverty and peril, in the jaws of death, Kitty had loved the boy with a love that was true.

Goody Gibbons, as Wilf called my landlady—a large-hearted woman with small means—cried heartily over the children when arranging their "sleeping-rooms," as she was pleased to call them, and said Kit was "a darling."

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT day Kit told me her story. She told me how Sarah Carrigan, her former nurse, being killed by a street-car—this was after Meredith Jones had died of *delirium tremens* in a miserable hovel outside of the city proper—she had begged her bread in the streets till Margaret Phelphs, Georgies's mother—called Miss Florine Legeure on the play-bills—had taken her by the hand in the street one day, and led her to a circus, where she was at that time acting.

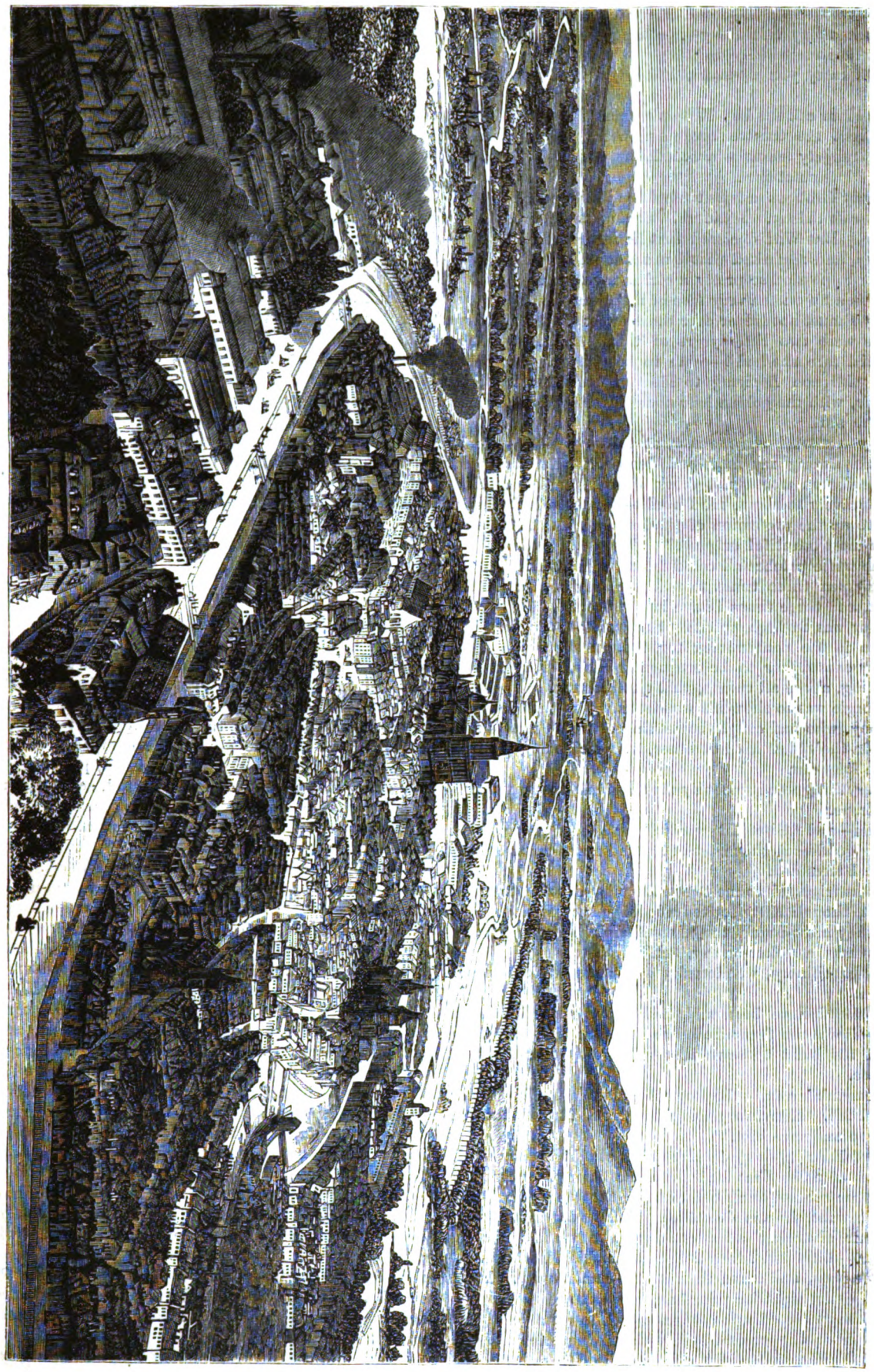
"She said I had pretty hair, and that my eyes would light up well," added Kitty.

When the actress had left the circus, where she only appeared to sing comic songs and act trifling parts, she had taken Kitty with her, and both had "engaged" at the Bowery, where Georgie also held a post of honor suited to a veteran of four years of age. Kitty informed me that she was "great on leaps and bounds." On the play-bills she figured as the "wonderful Miss Angela Marsh."

It was charming to have Kitty confide in me; but I soon found that I had got myself into trouble.

In the first place, Kitty would not give up Georgie. I did not wish that she should, it is true, having made up my mind, though a bachelor, to be a father to the two children; but worse remained behind—Kitty would not give up the theatre. I think that the very danger drew her there—the perilous leaps, the chance for courage.

THE TOKEN.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 274.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF STRASBURG.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

The boy—Georgie—loved Kitty devotedly, and when she was weary would say—speaking plainly as children about theatres usually do :

"I'll carry you up-stairs, Fairy Queen, if you will let me."

I used to call the boy Kitty's "small slave."

To visit the theatre became now my only interest. I was strangely restless when Kitty was away from me, why, I knew not then.

Goody Gibbons advised me to call Kit and George my brother and sister. I did so. Strangers believed in the fiction. But Wilf declared that he recognized Kit immediately, and remarked that I was a conceited fellow to endeavor to pass off so pretty a girl as my sister.

"It's a fib on the very face of it," quoth Wilf.

But I must not linger over those sweet if troubled days. There were two little years of this. And Kit—what a celestial face she had!—came to be sixteen. Ary Scheffer's "Mignon Aspiring to Heaven" has her face; but Kitty's, with the golden hair about it, seemed to me more angelic still.

If you should see me now, at thirty, with great white patches among my hair, and deep wrinkles across my forehead, you would not think I would make, as Kitty used gravely to assure me I would—this as an inducement to give up the profession of the law, and take to the stage —"a most beautiful brigand."

The white patches all came in one night. I have taken up my pen three times to tell you, my reader, of that night, and three times I have laid it down.

Kitty was in high spirits. She was to play the Fairy Queen in the pantomime; for, though she was tall, her beauty caused her to be frequently chosen for parts demanding, above all things, that qualification.

Georgie was to show his wondrous ways—this delighted the boy, who had caught something of Kit's courage from her—in the bluest kind of ether, his place being the front of the fairy-car.

Everything went smoothly till the *finale*, the transformation scene.

Then—and there Kit was in her glory, rising like a young goddess in the midst of myriad many-colored lights —*then* I trembled.

It was frightful to me to see the fairy-car rise to such a height, though Kitty looked a lovely phantasm.

"They have found the 'Lost Pleiad,' I see," I remember hearing a looker-on say, behind me.

The machinery, wonderfully well-made, worked to perfection.

All would have been well, had not the boy in his delight—it was the first time he had risen so high—suddenly raised his hand to wave it. As he did so, he lost his balance.

I remember a fall—the boy; he died instantly—then a second fall. Kitty, forgetting danger, had leaned forward to grasp and save him.

She fell down, down! Her skirts caught up some will-o'-wisp of flame that had been far enough away from where the car had hung before being thrown forward, and, in an instant, she was all ablaze. Falling thus, her streaming hair glittering all about her, she seemed a living meteor. Beautiful! terrible! God had bidden his angels call her back, and taken their saving hands away. It was a maddening sight for poor human eyes to see!

They say I leaped upon the stage. I do not remember it. I remember the green-room, with the writhing form of Kitty, and the shattered body of the dead boy on the floor beside her. Her exquisite face had escaped the flame. They say I sobbed, and cried out I was so glad of that! The flames had been soon extinguished; but not till they had done *deathwork*. Kitty said to me—she lingered all through the next day—holding my hands, over which fell a great mass of the partially flame-withered golden hair:

"I ought to be glad, Harry, and I am, to have got away from that bad street, and to have lived this last two years. If I had died in that horrible house, I should not have been peaceful *here*"—at this Kitty laid one blackened, blistered, quivering hand upon her heart—"for, Harry, *God did not seem to come there.*"

Kitty died that night. She asked me, gaspingly, the last thing, if I thought she would go to heaven. Reader, do you not think she will?

* * * * * * *

But I have not written Kitty's history only to tell of her heroism and my suffering. I would say: Remember that, like me, you may find by chance—though it is better to find *by seeking*—some waif cast out by a parent's vice, or by implacable poverty, from the purer and better life that was a birthright, and, more fortunate than I, succeed in giving to such a one a bright life here below. Would it not be something to enable a heroic heart like Kitty's to live out the sweet life here?

The story of Kitty's courage and her death is told. So is the history of my heart-life. That book is sealed.

STRASBURG.

By Frederic Daniel.

The overthrow of the Emperor Napoleon III. on the battlefield of Sedan at once wrought some very serious results on the European continent. The Republic proclaimed in Paris, Germany proclaimed in Strasburg, Italy proclaimed in Rome! These proclamations entailed tremendous changes in the condition of the three old cities. Paris lost the glitter of an imperial court, and speedily dropped into such a humdrum, prosaic life as to have now grown quite dull and stupid, according to the confession of its own citizens, with its sparkling *salons* and society snuffed out, and with the various attractions of its women, so long renowned for charm of wit and manners, in decadence; frozen out; ay, nipped in the bud by Gambetta's "new layers." Strasburg, through circumstances over which it had no control, and much against its will, was forced to swap the third French Republic, with all its blessings and liberties, for the ironclad Empire of Kaiser Bismarck, and made to take on a fresh coat of German-silver. Rome lost its Pope for a petty King, and with the change a good deal of its standing and consideration in the world, and was forthwith set to house-cleaning and modernizing from an Italian standpoint. Fancy what an upsetting of things in general there must have been in the details of living in these three cities, thus compelled to adjust themselves at twenty-four hours' notice to quite a reversed order of circumstances. In each it was a revolution with all the appertaining tragical and comical phases.

Strasburg justly claims a place among the famous cities of Europe. Its historical record up to the Franco-German War of 1870 was an exalted one, and since that war its name has been more than ever conspicuous in European politics. To-day it is the apple of discord between France and Germany. In the past there was much fighting over this apple, and the likelihood is that the future will see more fighting over it.

Meanwhile Strasburg is undergoing a compulsory process of Germanization; a process, however, that has made little headway during the last eleven years. The outer

change is growing perceptible, and it is only reasonable to suppose that the inner change will be ultimately effected by habit, which is a second nature for cities as for individuals.

As the capital of Alsace, Strasburg is the seat of the Governor of the Province, and is at present the headquarters of the Fifteenth Corps of the German army. At the last census its population was 100,000, over one-half returned as Roman Catholics, and the remainder of the Lutheran persuasion; it is the see of a Catholic bishop. It is situated on the very diminutive stream known as the Ill, and is about two miles from the Rhine, with which it is connected by a small and a large canal. As a medium of communication between Germany, France and Switzerland, it has long enjoyed extensive commercial relations; recently it has also become a manufacturing place of some importance, the chief industries being beer-brewing, engine-building and tanning. The town, ever since its foundation, dating back to antiquity, has been possessed with the high privileges of a municipality. It was founded by the Romans, and called by them Argentoratum, and in the Middle Ages became one of the most prosperous and powerful of the free cities of the Holy German Empire. On the occasion of Imperial processions the citizens enjoyed the proud distinction of having their banner borne second only to the Imperial eagle. Their love of independence and skill in the arts of war enabled them successfully to maintain their position, in spite of the frequent attacks of the bishops and the nobility of the country. From the year 1482 until the French occupation, the town, indeed, was virtually a republic in itself, supremely governed by its own elected officers; its republican autonomy was genuine, and at even this late day the citizens look back to it with considerable pride. History, indeed, makes the bright record for their native city that it played no insignificant part among free and independent states; it carried on relations with great sovereigns, had foreign ministers and agents accredited to its government, and was counted for something in the balance of European politics. These advantages were as substantially beneficial as glorious, and hence the present descendants of the sturdy old burghers who laid the foundation of the city's fame are imbued with a local pride and attachment rare to behold. On the 30th September, 1681, in a time of peace, Louis XIV., who had already conquered the rest of Alsace during the Thirty Years' War, seized Strasburg, and France was confirmed in its possession by the peace of Ryswyck, in 1697. By the treaty of peace, signed at Frankfort on the 10th May, 1871, the city (together with Alsace-Lorraine) was incorporated in the present German Empire flourishing under Prince Bismarck. Its tenure by France, therefore, lasted about 190 years.

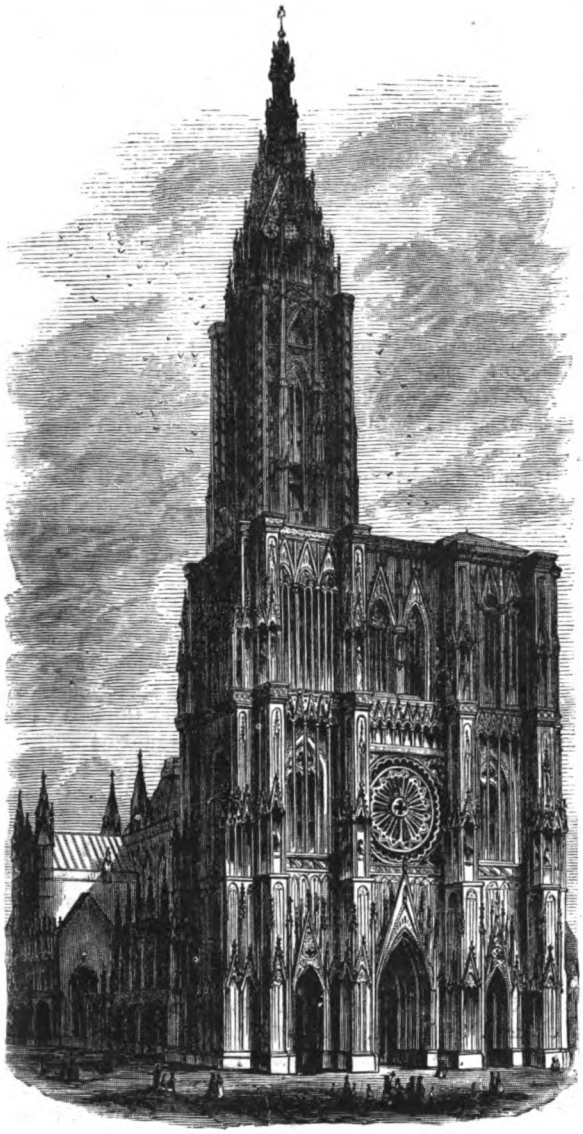
For the "stealing" of Strasburg, Louis XIV., the magnificent old Bourbon, is about as heartily hated by Germans as Napoleon I. is for having occupied Berlin, crumpled up Prussia at Jena, and generally ravaged the Fatherland.

During the recent war of 1870, when, after the capitulation at Sedan, it was made manifest that France could not offer any further effectual resistance to Moltke's legions, Bismarck was asked the question, "Who are you going to continue the war against now?" he replied, "Louis XIV.!" Even the ashes of the dead monarch could say, "L'état, c'est moi!" (I am the State), as the struggle was thus avowedly continued against his ghost, hovering over the monument dedicated to "All the Glories of France," at Versailles. Volumes upon volumes have been written by learned and able Germans, with a view of holding up France to the scorn and abomination of mankind for her usurpation and extended tenure of Strasburg; Bourbons and Napoleons have been made the targets of Teutonic hate and abuse on account of the tenacity with which they held on to that valuable bit of spoils as long as they could. It was, in fact, a bold piece of strategy on the part of Louis XIV., and his generals certainly did devastate most barbarously the Palatinate, in execution of his conquering policy. The Germans have good memories, and they certainly did recollect most vividly the deeds done in the Palatinate, and round about Berlin, during their military operations in 1870–71.

Many of the cherished medieval privileges and customs were left to the citizens, who soon became reconciled with the rule of their conqueror, and the town enjoyed a century of rest, until the outbreak of the French revolution, in 1789. Then there were troubled times and bloody scenes when the guillotine was planted on its principal squares.

Strasburg caught the revolutionary fever all the more readily, as it had previously indulged in republicanism on a small scale on its own account. The citizens joined in the wars and political discussions of that epoch with the greatest enthusiasm, equaling in zeal, though not in wantonness, the Parisians, Lyonese and Marseillese. Certainly the chief good of the revolution in Alsace was the fusion of the native element with the imported French population. Under Louis XIV. the fusion had been only effected in the higher classes of society; in the rest of the population there prevailed a certain amount of antagonism. From the mingling process of the revolution and the ordeal of strife and battles, there arose quite a new people, almost wholly French in ideas and sentiments. Their Frenchification was a remarkably rapid process through the shedding of Alsatian and French blood under the same tricolor flag; the peasants especially were in this way transformed; they who had been less easily reached by the Gallic influences brought to bear under the Bourbons in the towns. A thorough social change was effected within the walls of Strasburg. It was even a novelty for its citizens to behold a State founded upon the rights of Man and of the Citizen, as their republican constitution, dating from 1482, was a small affair beside the magnificently large ideas put in practice by the '89 Revolutionists.

As soon as the news of the terrible uprising of the people at Paris reached Strasburg—after a lapse of six days, as the news was brought by the old-fashioned stage-coach—the citizens went wild with joy, and at once took steps to pull down the dominant order of things in their midst. The first day's excesses were so great that a committee of wealthy citizens asked General de Rochambeau, who was then the superior military authority in the provinces, permission to arm themselves into patrols for the preservation of order. The general, our own hero and the comrade-in-arms of Lafayette at Yorktown, declined the demand, considering it an act of defiance toward the troops under his command. Thereupon they agreed to organize a city guard to act against all disorderly persons in conjunction with the troops, and it was owing to this circumstance that Strasburg had the honor of taking the initiative in the creation of the National Guard, which was thereafter to remain one of the institutions of France. The excitement, however, increasing, many of the troops of the line were prevailed upon to fraternize with the people, and the consequent consumption of beer and wine became such a dangerous element in the situation that the military authorities had to order the shutting up of all the breweries and wine-shops within the corporate limits. General Rochambeau absolutely refused any further to interfere with arms to uphold the old order of royal institutions.



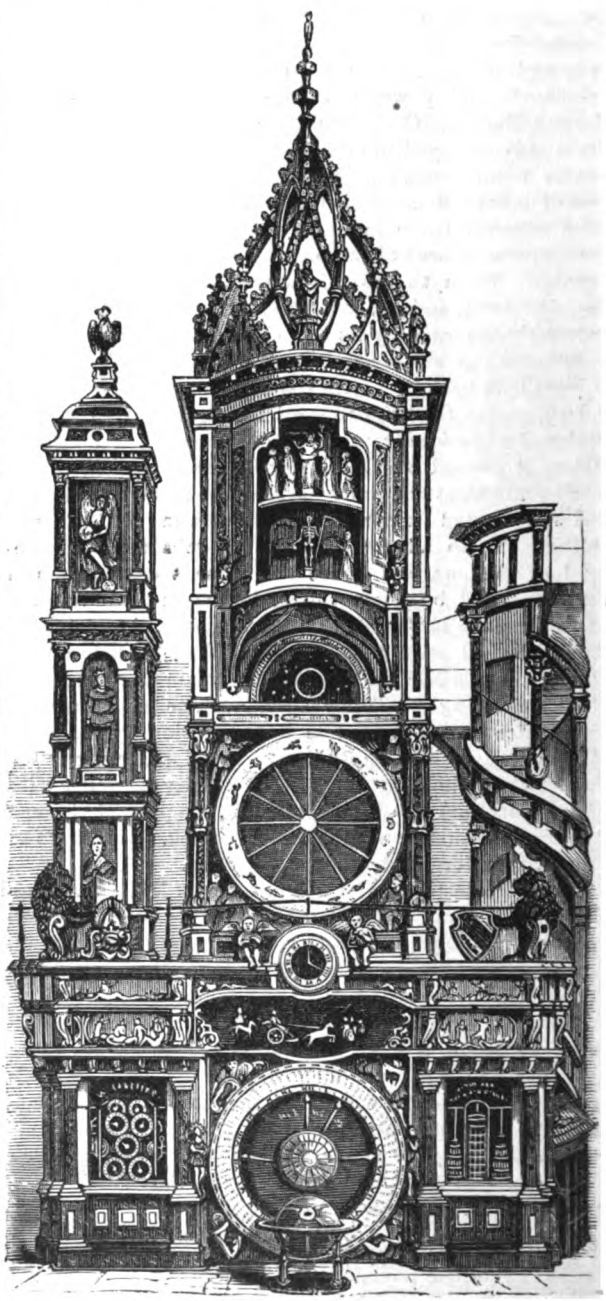
STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

He was not deceived in regard to the character of the revolution being enacted under his eyes; he was perfectly aware that it aimed to strike down a reigning caste, thoroughly corrupt and odious to the citizens, and, personally, he had no interest in defending a justly hated oligarchy. Thus he, who had aided to establish liberty in the New World, could do no less than allow events to take their own course in his native land according to the will of the people, who proclaimed as their motto the formula launched by the Parisians—"Liberty or death!"

Jacobin clubs throughout the town were speedily organized. It was an engineer officer, by birth a peasant, who, during his enthusiastic attendance in these clubs, was inspired to write the war-song of the Revolution, namely, the famous "Marseilles Hymn," that is now known and sung throughout the globe. Rouget de Lisle was the name of this officer, and this hymn was first printed under the following title, "War-Song for the Army of the Rhine. Strasburg. Dannbach, printer, 4 pages, with music." The date of its composition is not precisely known, but that which is considered most probable is April 30th, 1792, as war was declared at the end of that month to all the Kings of Europe.

A very rare old document is owned by a collector of manuscripts at Strasburg, which shows how the Hymn was put forth; it is a letter from Louise Dietrich, the sister of the Mayor, to her brother:

"DEAR BROTHER:—I must tell you that during the past few days I have been exclusively occupied in copying and transcribing music, an occupation that amuses me and distracts my attention a good deal, especially now, when everybody is only talking and discussing politics under every conceivable form. As you know, we have to entertain a great deal, and that something must always be found, either to vary the conversation or to treat of matters most pleasing; my husband has had the idea of having composed a song for the times. Captain Rouget de Lisle, a very amiable poet and composer, has rapidly composed the music for our war-song. My husband, who is a good tenor, has sung the piece, which is very thrilling, and possessed of a certain originality. It is an improved Glück (the fashionable opera-composer of that day), only more lively and wide-awake. But on my side I have brought into play my talent of orchestration; I have arranged the divisions for piano and other instruments. I have, therefore, to work considerably. The piece has been played at



THE FAMOUS ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK.

our house, to the great satisfaction of the company. I send you a copy of the music. The crack players about you have only to decipher it, and you will be charmed to hear it.

(Signed) "Your sister,

"May, 1792." "LOUISE DIETRICH."

The Hymn, which is a masterpiece of its kind, was the production of Rouget; but he got his inspiration from the clubs, and, indeed, from the whole of uproarious France, and especially from uproarious Strasburg. The very language of the Hymn is only the expression of an entire people's enthusiasm; the images, the shoutings, the rapid movements, are all taken from the familiar everyday doings of the insurrectionists at the moment of his jotting them down. The "Marseillaise" was not known as soon as composed; several months passed before it was heard at Strasburg, where it should have first been given to the public, and only after it had been adopted and sung popularly at Marseilles (hence the title) did it extend over France. It was only on the 4th September, 1792, that a Strasburg gazette published the words, with the following comment:

OLD HOUSES OF STRASBURG.

"Although the ardor of Frenchmen marching forth to the defense of our frontiers has no need of a stimulus, patriotic authors have imagined that nothing is more calculated to maintain such a disposition than war-like songs. Among many pieces that have been put forth for this purpose, the following appears to us deserving of special mention."

Works of genius are always at first modestly received. Milton had hard work to palm off "Paradise Lost" on his publishers for five pounds sterling, cash.

Two of Napoleon I.'s best generals were natives of Strasburg—Kleber and Kellermann. The latter, in the early days of the Revolution, was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Moselle, and won the first victory in the war against Kings, at Valmy. He had then already reached a ripe age, after distinguishing himself as an army officer in the Seven Years' War, under Louis XV. With his whole heart he joined in the movement for the regeneration of France, and was a true patriot in the full acceptation of the term; his revolutionary sentiments, openly proclaimed, rendered him extremely popular as soon as he returned to his native city toward the end of 1791. Napoleon constantly held him in the highest estimation on account of his many upright qualities and his great military talent. Kleber was no less esteemed by that ambitious Emperor, and was, even more than Kellermann, a hero in the eyes of the Strasburgers. When Napoleon left Egypt, in order to return to France, he left the French army then occupying that country under the command of Kleber, having selected him as the most competent of all his officers. He won some battles against the Egyptian troops, but was at length assassinated by a fanatical Arab on the same day that Napoleon won the battle of Marengo on the plains of North Italy. It was a remarkable coincidence that he was poniarded at the same hour that Dessaix, his former comrade in arms on the Rhine, fell mortally wounded by an Austrian cannon-ball on that battle-field. Dessaix, also, had been reared at Strasburg, and was Napoleon's right-hand man at Marengo. That battle had been virtually won by the Austrians in the early part of the day, when Dessaix arrived with

reinforcements to turn the tide. Having inquired of Napoleon the hour, the reply was, "Three o'clock."

"Then," said Dessaix, "we have time to fight another battle and win it!"

He at once brought his soldiers into action, and completely defeated the triumphing enemy. Marengo was really the foundation of Napoleon's subsequent usurpation in France.

The French Revolution was very favorable to the development of education in Alsace. At its beginning there were few schools in the province. Strasburg possessed two universities—one Catholic and the other Protestant. The origin of the latter dated back to the time of the Reformation; by the treaty of capitulation with Louis XIV. it was maintained in all its integrity, and in the privileges it had enjoyed during the previous years. Before the Revolution, intellectual progress had been very active and brilliant in the town. Many students flocked around the chairs filled by distinguished professors; foreigners considered it a high honor to follow their lectures, especially the Swedes and Russians. Russia even instituted scholarships to be won there by pupils of Russian nationality. Both education and trade were thus liberally supported by such temporary immigrants. In spite of the difficulties of communication and travel incident to that event, the Universities of Strasburg secured quite a cosmopolitan character. Göethe, Herder, Metternich and other eminent Germans were among the number of their students. From time immemorial the town had been a great book exchange, or mart. The bookstores sent into France German books, and into Germany French books. The latter traffic was by far the larger at the end of the eighteenth century, when French was the language of literature, science and society. The Revolution, of course, put a stop to the business, and the publishing-houses would have had nothing to do if the clubs had not furnished material through their numerous books and pamphlets of a political nature exclusively. Nothing but what was favorable to the Revolution was allowed to be printed at Strasburg; the party of the reactionists had to have all their matter printed on the opposite side of the Rhine and then smuggled back into the town for the purpose of reconverting the citizens to royalty. Some of this reactionist matter was very curious; in one widely circulated document there was disseminated the following "Credo," "Prayer," and "Ave":

Credo.—"I believe in Louis XVI., King of France and Navarre, who was all-powerful and alone governed the French, and in his son, the Dauphin, his true successor, who was conceived of Marie Antoinette, daughter of the great Maria Theresa; I believe that our unfortunate King suffered much during three years under Lafayette, and under his tyrants, the deputies and thieves of the Left; that he was imprisoned, insulted and put to death, and was buried politically; that the 20th June he escaped from Prison, that he left for Varenne, and that he was retaken on the third day, carried back to Paris by his executioners and thrust into prison, where he is at present moaning, whence he will be delivered, and will come to judge the good and the bad. I believe in the ancient form of government, the ancient Roman Catholic Church, the communion of all honest people, the remission of many misdeeds, the resurrection of order and of a stable welfare. Amen."

Prayer.—"Our King, who art in prison, hallowed be your name, your kingdom come, your will be done at Paris and in the provinces. Give us our daily bread and prosperity stolen by the deputies, forgive us the cowardice of which we are guilty toward you, as we would forgive all malefactors, if we could; lead us no more into the temptation of being free, but deliver us from the National Assembly, that is to say, from evil. Amen."

Ave.—"I salute you, Marie Antoinette, full of courage. You are unfortunate among all women, and unfortunate is the offspring of your womb, the Dauphin. Great Marie Antoinette, pray for us, for your Lord, the King, and that he may remain now and ever our father. Amen."

The Jacobin pamphlets printed at Strasburg were saturated with what the Revolutionists considered "a manly, proud language." "Let us be neither Romans, nor Athenians, nor Spartans—let us be Frenchmen, that posterity may forget them in order to speak only of us," said a pamphleteer, who may have been one of the progenitors of Guiteau.

After a century of communion with France, at the beginning of the Revolution, Alsace still bore very strongly the Germanic impress. Language, manners and customs were unmistakably Teutonic, the inhabitants remaining faithful to their traditions; and just as the Catholics would not mix with the Protestants, so Alsatians and French remained apart. In Strasburg the elder university remained Protestant and German, while the Catholic university, re-established by Louis XIV., represented the new or French nationality. Before the reunion, the official religion was Protestant; Catholicism only recovered its ground after 1681. The obstinate German bent of the Strasburgers, in 1789, was the first thing that the Revolutionary leaders sent from Paris set to work to remove. In a speech to them, the terrible Saint-Just said: "The principal cause of the successes obtained by the reactionists is the inveterate antipathy which the people of Alsace bear against the French, and their excessive tendency toward Germanism. The title of Frenchman, or 'Welch' (a favorite term of Voltaire, which he cribbed from the Germans), was only of late a species of insult, while the title of German was hailed with every demonstration of friendship. But time, reason, experience, the progress of enlightenment, more direct intercourse with the interior of the Republic, will doubtless destroy all these prejudices, contrary to a direct association with it. Let us all be Frenchmen, of one great, illustrious, common country!"

It is only fair to say that the Strasburgers and the Alsatians in general seem to have accepted the doctrine as chalked out by the Revolutionists, for, at the close of the century dating from that stormy era, they exhibited themselves as warmly attached to, and largely identified with, France. In the war of 1870-71, they did all they could to uphold their connection with their adopted motherland; the demonstration of this fact was so clear that not the slightest doubt is, or can be, raised about it.

Ever regarded as a place of the utmost strategical importance, Strasburg was dubbed by the Emperor Maximilian I. the bulwark of the "Holy Roman Empire," and highly commended for its old German honesty and bravery. Its artillery bore a high renown during the Middle Ages. The fortifications were built by Vauban, and subsequently much strengthened by the French, who constituted it their third great arsenal.

The siege of Strasburg in 1870 was one of the memorable events of the war. Two days after the battle of Worth, where MacMahon was so thoroughly defeated on the 6th of August, a brigade of Baden troops appeared before the walls of the fortress, and, on the 9th of August, General Beyer demanded its capitulation. This was, of course, declined by General Urich, the gallant French general in command, as the garrison was composed of 17,000 men, and had ample provisions and munitions for a siege. General Urich was a native Strasburger, a man of firm will and fine military capacity; fighting on his own heath, he immediately began a most heroic defense, and kept it up as long as it was in his power to do so. He is justly regarded by France as one of her heroes; indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that he is the only French general that acted creditably during the whole of the disastrous campaign.

On the 11th of August the fortress was entirely sur-

rounded by the Baden troops, and on the 13th the siege began. The panic in the town was great, as the citizens had heard of the defeat at Worth, and saw in what a state of helpless isolation they were placed; it was their first presentiment of reabsorption by the Fatherland. General Urich, in a proclamation, assured them that the walls were armed with 400 cannon, the garrison was ample for defense, and closed, as the Germans say, with the characteristically French phrase, "Strasburg will defend itself so long as it has a single soldier and a single cracker left!" On the 14th of August Lieutenant-General Von Werder took command of the besieging corps and established his headquarters in Mundolsheim—a little hamlet about two miles distant. General Werder was one of the Prussian generals who displayed skill and energy throughout the war, and came out of it with quite a name. He was not adverse to having his besieging operations duly chronicled, and accordingly was very gracious in according permits and passes to the crowd of foreign war-correspondents who forthwith flocked to the vicinity. Some of these correspondents had been drawn Rhineward after witnessing the exploits of Worth, while others pushed on toward Metz. The battlefield and hills around the once peaceful, but then bloodstained, little hamlet of Worth, furnished for several days material for letter-writing. The miller of Worth, who was then the only remaining inhabitant left over there, was very loquacious, and volunteered his knowledge of the topography in a most convenient way for the numerous letter-writers to the newspapers. He ground some odd ears of corn in his mill, and thus kept them from starving. What a sad miller he was as he walked around that hamlet and surveyed the desolation wrought at every step by two mighty hosts in battle! There to be inspected was the trampled slope, with its cannon-plowed furrows, and here were the lopped trees, the blackened and crumbled chapel, where every inch had been contested against the advancing foe; there the level on which the dashing Cuirassiers, the pride of the French army, had dashed against a wall of needle-guns, only to be mowed down like so much grass; there the dead and dying; the gravediggers at work burying corpses; there the dismounted gun-carriages, battered helmets, broken guns, and, in a word, all the bloody wreck, rags and tatters of a first-class field. There had to be a good deal of writing done over it by way of photographing the scenes for the distant public; and, by-the-way, never were the battles of any previous war so generally and minutely written up. But the progress of the military events soon required the presence of the correspondents in other parts. Those that attended upon General von Werder were well received by him and given every facility to witness the operations, as, indeed, they were by all the German generals, from Moltke down to the lowest corporal throughout the war. From the first day after the ball was opened the German leaders saw which way the wind was going to blow, and they immediately decided that they could not get too much publicity. The Fatherland was rising from the grave, and the momentous occurrence could not too clearly be made known to all the world. The formula of renewable weekly passes given for the siege was as follows:

"PASS.—The bearer of this, Mr. ——, has permission to pass to and fro within the lines of the Besieging Corps before Strasburg from to-day on during eight days. Headquarters, Mundolsheim, August 18th, 1870. By command. (Signed) Baron Von Bruennerk, Acting Adjutant. [Seal.] I. I. Armey—General V. Werder."

The besieging corps gradually put up strong breastworks opposite the fortified walls, and began a vigorous bombardment of the town on the 18th of August; from that date until the capitulation the fire was incessant, and caused the loss of many lives of the citizens, and the destruction of many of their dwellings. Owing to its smaller area, Strasburg suffered far more than Paris did from bombardment. The besieged lived for two months in constant fear of the final storming of the place, and of the bloody work which the storming columns would be sure to perform, as it was thought. The German artillery was magnificently handled, and with a deadly aim. During the last three weeks of the siege 6,000 shells were daily poured upon the city, and in all no less than 193,722 projectiles of various kinds. The French garrison made repeated sorties, but were every time driven back with severe losses in men and field-guns. As the fire grew hotter General Urich turned his guns on the German town of Kehl, on the opposite bank of the Rhine, and nearly destroyed it. General Werder protested against this act as being unworthy of a civilized nation, Kehl being entirely unfortified; but the French left his protest unrecognized, and they were justified in their course, because the German batteries had first opened fire from Kehl. The besieging corps was at last strengthened, and raised to the number of 50,000 men, in view of the stubborn resistance and of the urgency of compelling the place to surrender, so as to allow the corps of Von Werder to take part in the operations against Paris. On the night of the 24th August as many as a hundred pieces of heavy artillery were opened simultaneously on Strasburg, and their terrible roar was kept up unceasingly until daylight. The women and children in the besieged city were reduced to dire extremities, with a view of saving their lives. By order of General Urich they were confined to the cellars under the stores and houses; there they passed most of their time crying and praying, deprived of food often, but never once clamoring for the surrender of their homes to the hated enemy. At 11 o'clock on that first night of the opening of the heavy guns, frequent cries arose in the streets for aid to extinguish fire, which caught in the Cathedral, other public buildings, and the finest residences on the squares, laying whole streets in ruins. The Germans hoped that such a pressure as this would bring the citadel to terms; but were doomed to disappointment. After repeated doses of bombardment three parallels of approach to the walls were begun, and soon enabled the besiegers to plant batteries on the glacis and lunettes. From this moment the fire was so trying to the besieged that their surrender became only a question of days; bastion after bastion was taken, until, on the 27th September, the French commander, seeing that the Germans were about to storm, hoisted the white flag on the Cathedral spire, and formally capitulated.

On the same day, 189 years before, the dragoons of Louis XIV. had taken possession of the town. The spoils were 451 officers, 17,111 men, 1,200 cannon, and other war material. The German loss was 43 officers and 863 men killed. The citizens were overjoyed at the termination of hostilities, but heartily grieved over falling into Bismarck's hands. Many amusing incidents, both in the city and in the besieging lines outside, occurred during the tedious two months that had elapsed. The war correspondents fared sadly, and not a few of them, through inexperience in the art of war, came very near being shot by the French Chassepot rifles. Those who first, through greenness, sought the most conspicuous positions in the front, were speedily made to make for the rear with an amusing promptitude, which was not so much enjoyed by them as by the wary sharpshooters from the bastions. There was little to be had in the way of food or accommodations in the surrounding villages, as the soldiers had pretty

thoroughly cleaned out the hencoops, dairies and farmhouses in the neighborhood.

Among the damages inflicted, the pentagonal citadel, on the Rhine side, erected by Vauban in 1682–84, was converted into a heap of ruins, and the gates of the walls on the north and west sides were almost entirely destroyed. The quarters of the town adjoining these gates (which in times of peace are kept open in the day and closed at

THE BOMBARDMENT OF STRASBURG.

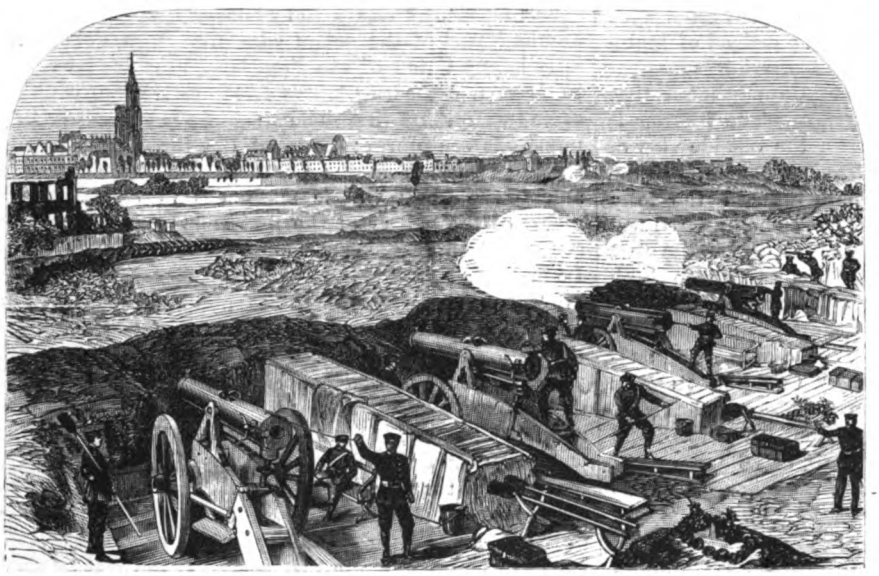
night), suffered most, but no trace of the havoc now remains. The ruins, after the siege was ended, were "the sight" of the place for several months; but as soon as the German troops took possession, or on the very day they began to remove the débris, so as to put up new works of defense. The new fortifications have been now completed, and consist of an extensive girdle of twelve strong outforts, at some distance from the town. They are named after the civil and military leaders who accomplished so much for the Fatherland during the war, as follows: No. 1, Fort Fransechy; No. 2, Fort Moltke; No. 3, Fort Roon; No. 4, Fort Crown Prince; No. 5, Fort Grand Duke of Baden; No. 6, Fort Bismarck; No. 7, Fort Crown Prince of Saxony; No. 8, Fort Tann; No. 9, Fort Werder; No. 10, Fort Kirchbach; No. 11, Fort Bose; No. 12, Fort Blumenthal. The reader will surely recognize some very familiar names on this list, and will probably not be disposed to dispute the perfect appropriateness in the naming of forts Nos. 2 and 6. We can scarcely imagine to what straits Wilhelm I. might have been reduced during his tussle with Napoleon III. if the two gentlemen after whom Nos. 2 and 6 were named had not been ready at his beck and call. With new forts, the city itself has been enabled rapidly to extend outside of its old limits; all the ruins have been removed, several of the old gates pulled down, and new ones opened.

The shells bursting at night over the city during its bombardment, like so many flaming comets on the horizon, the fiery tracks of ignited fuses crossing and recrossing high up in the sky, the roar of the heavy guns, mostly twenty-four-pounders, the burst of flames from the doomed city, constituted a grand spectacle for all onlookers. The citizens were too much occupied in taking care of their lives, and the besiegers too busy in launching metallic bolts for their destruction, to spend much time in taking views as to the sublimity of the nightly bombardment. These views were turned over almost exclusively to the newspaper correspondents, and they performed the task of photographing them with a gusto and a pathetic highfalutinism which clearly demonstrated that for once in their lives they had got hold of something to chronicle bigger than small beer. After the scrimmage was over, some of them pushed their enthusiasm so far as to publish heavy books about the siege.

As sad as it was for the French to give up Strasburg, it was still sadder for them to think that they had been overcome by the ci-devant, miserable little army of the petty little Duchy called Baden. Baden had been Offenbach's model of the "Grand Duchy of Gerolstein," and the *Frite* and *Boum* of his operetta had been copied from the general, staff, and soldiery of the same Duchy! How all Paris had laughed and split its sides over the thinly disguised Baden!

Yes, it was a "Duchy of Gerolstein" until Moltke took it in hand, and this he did (as Paris did not know) before Napoleon III. declared war; but under the famous Prussian general's fine management, the army of Baden had become a first-class instrument for war long before it undertook the siege of Strasburg. The same remark is applicable to the troops of all the other petty German principalities; Moltke had trained them all properly, and hence they performed as much valuable work in behalf of the Imperial cause as the Prussians themselves did. As far as fighting went, the song, "I am a Prussian," might with equal claim have been sung by Bavarians, Saxons, Wurtemburgers and Badeners.

THE GOOSE-MARKET OF STRASBURG.



THE GERMANS BOMBARDING STRASBURG.

No pen would be equal to the full description of the joy of those Baden troops, and, indeed, of Germans in general, on the morning of that memorable day of the 27th of September, 1870, when they found themselves masters in Strasburg. The entire Fatherland crowed with heartfelt pleasure, even unto tenderness. What gracious, affectionate epithets were showered upon the recaptured city! "Our poor, our stricken child, Strasburg, again in German hands!" (Hands, by-the-way, that had been busily engaged in rendering her "stricken.") "Strasburg ours again!" And so forth and so on, until the impression was well-nigh left in the mind of the foreign bystander, actually a witness on the spot, that Strasburg was

THE FISH-MARKET, STRASBURG.

the Germanest of all German cities, and that nobody in particular had just been firing down brimstone and molten lead on its housetops.

During the extended period of its possession by the French, many changes were made in Strasburg from a French standpoint, especially after 1789. Fine squares and wide streets were laid out, admitting light and air into sections that had been obscure and foul. Yet, even up to the time of the siege, much in its external aspect, besides the language and customs of the citizens, testified to its German origin and character. In many of the narrow and crooked streets there still abound dwellings with Gothic gables and façades, embellished with wood-carving, whose beauty was warmly vaunted in the olden time popular songs.

In the centre of the city rises the stately form of the Cathedral, which is admitted to be the finest piece of architecture in Germany, next after that of Cologne. It is now the pride of the Fatherland, which holds it firmly in hand along with the Rhine, its other darling. Viewed architecturally, it seems to bring together all the styles or orders of the Middle Ages, from the simplicity of the Byzantine to the Gothic, with numerous arches and excess of superfluous ornaments. The façade, and especially the portal, is so elaborately embellished with carved work as to convey the impression of chasing instead of sculpture. The figures in bas-relief and carving represent scenes in the life of the Saviour, the saints and the apostles, besides statues of kings and warriors. The interior is grand and impressive, and surpasses the outside view of the body of the church, the fine steeple excepted. In the inside, fourteen huge cluster-pillars uphold the lofty Gothic arched roof, at a height of over one hundred feet above the pavement. Midway and above the arches that unite the pillars is a beautiful Gothic gallery on both sides, and the immense stained-glass windows, representing scriptural subjects, are very beautiful. In the nave is a handsome pulpit, put up in 1486, covered with statuettes delicately carved, and close by this pulpit stands the organ, raised midway between the floor and arched ceiling. The prospective view in the building is, as in all the great European cathedrals, superb, and figures yield an inadequate idea of its vastness. Altogether, the Strasburg cathedral is one of the finest of those wonderful monuments of religious art that arose during the Middle Ages, when it assumed its fixed and present form, though begun at an earlier epoch.

The building of the actual edifice extends from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. The ancient structure, originally founded in the time of Clovis, in the sixth century, was repeatedly injured by fire during the twelfth century. It was accordingly determined to erect a new church, and one was begun, in 1179, under Bishop Conrad I., but its progress was slow, owing to prolonged interruptions. To this period, in which the Romanesque style still flourished, belong the choir niches and the transept. Toward the end of it, however, Gothic architecture had become established in France, and, of course, exercised an influence on all buildings in course of construction. Thus the north façade presents pointed arches and rose windows approaching the newer style. The rebuilding of the nave was commenced about the middle of the thirteenth century, after the completion of the east portions of the church. The architecture of the nave, by Meister Wehelin, is exclusively Gothic, with the exception of some traces of the older style in the pillars. It is in connection with the exterior façade of the church that the name of Erwin von Steinbach, the celebrated builder, is first met. He was a thoughtful and original master, who pre-eminently surpassed his contemporaries in his keen sense of the beautiful. He flourished about the year 1318. His work includes not only the façade up to the termination of the rose-window, but also the restoration and heightening of the body of the cathedral, and, in particular, the upper windows and the vaulting. The upper parts of the façade and the towers were completed after Erwin's death in accordance with quite different designs, though the office of cathedral architect long remained in his family. At the beginning of the fifteenth century the work was superintended by Ulrich von Insengen, of Ulm, who constructed the platform between the towers. Johann and Wenzel, two members of a Prague architectural society, were the builders of the octagonal portion of the tower, with the lofty windows of the perforated staircase. Finally, the heightening of the octagonal tower by an additional story, and the completion of the whole work in 1439, by a singular and lofty spire, also consisting entirely of open work, are attributed to Johannes Hultz, of Cologne. Almost all traces of the injury which the Cathedral sustained during the siege of 1870 have now disappeared. The roof has been recovered with copper, and the massive cross on the top of the spire, which was bent by a projectile during the siege, has been restored.

The façade, by Erwin von Steinbach, is justly the most admired part of the entire edifice, as it presents a singularly happy union of the French style with that peculiar to German cathedrals. The walls are covered with elaborate tracery, and the whole structure is embellished with numerous sculptures; those of the three portals, representing scenes from the Creation and Redemption, are among the finest Gothic specimens in existence. The niches of the gallery of the first story contain equestrian statues of Clovis, Dagobert, Rudolph of Hapsburg, and Louis XIV. During the Revolution of 1789 several hundred statuettes were torn down and destroyed, and the lofty spire itself only escaped the same fate from having been provided with a red-republican cap of metal, as a protecting badge. The chapels on either side of the choir and aisles are richly adorned. The tower rises to a vast and dizzy height; the not altogether safe ascent to its extreme top can only be made by a special permit from the municipal authorities. On the platform, which is 216 feet above the street, a superb view is to be obtained, not only of the town and its surrounding promenades, but of a vast extent of country in the distance. On the east looms up the Black Forest and Baden; on the north and west the Vosges Mountains are seen; and on the south the isolated basaltic hill, called the Kaiserstuhl, rises from the plain, beyond it being the Jura Alps. Innumerable names are engraved on the parapet of the platform and on the tower; among them are those of Göethe, Herder, Stilling and other celebrated men, of whom, singular to relate, Voltaire is one. From the platform to the summit of the tower the height is 249 feet, and the entire height of the Cathedral, from the street to the tip of the cross on the spire, is 465 feet, being, therefore, the heighest building in Europe; as St. Peter's, at Rome, is only 435 feet, and St. Paul's, at London, only 404 feet. It is 525 feet long and 195 feet wide. The spire, having been injured by lightning recently, is now surrounded by a network of conductors. The turrets at the four corners, which seem to cling precariously to the main structure, contain winding staircases leading to the "Lantern," or open space immediately below the extreme summit, the ascent to which necessitates the special permit already mentioned.

The large Astronomical Clock, which is such a celebrated feature of the Cathedral, was constructed in 1838–42, by Schwilgue, a clockmaker of the town. It replaced

a similar clock made by Professor Dasypodius, in 1571, which, in its turn, formed a substitute for a still older clock, mentioned as early as the thirteenth century. Only a few parts of the interior and some of the decorative paintings of the old clock were used in making the present one. Spectators are always gathered to watch its performance every noon. On its first gallery an angel strikes the quarters on a bell in his hand, while a genii at his side reverses his sandglass every hour. Higher up, around a skeleton which strikes the hours, are grouped figures representing boyhood, youth, manhood and old age—the four quarters of the hour. Under the same gallery the symbolic deity of each day steps out of a niche, Apollo on Sunday, Diana on Monday, and so on through the week. In the highest niche of the clock, at noon, the Twelve Apostles move round a figure of the Saviour; and on the highest pinnacle of the side tower, which contains the weights, is perched a cock, which then flaps its wings, stretches its neck and crows, awakening echoes in the remotest nooks of the Cathedral. The mechanism also sets in motion a complete planetarium, behind which is a perpetual calendar, which is so contrived as to regulate itself, and adapt its changes to the revolution of the seasons for an almost unlimited number of years.

In this, the lower section of the clock, a dial represents the ancient Zodiac, with stars of the first, second and third magnitude, with the signs of each month of the year exhibited at the proper time and seasons, the dial making but one revolution yearly, and but one-half of it exposed at a time. Above the dial, in each corner, are lions' heads with rings in their mouths; and above this section is another dial, on which is represented on the outer circle the minutes and hours in the usual manner, and within, or around the centre, are represented the month, day of the month, day of the week, and phases of the moon; carved figures of Time and Justice are located in adjoining alcoves, and immediately above are two Romanesque columns, with capitals representing two rams' heads, and a wolf watching sheep.

The top section is in the form of a Gothic chapel; at every half-hour is heard the ringing of a bell, and the door opens, showing the figure of Death, and followed by the music of an organ. Three minutes after a chime of twenty bells is heard, when, from the right door of the chapel, the Disciples come out in procession, whereupon the centre door opens, and the Saviour appears in sight. As the Disciples reach him, they pause, and, one by one, turn their faces toward him and bow, except Peter, which is the central figure. The bow is returned by the Saviour, and immediately the cock crows, when Satan appears and disappears quickly in the balcony overhead. Meanwhile, a Roman sentinel on the left of the procession faces toward it, and remains until the procession passes, when Satan reappears, turning his head in the direction of Judas, and, after his satanic majesty drops out of sight, the organ again strikes up its music, and the door closes upon the scene. The apostles come out once every half-hour during the day and evening, and can, moreover, be marched out seven times besides each hour. Not until 219 years after its construction in 1571 did the clock stop. In 1789 it stopped, and was again set going, and again stopped in 1806. In 1836, Schwilgue was commissioned to put it in good order; he set to work, took out the worn portions and replaced them with new ones, the old pieces being kept on exhibition in a museum. At midnight every 31st of December the clock is wound up to run for one year, the thousands of parts regulating themselves, and also allowing for the occurrence of leap year, at the proper time.

Two years after the siege, or in 1872, the German government reopened the time-honored University of Strasburg. Its reputation is greater now than during the last century, when many distinguished men were educated in its halls. Göethe, after a long course of study at and around its honored shrine of letters, graduated as a doctor of laws in 1771, and Strasburg may now claim the honor, as so many other German cities do, of having especially helped in the cosmopolitan development of that great poet.

During the French Revolution of 1789, the National Convention suppressed the University as being the principal stronghold of the German element in Alsace; in 1803, Napoleon I. converted it into a French Academy, which was in its turn closed by the conquering Germans in 1870. They have, however, done their utmost to endow it with the best of everything at their disposal, so as to conciliate its goodwill and hearty co-operation in the task of consolidating their new empire. Moltke gave the new forts, without an instant's delay. Bismarck set to work to reopen the old University on a scale never before seen in the city, and in this he succeeded all the more cleverly as Germany has the best professors in the world. Hence the new University has a large attendance of students; the building just erected, regardless of cost, contains fine laboratories, many lecture-rooms, an extensive collection of charts and maps, and an entirely new library, consisting of 470,000 volumes, sent directly from the Fatherland to replace the library which was burnt up during the siege.

On the Kaiser's side, it was determined in an imperial council that it was his duty to make some special gift to the restored "old imperial city"; accordingly he recently ordered a grand imperial palace to be built in it. The cost of the new palace has been fixed at $665,000. Not to be outdone in the building line, Field Marshal Moltke at once gave an order that elaborate fortifications, to cost $14,000,000, should be begun at Kehl. Both palace and fortifications will be complete this year.

Among the minor sights of the city are the bronze statue of the local hero, General Kleber, on the "Kleber Platz," and that of Gutenberg, on "Gutenberg's Platz," the inventor of printing, who made his first experiments at Strasburg about the year 1436. There are four bas-reliefs on the statue, supposed to be emblematical of the blessings of the invention in the four quarters of the globe, and comprising likenesses of many celebrated men. At No. 16, in the "Old Fishmarket," the house in which Göethe resided when a student is indicated by a marble slab; otherwise there is very little Göethe-worship among the natives, who were reared on Corneille and Racine. The town library was destroyed by fire during the siege, and the Bank was damaged, but its specie was left intact. The fish, meat and vegetable markets of the city are always well supplied, and are curious to behold, owing to the quaint manners and picturesque costumes of the peasant girls. Many of the old women sellers smoke their pipes over their trays and baskets—and all the world knows that is a German fashion!

A marketable specialty that has largely helped to disseminate the name of Strasburg throughout the world deserves special mention—viz., geese-livers made into little pies, called "pâtés de foie gras." No delicate little supper at Paris is indulged in without this article, which, in the opinion of gastronomic connoisseurs, is the necessary complement of champagne wine. Having long been the fashion in Paris, these pies, bearing the brand of Strasburg, have made the tour of Europe, hailed by crowned heads and liberally patronized amidst courts and wealthy aristocracies. They are not a cheap kind of food, as it

requires pains and trouble to procure it for the market. As the name signifies, the pies consist of "fattened liver" (of geese), and hence, as may be supposed, the goose market of Strasburg is a lively and well-frequented one.

A GREEK MAIDEN PAINTING A VASE.— FROM THE PAINTING BY G. HERNANDEZ AMORES.

The geese, when intended to be sacrificed on the altar of pies, are fed on the richest food, it being forced down their throats, as it were; their feet are tied together, so that they are compelled to remain immobile in one position while undergoing the fattening process, the details of which have to be looked after carefully by the geese-tenders. The geese so subjected soon become all livers, losing in the rest of their bodies, and having all the nourishment concentrated in those particular organs. Sometimes livers, after fattening, weigh as much as two pounds apiece. Of course it constitutes a very rich and delicate food when properly cooked and served into little pies, and then it is inclosed in sealed tin boxes and shipped to the four quarters of the globe.

HOW THE DEAD MAN KEPT HIS PLEDGE.—"MY HEART TOLD ME THAT THE MOTIONLESS FIGURE LYING PRONE ON THE FLOOR WAS LEONIE. I TOOK HER UP IN MY ARMS AND MURMURED—I KNOW NOT WHAT."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

VIOLETS.

God hid His violets in the vale,
And passing breezes told the tale;
And hid like these, of precious worth,
His flowers of virtue bless the earth.

A little maiden, born to bloom,
With sickness, in a narrow room,
And with a smile of tender grace
To kiss the care from mother's face.

She stays at home whilst others play;
She does not find it hard to stay:
"For mother dear is ill, you see,
And baby's only good with me!"

Oh, little maiden, kind and true,
We well might learn to copy you!
Oh, violets blooming on the ground,
And hid, but blessing all around.

HOW THE DEAD MAN KEPT HIS PLEDGE.

We were sitting in the library after dinner—De Beauven, Chesney and I. De Beauven was a young Frenchman, of title and fortune; Chesney was the son of a rich Georgia planter; and I, a Savannah merchant, was cousin of Chesney's betrothed, and consequently occupied an exalted place in his regard.

We had been drinking Chesney's wines, smoking his cigars, and discussing his horses and dogs, which, in the olden time, were quite as much the attributes of a Southern as they still are of the English gentleman. Finally we had relapsed into silence, and sat watching the slow transformation of our Havanas into fanciful blue wreaths of smoke until the sun's gay retinue of trooping clouds had followed him to other lands, and he left, instead, the gloaming.

Then it grew so dark that nothing of us was visible, save the three round, red spots which indicated the precise place of our mouths, until De Beauven, describing a fiery semicircle, threw his glowing stump among the embers, and ventured a remark. It was upon the weather, as a matter of course.

"What a sobbing wind! It makes one feel eerie."

"It does," answered I. "This sort of weather takes the stiffening out of the fellow, just as it does out of his shirt-bosom."

"Don't be foolish, Arthur," cried Chesney. "Your levity is unseasonable. Don't you see that De Beauven and I are at our orisons? We are just now worshiping 'divinest melancholy,' and your irreverence is enough to scare away our sweet fancies."

"'Divinest melancholy,'" retorted I, "is a 'nun devout and pure,' and scorns the homage of such wordlings as you. Reserve your ecstasies for flesh and blood—for Alice Morton, the 'Allegro' that is to furnish all the sunshine to your shady 'Penseroso' disposition."

"God bless her!" was Chesney's murmured reply, while I continued, turning to De Beauven:

"How is it with you, George? Do you ever have dreams of fair women? Do you ever have visions of nymphs or nuns?"

"What man has not his 'dream of fair women'?" exclaimed De Beauven, in reply. "Mine resembles neither nymph nor nun—the first is too much of a pagan to visit the fancy of a Christian knight; the last, my dear Percy, is the *Banshee* of the De Beauvens. Know that even in my father's life-time there was still a lingering horror attached to the recollection of a certain white nun, who, for many centuries, was seen by some of the De Beauvens whenever another member of the family was about to die a violent death."

"How flattering to the pride of the De Beauvens! That's what it is to date back to the Crusades, and to have lots of ancestors to deliver messages from Azrael! Now, we American mushrooms have no such privileges on spirit-land. Chesney, don't you envy these European nobles, whose aristocracy goes along with them into the next world?"

"Of course I do. I can imagine nothing more gratifying to a man's family pride than to be able to say that he owns a family ghost. How about yours, De Beauven? Tell us the legend. Time and the hour are propitious."

"I believe that her nunship has deserted us. At all events, she has not been seen since the eve of the attack on Versailles, when my grandfather, one of the Queen's guards, was run through the body by a pike. I must say, however, that he was the last De Beauven who died a violent death."

"Then," said I, "the nun is not to blame. It is the De Beauvens who have degenerated, and now die, like *bourgeois*, in their beds."

"Perhaps so," laughed De Beauven. "If you should all come to see me next Summer, at Beauven, I'll then relate you the story of '*La Nonne Blanche*,' and show you the spot where she used to make her appearance."

"Be it so," cried Chesney. "I'll go and tell Alice, for I suppose you include her in the invitation."

"Ay, indeed!" was De Beauven's answer.

Just then the servant made his appearance with lights, and we resumed our seats and cigars, while Chesney went to the drawing-room to do his *devoirs* to his betrothed.

We were holding our Christmas revels at Chesneywold, the plantation of the Chesneys. We were about twenty-five guests, but during the day our numbers varied sometimes to fifty. Somehow or other, too, our dinner-parties, though they often trebled Brillat-Savarin's conventional twelve, were always charming. The conversation was sprightly, for the guests were people of culture; and their mirth never grew loud, for they were, without exception, people of high breeding.

When Chesney had left us, De Beauven spoke in rapture of the charms of southern hospitality—so genial, so gracious, so patriarchal. It was not magnificent, like that of the aristocracy of Europe, but it had attractions that were all its own. It was like that mercy which is twice blessed—"blessing him that gives and him that takes."

"And by that token we shall expect you to return to us some of these days," said I.

"I hope to do so," was his reply. "But let me understand, first, that you have taken *au sérieux* my invitation to Beauven. About what time can you all be there? My mother will want to assemble some pleasant people to meet you."

"Let us go in and see the future Mrs. Chesney, and consult with her," said I.

So we both sauntered into the drawing-room, which, during our withdrawal to the library, had filled up with visitors from the neighborhood. When we found Alice she anticipated our intentions by exclaiming:

"How kind of you to invite us to Beauven!"

"But how much kinder of you if you accept!" returned De Beauven, smiling.

"We *do* accept," was her cordial reply. "When will it be convenient for you to receive us?"

"We are open to you at all seasons; but you must name your time."

"What do you say, Arthur?" said Alice, turning to me. "Let me see. Will the first days of August suit you?"

"Perfectly."

So then and there we made our plans; Alice asking eager questions about De Beauven's mother and sisters, and he, full of affectionate enthusiasm, giving us psychological introductions to the different members of his family.

On the eve of our departure from Chesneywold, we three—Chesney, De Beauven and I—whose feelings to one another were much warmer than those of mere good-fellowship, withdrew from the company of the other guests, and went off together.

After a walk, we repaired again to the library. We all felt our approaching separation; and like other wandering mortals, asked vainly of the future an answer to the heart's everlasting interrogatory:

"When shall we meet again?"

Mine found its way to my lips, and was answered by George.

"In August, at Beauven."

"And after?"

"And after," cried Chesney, "we must spend another Christmas together, just here. Chesneywold will be a brighter place then than it is now."

"We'll spend Christmas here with the darkey's proviso, 'if we live,'" said I. "That is, you and I, Chesney; for, as to this French nobleman here, whose family is independent of such accidents as mere corporeal existence, *he* can promise unconditionally."

"So be it," returned George. "Dead or alive, in the body or out of the body, I will visit you in this library on Christmas Eve two years hence."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Chesney, "how confident, and *very* circumstantial! I can see him now, appearing to us at the window in a misty shroud, looking unnaturally pale, and unnaturally tall."

"And frightening you both out of your wits," laughed De Beauven. "But I will not come in a shroud. I choose to reappear as a gentleman——"

"Dressed in the latest fashion," said I.

"No; I think I'll come as I am. And if I have an opportunity, I'll pay you a promissory visit as a pledge of——"

"Pray, don't!" cried I, again interrupting him. "In the body I esteem you highly, but out of the body, George, I don't know what sort of chap you might turn out to be. I want no *post-mortem* intimacy with you."

"Very well, then; my visit shall be to Chesney. You shall have no part in my friendship of *outre-tombe*."

Chesney laughed at the word "friendship." He wanted to know how ghosts were accustomed to show their attachment.

"I'll show mine," returned George, "by warning you—perchance saving you from some great danger. That will be for my first visit. For my second——"

"I suppose you'll act the part of your '*Nonne Blanche*'?"

"I will," was his reply. "If I come to you two years hence, look upon it in the light of a warning for the day which no man can avert."

All this time George seemed quite unconscious of anything peculiar in his air or the tone of his voice, but both Chesney and myself, as we listened to him, experienced an indescribable feeling of horror, which, in after-days, we had occasion to remember.

* * * * * * *

Early in the Spring Chesney and Alice were married. They had a right feudal wedding, whose rejoicings were a whole month long. Chesney had a letter from De Beauven; the bride received a beautiful *déjeüner* of Sèvres porcelain, with miniatures on the cups of Leonie and Marie (De Beauven's sisters); and we were emphatically reminded that their mother, the countess, was eagerly awaiting our visit.

We took passage in May for Liverpool. The newly married pair merely glanced at England, and sped away to the Continent. In July I joined them in Paris, and we spent a month together in that enchanting city, whither all good Americans hope to go when they die. At length Alice made her last purchase; her bronzes, her paintings, her porcelain and her drygoods were packed and forwarded to Liverpool, and on a bright morning in the first days of August we started for Beauven.

We arrived there the next day in the afternoon. The chateau was a gloomy-looking old structure, without any architectural pretensions whatever, but the grounds were magnificent. They included lawn and lake, meadow and woodland, and the forests were well stocked with game.

The great, heavy portals once passed, the interior of the chateau presented a most cheering contrast to the dreary grandeur of its exterior. Its arrangements were modern and elegant, and the house was alive with guests.

We were shown at once to our rooms, to dress for dinner. Mine was at the rear of the chateau, and its casements opened upon a range of blue hills, whose sides were gay with vineyards, and whose summits nestled among blue and silver clouds. I could scarcely tear myself away from the lovely view to make my toilet; and ever and anon, as I brushed and buttoned, I stood before the window, admiring the beautiful effects of light and shade that crimsoned the mountains and purpled the valleys of Beauven.

When I came down-stairs the guests were assembled in the drawing-room, awaiting the announcement of dinner. De Beauven presented me to his mother and his two sisters. The countess was a tall, distinguished personage; but in her dignity there was no hauteur. She was brimful of cordiality, and dispensed her elegant hospitality with as much affability as grace. The girls were pretty, in a style that contrasted well with their mother's appearance, and I subsequently found them intelligent and accomplished.

It is the fashion among Englishmen and Americans to depreciate the domestic virtues of the French. I wish that some of these gentry could see the interior of a French home, as during a period of two months I saw it at Beauven.

I never anywhere else beheld such unity, such love, such happiness. The countess herself was a model woman. Like George Sand, she superintended the making of her own sweetmeats, and on many a morning in September we were permitted to visit her in her own kitchen, where, bending over a set of furnaces running the whole length of the room, the chatelaine of Beauven might be seen in her white apron testing her syrups and inspecting her fruit as the baskets were brought in by the vintagers.

What a happy life we led in that gray old chateau!

Never did I see people so fertile in expedients to entertain their guests. They were all good musicians, so that we had many a delightful concert, and whenever we felt inclined an orchestra was ready with the most inspiring

dance-music I ever heard. It was irresistible; and at the first sound of its alluring strains we were all transformed into so many willows that waltzed and waltzed until we had no more strength to move. Then we glided through the open windows to sit on the terrace, where, as we breathed the air from the perfumed gardens, and looked upward at the moonlit heavens, we fancied that the world was an Eden of beauty, and life one sweet, perpetual Summer.

And then during the day we had our drives, boating-excursions, and our picnics at the very top of the blue mountain, where we gathered mosses and ferns for the countess's *jardinières*, and drank our wine under the ivied walls of an old ruined abbey, built by Leon de Beauven to commemorate his safe return from the Holy Land.

In one of these excursions, while I was guiding Leonie de Beauven's horse up a steep, winding path that led to the ruin, she beguiled the wearisomeness of our slow ascent by relating to me the legend of "La Nonne Blanche."

"You must know," said she, "that the Demoiselle Clotilde de Beauven was celebrated for her beauty, and had scores of noble lovers. But she bestowed her affections unworthily. She loved the son of a goldsmith — a youth who had wealth and good looks, and perhaps other qualifications to recommend him to maidens of his own degree, but a De Beauven could not condescend to alliance with a tradesman. The lovers were so determined that they made several attempts to elope together. These attempts were frustrated, and the Count de Beauven, to save his daughter from the shame of a misalliance, compelled her to enter a convent. She had not yet taken her vows when she tried to escape. Indeed, she did manage to scale the walls and join her plebeian lover before the alarm was given. But they were pursued and captured. The Count de Beauven, in his fury, leveled a pistol at the head of his daughter's betrayer; but before the trigger was drawn, Clotilde threw herself between them, and fell with her father's bullet in her heart."

I had marked the word "betrayer," as applied to a man whose only crime was that he loved "a bright, peculiar star, and thought to wed it," and my heart naturally went out in sympathy for him, rather than for the father.

SAGACITY OF A HORSE.— SEE PAGE 299.

"What was his fate?" asked I of Leonie.

I thought her pretty lip curled a little as she replied:

"The De Beauven records took no heed of his fate—his very name is unknown to them."

"I suppose they perished together?"

"Yes. It was not likely that after that dreadful shot he would be allowed to live. Whether they perished together or not, whenever a De Beauven is about to die a violent death, the white nun appears in the western corridor. And on one occasion a forester, coming to the castle just after sunrise, beheld a white charger, strangely caparisoned, standing outside the gates. His rider looked anxiously toward the castle. The forester saw a white figure dart rapidly by. The horseman bent down, raised her in the saddle, and then rode furiously away, though, to use the huntsman's words, 'The horse's hoofs made no more noise than a snowflake.'"

"Well," exclaimed I, "peace be to the lovers and their graveclothes. And may they never again meet the eye of a De Beauven."

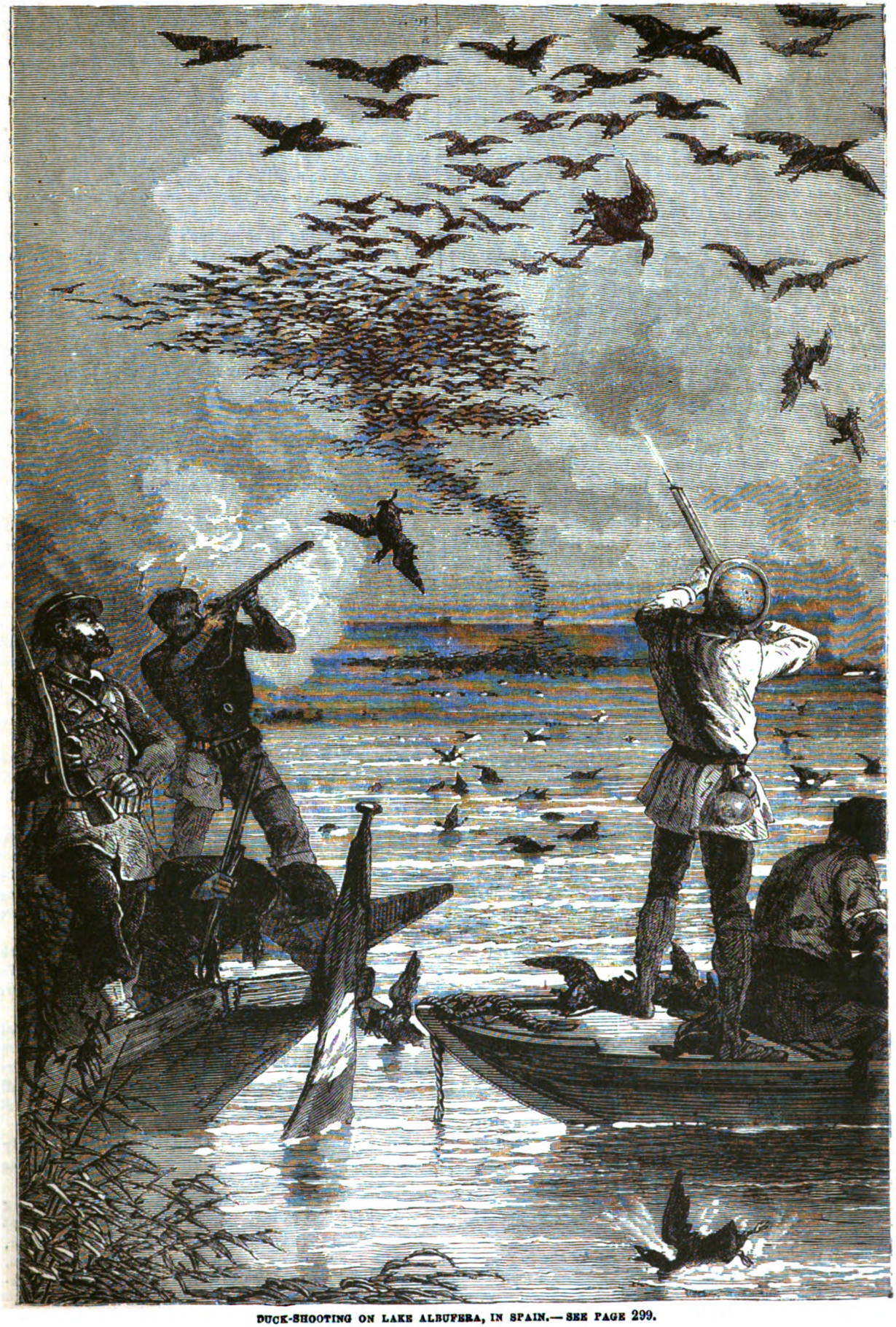
"Amen!" was Leonie's reply. "If any good ever came of apparitions' visits, one might learn to endure them; but I for one have no desire to be forewarned of events for which there is no forearming."

This remark of hers led me to mention our conversation in the library at Chesneywold. Leonie looked pained.

"I wish that George had not trifled with that hideous family legend. We all try very hard to think that we do not believe it; but we De Beauvens are superstitious, Mr. Percy," she added, with a smile.

I smiled in return, but at the same time I recalled her brother's strange words and strange manner when he promised to meet us in two years. Then calling myself a fool, I made some trifling remark which turned the current of our thoughts, and lifting Leonie from her saddle, we joined our merry companions, and fell into their humor.

After this a sort of intimacy grew up between Leonie and me, which, but for the knowledge I had of her betrothal to one of her own countrymen, might have ended disastrously for one of us. I was fascinated by her beauty, and when in her presence I sometimes felt the premonitions of a heart-disease; but I have always had an abiding



DUCK-SHOOTING ON LAKE ALBUFERA, IN SPAIN.— SEE PAGE 299.

confidence in self-restraint, and this saved me from any serious suffering.

As the time for our departure grew near, however, I was a little more indulgent to my thirst for her society. It was some latent craving of the sort which kept me away from a "*chasse à l'Anglaise*," as they dubbed it at Beauven, though, as it was executed by Frenchmen, I doubt whether the Britisher would have recognized his national sport.

They were going several leagues away; were to be absent for two days, and were to sleep at a hunting-lodge somewhere among the hills, which, in their ambition to excel as sportsmen, the De Beauvens had erected and dedicated to the goddess of the chase.

I never visited this lodge, but was told that in one respect it resembled a fine lady's workbox—it was filled with costly implements too beautiful to use.

There was great din of preparation for the hunt. Servants flying through the halls with hampers, gentlemen's gentlemen laden with powder-flasks and game-bags, ladies whispering precautionary instructions to their husbands or sons, and, presiding over all, the countess and her two lovely daughters providing for everybody's comfort.

"*Adieu, maman!*" cried George, as he vaulted into his saddle. "We shall be home to breakfast day after to-morrow; and do let Monsieur Pierre prepare us abundance of *omelettes aux truffles*. Whether we bring anything else with us, we are sure to bring back good appetites."

We lounged about in that dreary way that people have of doing when a large party has left the house and filled it with emptiness. Alice was low-spirited and anxious about her lord, and as I meditated a search for fair Leonie de Beauven, I saw her crossing the lawn in the company of her lover.

I was so disgusted with the sight that my discomfiture proved to me why I had remained behind, and I began to be heartily sorry that I had not joined the hunting-expedition. From that day to this I have regretted my folly

That evening I had made my toilet for dinner, and was on my way to Alice's room to escort her down-stairs, when, coming through a corridor that led to the chapel-gallery, I met Leonie, returning from her ramble.

The lovers had been rowing on the lake, strolling through the shady woods, gathering wild flowers, and passing a delightful time together, doubtless conjugating the while the verb to love in all moods and tenses.

I stifled a little pang, and made some commonplace remark, that I might enjoy the dangerous delight of seeing her lift her long black lashes, and look into my face with a pair of eyes that were like the stars we see at night on the bosom of a deep-blue sea.

We were in the Nun's Gallery, and through the arched window where it terminated the slanting beams of a setting sun were falling upon the very spot whereon she had once appeared to a Countess Jeanne de Beauven, the eve of her husband's death on the battlefield.

We both looked at the fateful window, just then flooded with golden light—just then the brightest spot in the chateau. That she was sharing my irritational satisfaction at the sight, I perceived at once, for she smiled and said:

"It looks like a great golden promise. Does it not?"

"It does, indeed!" exclaimed I, with eager sincerity. "It is a golden promise of happiness—a pledge from Destiny of which I am the witness."

"Then, if she should threaten," laughed she in return, "be early, for I shall summon you."

Then with that graceful sweep which a Frenchwoman makes when she passes and salutes you, she turned into the corridor that led to her own apartment, and I went on to Alice's room. Alice was not ready, and as I wanted yet a half-hour to dinner, I retraced my steps, and concluded that I would go back to my own room and finish a chapter in "Monte Cristo."

And, by-the-by, what a sweet, womanly creation is that Mercedes! And why is it that in their portraiture of female character French novelists so seldom do justice to the household virtues of their own countrywomen? There are hundreds of families in France like the De Beauvens, but their feminine excellences seem too tame to embellish French fiction.

I was indulging in some such reverie as this, for dusk had set in, and my book was lying idle in my hand, when suddenly I sprang to my feet.

Such a scream as that which rent the air—so appalling, so weird, so unearthly—I trust I may never hear while I live.

At first I was powerless to move; then, as a dreadful suspicion flashed across my brain, I dashed from the room and sped to the Nun's Gallery.

My heart told me that the motionless figure lying prone on the floor was Leonie. I took her up in my arms and murmured—I know not what. Words of passion which I had no right to speak; but, then, I was excited beyond all power of reticence; and I meant only to comfort and soothe her.

I hope nobody overheard me. She did not, for she lay in a dead swoon, and remained so while, at her mother's request, I bore her to her room, and laid her pallid form upon the bed.

This done, I descended to the drawing-room, for I had no right to be elsewhere. But I was possessed with a nameless dread whose meaning I was afraid to divine. Great was the curiosity of Leonie's friends as to whatever could have caused that fearful shriek. Her swoon was a matter of commonplace sympathy, but that cry! It had stricken every soul within the gates of Beauven with superstitious horror.

I saw Alice, pale as death, sitting with her hands tightly locked together, seeking me with her eyes. I answered the appeal, and took my seat by her, but, for the life of me, I could not speak a word.

When dinner was announced, the countess excused herself. Her daughter lay still insensible, and she could not leave her. Marie and Victor came down to preside at the table. The poor young things showed their high training by doing all in their power to cheer their guests and have things go on as usual.

It was evident that *noblesse oblige* was an article of faith with them; but their kindly efforts were all in vain. We were taciturn; we had no appetite; the beautiful dessert of fruits was untouched, the rich wines were untasted.

It was relief to all to rise from the table and know that the brother and sister, released from their duty as hosts, were on the way to Leonie's bedside. I strayed out on the terrace where the company had formed into little groups, all either silent or talking in low voices over Leonie's mysterious swoon.

"For my part," observed a young Englishman, lately arrived, "I believe the place is uncanny. I shall leave as soon as courtesy permits."

This remark of his jarred on my feelings, and making no further attempt to wrestle with my inclination, I crept softly up the stairway that led to the western corridor, and made my way to an open space near Leonie's room, that was fitted up for her use with a cabinet, a little work-table, and a lounge.

There I resolved to wait until she grew better or worse.

and there I was wondering with a beating heart what phantom of the brain had scared away that sweet girl's reason, when the door of her chamber opened, and Marie came out, weeping.

She did not see me until she reached the lounge whereon I had taken my seat. Then flinging herself down at my side, she sobbed aloud.

Gracious heaven! was Leonie dead?

No; thank God. It was not so bad as that.

"But, oh! Mr. Percy," murmured the poor child, "she thinks she has seen the—the——"

"My dear child," said I, comprehending at once, "she has been the victim of an optical delusion. Let us be thankful that its effects have passed away."

She shook her head.

"They have not passed away. Leonie lies moaning with her face to the wall, and, oh!" cried she, with a fresh burst of tears, "if George were but home!"

"He could be here by to-morrow noon if a messenger were dispatched for him at once. That would be almost twenty-four hours sooner than we expect him."

"Oh, yes! Thanks—thanks!" exclaimed Marie. "I will speak to mamma. She will send somebody."

With these words she re-entered her sister's room, and presently returned with Victor. He and I went out to the stables together, and, selecting the fleetest horse there, he refused any offer to bear him company, and galloped away, while I returned to my weary watch.

De l'Orme (Leonie's betrothed), had been admitted to see her. When he left her room he joined me, and together we kept our vigil through the night.

At four o'clock the countess came out to say that Leonie was sleeping, and to order us to our rooms. The simplest thing to do was to obey; but I was still too restless to sleep. I threw open my casement, and watched the darkness fade to a dim grayness, and then the first flush of day brighten the mountain-tops.

Why I looked so eagerly out upon the road I know not, for I well knew that George could not return before noon. Victor had fifteen miles to ride before he reached the lodge, and they could not have started homeward yet.

Why did I peer so into the distance?

Alas! my heart's questionings were soon silenced. At sunrise, when the mountain-path had become quite distinct, I descried a movement, which, as it came nearer, proved to be a body of horsemen, in advance of whom was a sad, slow procession, bearing a stretcher, on which lay some one of our friends, injured, perhaps lifeless.

"Oh, if it should be Chesney! Or George!"

Alas! alas! it was George!

I never could bear to hear the details of that awful tragedy. I only know that he was killed by a false leap of his horse, and crushed to death under its weight.

Let me hasten over the dreadful events that followed. When, on a dismal day in Autumn, we bade farewell to Beauven, our friend was in the vaults of his fathers; his mother was broken-hearted, and Leonie—sweet Leonie—was a lunatic. Gentle and harmless, sitting all day long in the embrasure of the arched window, waiting for George to return from the hunt.

Silently, and without formal leave, the guests departed. We remained among the last, for the countess would have it so. I am not ashamed to say that we were all in tears as each one of us in turn was taken in the arms of the bereaved mother, and blessed because we had loved her George.

Alice wept as if she had been parting from her own kindred, and I—no human being has ever fathomed the depths of my great, great sorrow.

It had been our intention to visit Switzerland, but sympathy for our afflicted friends had taken from us all desire for sight-seeing. We hurried to Liverpool, and scarcely were our hearts lightened of their burden when we reached home.

It was a long time before the old familiar associations that had filled our lives were potent enough to efface the impressions of that tragic visit to the ill-fated chateau of Beauven.

Just one year later, on a sultry evening in September, Chesney and I were journeying together on horseback. We had been canvassing the northern counties of Georgia for a favorite candidate, and, returning home, were belated among the mountains. The situation was somewhat perplexing, for the path was steep and rocky, night was advancing, and we saw and felt the approach of a storm.

"It's of no use to return," remarked Chesney, "for what we have passed is as bad as what lies before us. But for this coming storm we would have had a moon to guide us. And there's not a plateau among these confounded peaks whereon a horse could stand in safety. Bless me, how dark it has become, Percy! I might just as well be blind. This sort of traveling is too exciting to be pleasant."

"So it is, my boy; but by that low thunder-growl down there among the valleys I think we may anticipate a general illumination of the heavens before long."

"Which may frighten our horses, and put our lives in peril," was Chesney's disconsolate reply.

Having nothing to oppose to this dismal supposition, I made no attempt to continue the conversation. We rode on for some time in silence, Chesney having the lead, and I following.

From his position, he was in much greater danger than I. Whatever anxiety I might have felt for my own safety was consequently transferred to his account.

"If we could but stop!" thought I.

But this the horses refused to do. We could not keep them still, and there was nothing for it but to suffer them to go on, and trust to their instinct. We were beyond any help of horsemanship.

The lightning gave us momentary glimpses of what lay before us, and the sight was anything but encouraging. Sometimes it seemed to me impossible for us to escape; but we passed the treacherous windings, and for a moment or two apprehension was lulled by a sense of relief.

I was beginning to feel confident that our horses' sagacity would bring us through, when a louder peal than usual startled Chesney's mare, and she slipped, her forefeet turned toward the brink.

For one second I saw my friend's uplifted eyes; then all was dark again. He must perish; I knew it; and I—oh, how could I ever go again into his wife's presence? How tell her that I had been helpless to save him?

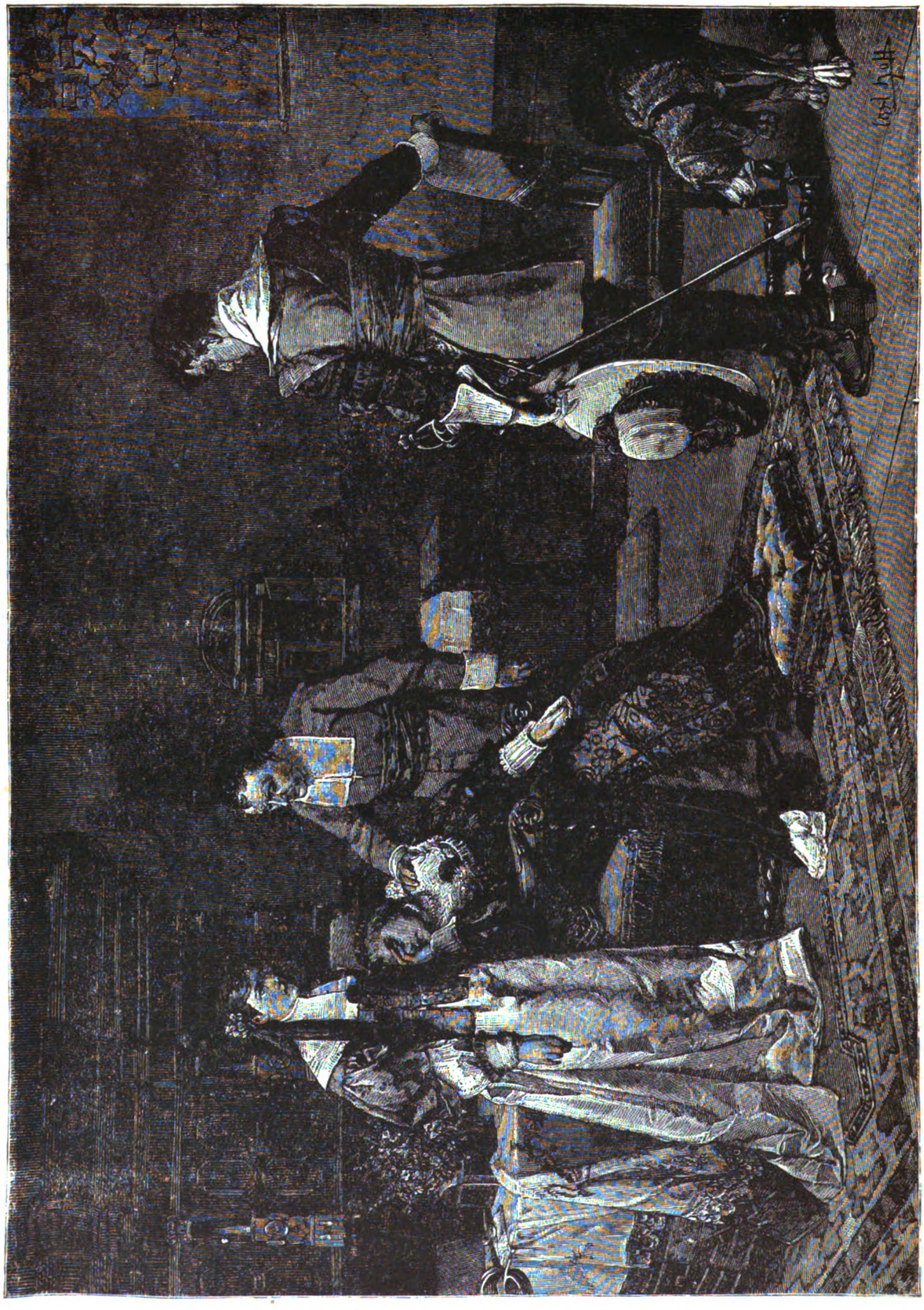
Suddenly the mare was thrown violently back upon her haunches. A hand of preterhuman power had seized the rein, and turned her back into the road. Another flash, and I saw the man whose supernatural strength had saved Chesney's life. Chesney saw him, too.

As I hope to be saved, that man was George de Beauven!

* * * * * * *

Coleridge has said that no man can see a ghost and live. Chesney lived; to superficial observers he was the same man. But his wife felt the subtle change that had come over him—"come over him so suddenly, Arthur. I noticed it first when you returned from that electioneering jaunt last September. Do you remember?"

Did I remember!



BRINGING THE NEWS FROM THE FATAL FIELD.

ROMANTIC INCIDENT OF THE BORDER—MAJOR M'CULLOCH MAKING HIS CELEBRATED LEAP.—SEE PAGE 299.

It was all the more scarred upon my memory that, between Chesney and me it had been a sealed subject. He had never made the most distant allusion to it, and I dared not. It was his dreadful secret, not mine. I had no right to roll away the stone from the sepulchre of this ghastly solitude.

Once only his icy reserve gave way, and then it was but by a gesture. That Winter a boy was born at Chesneywold, and when Alice proposed to name him "George," Chesney's hand went up with a spasm, and then fell limp at his side.

"No, no!" exclaimed I. "The first-born Chesney must bear his father's name. It has always been so. Let's call him William."

"Would it please you, Willie?" asked Alice, peering around me, for I had interposed between the two, and she had not seen him stagger out of the room. "Why, he's gone!" cried she, wondering. "How very, very hard he has taken that poor young man's death!"

"Yes, dear Alice; let us respect his sorrow, and never mention George de Beauven's name again."

"Never, if you think it best, Arthur."

And she was careful after that not to allude at all to our best friend, or to any one of his family.

In her wildest conjectures, Alice, of course, never approached the cause of her husband's altered being, though her whole heart was given up to the thought and hope of his restoration. Her chief anxiety was for his mind; the poor girl fancied that his brain was diseased. We were all three equally wretched; Chesney and I with our miserable secret, and she with her vague dread of madness for him.

At last I could stand it no longer. I begged them to leave Chesneywold, and try change of scene.

"Not for a season, dear Alice, but for several years."

"Why for several years, Arthur? Willie may recover in a year, or in a few months," and her sweet eyes filled with happy tears at the prospect.

"Do not ask me why," was my guarded reply, "but follow my advice to the letter. Make your arrangements for a long absence, and pass your time wheresoever you list, only—mark me, Alice—avoid the southern part of France; perhaps it will be as well to avoid France altogether. In our last visit to Europe we rather neglected Great Britain; suppose you take up your residence there?"

"Why cross the ocean at all, Arthur?"

"A sea-voyage will brace his body, my dear cousin, and so react upon his mind."

Chesney consented because Alice wished it, and they went away in April. Alice's letters were quite satisfactory. They were traveling in England; Chesney was improving, the baby was in a high state of prosperity, and they were enjoying themselves. In every letter I wrote I urged them not to return, nor do I think that they would have done so but for the death of Alice's father, and the necessity for Chesney's presence at home as his sole executor.

This was in November. After a stormy passage they arrived in New York, and early in December they reached Chesneywold. I hastened there to meet them, but I could not speak a word of welcome. As I kissed my cousin's uplifted face—serious because of her bereavement, but hopeful, almost happy in the belief of her husband's

recovery—I felt a great pang in my heart, for, in their unpremeditated return I beheld the hand of destiny—irresistible, inexorable as the Fates in a Greek tragedy.

At the end of a week I made an effort to return home; but my proposition was received with such chagrin by both parties that I had no alternative. I remained, then, the only guest, for Alice's mourning precluded all idea of Christmas festivities. It was written that we must both keep the pledge we had given to the dead, for *had he not kept his* on that awful, awful night? I must bide the issue.

Well—we wakened on Christmas Eve, and though there was to be no company, Alice would have her halls hung with evergreens, and her chandeliers wreathed with holly. Shortly after breakfast one of the plantation wagons came laden with branches and berries; stepladders were sent for, and Chesney and myself went to work.

We were kept busy then, and comparatively cheerful, until we were summoned to dress for dinner. Not a word or look had been exchanged, by which either could divine what was passing in the mind of the other; but, for all that, the dreadful secret was lying like lead upon our hearts.

Up to this hour the day had been a beautiful one, but now the sun became obscured, the bright azure clouds grew dim, then black and threatening; the wind sobbed with the very same sound that De Beauven had said was "eerie"; and by the time we had seated ourselves at the dinner-table a cold rain was pattering against the windows.

As my eye, however, rested first on the rich, warm hue of the crimson hangings, then on the sideboard, sparkling with glass and silver; on the delicate dessert of fruits and pastry that was tastefully laid out on a long, marble-topped *buffet*, and then at the big, bright fire, that leaped and crackled and threw rosy gleams all over the room, I got the better of my superstitious melancholy, and made quite a respectable show of cheerfulness in response to dear, unconscious Alice's efforts to be entertaining.

Chesney was so absent-minded that he scarcely heard his wife, even when she addressed her remarks to him. His abstraction became finally so glaring that she asked him if anything was the matter.

"Nothing in the world, my darling!" was his loving reply.

"Then," resumed she, "you must not mope in such solemn silence, Willie, while Arthur and I are doing our best to honor the season. Positively you shall have no egg-nogg to-night if you don't look more convivial. It is to be served, you know, just after midnight. You remember, dear, that Ceely is to be married to-night, so I have ordered the wherewithal to make egg-nogg for everybody at the quarters. And to-morrow the negroes are to have a barbecue, which is to cost you a steer more than we had anticipated; for while the men were running down the ox that had been fattened for their Christmas, another that was pasturing in the same meadow became so infuriated at the chase that it had to be shot."

Chesney smiled and echoed, "Had to be shot?"

"Yes, dear; I had it properly butchered. Sent three-quarters of it to our neighbors, and to-morrow its knighted loin shall grace our Christmas dinner-table.

"Our Christmas dinner-table!" repeated Chesney, slowly pouring out a glass of wine. "I trust it may be a merry one to you, Alice."

"Oh, Willie!" cried she, interrupting him, "don't anticipate the delights of Christmas morning. To-morrow we shall feast and frolic; but to-day is a vigil. Let it be sacred to memory. I see you have filled your glass. Now, Arthur, let us fill ours, and drink to our absent friends."

We drank the toast, and Chesney at once refilled his glass.

"The pledge is incomplete, Alice. Not only to the absent, but to the lost." Then rising to his feet, he pronounced, very solemnly, these words: "To the memory of George de Beauven, our friend in life and—in death."

To Alice, these words meant no more than met the ear; but to me they bore such painful significance that my very heart (I thought) stood still as I listened.

Do you think me unmanly? Remember that *your* experience has never passed beyond the apprehension of a ghostly presence. *I had seen* a visitant from the spirit-world!

Well, this wretched dinner at last was over. Alice had gone to her nursery, and Chesney and I were left to ourselves. As I looked through the window I fancied that the vailing clouds wore phantom shapes, that the wail of the wind was like the voice of the Banshee.

Once more I crave your indulgence, and bid you remember that the very Scriptures themselves will tell you how humanity shudders at the approach of a fleshless apparition. In God's mercy He suffers very few of those ghastly visitants to reveal themselves to mortal sight; but such of His creatures as have been chosen to endure its tortures bear the brand of such visitation on their being for ever.

There was a long silence; a silence so intense that the mere opening of the door seemed fateful, and startled me. It was only a servant to announce that coffee was served, as usual, in the drawing-room.

Chesney passed out into the hall, and I was about to follow him (the bridegroom-elect, who was to marry Alice's nurse that evening) detained me to whisper that as soon as it was convenient he would like to have the white kid gloves, silk vest and cravat that I had promised him for the occasion. I nodded acquiescence, looked into the drawing-room to excuse myself from coffee, and then bade King follow me up-stairs to my room.

We were some time rummaging my drawers in search of cast-off finery, and he went off with an armful. In the hall we met Alice with a basket of white paper flowers, on her way to decorate Ceely's wedding-supper. She called me to help her, so that, instead of returning to the drawing-room with Chisney, I went off to the laundry, where the supper was to be served.

We had almost completed our festive arrangements, when Alice was called away on some household errand. She left me behind to give a few finishing-touches to the decorations, which having accomplished to my satisfaction, I turned my steps toward the house.

The rain had ceased, the clouds had dispersed, and my humor brightened with the weather. As I hung my hat on the hall-rack I felt as free from superstitious influences as I ever did in my life.

I looked in the drawing-room. It was empty, but lit up; for there the ceremony of King's marriage was to be performed. Then, almost without a purpose, I turned toward the library.

As I looked in the door the room was flooded with moonshine. In one dreadful moment I was conscious that there, just within the circle of the bay-window, stood the figure of a man in an attitude of deep dejection. It was not shadowy, it was not misty: oh, no! no! no! Clear, horribly outlined against the moonlight, was the motionless form of George de Beauven.

I hurried forward to the chair wherein Chesney was seated, his head reposing against its cushioned back. I touched him, I called his name. It was all in vain. He was stone-dead.

ROMANTIC INCIDENT OF THE BORDER—MAJOR McCULLOCH'S LEAP.

We are reviving recollections of a hundred years ago, when the country was struggling to throw off the yoke of England. Bunker Hill, Trenton, Harlem, Princeton, Saratoga, the great battles, have fixed the public attention as their centennials came round; but there were individual exploits that ought not to be buried in oblivion.

The frontier had its great deeds. During the siege of Fort Henry, at Wheeling, in 1777, the fort where Elizabeth Zane acquired deathless renown, Major McCulloch rode through the Indians investing the place, with forty mounted men, and reached the fort. The men, though closely beset by the Indians, made their way into the gate, which opened to receive them.

But McCulloch, like a brave officer, was the last man, and he was cut off from his men, and nearly surrounded by the Indians. He wheeled and galloped toward a lofty hill in the rear of the fort, beset the whole way by Indians, who might have killed him; but, knowing him as one of the bravest and most successful Indian fighters on the frontier, wished to take him alive and gratify their full revenge by subjecting him to the severest tortures.

He intended to ride along the ridge, and thus make his way to Short Creek; but on gaining the top he found himself headed by a hundred savages, while the main body were in keen pursuit in his rear. He was hemmed in on all sides but the east, where the precipice was almost perpendicular and the bed of the creek lay like a gulf, near two hundred feet below him. This, too, would have been protected by the cautious enemy, but the jutting crags forbade his climbing or even descending it on foot, and to attempt it on horseback seemed inevitable death to both rider and steed. But with McCulloch it was only a chance of death and a narrow chance of life.

He chose like a brave man. Setting himself back in his saddle and his feet firmly braced in the stirrups, with his rifle in his left hand and the reins adjusted in his right, he cast one look upon the approaching savages, pushed his spurs into his horse's flanks, and made the decisive leap.

In a few moments the Indians saw their mortal foe, whose daring act they beheld with astonishment, emerging from the valley below, still safely seated on his noble steed, and shouting defiance to his pursuers.

After the escape of McCulloch, the Indians set fire to the cabins and fences outside of the fort, and then raised the siege. The defense had been admirably conducted by the garrison in the face of an enemy thirty times their number.

In the hottest of the fight even the females showed great intrepidity, employing themselves in running bullets, preparing rifle-patches, and infusing new life into the soldiers by words of encouragement. Inside of the fort not a man was killed, and only one wounded, while the loss of the enemy was from sixty to one hundred.

SAGACITY OF A HORSE.

The late Mr. J. Lane, of Frescombe, Ashelworth Parish, Gloucestershire, England, on his returning home one day, turned his horse into a field in which it had been accustomed to graze. A few days before this, the horse had been shod, and unfortunately had been "pinched" in the shoeing of one foot. The morning following Mr. Lane missed the horse, and caused an active search to be made in the neighborhood, when the following circumstances transpired:

The animal, it is supposed, feeling the foot to be uncomfortable, made his way out of the field by lifting the *gate* off the *hinges* with his *teeth*, and went straight to the same farrier's shop where he had been shod, a distance of a mile and a half.

The farrier had no sooner opened his shed than the horse (which had evidently been standing there some time) advanced up to the forge and held up his *ailing foot*. The farrier immediately began to examine the *hoof*, discovered the injury, took off the shoe, and replaced it more carefully, on which the horse calmly turned about, and set off at a merry pace for his well-known pasture.

Shortly after, Mr. Lane's servants, who were in search of the horse, happening to pass the farrier's shop, mentioned their supposed loss, when the farrier replied: "Oh, he has been here and got reshod, and is gone home again!" This, when they returned, they found to be actually the case.

DUCK-SHOOTING ON LAKE ALBUFERA, IN SPAIN.

We say "Lake Albufera," but, in reality, that is only saying "Lake the Lake"; for, Albufera is good Arabic for the latter words. It is what on Long Island used to be called a "sepuss," and, perhaps, is yet—a sheet of water, separated from the sea by a bar of sand, contrasting its still, blue waters with the turbulent waves that beat without, like some sober follower of Penn and Fox chiding the busy, passion-led world around him. This sheet of water, nine miles from Valencia, is, of course, a haunt of wild-fowl, and a favorite resort of sportsmen. Fishing and fowling here are open to all men only on two days—St. Martin's, November 11th, and St. Catharine's, November 25th.

A friend abroad, who reached Valencia just in time to see the sport at Martinmas, writes:

"We had just crossed the great canal called the King's Acequia, a word all Californians understand, when the magnificent lake burst on our view in all its extent, bounded at the horizon by the rugged Falconera range and Mount Monduber, the highest peak in the kingdom of Valencia. I cannot in words describe the wonderful animation that reigned all around the lake. You must see the great holiday of the Valencians to comprehend their gayety and vivacity. Under the trees, in the broiling sun, they were chatting, talking, flirting, breakfasting, begging, dancing.

"The sportsmen were busy preparing their pieces, for the grand battue was soon to come off. Off in mid-lake we could discern black spots, yards and yards long. These were wild-duck, geese, sarcelles, and other varieties, quietly reposing, or swimming on the surface, apparently unconscious of the war soon to open on them.

"The signal to embark is given. All the boats moved out in order, and rowed to the centre of the lake, forming an immense line. As we advanced, the two ends of this line curved in, so as to inclose the game. One of the flocks, containing several thousand birds, rose at once, and spread like a black cloud over the blue face of the heavens. The rattle of firearms began, and as the circle narrowed in, flock after flock arose. Our turn came, and we brought down some beautiful black-duck and sarcelles. The game, driven to and fro, and forced to break through the line of sportsmen, became more abundant; it was as much as we could do to pick up and reload. At last, the birds broke through, and sought refuge at the other end of Albufera; but the boats followed, and many were brought down, till at last the wearied remnant rose, and

made seaward. Most of the boats now steered toward the shore, satisfied with the day's slaughter, for, after all, there was little in it to satisfy a genuine sportsman."

THE FAKIR.

One of the specialties of India which, on my first landing, amused me greatly, was the Fakir; and my amusement has not even now staled into indifference toward him. Indeed, to me, who am in no way put to discomfort by them, the Fakirs seem entitled to receive from us some of that respect which, in spendthrift ignorance, the natives so lavishly spend upon them. Not like chrysalis, inviting reverence by the proud splendor of his robes, but by the humility of nakedness commanding it, the Fakir holds in awe the starveling poor. His old rags are his regalia, his filth an ermine more honored than the bee-sprent mantle of the Napoleons. Cleaving to his ancient staff, as Luther clung to his tattered psalter, the Fakir stakes his fortunes upon the poverty of his appointments. And in a country where gorgeousness of apparal marks out the wearer as one to whom honor is due, the mean trappings of the man of God appeal forcibly to the popular superstition. His tithes are collected without dispute; his checks upon heaven discounted on earth without murmuring. Clearing for himself a spot by a frequented road, he seats himself, and by the very grimness of his presence compels respect from the passer-by, who, the ignorant of them, invest him with all the traditional glories of the great ascetics of story, and from their own scanty store give in alms to the old man whose age and helpless misery they can see, and whose virtue they cannot disprove.

A FAKIR AND HIS HOME.

A LONG-HAIRED FAKIR.

To the robuster temperament of Europeans the mumping hypocrisies of Fakirs, their ostentatious display of wretchedness and deformity, their cruel power over the very poor, are causes for regret; but the natives take high ground when they assert their right to believe in the ultimate harvest to be reaped from charities sown at random along the roads of life. To us it all seems degrading, and we wonder at them much as we would have wondered at the strange people of Menantra who worshiped the Southern Cross, and paid with their shell-currency for slabs of blue sleep. Yet in a useless way it is pleasant to pretend to admire credulity, for superstitions were the earliest outcome of reason, the *primitiæ*, the first products of a simple humanity cursed by the absence of history, aching for a Past and for something to believe in. Being thus prompted by only natural and beautiful aspirations, they cannot be altogether unworthy of admiration. When the Chinese hold up, for the example of youth, the fabled glories of Yu the Great, or the virtuous splendor of the mother of Shangte, we respect the motive; and if the Fakir, openly professing to be in his own person an exemplar of the self-denying recluses of old, a concrete expression of the abstract virtue of self-denial, holds himself out to the public notice as a living warning against the vanities of life, should we altogether protest against him? It is well to be reminded that heaven is not only for the successful—well even for the wretched peasant who has neither love for the Past nor pleasure in the Present, to have some hope in the Future. And if he believes the hideous mendicant when he says that he has the powers of a St. Patrick or St. Christopher; that the calf he brings with him tricked out with cowries possesses within its silly head the rain-compelling Yehd; and in that belief gives him a handful of dry grains, let him, in God's name, give it.

ONE TYPE OF HINDOO FAKIR.

A MOHAMMEDAN FAKIR.

A FAKIR OF CALCUTTA.

He is, after all, not much worse in doing so than those who, innocent of all superstition, recognize bodily misery and do not relieve it.

It was a Fakir, the dirtiest of his kind, that led me to discover that there was poetry of a sort in cutting one's throat. He was a laboriously dirty man, for where others of the brigade had only a layer of dust upon their heads, he had a little mound: the unkempt locks of his comrades were on him replaced by ropes, matted with horrid cosmetics into the hair and hanging down to his knees. His body was gray as a squirrel's tail with a pigment of dust laid on with some viscous matter; the ribs on either side stood out staring from the daubing of ochre laid in the hollows between each. Small in size, and of unparalleled leanness, this incarnation of dirt had attracted my attention. It was the day of a great fair held at the junction of two holy rivers, and I was purchasing some curiosities at a stall, haggling over cornelian marbles, agate beads, and absurd alabaster monkey-gods and goddesses with very rounded limbs and silly faces, when the Fakir came sauntering up. While I was watching him he lifted a little Mahadeo off the stall, and from his own head reverentially transferred a wafer of Ganges mud to the occiput of the idol. Then leisurely turning round, he picked his way through the holy-water bottles exposed for sale upon the sand, as carefully as the superstitious Chinaman picks his way across a floor that is strewn with papers, and approached the Sacred Rivers. Heedless of the worshipers, who, all up and down, a mile's length on either hand, fringed the river; heedless of the thousand bathers, of the shameless clamor of the Brahmans and of the invocations of the crowd, the suicide stepped composedly into the water, and with even steps advanced until his long rope-matted hair was trailing in the mingling rivers. And then on a sudden a knife flashed from the waistcloth. A wild cry—that rose above all the clamor of the fair, startled myriads into a moment of silence, and turned all eyes toward him—went up to "GUNGAGEE." There was just one rapid, desperate motion of the arm, and the next moment under the rippling water lay the body of the Fakir. And his soul had gone to its gods. The cry was of course "the fanatical screech of a bigoted idolator about to sacrifice himself to some vile heathen deity," but nevertheless there rang through it a very human cry of ordinary pain. Perhaps the Fakir was doing what he thought his duty at the bitter price of life. Perhaps this earth of ours had attractions even for such as him, and that serving a less bloody god he might have preferred to live.

AN INDIAN FAKIR.

IN the capital of Burmah gold or gilded umbrellas, which in the provinces may be carried by anybody, are reserved for princes of the blood alone; consequently red umbrellas are affected by the gay sparks of Burmese society as being the next thing most gaudy in appearance. Etiquette has also fixed the exact number of umbrellas that Burmese nobles may display when they approach the "lord of the golden palace"; and no one but the Bin She-Men, or heir-apparent, is entitled to have borne over his litter the full complement of eight golden umbrellas.

A REMARKABLE PLANT.

Anise grows wild in Egypt, in Syria, Palestine and all parts of the Levant, but the Romans considered the Egyptian and Cretan anise to be the best, especially for medicinal purposes. The product of Southern Europe is now looked upon with favor. Among the ancients anise seems to have been a common potherb in every garden. Although it is less used in medicine by the moderns than by the ancients, it still retains its former reputation as an excellent stomachic, particularly for delicate women and young children.

The Romans chewed it in order to keep up an agreeable moisture in the mouth, and to sweeten the breath, while some Orientals still do the same. Some of the Persian poets have sung the agreeable qualities of the anise, and a modern street-ballad of Rome compares the slender grace of a young girl to the anise.

Anise is an annual plant, growing to the height of one foot, carries a white flower, and blooms from June till August. The seeds are imported, and used in large quantities on account of their aromatic and carminative properties. The distilled plant, when used in blossom, yields a sweeter and more grateful tincture than can be obtained from the seeds.

Anise is extensively employed by the confectioner for the purpose of flavoring comfits and cordials. The anise-seed cordial of the shops is a compound of alcohol, anise-seed and angelica. The oil is obtained by distillation from the seeds, and though habitually mixed with a great many cattle-medicines, and regarded by the farmers of former generations as one of the most potent drugs, it performs scarcely any other office than the communicating of an agreeable fragrance. The Chinese cultivate it for the seasoning of dishes; and the Japanese employ bundles and garlands of it in the ceremonies of their heathenish superstition. Its appearance, when out of flower, as well as when in bloom, is decidedly ornamental.

ANTIQUE GEMS.

In the search for antique gems, though there are many blanks there are pretty sure to be a few prizes now and again, possibly in the shape of Greek work of the finest period, the age of Phidias and Praxiteles. It will be well, however, to explain to the reader what we mean by "antique gems." These are not to be found, perhaps, in my lady's treasure-casket of glittering brilliants or gleaming sapphires, which she takes out, together with her Venetian point lace, to grace ball-room or drawing-room. Some of them, perhaps, may be of equal intrinsic value, and, as works of art, incomparably more priceless than machine-cut stones, whose glitter, after all, is excelled by the dew-drop on the grass. Engraved gems, then, are the signet rings of antiquity—the seals wherewith the men of old time, whether of Egypt, Assyria, Greece or Rome, sealed their documents and protected their goods.

The portable goods of a man were, no doubt, at first secured by a seal of clay from the banks of the Nile or Tigris, stamped with a bit of worm-eaten reed rolled over it, which reed the owner retained in his possession. The marks on his little cylinder of reed, and the corresponding marks on the clay seal, would always assure him that his property had not been tampered with. What more natural than that a cylinder of stone, engraved with various devices, should take the place of the reed? This, in fact, was the first step in the art of gem-engraving. And the little cylinder of serpentine, agate or lapis-lazuli, engraved with those quaint archaic figures with which Mr. Layard has made us familiar, hung suspended from the wrist of the curled Assyrian exquisite by a golden thread long before Jonah came to Nineveh. This was, in fact, the signet with which he sealed his possessions and documents. And in that great treasure-house of antiquities, the British Museum, may be at this day seen, by those who care to search for them, the cylinder signets of King Darius, and of Sennacherib, the Assyrian.

GENEVA FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Geneva itself, in the Winter of 1830–31, just fifty years ago, was a microcosm of the most polished society in Europe. De Candolle, De la Rive, Necker de Saussure, taught science in her schools; the illustrious Rossi, afterward the victim of Roman atrocity, professed civil law and lectured on the immortal contest of the United Provinces against the tyranny of Spain; Sismondi, the historian of the Italian Republics and of France, and the brother-in-law of Macintosh, kept an open house; Bonstetten, the friend of Gray and the rival of Alfieri, still survived. The Government of the little Republic was carried on, with gratuitous and enlightened zeal for the public interests, by men of hereditary reputation for talents and virtues. The recent revolution in Paris had cast on the shores of Lake Leman many of the most brilliant members of French society. M. de Chateaubriand appeared there. Cavour, still young and half Cenevese (for his mother was a Mlle. de Sellon, sister of the Duchesse de Clermont Tonnerre), began to mix in society. Mrs. Marcet and the Romillys represented the most cultivated society of England, and a host of foreigners of all lands, Russians, Poles, Italians and Greeks, sought in Geneva a haven of safety or a seat of learning and of freedom. Colonel Huber-Saladin, who is himself a distinguished member of the Genevese aristocracy, has given us a vivid picture of his celebrated little Republic at the most brilliant period of its existence. In this remarkable assemblage it is not too much to say that M. and Mme. de Circourt shone with pre-eminent lustre, and they took their places in the society of Europe.

SARAH SIDDONS AND LADY MACBETH.

Late one night Mr. Siddons was sitting by the fire in the modest family parlor, which, in that most unassuming household, served as dining-room or drawing-room, as the case might be. He was smoking calmly his last pipe, and beginning to think about going to bed, whither, as this was not one of her evenings at the theatre, he believed his wife had gone already. The house was sunk in dreamy silence, so was the quiet street outside; silence only broken, now and then, by the roll of distant wheels. The actor had been drawing a vague picture of a little holiday trip which he and Sarah would take next Summer, and had fallen into a half doze, in which he was driving down a country lane all scented with honeysuckle; all draped with eglantine. Suddenly he was roused, with a start, by hurried footsteps, that were flying rather than running down the passage. Who could it be? he asked himself, all in a maze and a wonder, as he jumped up and rubbed his sleep-laden eyes. He had scarcely had time to let the question go darting through his brain, when the door of the room was flung open quickly, as by a hasty, trembling hand, and a female figure rushed in.

Mr. Siddons gazed in speechless astonishment, not unmixed with a touch of fear. There before him stood his wife, her fine hair disheveled, her dress all in disorder

her face all quivering with strong emotion. In bewildered alarm he asked her what was the matter, but her only answer was to throw herself into his arms, and burst into a torrent of tears. He soothed her tenderly, not knowing what to think, and gradually she grew calmer. Then her words made the mystery plain enough. Instead of going to bed, as he had bade her do, she had been sitting up studying her part as *Lady Macbeth;* and the character had so completely absorbed her in itself, she had so entirely realized the horror of each situation in the play—had seen it all so distinctly before her eyes, as if she had been there in the body—that a wild, unreasonable terror had seized her, and she had rushed away to seek human companionship.

THE LONE TREE OF GOFF'S HOLLOW.

You are a stranger to our great American forests, I see, and it's no wonder you ask me so many questions about the trees and wild creatures, for they all have a sort of romance about them, though in a rough way.

As we passed along, I noticed you looked at some tall stumps of trees that were cut down at a height of twelve or fourteen feet from the ground. I guess your mind was puzzled about them.

I've known folks who were unused to the woods ask if there were giants around when these trees were cut down, because the arms of no common mortal could reach them so high up with an ax. Others have guessed that the lumbermen who cut them must have gone up ladders; and they were puzzled to know why.

Listen to what I have to tell, and you will know that if there be strange things that happen in your big cities, so it is with us here in those old woods of ours.

Many years ago there came to settle in these parts a family whose name was believed to be Goff, though there were other stories about that. They were three in number. The man Goff seemed to be about forty years of age, though he might have been less, for his face was haggard, and there was a strange, wild light in his deepset eyes. His hands were soft and delicate when he first came among us, showing that he had not then been used to rough work.

His wife was a small creature, of some seven or eight-and-twenty; and of all the sad faces I ever saw, here was the saddest. One might say that there was a sorrowful story written upon her poor, wistful face, in the lines by which it was marked.

They had with them a bright boy of four, who, after a while, used to come around among the wood-choppers, and was the only one of the strange family with whom the neighbors had often a chance to talk.

Goff used to be much out in the woods with his rifle, and as these forests were then alive with game, he could keep a pretty good larder in the loghouse occupied by him, which he fitted up with all sorts of fixings, that we folks of the hard-fisted sort never should have troubled ourselves with.

He had lots of books with him, and as some of these were in strange languages, we, of course, knew him for a scholar, and this set queer stories afloat as to his having been a minister, or a lawyer, or a doctor, or something of the kind, who had got into trouble with the world, and had come here to bury himself in the woods, and escape having fingers pointed at him.

Anyhow, he had not been long here when his poor heart-broken wife sickened and died. It was a sad November day, with a sprinkling of snow on the ground when we carried her on a hand-sled through the solemn woods to the little log church, four miles away, and in the churchyard of that she was buried.

After his wife's death a deeper gloom seemed to settle upon Goff, and he became more unsociable and morose than ever. His only consolation now was his boy, who seemed precious to him as the apple of his eye. He used to make bows and arrows for him, and taught him how to use them; and whenever a tribe of roving Indians came along that way, Goff's boy would be very thick with the small redskins of his own age, from whom he learned much about the woods and waters.

The only man in our neighborhood with whom Goff cottoned was a wild, shiftless fellow named Morgan, who never did a steady day's work in his life, but went about a good deal with Indians, hunting and fishing, and drinking whisky, when he could get it, as they did.

Goff took a liking to this man, and used to let him loaf around the place, and go and come as he pleased. Often they would go out hunting deer together, and on these occasions, Morgan's mother, who lived in a shanty not far away, would take charge of young Goff, for they loved the boy, who was especially attached to Morgan, as boys often are to roving characters of the kind.

Sometimes Goff and Morgan used to have words with each other, but nothing serious ever came of these little spats, and they seemed in general to be on friendly terms.

There was a camp of strange Indians here one time, who came along through some far-off lakes and rivers in their canoes, and remained hereabouts for a few days only. From the day when these Indians left, Morgan was missing, and so was Goff's boy. Of course, the suspicion was that Morgan might have had a quarrel with Goff, and out of revenge have gone off with the Indians, taking the boy with them.

Goff was frantic at the loss of his boy, to the extent that at first he seemed incapable of action. Then, recovering his energies, he made up a party of hunters, and went in pursuit of the Indians; but with these they never came up, nor was it ever known from where these wily redskins came, and whither they went.

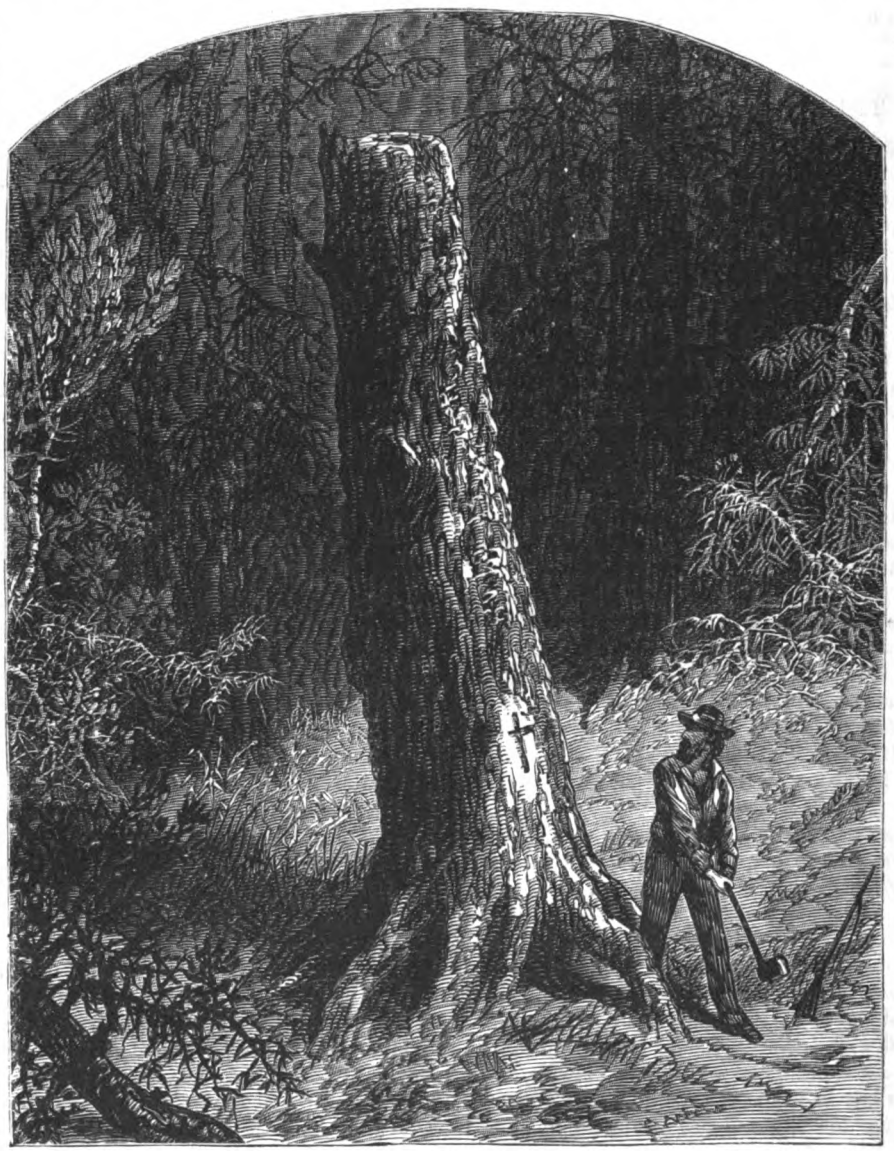
Then Goff became a prey to melancholy, of a kind that had danger in it; and none of us were sorry when he made arrangements for selling out his little property here; having done which, he went away as silently as he had come, giving no hint as to his movements, and bidding nobody farewell.

Years passed on, and many changes took place in these parts, which became settled by degrees, and took on more with civilization than they used to do. We used to get hold of newspapers now once in a while, and the part of these most eagerly read by us was that which brought us in contact, so to speak, with the great cities, which few of us ever had a chance of visiting, and, therefore, wanted all the more to hear about.

One day the clerk in the store was reading out to a lot of us, from a New York paper that had just come to hand. There was an account in it of a strange, lone man, who had died in a tavern in that city, leaving no trace of his name or belongings, but only a written paper, containing a confession that made some of us start, for it seemed to throw light upon the dark things of which I have just been telling you.

This confession, much of which was blotted out, as if the writer had repented of making all known, amounted to about this: The writer, who did not give his name, was living at one time, he said, in a certain backwoods settlement, of which he did not give the locality. While there, he had a quarrel with a man, who was sometimes employed by him, and they were going to fight it out with weapons,

but were separated by some neighbors. Shortly after this the writer, so he said, heard that a deer had been seen in a hollow of the woods, near by where he lived, and he went out with his rifle to look for it. After a while he saw the deer move among some thick branches of a fallen tree, and drawing a bead upon it, fired. Nothing stirring, he went up to where he supposed the deer had fallen, and, to his horror, saw stretched out before him dead the man with whom he had quarreled in the morning. Unfortunately, the man wore a deer-skin cap, which led to the mistake. Then remorse and fear overwhelmed the slayer, for he knew that, viewing his late quarrel with the dead man, all the neighbors would swear that he had murdered him in spite, instead of by mischance. To remove all traces of the crime, then, he bethought him of a wily plan. When the top-hamper has been cut away from a great tree that has been blown down by the wind, with its roots partly in the ground, such is the spring of the roots, as he well knew, that the part of the tree left attached to them is jerked back into its place with a sudden snap, the roots falling into their old grooves as nice as a button, without leaving a trace of their having been torn up. Throwing the dead man into the cavity then, he went for an ax which he kept in a hollow tree, not far off. With this he cut through the tree at a distance of some twenty feet from the roots, when, no sooner had he jumped away clear from it than back it sprang, and the dead man's grave and monument were there in less time than it takes to tell about them. Then, the writer said, he carved a cross upon the tree with his ax. And that was all of the manuscript that was legible.



THE LONE TREE OF GOFF'S HOLLOW.—"HE CARVED A CROSS UPON THE TREE WITH HIS AX."

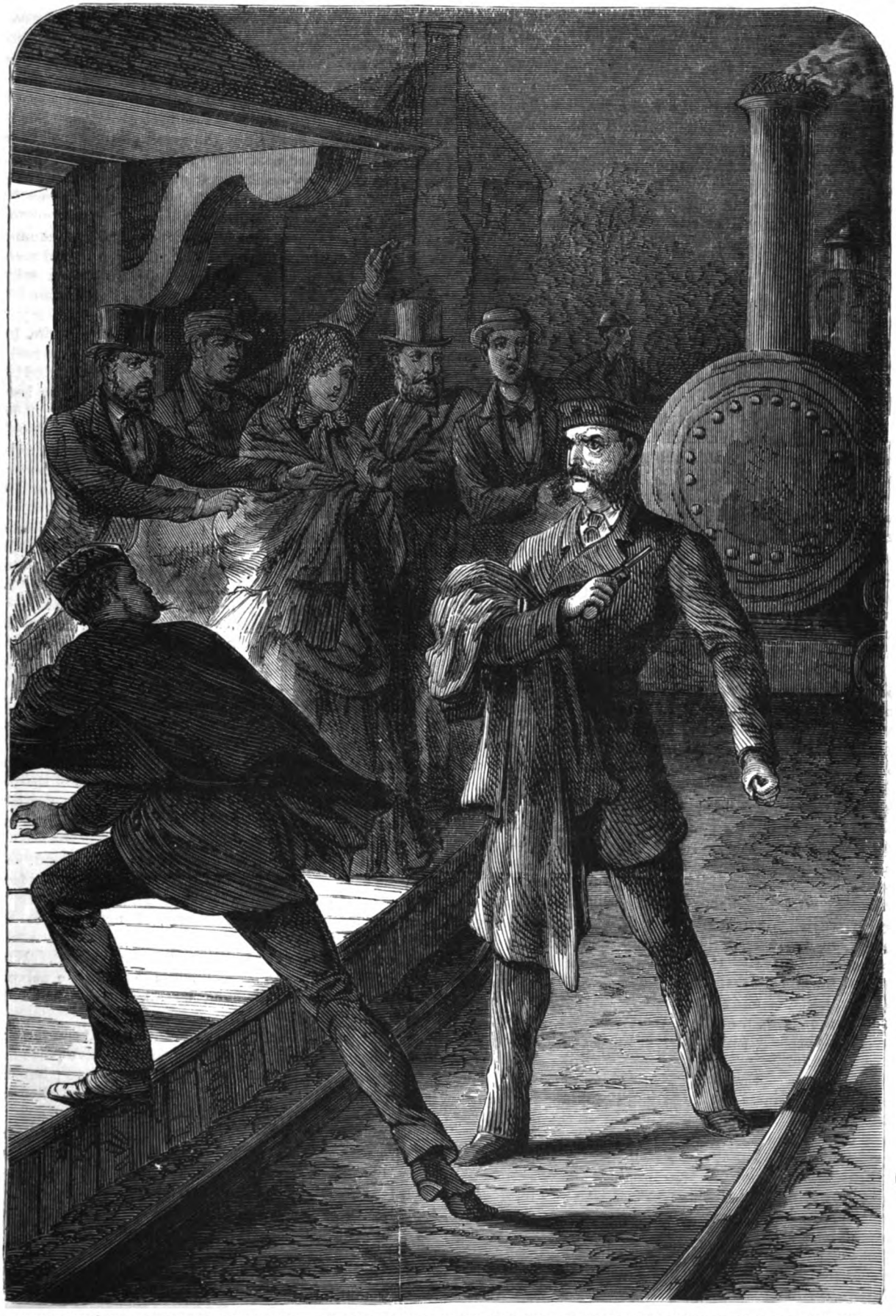
Before the reading of this confession was quite finished, three of the party—I was one of them myself—had sprung to their feet, for the whole thing flashed upon us at once. The writer of the confession must have been Goff, and no one else. The person who had bought out Goff, in clearing away the woods in the hollow already mentioned, noticed a headless old basswood tree, with a cross carved upon it, and this he left standing, and in course of time it threw out young branches and leaves at the top, and became a landmark among the surrounding stumps.

For this tree, then, a crowd of us made with all speed, and after an hour's hard work with pickaxes and shovels we disinterred the remains of a man. It was a mere skeleton, with a few rags upon it, and the name of Morgan was yet to be seen carved on the stock of the rusty old rifle that lay by it. This we expected, but what was our horror on searching the cavity further to find in it also the skeleton of a child, certain marks yet observable on the clothing of which showed that it was all that remained of Goff's boy!

It would have been far to go to find a coroner; and what good would a coroner have been, anyhow, since we had all made up our minds about the facts of this sad case? What we all agreed upon was that while Goff was engaged in cutting the tree, his boy stole down unperceived, and thinking that he saw his friend Morgan asleep at the foot of the great mass of upright roots, nestled in beside him, just as the tree sprang back, and so met with a terrible death at the hands of his father, who was all unconscious that the grave devised by him for the slain man was also that of his own darling child.

And so we buried the remains of the two at the foot of the old tree, which stands as a headstone for them to the present day.

And now you know how it is that very tall stumps of trees are sometimes to be seen in the clearings.



JOHN GILPIN'S RACE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.—"I SAW A SMOOTH-FACED MAN IN A SKULL-CAP ATTEMPT TO DRAG A SWARTHY ONE, WHO HELD A PISTOL, FROM THE TRACK OF THE ADVANCING ENGINE; SAW HIM SPRING BACK."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

JOHN GILPIN'S RACE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

I HAD left London by an evening train, on the Brighton Railway.

It was my intention to make a short visit to Paris; but an adventure which befell me before I reached Newhaven caused a change in my plan, and postponed the journey for a time, at least, and came very near postponing it altogether. It happened in this wise: At starting I had been the sole occupant of a first-class compartment, in a carriage placed about the middle of the train, which consisted of not more than five or six carriages in all.

At the first or second stopping-place—I think the first—after leaving London, my door was suddenly opened by he guard, and a young girl, not more than two-and-twenty, got in. She was closely muffled and vailed, her face invisible; but the elasticity of her step, and the tones of her voice when speaking to the guard, were ample confirmation that she was no older, and possibly younger, than I have stated.

The door closed—locked, as the custom is—the bell sounded, and the train went flying onward in the darkness, which was every moment growing more and more dense.

The day had closed in, gloomy and dismal enough to have fully warranted me in waiting for a more auspicious occasion—every indication, as night fell, giving premonition of a coming storm, unusual in its strength and continuance.

But for some time I had contemplated this visit, and had written to my friend John Gilpin, the head of our branch-house at Paris, to expect me on such a date—the day succeeding my present departure.

Such being the state of affairs, I was entirely unwilling to permit the accident of foul weather and the minor discomforts occasioned thereby in crossing the Channel to influence me to the extent of a postponement.

I am an old man now, and at that time, though passing for what is called middle-aged, was well advanced in the dignity of gray hairs and whiskers; so that it is not at all probable my exterior presented anything alarming to the mind or fancy of the young girl who had thus become a silent partner, as it were, of my night-journey—even if she had noticed my presence at all, which scarcely seemed to be the case.

Already settled comfortably in my seat, I did not disturb myself on the young girl's advent. There was plenty of room, and she availed herself of it, with that freedom characteristic of the traveled English-speaking man or woman, "wherever dispersed."

Accordingly, I allowed myself to drift into that semi-somnolent condition, excusable in men of middle-age, perhaps, but perfectly insufferable in those of younger years, when traveling by rail.

Possibly it was the more pardonable in this instance, because the business of the day had been unusually heavy, which, added to the preparation for departure, had left me more than ordinarily fatigued.

I was in the middle of a singular dream, which had for its principal personage an unscrupulous and vindictive old woman, who was endeavoring to force me into relinquishing the means whereby I gained a livelihood, when I was aroused by a shock that sent me whirling to the opposite side of the compartment, and I found myself clasped around the neck by a pair of vigorous young arms, and heard a series of alarmed exclamations, merged in and drowned by wilder cries and shrieks from the outside.

The hissing of shut-off steam, the grinding of wheels, the snap and jar and crash of carriages coming into collision, told me plainer than words what had happened. We were off the track. I shall never forget the sensation of horror which came over me on that occasion. Nor the result of the accident—not the result of the shock to my nervous system, but something far worse. It was the discovery that the supposed young girl was the youthful wife of my venerable friend, John Gilpin, whom I supposed to be at that precise moment safely housed in Paris.

But if my discovery of her identity at such a moment was a startling one to me, what must the mutual recognition have been to her, knowing, as she did, or might have done, that I was on my way to meet her husband?

I had heard some rumors of the unhappiness of my old friend's married life—among others, that his wife had once or twice, in violent outbreaks of temper, threatened to leave him for ever. I had known that she had married him solely for his money, and the social position it gave her—if any reliance can be placed on society gossip; but I had not known that she was so regardless of the opinions of the world as to break loose from all restraint, social, moral and religious, that her presence here, traveling alone by a night-train, hooded and masked, as it were, for evident purpose of disguise, seemed to predicate.

There was no time for an explanation, even if she had been desirous of making any, which may be doubted; for, beyond the white, sickly horror that overspread her face when her vail fell off, and the sudden withdrawal of her hands, she gave no indication of having recognized me.

I did not stand upon ceremony, you may readily believe; I pulled back the door, which had been loosened from its fastenings by the shock, and dashed out, closely followed by my friend's wife.

The instinct of self-preservation was, naturally enough, strong upon me—as it would have been, no doubt, on most men under similar circumstances—but the instincts, or, perhaps, I should say, the anxiety of Mrs. Gilpin, appeared to have little thought of preservation of self therein, for, slipping past me, she darted between two partially overturned cars separated by a broken coupling, and disappeared in the gloom and darkness beyond.

My first impulse was to follow her; my second, as I thought of the anxiety for avoidance depicted on her face, caused me to hesitate, pause, and finally turn back, to give my attention and assistance, if need be, to the accident and its results.

It proved to be not so bad as at first supposed. With the exception of some bruises, and the jar to the nervous system, more or less suffered by all, no one had been injured.

A broken rod and a misplaced switch had been the primary cause, it appeared; and over the defective place had safely passed the locomotive and baggage-vans; but the loosened rails had moved with the weight, thus allowing the last carriage to leave the track.

It took two hours of hard work, joined in by all the passengers that could conveniently assist, before the cars could be got back again, and, in the meantime, an up-train for London was brought to a standstill, and compelled to wait.

At the end of the time mentioned we were ready for a start, and I was on the point of taking my place in the compartment I had occupied, when the up-train started, and I caught a full view of the face of my friend's wife at one of the windows, and close beside it another face—that of a man.

He was unknown to me; and I had only time to notice that he was young and swarthy, with immense side-whiskers, as the train moved off.

But the contrast of the swarthy face and the pallid one was too striking to be forgotten. Even yet, by closing my eyes, I can see them with marvelous distinction—the one lit by a glow of triumph, the other anguished with an awful despair.

I dropped into my seat, resolutely refusing to think what this might signify, and striving with all my mental powers to forget what I had seen.

Need I say without success?

Whether our engineer attempted to make up for the two hours of lost time, I cannot say. If he did, it is quite certain that he was not successful; for, on reaching the railway terminus, it was found that the boat for Dieppe had been gone some time.

There was no help for it, however. Those of us who were *en route* for France must wait till the next morning, whether such arrangement was pleasant or otherwise.

I made my way, with others, to a small hotel, where a choice of inconvenient rooms was still open, and located for the night.

I was just finishing my first course—taking, as my custom is when traveling, my meals in my rooms—when I was interrupted (I cannot say astonished or surprised) by a hurried knock, and a still more hurried opening of my door, followed by the stout frame of my friend John Gilpin.

I have said the stout frame, for it was certainly the body; but the spirit looking at me through those haggard eyes, and even the usually kindly face, marked, as it now was, with stern lines of suffering, bore so little resemblance to my old friend, that I might well have doubted his identity, but for that chance meeting at the Brighton Railway. To *that*, this might be considered, it flashed upon me, a fitting sequence.

How he had discovered me, or how it happened that he was here, instead of being in Paris, ready to greet me on my expected arrival, I did not even inquire. No thought or question bearing on either phase of the situation came to my mind. Only the result impressed me.

That was sufficient to stir my feelings to their lowest depths.

With whatever of energy I am capable of when aroused, I sprang up, and caught my friend's hand, and would have borne him to my own seat in front of the fire, but, with a loud, despairing cry, all his attempts at composure gave way, and throwing both arms around my neck, he exclaimed, gaspingly:

"Oh, William! William! she's gone—gone! And I did love her so! Lost! deserted her home! and I am desolate!"

The habits and business of my life have always had a tendency to keep me calm and collected on all occasions; but I must admit that I felt this to be an emergency calculated to try my powers.

What I said, and what I did, to soothe and restore him to something like calmness, I am unable now to recall; but whatever it was, it must have gradually proved effective, for at length he allowed himself to be persuaded into trying something warm and strengthening, until finally he grew into a likeness of my old friend sufficiently to narrate what had befallen him.

It was substantially as follows:

He had received my letter announcing the fulfillment of my long-promised visit to Paris, but had omitted to mention the fact to his wife, being desirous of giving her a pleasurable surprise.

He had so often since his marriage (which was the first, last, and only time I had seen his wife till to-night) spoken of his old friend and business associate, William Dustdown—had so frequently dwelt on the pleasure it would be to him to strengthen the acquaintance begun at their marriage, by receiving me at their own fireside, and in their own house—that the anticipated enjoyment of my prospective visit had induced him to keep from her the fact of my expected arrival.

He had, however, mentioned that he expected a visitor—without designating whom—and had given instructions for apartments to be in readiness.

What, then, had been his surprise—his amazement—his despair—on reaching home, after business, and going softly to his wife's rooms, as was his wont, to find everything in confusion; wardrobes opened and disarranged; dresses and other articles of female wear in miscellaneous heaps and scattered about the apartments; some jewelry and finery lying loose upon bureau and table; and, in short, all the evidence of a hurried and disordered mind bent on some sudden and terrible purpose.

He had sent at once for her maid, as soon as he had recovered from the first shock, and with deep forebodings had questioned her.

She knew nothing further than that her mistress had been secluded in her own apartments most of the day, and had ordered that she was on no account to be disturbed. She had not seen her go out, and could suggest nothing, but broke down in grief and tears as she looked about her.

"For," said my friend, with a tremor in his voice, "there was not a servant nor child about the place but I and Lucille. She was all innocence, all goodness, all charity, all love!"

After a brief struggle with himself, during which he arose and walked the floor, he resumed his seat, and went on with his narrative.

He had dismissed the girl, locked the rooms, and gone to his library adjoining, where the first thing that attracted his attention on entering was a letter, placed prominently on a book on the centre-table.

This letter, addressed to himself, was in his wife's handwriting.

Opening his pocketbook, my friend took out a folded paper and handed it to me in silence, signifying, by a gesture, that I should read it.

It was closely written, in a fair, delicate, womanly hand, but bore unmistakable evidence of haste and great mental disturbance. Here and there the words were blotted and blurred—could it be with tears?—but I had no difficulty in making out the following:

"My Dear Husband—For the last time in this life I write these words: and oh! would to heaven I could express in them the boundless love I feel for you at this moment! For never, never have you been so dear to me as now—when I am about to leave you for ever! How can I write it—how can I tell you what has happened? How can I wring your kind and loving heart with the terrible knowledge of my own unworthiness? How explain the fearful secret kept from you by my dead mother, and at her earnest request, by me? She insisted that all was well. Until to-day I fondly believed it. But to-day, to-day what a mine has opened beneath my feet! I have learned that I am unworthy of you—that you can no longer love me. That your love, which has been the light of my world, my universe, must now be a joy of the past. Since yesterday, all is blank, my darling. The great heart that I have so fondly deemed my own must no longer think of me, or remember me only as one unworthy.

"Farewell! Do not attempt to follow me—to find me! I leave all behind me, for which my life is worth having, in your tenderness—your love! Forget me. Strive to be happy, and again farewell. Lucille."

My thoughts on reading this letter, for the second time,

THE GROWTH OF THE CERAMIC ART.— A POTTER IN THE PRIMITIVE AGE.— SEE PAGE 311.

as I did, it would be vain to analyze. Reading it only by the light of her husband's love, it seemed utterly impossible to doubt for a moment the writer's innocence.

But in the glaring light of what I had seen that night, how could I hold her guiltless ?

Should I tell him ?

This was the question that rose in my mind as I handed him back the letter ; and to gain time, I took a turn up and down the room.

What was the secret kept from him by the dead mother? Had he any idea of its bearing ?

Not the remotest. He had asked himself the same question over and over again, but despaired of an answer. The mother, he said, though a worldly woman—vain and frivolous—had always appeared to be a lady of the utmost candor and truthfulness—traits which were shining characteristics of the daughter.

An involuntary sigh, quickly suppressed, arose to my lips, as I looked at the round, boyish, guileless face of my old friend, and thought that he was the most incompetent of men to judge of the despair, and, perhaps, baser motives actuating mankind.

What else had he ascertained ?—for it was evident from his presence here that he must have found some clew to her flight.

He had traced her, circuitously, and after infinite

ANCIENT PERUVIAN POTTERY.

PERUVIAN POTTERY.

ETRUSCAN VASE.

trouble, to the *embarcadère*, in the Rue d'Amsterdam; thence to Rouen, where he lost the trace. Thence she might have gone to Havre or Dieppe, or a dozen other smaller places; but he had assumed that it was one of those two, for he felt certain from the first that London was her destination, for she had a distant relation, with whom she had lived in childhood, somewhere in England. He had telegraphed to me; but, from the fact of my being *en route*, he knew I had not received the dispatch. Would I return with him?—would I assist him in his search?

I replied, after the manner of our American friends, by asking him a question—cautiously, doubtfully, and with an infinite pity, but with the firmness of a surgeon about to probe deeply.

Who was with her when she left Paris, and at Rouen?

He sat bolt upright, started, surprised, and with the lines about his mouth growing stern and rigid.

No one, he declared, with deep solemnity. He had made especial inquiry—not because he suspected any man in the case—God forbid!—but because he feared she was unattended. No. Whatever the cause for which she was compelled to hide herself from him, my friend declared there could be no explanation incompatible with the purity, love and truth of an honored wife.

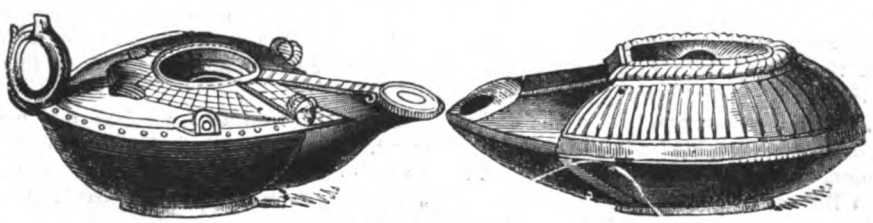
TURKISH WARE.

GREEK VASE.

Knowing what I knew, and seeing what I had seen, what could I say to him?

Again recurred that question: Should I tell him?

My heart sympathized with him, though my judgment differed widely from his, and as I looked upon that honest face, and the mouth now grown as firm as truth itself, I felt that with him, and not with me, should rest the decision of guilt or innocence, and determined that it would be a kindness to him to tell him that I had seen her, and the circumstances. This I did. But inasmuch as her connection with the swarthy man was not proved, I resolved, even while I spoke, to omit all mention of him—for the present at least—and to assist in the search. The unusually stern features of my friend relaxed at once as I concluded, and his accustomed cheerfulness returned. His grasp was like a vise as he took my hand.



ROMAN CLAY LAMPS.

"I shall have a race for it, I see," he declared, almost

EARLY CHINA.

boisterously: "but I shall overtake her at last, my dear Dustdown—thank heaven!"

I am not a person who does things by halves. Once determined on joining my friend in his search—or race, as he termed it—I suspended whatever of doubts or suspicions had arisen in my mind, and took vigorous measures toward furthering the object in view.

Those measures resulted in our starting for London that very hour.

By dint of much persuasion, and a liberal use of money, which—whatever may be said of it otherwise—generally proves an unanswerable argument with railway officials, and silences all objections, I secured a special locomotive and tender for the trip.

The last regular night-train had been gone some time, and the line was, therefore, all open.

The speed we made would have astonished the good people living along the route, could they have seen us; but it seemed a tortoise-race to my impatient friend.

London at last; first scattering lights, then whole rows of them; and we drove into the station, the ribs of our iron steed reeking with steam and dewy perspiration.

London Bridge!

A porter with a lantern, lounging rather than watching under a convenient shelter, met our eager inquiries with a dawning look of intelligence.

Yes; he thought he had seen such a lady—come up in one of the last trains. Noticed her particularly for three reasons: First, seemed frightened and wild; second, had inquired where she could take the Liverpool train; third, had seen her start, and drop her vail with a suppressed cry, as some person came hurriedly through the crowd, as if looking for somebody, and rushed out of an opposite door. It seemed to make her wilder, if possible, than before; she wanted a cab immediately; the porter had called one, and in it she had gone away.

Was any one with her?

As I asked the question, in a tone too low for my friend's ears, I dropped a sovereign into the porter's hand.

No one, he said. And as he spoke, to my utter amazement, for it was something new in my worldly experience, he handed me back the money, with a flushed face and a negative shake of the head.

"If you please, sir, I'd rather not," he said. "One glance at her beautiful face—troubled and distressed-like as it was, letting alone her gentle word of thanks—was pay enough for Jem Brown."

I gave him my hand on the spot, and have always thought the better of myself for so doing.

One other question before I left him:

Had he seen the person whose coming through the crowd had caused her to start with evident alarm?"

He had. A tall man; very swarthy; with immense side-whiskers.

The porter might have supposed the swarthy man was still coming through a crowd where a crowd no longer was, by the start his answer gave me. I said Good-night, turned hastily away, and followed my friend, who had already moved impatiently toward the entrance.

My thoughts had taken a new direction.

Clearly, the man described by the porter was the man I had seen with Mrs. Gilpin, seated in the up-train for London!

This appeared certain, and yet it also appeared certain that she now avoided him. What did it mean?

John Gilpin was striking in the direction of the nearest cab-stand, as if for a race against time, when I caught up with him.

He was flushed with eagerness.

He seized my hand and drew me close beside him, but reserved his words until he had ordered a cab, and it was sweeping along at a great pace for the station of the Northwestern Railway, in Euston Square.

Then he said:

"I know that man, Dustdown, of whom the porter spoke—it flashed upon me while he was speaking. He is following Lucille. *A short, smooth-faced man in a skull-cap.* He was in Rouen, making inquiries regarding the departure of certain trains yesterday—no doubt one of those by which she left. I had no idea until now that his inquiries referred to her. Unquestionably he thinks to do me a great service—to make me his debtor for life!"

I fell back in my seat, and stared at my friend, through the semi-darkness, in blank astonishment. For the moment I forgot that he had not heard the porter's description—had only waited long enough to learn that his wife had taken a cab.

What new complication was this?

"A short, smooth-faced man in a skull-cap," *not* "tall, swarthy, and with immense whiskers."

Who was he? I managed to inquire.

A person employed by the branch in tracing the perpetrators of the great safe-robbery, which, I would remember, was three years ago. An officer of the secret police, in fact. Thus John Gilpin.

I thought of the swarthy man, and where I had seen him, and again recurred the question: Shall I tell him?

Again I hesitated, and hesitation brought reflection, and with it my assumption of the guilt of the fugitive began to waver.

True, I remembered the stories I had heard of her capriciousness, her threats, her violence, her marrying for money; but might not those reports have been falsehoods circulated in rascally self-interest by some person—the swarthy man, for instance—who, having knowledge of her dead mother's secret, sought to separate husband and wife?

By the light I now had—her letter; her being alone, returning, perhaps, when I first saw her; her fear and avoidance of the swarthy man; her husband's boundless trust in her truth and purity—by all this, it seemed to me not unlikely.

My spirits rose as I reached this conclusion; in any event, matters were now fast approaching a *dénouement;* we were on the trail; to make further explanations seemed useless; and even while I debated the question, we arrived at the depot.

The express had been gone an hour; the midnight mail was on the eve of departure.

We took our places at once.

"The race is not always to the swift," said John Gilpin, as he settled himself, in his old cheerful, hopeful way; "but we shall win it, my boy, this time."

I was standing near the entrance, and as I turned toward him, I caught a glimpse of a strident shadow slinking softly past.

I took a second glance over my shoulder.

Yes! There was no mistaking that tall figure and swarthy visage, although the huge whiskers were mostly hidden between a traveling wrap.

It was the swarthy man described by the porter—the man I had seen with my friend's wife—now, evidently, her pursuer!

Scarcely had he disappeared in a forward compartment, and while I was yet looking after him, than I saw another man coming from the shadowy end of the building; saw him pause a single instant, as if to mark well the com-

partment where the swarthy man had entered, and then he, too, disappeared in an adjoining one.

A short, smooth-faced man in a skull-cap!

What did *his* presence there imply, I startingly asked myself? Was the swarthy man a fugitive from justice, and was *his* the official duty of hunting him down? And, in addition to that duty, was his presence there attributable, as John Gilpin had suggested, to a desire to be of service to him in tracing his wife? And was Mrs. Gilpin running away on account of the swarthy man? Had she left home to escape some threatened injury to herself or husband, or, perhaps, to both? And had the accident on the Brighton Railway brought them, for the first time, face to face, since leaving Paris?

These were the questions which went whirling through my excited brain, as the train swept outward and onward; and again it seemed to me not unlikely.

Weary and worn with fatigue and anxieties, I was glad to perceive my friend disinclined for conversation; and soon he began to doze.

Birmingham!—My friend slept.

Manchester!—A walk on the platform.

Leaving John Gilpin asleep, I had taken a few turns up and down, when I heard the roar of an in-coming train; saw the sudden rush of the crowd in that direction; saw a smooth-faced man in a skull-cap attempt to drag a swarthy one, who held a pistol, from the track of the advancing engine; saw him spring back, just grazed by the wheels; heard an awful shriek, such as nature shrinks from—for, wherever heard, stalks dreadful Death; saw something dark caught up, and hurled a shapeless, mangled, bleeding mass high in air; heard a dull thud, as falls life where no life is—and felt, and knew, that the world's count of humanity was one the less by the swarthy pursuer of John Gilpin's wife.

Faint and horror-struck, I reeled as I turned toward my compartment, almost coming in collision with a lady passing in—the guard muttering something about her being left by the express.

With the shock of that horrid tragedy upon me, I was still master of myself sufficiently to recognize her.

It was the runaway wife.

Exhausted mentally and physically—walking like a person in a dream—she did not notice me, but passed in—in to the loving arms of stout John Gilpin.

There let her rest.

I shut the door, and then told the guard not to open it before reaching Liverpool, and went into another compartment.

With the death of the swarthy pursuer, the secret of the dead mother was a secret no longer—thanks to the man in the skull-cap—as we ascertained next day.

He was an utter scoundrel, and had merely saved the hangman a job that awaited his return to France.

He had imposed on Mrs. Gilpin's late mother to such an extent that that lady had insisted upon her daughter's marrying him, at the age of fourteen; had deserted her a week afterward; reported himself dead shortly after; and again reported himself alive recently, with a view of turning her happiness into golden louis, evidently trusting her love for her husband to keep his existence unknown. But, as many another villain has done, he erred, for his wished-for prey had fled at his first approach. And, in his eagerness in pursuit, he had given the officer a clew to his identity as the perpetrator of a murder in the Rue St. Denis—long sought after by the police. And so the detective only expressed the strict demands of justice, when he said, by way of epitaph: "Died, unregretted, and unfortunately unhung!"

To conclude:

Need I say how John Gilpin and his young wife returned to Paris, rejoicing and happy? How their old bachelor friend, William Dustdown, accompanied them? And how, to this day, JOHN GILPIN'S RACE is recorded in the musty archives of the branch-house?

Probably not; and so farewell.

THE GROWTH OF THE CERAMIC ART.

WE have no guide to tell us when or where the human race began to fashion vessels of clay. Pottery is the first of all arts—the first step made by primeval man. The Mosaic account makes the body of man formed of red clay, as though the material for pottery was ready to his hand when he first appeared on the globe. Every investigation of the relics of prehistoric man shows pottery so early that it is hard to draw the line where it began.

If man at the outset was a mere savage, living on roots, wild fruits, and animals he could master with club or stone, to be eaten as the tiger eats, tearing them apart and devouring them, the secret of fire-making led to cooking.

The most primitive cooking was, of course, a rude roasting on a stick before a fire. Boiling came next. And how did the early races boil? A vessel supplied by nature, a hollow gourd, a concave depression in a stone, a turtle's shell, or a clamshell capacious enough to hold water, was the first kitchen utensil. Then stones were heated in a fire and dropped in successively till the water was heated, each being removed as it cooled.

This mode of heating water was in use in historic times not only in America, Africa and Australia, but in parts of Europe. The next step was to obtain a vessel which would go on the fire, and so save labor. A genius whose name history has not recorded conceived the idea of taking the natural pot, the gourd, or shell, and covering it with such a layer of wet clay that the fire would not penetrate through it, though the heat would. This early Edison found that his clay adhered and hardened. It was very frail, liable to crack and fall to pieces. Sand and ashes were at hand, and after a time he mixed some of them with his clay before he put it on. His pot worked better. We have no doubt he became a conspicuous man, and had many customers and imitators, some of whom improved on his work. After a while it was found that the clay would stand alone without the object on which it had been laid, and this was burned out, and mankind began to revel in the distinction of possessing utensils made of pottery.

Some merely dried the clay vessels in the sun; but this does not seem to have been really the first step.

Even among the most ancient articles and fragments of pottery we find specimens roughly ornamented. The potter soon discarded the old natural molds, and adopted new forms, and tried to give on them his ideas of the beautiful. A sharp point enabled him to trace figures, which, on the fire-hardened clay, became permanent. The early kings made this subserve the first idea of perpetuating their deeds. Rude hieroglyphics of their achievements, picture-writings, could thus be made durable in terra cotta, and the Assyrian rulers used tablets and cylinders of clay to immortalize their achievements.

The potter's wheel was an early invention, and a vast improvement on the system of fashioning the clay vessels by hand. By its aid all combinations of oval, spherical and cylindrical forms were obtained. All the great nations

BIBERON OF ORION WARE.

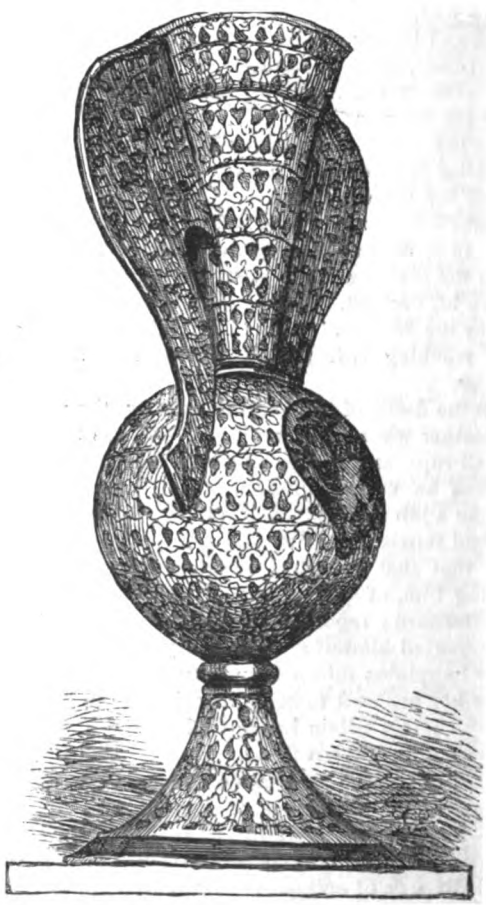
of antiquity have laid claim to this invention. It is represented in Egyptian sculptures and pictures; it is mentioned in Scripture, and was in use at a very early date in Assyria. The oldest Greek vases show traces of the wheel.

EARLY GERMAN PITCHER.

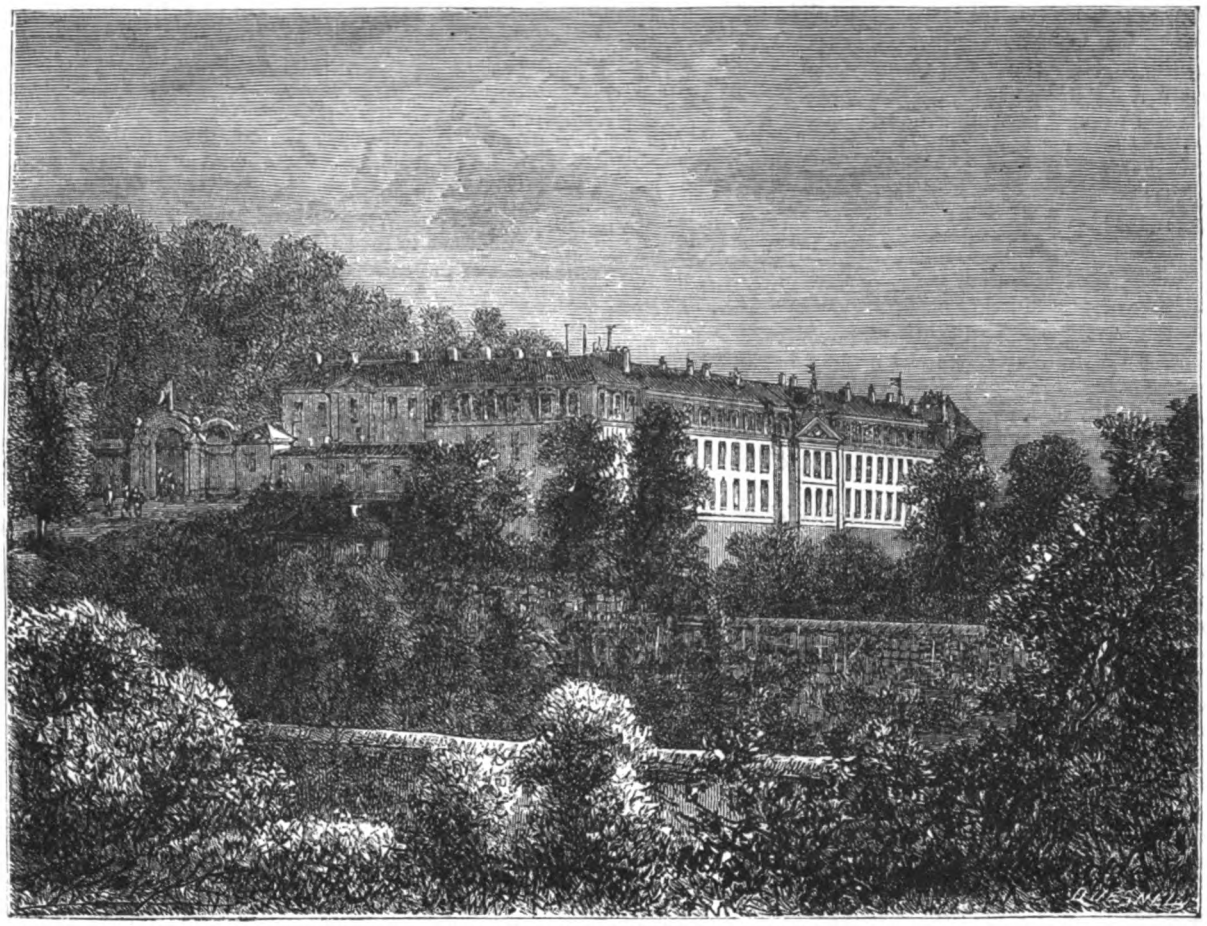
Pottery was used not only for the living but for the dead. In Egypt, in Assyria, in Japan and in Peru the body was frequently placed in large vessels of earthenware, or slipper-shaped coffins of the same material.

The desire of rendering terra cotta less porous and better adapted to holding liquids led to this invention of an enamel or glaze. Then man advanced another step, and the fabrics were covered with an impervious glaze. Copper gave the blue enamel

EARTHENWARE JUG—FRENCH.



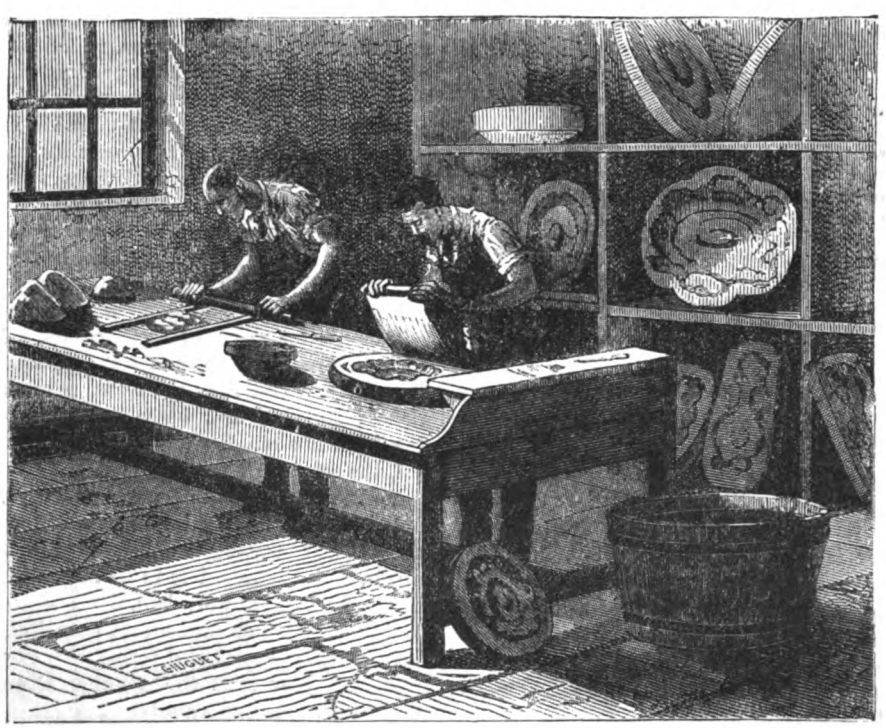
HISPANO MORESQUE VASE.



THE GREAT CHINA MANUFACTORY AT SÈVRES.

found in Assyrian and Babylonian ware, and tin a white enamel. Among the Egyptians and Assyrians enameling by means of metallic oxides seems to have been more frequent than glazing; while the Greeks and Romans show a subdued and scarcely apparent glazing, so slight as to leave a barely appreciable effect upon the eye, beyond what might be produced by a mechanical polish, and so thin as almost to defy any attempt at chemical analysis.

The Egyptians seem to have made the first step toward our modern china and porcelain. It was not translucent or as compact as our fine ware, but in some of the colors it is unrivaled. They filled their houses with vases of various shapes and sizes, coarser for ordinary use, finer work for the rich to hold their food or adorn their tables and dressing-rooms. Amulets, beads, rings, little trinkets often charming in their workmanship, still come to us from tombs unopened for thousands of years.



MOLDING CHINA DISHES.

Greece carried the ceramic art to a high point, and terra cotta was used for roof and drain tiles, columns, statues, utensils of all kinds.

Besides the terra cotta, was a material deeper in tone and more tender in texture, porous, and with a metallic ring; sometimes very hard and others soft enough to be scratched by a finger-nail. The vases of this material show the highest perfection of the ancient potter. They are painted in various colors, chiefly black, brown, yellow and red, covered with a thin alkaline glaze, which is transparent and enhances the colors like the varnish of a picture.

As vases of this kind were found in Etruria as well as Greece, they are often called Etruscan, but they are evidently of Greek workmanship. Probably 40,000 vases of this early type are now in museums. They show the progress of the art from the ruder to the more perfect specimens. The surface was carefully polished by the ancient artist, and the painting executed with a brush, a stick being used to steady the hand.

The outlines were formed with a pointed tool, and the circular lines with a compass.

The Samian ware, so called from the Island of Samos, was of a beautiful coral-red, and was famous down to the time of the Roman Empire. Samian bowls and dishes are found in many parts of Europe, always uniform in color, and molded in relief on the exterior. The scrolls, vines and scenes on them are often very beautiful.

The Roman pottery is found in all countries where their legions gained a footing—the mortuary urns for the ashes of the dead being of very frequent occurrence.

With the fall of the Roman Empire all arts declined, and even the primitive trade of the potter relapsed to its earliest stages or disappeared. There is a gap of centuries, to which connoisseurs can assign no specimens with certainty.

About the middle of the fifteenth century busts and statuettes of very good execution appeared in Northern Italy. Then Beauvais and Nevers, in France, became famous for exquisite ceramic work, highly enameled and so precious as sometimes to be mounted in silver. Then Rouen took it up. But the great improver of fictile ware was Palissy, whose story is so well known, who, seeing a piece of enameled pottery, devoted his life to imitate and excel it. He was a student of nature, and covered his ware with faithful and artistic studies. He discovered the secret of enamel, and became a famous man in his day. His ornaments are executed in colored relief.

> "O Palissy! within thy breast
> Burned the hot fever of unrest.
> Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
> The exultation, the divine
> Insanity of noble minds,
> That never falters nor abates,
> But labors and endures and waits,
> Till all that it foresees it finds,
> Or what it cannot find creates."

Such a genius had, of course, many imitators, but the work of the master-hand is easily detected. At the same period beautiful vases were produced, which were long known as Henri Deux, having been executed in the reign of that King. They have been traced to Oiron, in Picardy, where they were executed by the hand or under the artistic direction of a woman, Hélène de Hangest Genlis. This Oiron pottery is of fine white pipeclay, decorated with elaborate arabesques, all engraved, the cavities filled with colored pastes, the smooth surface presenting the appearance of the finest inlaying. After this they were baked, and glazed with a thin, transparent varnish. Of this beautiful ware there are less than a hundred specimens known, no two of which are alike.

After this the manufacture of porcelain arose. The first French specimens were manufactured about 1695, by Morin, at St. Cloud, but the first essays were not remarkable for beauty. The French Jesuits in China, meanwhile, sent descriptions of the material and processes employed in that empire. These were not very exact, but they stimulated research, and the specimens of material enabled mineralogists to look for similar rock and clay in France.

At last, in 1740, two brothers, Dubois, of the Chantilly works, proposed to reveal to the French Government the true secret of the composition of Chinese pottery. Out of this grew the establishment of china-works at Versailles, directed by a company which employed the highest artistic talent. Louis XV., finding that the company did not prosper, bought a part of the stock, and finally the whole works, which were transferred to Sèvres in 1756.

Madame de Pompadour was passionately fond of fine china, and it was to her influence that the Sèvres china factories assumed the splendid extent that they have since enjoyed.

A lady, Madame Darnet, the wife of a surgeon, discovered at St. Yrieix a bed of kaolin. This gave France the material for the manufacture of real china, hard porcelain, instead of the tender hitherto made. But Madame Darnet received no reward; and only when at advanced age—a victim of poverty—was a scanty pension allowed her.

The early specimens of Sèvres are known as *pâte tendre*. This is very soft and vitreous, and has not been manufactured since the year 1800. The enamel colors painted on it blend with it, and assume lustrous hues, and the decorations have a depth and smoothness of tone not since approached. This old Sèvres is, of course, highly prized. A set of these *jardinières* sold at auction at Christie's, in London, not long ago, for ten thousand pounds.

The first specimens of hard porcelain were made in 1769.

Sèvres, where this celebrated porcelain manufactory stands, is a prettily situated village on the Seine.

This establishment suffered severely during the war with Prussia and the Commune, but has been restored, and is still supported by the Government at no little expense. The establishment shown in our illustration consists, first, of the showrooms, which are open every day, and where the most splendid productions of the works can be seen—comprising tea-services, plates, vases, paintings on porcelain; second, of the Musée Céramique, a fine collection of pottery and porcelain of all ages and countries; and lastly, of the workshops where these exquisite productions are made and decorated.

These buildings, large as they are, do not comprise all; very extensive edifices have also been erected near the Bridge of Sèvres for a part of the processes.

The first hard porcelain was made at Dresden, by Böttcher, after years of experiments. A factory was set up at Weissen in 1715, under the patronage of the Elector of Saxony. The first ware was reddish-brown, and unglazed, and his first white porcelain ornamented with flowers in low relief. While hunting for the proper material, the science of the time failed to aid him, but chance did. It was the day of powdered wigs, and he one day met a sample of powder that was too heavy to be the wheat flour usually employed. He traced it to its source, and discovered it to be kaolin—the very substance that is the basis of porcelain.

Then Dresden china became beautiful, and genuine artists molded it to graceful forms with exquisite decoration. From the year 1722 the genuine Dresden ware has as its mark two crossed swords.

Many other cities then began to compete with Dresden.

Vienna, Berlin, Frankenthal and Furstenberg among the rest.

Delft, in Holland, was famous for its pottery at a very early day. It was made of a thin, light paste, very sonorous, and was deemed fit for presents to the great. It copied Japanese porcelain in form and color, with a bluish glaze or enamel.

From Holland the manufacture of this ware spread to England, where Bristol and other cities boasted of their wares.

Germany made a stoneware, which was famous for pitchers, called graybeards, Nuremberg taking the lead in the manufacture. These pitchers long maintained their reputation, and were sometimes richly capped with silver.

The island of Majorca signalized itself by a peculiar ware manufactured there, which was greatly admired, especially in Italy, where majolica-ware, as it was called, became so popular that it was not only successfully imitated, but by the artistic taste of the country and skill of the workmen, raised to the highest perfection. Majolica is, accordingly, much sought for, and the work of some makers attains fabulous prices.

Luca della Robbia, born about 1400, must ever be associated with the finest works in majolica. He discovered or adapted on a large scale, and improved greatly, the composition of tin enamel. His art remained a secret in his family till the style of work with which his name is identified ceased to be produced.

Then the Giorgio establishment at Gubbio rose and became the great centre of the process of embellishment with gold and ruby metallic.

> "Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines
> With madre-perl and golden lines
> Of arabesques, and interweaves
> His birds and fruit and flowers and leaves,
> About some landscape shaded brown,
> With olive tints on rock and town."

The Urbino ware, especially the arabesque with medallions on clear white, with the surrounding grostesques, show another class which the virtuosos seek.

England came more slowly into the general movement. As Holland imitated Japan, the first English efforts were in imitating Delft, but the manufactures were not remarkable for firmness or beauty till Josiah Wedgewood devoted himself to the higher forms of pottery. He discovered a green glaze, and produced a fine cream-colored ware, made from Dorset and Devon clay. By degrees he went on till he imitated the ancient encaustic painting, and produced a fine white terra cotta. His most beautiful production was the beautiful jasper-ware. It is a white porcelain biscuit of exquisite delicacy, which takes metallic colors uniformly through its whole substance. Taking ancient models from gems or from Flaxman's classic drawings, he made some of the most exquisite works ever seen. His copies of the famous Portland Vase are to be still regarded as masterpieces.

Porcelain and china have since been manufactured in various parts of England.

The real Oriental porcelain of China and Japan is extremely ancient. Vases of this ware were probably some of the prized articles in the halls of the Roman Emperors; but with the fall of the Empire it must have become again unknown, till the travelers and missionaries of the Middle Ages again penetrated to China. Then once more the beautiful china became known and sought. The Kings of Spain and Portugal gave china bowls and basins as gifts worthy of a monarch.

The Chinese place the invention of porcelain about two hundred years before the Christian era, but the marvelously delicate eggshell vases, cups and plates do not apparently date back earlier than the sixteenth century. The most beautiful color is turquoise-blue, and really old examples are very rare; old violet is extremely rare. Yellow is the imperial color, and a fine ruby is found on the highest quality of eggshell plates. Crackle vases, when good and old, are much prized. The decorations are scenes of life, with curious flowers, birds, beasts, and dragons.

The Japanese porcelain is of a more brilliant white, and the designs more simple and correct, the decoration less profuse. Some of their ware, in which flowers and other figures are formed of brass ribbons and filled in with different colored enamels, are known as cloisonné; these are extremely beautiful, and are highly prized.

> "All the bright flowers that fill the land,
> Ripple of waves on rock and sand,
> The snow on Fusiyama's cone,
> The midnight heaven so thickly sown
> With constellations of bright stars;
> The leaves that rustle, the reeds that make
> A whisper by each stream and lake,
> The saffron dawn, the sunset red,
> Are painted on those lovely jars;
> Again the skylark sings, again
> The stork, the heron and the crane
> Float through the azure overhead,
> The counterfeit and counterpart
> Of Nature reproduced in art."

It is only within a few years that these famous fictile works have become objects of general admiration. There were always, indeed, a few collectors, but there were comparatively few who knew or appreciated the work of different countries, or the peculiar beauties that gave them value.

Now all the ancient wares have been sought, catalogued, described and imitated. Museums abound in specimens, and few houses of wealth and taste are without some specimen to attest the adhesion of the owner to the prevailing fashion.

Kings and queens, emperors and men of high degree, for centuries past have loved the ceramic art with no common passion; while by an assiduous cultivation of the same art, men of low birth and little education have raised themselves to honor and high estate. Who that dwells with pleasure on the search for bric-à-brac has not perused the fascinating life of the poor potter, Palissy? What collector does not remember the struggles and triumphs of Wedgewood?

Genius and practical skill have been brought into existence under the most marvelous circumstances, and when we consider that out of a natural substance, originally of no apparent value, productions have emanated intrinsically worth more than if they had been formed of the precious metals, we may well conclude that a knowledge of, and a taste for, exquisite ceramic specimens is not an unimportant result of our civilization.

Of this movement, or rather of the art which it seeks to honor, our Longfellow is the poet, and his lines give the various schools with such delightful picturing that they live in the memory, and come up in echoes to charm our leisure hours.

MANNA.

Botanists and travelers have been rather unsuccessful in attempts to ascertain the origin of different kinds of manna known in commerce.

In the valley of Gohr, to the south of the Dead Sea,

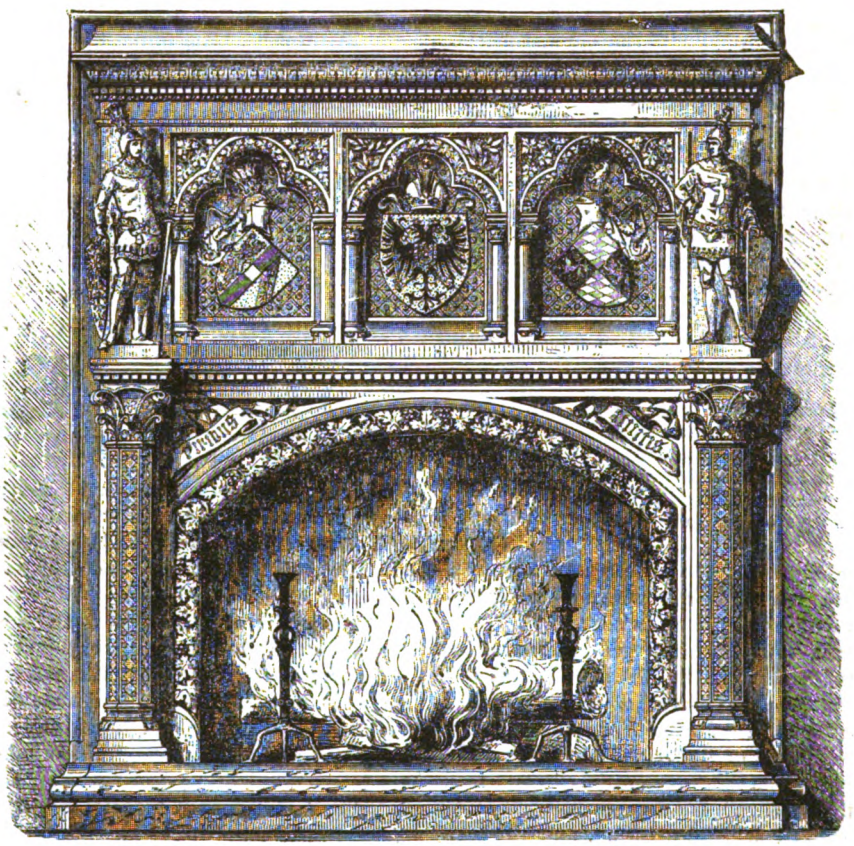
sixteen hours onward which leads into a long valley, Buckhardt found what he called manna, dropping from twigs of several kinds of trees.

According to his representations Arabs collect it and make it into cakes, which are eaten with their nauseous butter made from the milk of sheep. They churn it thus: A goat-skin is filled with milk and suspended between two poles, swung to and fro by pulling an attached cord, till it assumes a new character—a greasy, soapy mass—and that is Arab butter.

Mr. Turner found a grove of tamarisk-trees near Mount Sinai, in the valley of Farran, which furnished what the monks called manna. They were bushy, about ten feet high, from which drops of a sweetish thick fluid ooze. If taken early in the morning, before the sun is up, it may be kept in earthen pots a considerable time. It is used in lieu of sugar in the convent.

Commercial manna, principally in the hands of druggists, is a product of the punctured stems of the *ornus Europæ*, growing in Calabria. An article very similar in appearance and medicinal properties is procured in Sicily by the same kind of process. Both have a sweetish taste, are soft, of a pale-yellowish color, and used for their mild laxative quality rather than food.

From the foregoing facts it is very clear there is not the slightest resemblance to that extraordinarily nutritious article which was miraculously provided for the children of Israel in a barren wilderness on a memorable occasion, while in their forty years' peregrinations toward the promised land.



THE GROWTH OF THE CERAMIC ART.—TERRA COTTA FIREPLACE AT VIENNA.—SEE PAGE 311.

NO ENGLISH SPOKEN.

By Richard B. Kimball.

There were four of us who determined on a Swiss tour for that Summer vacation. Four young men—the oldest but twenty-three—who, during a two years' sojourn in the Latin Quarter, Paris, had become very intimate—Walters, Reaume, Stoughton and myself.

It is difficult to explain friendships. So it is impossible to conjecture how, from large masses of students, certain ones, to all appearance unlike in character and temperament, gravitate toward each other, and become fixed friends. Certainly, in this case, no more incongruous natures ever united to form a solidarity. Law, medicine, theology, science—each was represented in one of us. Serious, lively, deliberate, impetuous—there we were. One quality, though, in common. Youth still held an undivided empire in all. Youth! Ah, that is the talisman. No visions of the practical yet haunted us. No doubts of the future, no hesitation, no selfish calculations disturbed the current of our lifeblood.

"Why are we so wise when we are young—so wise, and ever growing less so?" was the plaint of the great German philosopher, and—— But I started to tell a pleasant little story, and already begin to moralize.

In connection with our tour, we made what might be called a whimsical compact. It was agreed that in no case and under no circumstances should either of us speak English, except when absolutely alone together. We were, as far as possible, to avoid our own countrymen, and never to confess to *any* nationality—we would be cosmopolites. *Va!* As we were tolerable masters of French and German, to say nothing of fair proficiency in Italian, with lots of Greek and Latin, we counted on having a great deal of fun in our new *rôle*.

The day before starting was spent in careful preparations. The personal effects of each were reduced to the compass of a knapsack. Our other moveables were safely stored in the room of a fellow-student. At eight in the morning we quitted Paris by the *Chemin de fer du Nord*, then finished as far as Dijon, where the diligence awaited us. The next day saw us snugly stowed away inside the lumbering vehicle.

We spent one night at Lyons, where, rising at five, we swallowed some very hot coffee, and struck for the Swiss country.

The *interieur* of a diligence is constructed to carry six persons—four corners and two "betweens." We were sufficiently on the alert the evening before to secure the choice of places, which are numbered like seats in a theatre. As we mounted to the inside, Walters discovered that "No. 4" (his corner) was occupied by a very stout and rather disagreeable-looking old gentleman, who had settled himself comfortably in his quarters, having first made careful disposition of a small bag, a traveling-

shawl, and some overshoes, and ensconced his head in a cotton nightcap.

Walters was so much taken aback by the cool appropriation of his place—something quite unheard of—that he did not notice a remarkably pretty young lady who occupied a seat next to the old gentleman.

THE MESSENGER OF LOVE.— FROM THE PAINTING BY CH. CHAPLIN.

"I beg your pardon," said Walters, addressing the occupant in very good French, "but I think you have my place."

"*Nong parley Frongsay,*" was the reply, accompanied by an obstinate shake of the head.

In return for this announcement, Walters quietly made demand for his seat, accompanying his request by an explanatory gesture.

"What does the fellow say, Clara?" exclaimed the old chap, turning to the young lady.

"He says you have his seat, papa," was the reply, in very sweet tones.

"*His* seat! I like that. Didn't I come twenty minutes ahead of time on purpose? His seat!"

"Permit me to remark, with entire respect to mademoiselle," said Walters, "that we engage particular places in the diligence, and that four is mine. I will request the officer to explain," he continued, seeing the old

man remained obstinate; and with that he descended, and, calling to the person referred to, awaited the result.

These matters are managed very despotically in France. When you violate any rule of the road, you are treated very much as if you had committed a crime. The official glanced quickly into the carriage, darted a savage look at the old gentleman, exclaiming:

"Your place is No. 5. You knew it very well."

"My father does not understand French," echoed the sweet tones of the young lady.

"*Il faut expliquer*," growled the official. "You must inform him his place is there," pointing to the middle seat.

"What's all this hubbub about?" said the old gentleman, addressing his daughter, but not budging an iota. He put me in mind of an old badger with his head halfway out of his hole to reconnoitre.

The young lady replied at some length.

"Humbug! abominable imposition!" he muttered.

But there was that in the manner of the official which was not to be trifled with, and he slowly commenced preparations for moving.

All this time Reaume, Stoughton and myself were snugly in our seats, watching with interest the result of the affair, while Walters stood outside with the conductor, hearing, of course, all that passed.

The sight of the young lady placed in such an embarrassing situation by the stubborn conduct of her father was too much for his American nature. Suddenly he climbed into the diligence, and plumping himself squarely in the middle seat, took off his hat to her, and protested he was very sorry he had said a word about it; the rule was so well understood in France that he had thoughtlessly insisted on it, but he was not willing to disturb her father, especially as he was so comfortably located, and begged her particularly to make his sentiments understood to the paternal mind.

The young lady received the announcement as if happily relieved from a serious annoyance, while the old fellow asked, gruffly enough:

"What is he talking about?"

It was duly repeated in English, much to our amusement—not only repeated, but the deprecatory portion was considerably enlarged on.

"*Do* appear to be pleased, father," she added. "You see how polite he has been."

"The first Frenchman I ever met who had any manners," was the reply; and he nodded to Walters with the air of one who was accepting an apology.

Miss Clara—that was what her father called her—meantime expressed the old gentleman's thanks in very full terms—a rather free paraphrase, we thought, on what he really did say.

This little incident, like most incidents of the kind, served to make us all well acquainted, and the most happy good humor prevailed. The old gentleman did not prove to be as crusty as he first appeared, and having had his own way about the seat, grew talkative, not to say facetious, making observations to us which he would request his daughter to interpret.

Our situation was an odd one. All Americans—one a very charming girl—yet carrying on conversation in a foreign language. But our compact was not to be broken—although Walters afterward confessed he would have given anything for the privilege of addressing his fair *vis-à-vis* in her native tongue. However, she spoke French well, and there was the advantage that the father could not understand one word of it.

But there was this embarrassing circumstance—we could not help hearing what was said between Miss Clara and her father, and it certainly appeared to be taking a not very honorable advantage. I fancied the young lady suspected that possibly we understood English; for what she said to him was in a low voice, and was sufficiently guarded; but he was decidedly outspoken. He indulged in free comments about us, and speculated widely as to who we were.

Walters was the favorite. The graceful surrender of his seat settled that, especially as, when night came on, the old gentleman learned, practically, the great advantage of possessing a corner.

Well, we rumbled along through the night, and the next morning the sun burst on us over the top of the Jura! We were in ecstasies, and came near breaking forth in good English with Byron's magnificent line:

> "And Jura answers from her misty shroud,
> Back to the joyous Alps which call to her aloud."

Passing the stone archway, and driving through the massive fortifications which mark the frontier of France, we entered Switzerland, and soon began our descent.

During a short halt for breakfast we held a brief consultation, and resolved that, when we reached Geneva, we would separate from our new acquaintances.

Walters, poor fellow, objected. He saw no harm in "keeping up the fun"; but he was overruled, and was forced to conform to the compact. I could see very plainly that he was becoming deeply interested in Miss Clara, and she with him. The delicate manner with which he proffered his traveling-shawl—the night was cool—and the way she accepted it, showed me something tender was already springing up between them.

As we approached the town the old gentleman inquired, through his daughter, what hotel we were going to. Stoughton made reply that we should not remain long in the place, and named a house, mainly frequented by gentlemen, on the north side, but recommended the Hotel des Bergues for them.

There we separated. At Geneva we made the usual excursions—"The meeting of the waters," Vevay, Ferney, Villeneuve, Chillon, and so on. Twice we encountered our companions of the diligence; and from the manner both of Walters and Miss Clara, I felt certain they had managed somehow to meet on other than chance occasions, though I was satisfied Walters had not betrayed his nationality.

From Geneva we hired a *char-à-banc* to Chamouni. As we drove up to the Grand Hotel de l'Union, whom should we see on the balcony but Miss Clara! Her father was not far off, and both seemed so glad to meet us, that positively my heart smote me for speaking to the young lady in French. I again noticed Walters's manner, and I cannot say that either he or Miss Clara exhibited very much surprise at meeting.

"This is an awkward piece of business," said Reaume, as we mounted to our large room to prepare for dinner.

"Very," said Stoughton.

"For my part, I don't see anything awkward about it," cried Walters. "I think it is very pleasant."

"But it stultifies our whole plan. We neither want English nor American acquaintances, nor have we time for flirtations," retorted Reaume.

"We want a jolly good student's time together," echoed Stoughton. "Don't you say so?" turning to me.

I assented, although I was sorry for Walters, who evidently was already deep in love—so deep, that I feared he was liable to break bounds any moment.

The next day we made the ascent of the Breven, on the

opposite side of the valley to Mont Blanc, which affords a magnificent view of the "Monarch" and the whole range, with its numerous peaks covered with snow, and the glaciers glistening in the sun.

The day after, in consequence of a headache, I remained at the hotel, while my companions undertook some petty excursions, so that we might make the important ones together.

It was late in the afternoon when I came down, feeling much better. I took my seat at one end of the balcony, where I was afterward joined by my old friend of the diligence, and his daughter. He began, as usual, to converse, and Miss Clara to interpret.

In the midst of this I was suddenly astounded by hearing three familiar voices—those, in fact, of Reaume, Stoughton and Walters, who were seated around a small table under a tree a little way off, lustily chanting:

"Constance lies on the Boden-Boden-see.
Constance lies on the Boden-Boden-see.
Constance lies on the Boden-Boden-see.
Just take a look and convinced you'll be
That Constance lies on the Boden-Boden-see.
Just take a look, and convinced you'll be,
Convinced you'll be,
Convinced you'll be,
That Constance lies on the Boden-Boden-see.
Just take a look, and convinced you'll be,
Convinced you'll be,
Convinced you'll be,
'Vinced you'll be,
'Vinced you'll be,
Be, be, be,
Be!
That Constance lies on the Boden-Boden-see!"

"What's that?" exclaimed the old gentleman, pricking up his ears, as the chant began, and looking in the direction of my unfortunate friends, whom he at once recognized. "What's that?" he asked again, as the song proceeded. "Isn't that English? It is English!"

I looked at Miss Clara. She looked at me. I could discern a roguish gleam of intelligence in her bright eyes—a happy gleam, I may say—and a smile half suppressed.

It was too much. Especially as some good round English cadences fell on our ears, as they prepared to repeat the stanza.

I burst, incontinently, into a fit of laughter, in which, after a little, Miss Clara joined. Indeed, it was so emphatic, that the sounds reached my friends, who looked toward us in dismay. They had thoughtlessly been betrayed in this bit of students' nonsense.

"You speak English!" exclaimed the old gentleman, in wrath. "A trick—a paltry, contemptible trick!"

I hastened to explain—no longer in French—our, as we supposed, harmless little arrangement. I said how much embarrassed we had been, how we tried to avoid further intimacy, and so forth. I appealed to the young lady, who did her best to sustain me; but it was of no avail.

At this juncture the musical trio came up, and each repeated and confirmed my statement.

The old fellow would accept no excuse. It was a trick, and nothing else; besides, as Americans, we ought to be ashamed to conceal our origin.

I thought I could see a little relenting when Walters came to give his explanation.

"I didn't believe you were French," he said, "when you gave up your seat; but it was an inexcusable trick—nothing short of it."

And so we separated.

The next day we were to ascend the Montanvert, and, as it was a point ladies could reach and have a fine view and a sight of the Mer de Glace, it happened Miss Clara had succeeded in persuading her father to attempt it that very morning. There were a great many travelers, at that time, at Chamouni, and mules were in requisition. When those to be ridden by Miss Clara and her father came up, one was found to be so lame that it was impossible to ride him.

What was to be done? Not another mule could be had.

Walters, who was hovering near, immediately came up and insisted on the old gentleman taking his mule. The latter refused at first, but Walters was firm; he declared he had much rather walk, and the cunning fellow told the truth, for it would give him an opportunity to keep close by Miss Clara's side.

At last the old fellow was mounted, and away we all went.

It was idle any longer to preserve our *incognito*, and we gave ourselves up to a right good Yankee time. Our elderly companion at last was worked into excellent spirits. He ordered champagne when we reached the Chalet, and, before we descended, was willing to call our late conduct a foolish freak, instead of a trick, declaring he had been young once himself!

The visit to Chamouni, like all things here below, came to an end. Our bachelor compact, alas! also proved one of the futile things so often attempted, and never carried out.

We separated from our friends, it is true, and went on by ourselves, but we met them ever and anon, when English came at once into play.

Yes, the charm with which we hoped to surround our trip was gone.

I do not suppose Walters thought so; for when we came back to Paris he made speedy arrangements to leave, and in September took passage for America, and at Christmas Miss Clara and he were married.

STORY OF THE TOMATO.

A PENNSYLVANIAN says: "A good many years ago a man, who had recently arrived from the Island of Bermuda, was sent to York County, Pa., jail for some offense committed against the laws of the Commonwealth. He had with him a few seeds, which he planted in the rich soil of the jail yard. Before the plants which sprang from the seed reached maturity he was discharged, and no one knew the nature of them. They grew luxuriantly, bearing fruit of a large size and unusual appearance. As this strange fruit ripened its color changed from green to brilliant red, and became an object of wonder and admiration to all the inmates of the jail. Mrs. Klinefelter, the lady-keeper, cautioned all the prisoners against eating any of the fruit, as she was sure it was poisonous, and besides planted the seed, as she would endeavor to preserve specimens of it for him should he return in time. Just when the fruit was fully matured the Bermuda prisoner revisited the jail and asked to see the plant. This request granted, he next called for pepper, salt and vinegar, and to the horror of the good lady commenced to eat of the supposed poisonous fruit with a relish that astonished the beholders. After enjoying the strange repast, he informed Mrs. K. that the fruit or vegetable was the tomato, or love-apple, and it would be found wholesome and nutritious. The seeds of the remaining tomatoes were carefully preserved and distributed among the friends and neighbors of the lady, and thus this now popular esculent was introduced into the ancient and goodly borough of York. For many

years thereafter it was cultivated as an ornament rather than for table use, but by degrees its merits began to be more fully understood and appreciated, and there, as elsewhere, it grew into general public favor."

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

THERE was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre in great haste from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land, to earn his bread by his daily labor.

"Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of his hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"There is a gentleman upstairs, either from America or Britain; but whether an American or Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who in his early life was bishop, prince, and afterward a prime minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable supplicant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.—"'WHO ARE YOU?' CRIED TALLEYRAND. 'YOUR NAME?' 'MY NAME IS—BENEDICT ARNOLD.'"

In the far corner of the dimly-lighted room sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes, looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazed in Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline—the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form, vigorous, even with the snows of fifty Winters, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and, under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind feelings and offices, pouring forth his history in eloquent French and broken English:

"I am a wanderer—an exile! I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or hope. You are an American. Give me, I beseech you, a letter of yours, that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner; the scenes of Paris have filled me with such horror that a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends. A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, his head still downcast, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward—his voice full of meaning:

"I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, 'I have not a friend—not one—in all America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look that accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange gentleman retreated toward the next room. "Your name?"

With a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression, he said, "My name is—Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank in a chair, gasping the words:

"Arnold, the Traitor! one who has betrayed his country!"

Thus Arnold wandered over the earth, another Cain, with a wanderer's mark on his brow. Even in the secluded room at that inn of Havre his crime found him out, and forced him to tell his name—that name the synonym of infamy.

The last twenty years of Arnold's life were covered with a cloud, from whose darkness but a few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.

A WISE man makes more opportunities than he can find.

"THE KING IS DEAD. LONG LIVE THE KING!"

LEONIE: EMPRESS OF THE AIR.

By GERALD CARLTON,

Author of "Eileen Aroon," "Jasper Delaney," "Adam Ferguson," "Mark Mereton's Money," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

"WHAT! ARREST ME? THEY WOULD NOT DARE!"

Maggie and Ada Gaythorne put up that night in the little village of Englewood. The next morning they start for home, both very quiet and heavy of heart. Ada's young artist lover accompanies them on their home journey, and leaves them at the depot before they reach Woodbine.

"Cheer up, darling," he says, gayly; "there are brighter days in store for us all. Meanwhile, I shall follow up this clew, and let you know the result."

Ada's emotion is strong, for she has seen the loved one once more—the man for whom her heart and soul yearned. Maggie is miserable, because she profoundly sympathizes with her sister's anguish, and both of them are unnerved by the awful suddenness of their uncle's death, albeit he was in a manner a stranger to them. Yet when compared with Leonie and Dick, they are happy, and their journey a pleasant one.

For Leonie, she journeys in sullen silence; and it is not until they stop within a dozen miles of New York, and Tomkins, with his usual gallantry, has brought her some brandy, that she deigns to address him, and then in a tone of highly objectional sarcasm.

"Ah, *mon ami*, you have done well, have you not? You have made me spend my money to some purpose. Henceforward, my good friend, I abandon your chimeras and stick to my own business."

She says this purely with the idea of alarming him. She is considerably surprised to hear him reply, very decisively:

"That's just what you'll have to do, my lady; the game, I guess, is up."

Leonie, like most passionate women, loves, when enraged, to meet opposition. To agree with her is simply to render her furious.

"You idiot!" she returns, "do you think I am going to sit quietly down and see my fortune run away from me? And why, pray, Mr. Astute, is the game, as you say, 'up'? My father has recognized me, and what more is necessary?"

"You call on Messrs. Ketcham & Cheetam, and you'll see how much more they'll want. We've got to deal with one of the sharpest firms in New York, and," he continues, moodily, "I don't see how it's to be done."

In dealing with the unknown, Mr. Tomkins is confident; with the known his heart fails him, and very well known to him are the gentlemen he mentions.

"There is no proof now," he goes on; "not a cent's worth. Now that the old man and D'Albo are dead, who is to say who you are, or what you are? I am afraid we've got left."

For a time Leonie contents herself with generally abusing every one connected with the scheme, and declaring

her unalterable resolve to have the money. As they near New York she grows calmer, and begs her dear Richard to give her his advice.

Mr. Tomkins has a wholesome dread of his old employers, and he strongly urges her to let them make the first advance. As she determines to go at once to see these gentlemen, he implores her to be careful as to what she says, for they are, he assures her, quite likely to take extreme measures, and have her arrested for attempted fraud.

"What!" she cries, "arrest me? *Mon Dieu!* they would not dare!"

"Pardon me; they are men who will dare anything," is Dick's answer.

When they reach New York her spirits have quite returned.

"There is one thing, my good Richard," she laughingly observes; "if I can't prove that I'm a Courtlandt, they cannot prove that I am not."

Mr. Tomkins, under the plea that he has some special business to superintend, leaves her at the depot.

"You will call for me at my old lodgings to-morrow, and show me where the terrible lawyers are," Leonie impresses upon him.

"I will call for you, my lady," he ruminates, as he walks moodily along; "but if old Ketcham shows any signs of fighting, you won't get any assistance from me in establishing your claim. One thing, I'm safe. You've made me your agent in advance, at a first-rate salary, and you can't get out of *that*. I cannot go home," he continues, in a broken voice. "I could not sleep in there, now that she has gone. Poor Ann, I'm afraid that my dream of finding you and keeping you in affluence has vanished."

Feeling badly in need of refreshment, Dick enters a saloon and calls for a glass of wine. Mechanically he takes up the morning paper, and abstractedly pores over its columns. An advertisement rivets his attention. It is a reward from the State of one thousand dollars, offered for the discovery and apprehension of the murderer of Ezra Isaacs.

"They may say what they like about blood-money, but I mean to have that," Dick mutters. "When I see them both standing at the bar, Ann and I will be amply revenged. I'd do it without the reward; why then shouldn't I take the money, as it happens to be thrown in?" No reason suggesting itself to the contrary, Dick continues: "And no time shall be lost, either; general session me, as soon as this matter is settled. I'm on their track."

Our friend Tomkins retains some of the old legal phrases still.

The following morning he meets Leonie, as she appointed, and accompanies her to the office of his former employer. He feels anything but comfortable as he enters the well-known building, and Mr. Ketcham's brusque reception of him does not tend to make him feel more at his ease.

"You will be good enough," is this gentleman's stern salutation, "to leave my office; I can hold no communication with you. And if you're not very careful, you will find yourself, one of these fine days, on Blackwell's Island."

"Now, madame," he addresses Leonie, in a hard, clear voice, "I know your business. Let us waste as little time as possible. We have proof of the death of the late Mr. Courtlandt's daughter, and we shall resist your claim. Pardon me, madam; if you have anything to say it must be through your attorneys. I have the honor to wish you a very good-morning."

Leonie mutters something which sounds strangely like "pig," and she sweeps haughtily out of the office.

"Bah!" she cries, "I don't care *that* for them. I accepted a six months' engagement from old Rice last night, I shall have lots of money."

"When shall I commence my duties?" queries Dick.

"Your duties, *mon ami?*"

"As agent in advance," he adds.

She stares at him blankly.

"You will commence, my dear Richard, when I travel. We don't want agents in advance till then. And as far as I can see, it will be many months before I leave New York."

This information is sufficient to unnerve the redoubtable Mr. Tomkins. He reels back, and clings to a post for support, while Leonie, with a contemptuous laugh and a parting adjective, sails grandly towards Broadway.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."

WITHIN a few miles of the Quaker City stood the residence of Dr. Gray. A plain, square, roomy building, surrounded by extensive gardens, and inclosed by high brick walls. Passing through the slender and elaborately-worked iron gates, the visitor entered upon a tortuous, serpentine drive, inordinately wreathed, and turned upon itself, for the purpose of giving the uninitiated an idea of limitless grounds.

Dr. Gray, the proprietor of this establishment, was a short, corpulent man, with a florid face and a pleasant manner. He held the convenient theory that all men had a weak point in their brains; that, in fact, a perfectly sane and thoroughly mentally healthy man was not to be found.

"No doubt whatever," he would say, over his wine, "that you, my dear sir, and, for that matter, I, have a latent tendency to mania. A little wholesome restraint occasionally would do us both good. What can be more delightful than a few weeks in an establishment like this?—shut out from the cares, the bustle and the noise—the—the—the—far from 'the madding crowd'—in fact, that is the expression, 'madding crowd'—every want gratified, every luxury that money, that art, that ingenuity can procure or devise, surrounded by tranquillity and beauty. Sir, I assure you—I assure you, sir, when I walk amongst my people—my lambs, I call them—and see their happy faces and their innocent gambols, I envy my patients, sir. I sigh for their repose and their freedom."

"Criminals, my dear sir," he would exclaim, with a lofty smile at his friend's ignorance—"criminals! Why, sir, there is not a criminal in the whole of these United States. Not one, sir. They are mad, sir, mad; every one of them; and instead of being bundled into prisons, as they are, they should be handed over to the doctors. Those whose means were ample ought to be placed in well-appointed, high-class, and extensive establishments like this; presided over by men of capacity, by men of heart, and by men of refinement. The poor ones? Oh! they would be provided for by the State in the usual way. No sane person *can* commit a crime."

It was with a pang that he read of any wealthy man being imprisoned.

The law, he considered, had robbed the asylum-keepers of the Republic of that which was theirs by right.

"Now, for instance," continued the doctor, "my wife was one of my first patients. I cured her, and in defiance of Mr. G—— and all the other theorists, I married her—married her, sir!—and a good wife she's been. Upsets my arguments? Not at all. They are all mad; she's a little saner than the rest of women, *because* she has been under efficient control. You see, we have our romance even here."

He did not add, as he might have added, that the lady in question had a snug little fortune of her own, and that her friends had placed her with him to prevent her marrying a man very much her inferior.

The doctor was smitten, and after conclusively proving her sanity, he offered her his heart and hand, which she very readily accepted. Her friends saw that Dr. Gray had been, using a vulgarism, one too many for them; but, being people of sense, they accepted the inevitable.

The morning upon which we introduce the portly doctor to our readers he is discussing a knotty question in their domestic economy with Mrs. Gray.

"Well," he says, referring to a letter he holds in his hand, "all this, my dear, is thoroughly satisfactory."

"There's a mystery, and I don't like mysteries," retorts his wife, decisively.

"There certainly is a mystery," allows her husband; "at the same time, remember what the clergyman says." He reads a portion of the letter. "'I am acquainted with her reason for leaving her home, and I know why she desires seclusion, and though I do not think she is acting wisely, I am well aware that this anxiety does not proceed from a wish to hide from the consequences of any past transgression. I know her as a thoroughly good girl, and I am convinced that she will endeavor to do her duty. It is quite true that she has a small income of her own.' What can you have more than that?" triumphantly demands Dr. Gray; "we'd better engage her."

"Servants with incomes," persists the lady, "want a deal of their own way."

"Housekeepers, my love, without incomes want a good deal of money. So, my dear, I think that, all things considered, we had better give this Ann Tomkins a trial. And I'll tell you what I'll do," the doctor continues, with a chuckle: "I'll say that she can come for a month on trial, and at the end of that time, when we have seen what she can do, we will decide about her wages."

"Excellent. That, at any rate, will give us time to look about us. I can soon tell if she will suit. Are you going to have that man Gaythorne with you this morning?"

"Yes, my dear. He's a capital hand at accounts. I've not had such a useful man in the house for a long time."

"Poor fellow, he's sane enough."

"Tut, tut, my dear. Do you think any sane man, the son of a clergyman, too, would do the terrible things that man has done? Impossible. His friends know perfectly well if he is at liberty he is certain to commit himself in some way and get imprisoned; look at the disgrace of that. Isn't it better for all parties that he should be here, well cared for, and his relatives saved all anxiety?"

"It is better for us, at any rate," she laughs. "But I have a lot to do, and cannot gossip with you any longer."

These remarks were made on the same day that Courtlandt's body was tossed to and fro by the wild Atlantic, and had reference to a gentleman with whom our readers are well acquainted—Mr. Herbert Gaythorne.

Roughly seized at Philadelphia, as the is reader is aware, and thrust into a carriage, the first thing he did when he found that resistance and bribery were alike useless, was to hurriedly run over the darker portion of his past career.

The men observed a strict silence as to their destination, but Herbert felt convinced that he had fallen into the hands of the police. Apart from other things that came flooding to his mind, for which he was liable to arrest, there was a little matter of obtaining jewelry from a Broadway tradesman upon scarcely truthful pretenses, and there was another little matter of cashing checks when his account had long since been closed.

"It must be the checks," soliloquized Mr. Gaythorne; "and if the parent doesn't square the matter, I'm in a deuce of a fix."

He was surprised when he noticed that they were driving out into the open country. As they traversed Dr. Gray's winding drive and drew up before his pretentious house, Herbert's astonishment knew no bounds.

The doctor received him kindly, placed a decanter of wine before him, and talked seriously to him for a good half-hour.

Herbert could scarcely believe his ears. He had thoroughly made up his mind for the police cell, and a possible term in the penitentiary; so far, therefore, from protesting against the plans his friends had adopted for his reformation, he was delighted at the prospect of a stay with Dr. Gray. Naturally of an indolent, careless, contented disposition, he did not at all object to vegetate for a time in this handsome dwelling.

The murder in Burkett's Court had rendered him rather fearful of the company of Eloise. If she succeeded in her schemes without his aid, so much the better—he would still reap the benefit of her plotting—while, if she failed, and justice claimed her, he would not be involved in her crimes. He would, of course, very soon sigh for his liberty and his dissipation; but these were his views on his first interview with the doctor.

"If you are a sensible fellow," said this worthy, "and behave yourself, you and I will get on remarkably well, and as I know something of your friends, I may feel inclined to grant you more liberty than the rest. If you kick, we have the means——"

Here he gave Herbert an ominous look, but this individual had not the remotest idea of kicking. At this moment he was highly delighted at the turn events had taken.

"You will do me a favor," pursued the doctor; "just make one attempt to escape. I'll allow you to do it."

Herbert protested.

"I would rather you did," Gray continued. "You will see then how impossible it is, and you will feel more satisfied. Letters? Oh, yes; you may write to whom you like."

This was true. But all his notes, after passing the doctor, were forwarded to his father. Herbert guessed that some sort of system as this was probable, and so wrote with caution.

The doctor showed him fresh favors every day. Mr. Gaythorne was cunning. Believing that his letters were read by Gray, he spoke in each one in the highest terms of this gentleman.

As time wore on, and the novelty of his position lost its charm, Herbert sighed for his old life—his days of impecuniosity, his shady friends and his doubtful haunts, and at length he determined to escape. Notwithstanding the liberty he enjoyed, this, he knew, would be no easy task. Every possible precaution had been taken to render any such attempt unsuccessful. No one upon the entire establishment was watched with more jealous care. Herbert was not like the rest; if he once lost him, the doctor was satisfied he would never return.

One morning, as Mr. Gaythorne is seated at a table in

the Principal's room, running through a heap of accounts and trying to evolve some plan whereby to elude the vigilance of the household, the door opens and he hears Gray's voice:

"Just step in here. Mrs. Gray will return in half an hour, and she will then see you." He lowers his tone to a whisper, and Herbert only catches the words, "Patient—quiet—favorite of mine—no alarm——"

The door closes, and he looks up.

A woman gives a little scream.

"Herbert!"

He starts, too, and his gold-rimmed glasses drop from his eyes, as he falters:

"Ann!"

The woman puts her arms round his neck and kisses him.

"I see now how grossly I have been deceived," she says, sobbing. "They have put you here, and they told me you were married. My poor Herbert! But you are sane, dear, aren't you?"

"Of course," he replies, returning her embrace. He seizes at once upon the explanation she so readily provides. "And, what's more, you must help me to get out of this place," he adds.

"And then we shall get married?" she asks, timidly. "I haven't much, Herbert, but we might, with economy, live for a little time on it—until I could get something to do, dear."

This poor, love-sick girl is quite ready to slave for the worthless fellow before her. She had never seen him with much money, and she never thought it was his duty to work for her.

"That will be all right," he returns, evasively; "but tell me what are you doing here?"

"I am engaged as housekeeper. Little did I think to meet you," sighs poor Ann. "Oh, the weary nights——"

"Yes, yes," he interrupts, impatiently, "and I, also, have suffered. You must get me out of this, somehow."

"Never fear, darling," she returns; "before many days are passed you shall be free."

"Hush! here is Mrs. Gray."

Ann has scarcely time to seat herself before the doctor's wife enters.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"CUNNING AS A SERPENT."

The news of her brother's tragic death makes a strong impression upon the weak and emotional Mrs. Gaythorne.

Her sorrow, selfish as to a certain extent it is, is very great. She has nothing to distract her attention, nothing to take its place; so she broods over it and fosters it, until the inroads it makes upon her constitution are sadly apparent.

It is consoling, though, to the old lady, to hear that there appears some doubt about this supposed daughter; also to learn that her brother's lawyers are prepared to resist her claim; and when Mr. Gaythorne receives a letter from Messrs. Ketcham & Cheetam, to the effect that certain provisions in the will of their late client have reference to his two girls, she has again a host of pleasant fancies to fall back upon.

Ada has lost much of her gayety; Maggie, too, is dull; and there is an air of gloom over the entire household.

The increasing feebleness of their father occasions both the girls constant anxiety; the tragedy they had witnessed is not yet effaced from their recollection. Maggie has had a slight quarrel with her lover, and Ada sees the figure of Edmund Sinclair always before her.

To Eloise, the news of Ralph Courtlandt's death and the disputed identity of Leonie gives inexpressible satisfaction; it revives her old ambition, and she means to carry her plans into action; for, now that the death of the old man has been brought about, it is the more necessary that Maggie and Edward Delmar should be parted.

Eloise has some difficulty in masking her exultation, but she, nevertheless, succeeds in adopting the suppressed melancholy of the house very satisfactorily.

The woman Tomkins had endeavored to foist upon the old man she concludes to be an impostor; and, now that he is dead, the lawyers, she thinks, will soon strip her of her false colors. Still, the cunning and daring of Dick had not a little surprised Eloise, for she had regarded him as a vain, insignificant noodle, incapable of any bold or ingenious action. But she sees now that she has greatly underrated his abilities, and she sighs as she thinks how useful he might have been to her.

"Had the old man lived," Eloise communes, "the woman would, without doubt, have obtained his money; but for that blockhead to get so near the prize is more than I can understand. You have evidently lots of cunning, Mr. Richard, yet I shall beat you; and if I lose, at least I am no worse off."

Eloise has firmly established herself at the parsonage.

She is very attentive; she reads to Mrs. Gaythorne at any moment; she is glad to do anything for the girls; and to the servants she is invariably considerate. She has also taken little walks, too, and made presents to a few poor families about Woodbine; and, in a word, conducts herself in such an unassuming, amiable way as to endear her to all who come in contact with her.

But cunning as a serpent is Eloise Gaythorne.

During the absence of Maggie she enters her bedroom and rummages her boxes and drawers. There is a writing-desk upon her table, which is unlocked. In this she finds a bundle of letters, which she carefully examines. Very sweet and very innocent are these letters, and full of tender love; there is no date to them, and they are very clean. Eloise judges, by the faded ribbon, that they have lain there some time. There are some from Maggie and some to her. It is a juvenile romance—a budding fancy which never blossomed into true passion.

When the frost came, and the plant was killed, her letters had been returned. She had loved, or thought she had loved, before she knew Edward Delmar; and here, in the cold hand, and before the unsympathetic heart of this woman, lay the broken links of Cupid's chain.

Eloise picks out one of the letters; like the majority of them, it is without date; a letter rich in girlish love, and trust, and hope and ingenuousness. Gentle, fresh, and fragrant as the April breeze.

"This will be useful," she mutters.

The bundle is replaced, and no one can tell that it has been disturbed.

Eloise writes, some days after their return, to Tom Van Buren, and incloses in her letter another one for him to post. Much correspondence has passed between them, and she knows that she can trust him.

That same evening, as they are sitting quietly in the dining-roam, Eloise reading aloud an essay by Emerson, the door abruptly opens, and her husband, with his gold-rimmed glasses, and a smirk upon his face, stands looking in upon them.

There is a thickness in Mr. Gaythorne's tone, and a flippancy, which spoke of copious libations.

The presence of his father fails to abash him; he leers at the company with much satisfaction, and pats his sister's cheeks patronizingly.

Life to Herbert, when cheered by wine, is one stupendous joke; and Eloise guesses, by his manner, that he is thinking what a funny thing it will be to tell them that she is his wife. She must trust to her own wit, however, to extricate her from the difficulty. She knows she has sufficient influence over him to make him deny, sober, any statement he may make while drunk.

The clergyman, pale and feeble, gazes in astonishment and indignation at his son. It is rarely that the old man gives way to passion, but the impertinence and the audacity of the newcomer render him furious.

"Well, pop! here I am, you see, back once more," says his rakish son, lightly. "You don't look right. Now, Ada, old girl, give us a kiss. I wish you'd draw me a drop of beer; I am awfully thirsty, Maggie. Ah, my bride," advancing toward Eloise, "it is a treat to meet you——"

"You scoundrel!" cries Mr. Gaythorne, trembling with indignation; "you hardened, insolent scoundrel, to address a lady so impertinently. How is it that you have the audacity to enter here again? And to come reeking in liquor! You are a vicious, lazy, bad fellow. Leave this house at once, sir, and never let me set eyes on you again. Why are you at liberty?—what brings you here?—why are you not at Dr. Gray's?"

"Come, old gentleman," Herbert rejoins, with provoking nonchalance, removing his hat and selecting the most comfortable chair in the room; "it's no use making a row about nothing. Here I am, and, I guess, here I intend remaining; so let us shake hands, and say no more about it. Now, my bride over there——"

"Sir?" indignantly, from Eloise.

"Well, you are my bride, aren't you?" with drunken gravity.

"Really, this is too ridiculous. Do not distress yourself, Mr. Gaythorne. He will be sorry for this when he comes to himself," says Eloise.

ST. CECILIA, WITH ST. PAUL, ST. JOHN AND MARY MAGDALEN.—BY RAPHAEL.

"Now, do sit down," remonstrated Herbert, "and let's be comfortable. 'Birds in their little nests agree, and why can't we?' he quotes, plaintively. "Gray's! Oh, ho! Soon got tired of *that*—no scope for my abilities *there*. So I made love to the housekeeper, and she helped me out—and here I am. That was sharp work, putting me in an asylum." Eloise opens her eyes. "And I think some of you might have come to see how I was getting on. But I won't say anything about it. Bring forth the cakes and wine, and we will be merry."

"How dare you, sir!" cries Ada, passionately. "Do you not see how your conduct grieves poor pa?"

"Oh, Herbert, dear, do not go on like this," pleads Maggie, tearfully. There is such a strange expression upon their father's face that both the girls grow alarmed. He does not speak; there appears to be some terrible struggle going on within him. His entire frame is convulsed with wrath; and it is easy to see that he is making a strong effort to control his passion.

He stands over his son now, and in a low, fierce tone, broken by emotion, says:

"Leave this house at once—leave it, or, God forgive me! I shall do you an injury."

Herbert carefully wipes his eyeglasses, and again putting them to his eyes, appears to examine his father with some curiosity.

The insolence of the action and the calm impertinence of his manner so enrages Mr. Gaythorne, that for a moment he forgets himself.

Seizing his son roughly by the collar, he drags him from his seat.

"Stay!" Eloise cries, rising and darting forward; "you will do yourself an injury—you are feeble." She instantly unclasps the old man's hands, and leads him to the sofa. "I will remove this fellow."

She holds Herbert's arm firmly, and draws him toward the door.

As she approaches it, it opens. For a moment her heart stops beating, and her jaw drops.

Standing before her she sees Mr. Tomkins, and the strange man who had followed her when in New York."

"We've got 'em!" Dick cries, exultingly. "We've got 'em fast."

"Eloise d'Ancre," the man sternly says, "I arrest you for the murder of Ezra Isaacs; and, Herbert Gaythorne, I charge you with assisting this woman in her crime."

Before they can realize the full import of his words, a pair of handcuffs encircle their wrists.

Maggie falls upon her brother's neck, and implores him to say that he is innocent. Ada is kneeling by the side of her father, who has fallen upon the floor insensible.

An hour later husband and wife, closely guarded, are at the Woodbine depot, waiting for the New York train.

As Tomkins is grinning at the prisoners, Ann, his sister, rushes from one of the waiting-rooms and confronts him.

"Have *you* done this thing?" she excitedly demands of Dick.

He is too much startled, however, by her sudden appearance to reply.

"You villain!" she screams, and then gives him a blow upon the side of his cheek, which sends him rolling upon the platform.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"MAGGIE, MAGGIE, GOD KNOWS I LOVED YOU!"

MR. STIMSON sits perched upon his high stool in the New York and Havana Bank.

There is a sly air of satisfaction in his manner, and the strong effort he is making to repress a struggling smile gives his face a very comical expression.

Tom Van Buren stands with his back against his desk, regarding the senior clerk inquiringly.

"Yes, Tom, my boy," says Mr. Stimson, "you shall see what you shall see. Before this time next week there will be a change in this office. I've got some news from Havana, strictly private and confidential, Tom—a telegram, my boy, and there's another for Earle, our managing director. He'll have to go, Tom."

"And time, too," declares Tom; "but it doesn't matter to me," he continues, mournfully; "I'm sick of city life."

"Tut, tut, my boy; don't talk like that. You'll be cashier. What do you think of that?"

"Two or three months ago, Stimson, the height of my ambition would have been reached," is Tom's reply. "To-day I don't care that—I wouldn't give *that* for the finest position in New York"—"that" being a very sharp snap of his fingers.

"I can't understand you, lately," observes Mr. Stimson, seriously. "You're quite changed. At one time you were all life and spirits. Now you're moody and discontented. What is it, Tom? We've been old friends, and you know I do not ask out of mere curiosity. If you've got any trouble, confide in me, and let me help you."

"You're a good fellow," says Van Buren, seizing the hand of the cashier. "The fact is, I've made a fool of myself," and Tom turns very red, and fumbles about for his handkerchief—"a regular fool of myself," he goes on. "I can't think how I could have been such a donkey."

Tom is determined to use himself the epithets which might be applied to him.

Mr. Stimson wonders what all this self-depreciation is to lead to.

"Well," he says, at length, with difficulty suppressing his laughter, "I guess I don't clearly understand you yet."

"It's no use laughing" Tom says, growing very red, "because this isn't a laughing matter. I've fallen in love——"

Notwithstanding Van Buren's advice, Mr. Stimson does laugh, and very heartily.

"I say, old fellow, don't do that; I don't like it—it hurts my feelings."

"Who is the fortunate lady?"

"Who do you think? Mrs. Carados."

Mr. Stimson's brow darkens.

"This is folly, Tom. You must forget this foolish fancy. She's not the wife for you, my boy."

"Now, if you please, Mr. Van Buren," says Edward Delmar, who enters at this moment, "my letters—quick, if you please."

Very leisurely Tom gathers up the letters and places them upon the manager's table."

"He's gruffer than usual this morning," grumbles Tom. "I suppose he knows there's going to be a change."

"I guess not yet," replies Stimson. "The news is sent direct to Mr. Earle. At the present moment I am the only one that knows that Delmar will have to go to Havana or resign."

"Really," says Edward Delmar to himself, as he reads a letter from Maggie—"really women are very thoughtless. Fancy this dear little soul being angry with me because I haven't been able to see her lately. If she only knew how much I have to do—as if I could leave New York at any moment. Then with charming ignorance she declares that I love the bank better than I do her. I wish she would be a little more considerate. I am sure I am anxious to do anything in reason to make her happy. Love and business do not go very well together, however. So you rest there until I have dismissed these more legitimate claims upon my time."

Later in the day, as he is busily writing, a communication, bearing the New York postmark, and addressed in a strange hand, is given to him.

"That's the letter," muses Tom, after he has taken it to the manager. "I posted it this morning for Mrs. Carados. I wonder what it is about?"

Edward Delmar reads and rereads the contents of this letter in amazement.

"Evidently written yesterday," he says, "for there is Wednesday at the top, in her hand, signed with her name, more affectionately worded than any she sends me, and addressed to—great heavens! another man! I could not

believe it possible that such fickleness could exist. Fickleness, forsooth! It is cruel and wicked deception."

He withdraws his own letter from the drawer and compares it with the one just sent him.

"To me there is nothing but fault-finding and complaints; to this fellow all is softness, affection and love. I have been terribly deceived in Maggie. Both written on the same day, too! Great powers! Can such hollowness be possible? I must have an immediate explanation with her. Whoever has sent me this has spared me the torture of marrying a woman who has given her heart to another." Two big tears start from his eyes. "Maggie, Maggie, God knows I loved you!"

Then and there, his heart bursting with disappointment and his mind on fire with jealousy, he writes to Maggie a passionate and reproachful epistle, demanding an explanation, and charging her with deceit and cruelty.

Once mailed, he can get on in some way with his business.

The vigorous man is racked with anguish. He, however, represses his emotion; his will is strong, and he is brave and determined in purpose, but the misery he endures is the poignant agony which those only know whose brightest hopes are suddenly shattered, and whose hearts are chilled by the deception of those they love.

About four o'clock Tom Van Buren rushes in, bearing an evening paper in his hand. He is very excited, and he speaks with great volubility.

"There's some strange news. The three o'clock edition, sir," he says to Edward.

Delmar regards him sternly.

"There can be no news likely to interest me just now. I am very much engaged."

"Indeed, I think it will interest you very much. They have discovered the murderers of the old bookseller in Burkett's Court."

"I take no interest in such matters," Edward Delmar again declares, decisively. "Be good enough to leave me."

"One of the prisoners—one of them charged with the murder of old Isaacs—is Mr. Herbert Gaythorne——"

"Impossible!" cries Edward, snatching the paper from Tom's hand, and eagerly scanning the description of the Police Court examination. "Great God, but it is true! There must be some mistake here—some very terrible mistake. Thank you, Tom. You may please leave me now."

There was nothing yet in the examination to identify Eloise d'Ancre with Mrs. Carados.

"What a disgrace, what an overwhelming disgrace! Everybody knows that I am to be married to his sister. Poor girl, what trouble for her! I wish I had not posted that letter now. I will write another, and tell her how grieved I am at her trouble. Be she true or false, this is not a time to upbraid her."

He indites a few lines, withdrawing his previous letter, and expresses sympathy with her in her misfortune.

"The discussion of our own dispute," he says, "can wait until your anxiety be over."

The letter is placed in a heap of others waiting on his table to be mailed.

He has scarcely finished it when an old gentleman, thin, energetic and peremptory, enters.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Earle," says Edward; "this is an unexpected pleasure."

"If you think my business is pleasant, so much the better for you," retorts Mr. Earle. "Now, I've no time to spare, so I must have your answer quick. I've had private advice this morning that things are going all wrong at our Havana branch. The manager is a scoundrel. I want you, Delmar, to start at once—a ship goes next Tuesday. You know the rule of the bank. You must either go or resign. Your decision?"

Edward is silent.

"Come, come, young man—time is precious."

"I will give you my answer on Saturday."

"Dear, dear, dear, what a waste of time! So be it Saturday; at ten o'clock I expect your answer. Good-day."

Delmar rises to open the door for his visitor. As he does so his coat touches the pile of letters; it moves the top one—the one he had just written to Maggie—and it falls off the table into an open drawer. Shortly afterward the messenger takes the rest away to mail.

Edward closes and locks the drawer into which the letter had fallen, and leaves the bank.

On Saturday morning he receives a large packet from Maggie. It contains the whole of the letters he had written to her returned—returned, moreover, without a word.

As the clock strikes ten—Edward had arrived early—Mr. Earle, true to his appointment, enters the bank.

"Well, sir?" is his interrogatory.

"My answer is Yes," Delmar says, firmly. "I will go to Havana."

"And start on Tuesday?"

"And start on Tuesday."

"Delmar, you are a sensible lad; give me your hand. How long would you like to remain there?"

"For ever."

"I wonder," says Mr. Earle to himself, "what the deuce made his hand shake so."

* * * * * *

On the night Eloise and her husband are so unexpectedly arrested, there occurred at Courtlandt Cliffs a conversation which comes in conveniently here, and which, it is important the reader should remember, bore on Mariam Brentford's child—the long-lost heiress of the Courtlandt wealth. In the room where we first made the acquaintance of old Ralph, with the crimson glow of a flickering fire lighting up the features, and throwing a sort of halo round them, are Rebecca and Edmund Sinclair. The woman is crouched over the fire, and she looks—with her wild features and her matted hair bathed in this ruddy glow, as though blood-tinged—like some medieval witch evoking curses upon mankind.

Sinclair stands near her, greedily taking in her words—words, let it be borne in mind, which will probably lead to the identity of Ralph Courtlandt's daughter.

Old Rebecca stoutly asserts that that child is still living, and Edmund Sinclair as positively affirms his determination to find her, cost what trouble and expense it may.

The foregoing it will be well to keep in mind.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A HOUSE OF SORROW.

The heinous offense with which Herbert Gaythorne is charged, the sudden revelation of the true character of the woman they had so freely received, and the exposure day by day at the Tombs Police Court of their only son, plunged the little household at Woodbine into profound grief.

The terror which had haunted the old man for years, and wrecked the comfort of his age, had come at last. He—and what was more important to him—his daughters, were disgraced for ever.

He did not stay to inquire whether his son was guilty or not—it was sufficient that the charge had been brought

against him; sufficient, also, that witness after witness appeared to speak of his past offenses, and it was more than enough to fill to overflowing the cup of his misery, that Herbert had married a woman who, if nothing else, was at least a hypocrite and a liar.

Not one of them had the heart to read the newspaper reports of the preliminary examination at the Tombs. They waited anxiously for the result of the trial, but they could not bear the contemplation of the miserable details.

A lawyer had been engaged, and authorized to provide efficient aid for the defense, and to his opinion they listened with some eagerness. The woman, he thought, was undoubtedly guilty of the murder; he was not so sure about Herbert; but, innocent or guilty, the chain of evidence, direct and circumstantial, was so complete that he would, with the woman, most certainly be convicted.

Eloise, he said, though she declared positively that she was innocent, had no hope whatever that her innocence would be proved. She had confessed to her lawyer that she robbed old Isaacs, but she had not entered into any explanation of the plans which had led her to marry Herbert Gaythorne. It had nothing to do with the charge, and it would only embitter the Gaythornes against her. Herbert, also, upon this point, observed strict silence. Neither was reference made at any of the examinations to the fact that Eloise had assumed the name of Mrs. Carados, and hence it was not known that she had opened an account at the New York and Havana Bank.

Edward Delmar was on the sea, and all the information he had upon the subject was gathered from the newspapers. The Gaythornes were not called as witnesses; and Mr. Stimson, now manager of the New York branch, troubled himself very little with the murder in Burkett's Court. There was only one person at the bank who knew who Mrs. Carados really was, and that person was prepared, at all risks, to guard her interests.

After the preliminary examination Van Buren received a note from Eloise, and it beseeched him not to abandon her in her trouble. For a moment he could scarcely believe his own eyes; then he recognized how complete was his infatuation, feeling that this woman, exposed and disgraced as she was, was everything still to him.

Eloise had deceived him in much, but the bank-clerk could not believe that she was a murderess; and whatever she was, he loved her blindly and passionately.

Visiting Eloise in her cell, he found her calm, and, in his eyes, more beautiful than ever. He, furthermore, noticed that her face lighted up with satisfaction at the news that Delmar had left New York, but became overcast immediately as she murmured:

"It does not matter now—it does not matter."

She protested her innocence, and returned with some warmth the pressure of Tom's hand, when he assured her he believed her to be incapable of such a crime.

She desired him to render her a service—to, in fact, guard her money at the New York and Havana Bank, and not to inform any one of the existence of this treasure. After the verdict she would give him further instructions; meanwhile he was to particularly notice Tomkins (the chief witness against her), and carefully examine his appearance, so that he would know him again.

All this Tom Van Buren promised faithfully to perform, after which he took his departure, a sadder man than he had ever before known himself.

Two mornings after their brother had been arrested, Ada and Maggie, looking very miserable, with swollen eyes and pallid cheeks, are seated at their father's sick bed, reading their letters.

"What is the matter, darling?" Ada asks, anxiously, as her sister drops the letter she had been reading, and bursts into a torrent of tears.

"It's too bad of Edward," the girl sobs, "to write me a letter at such a time. He is awfully cross with me for writing to Harry Forrester. Why, that's four years ago, and I had forgotten all about it."

"One would think that he was *anxious* to quarrel with you," says Ada.

"And so he is," declares Mr. Gaythorne, in a broken voice. "Don't you understand, my poor child, that no honest man will make the sister of a murderer his wife? God in His mercy help you, darling, through your agony! May He give you strength to bear your affliction. You must release Mr. Delmar from his promise at once. You cannot claim his hand."

"He shall have his letters and his presents back this very night," Maggie returns, bravely.

Before she reaches her room, however, her strength gives way, and falling on the stairs, she moans:

"My love—oh, my love!"

As the reader knows, the letters were returned to Edward, but Maggie Gaythorne's heart was broken.

For a time she cherished the vain hope that Edward Delmar would implore her to forgive him and to accept his hand. As morning after morning passed, and the expected petition did not arrive, and as day succeeded day and her lover made no sign, she grew paler and thinner and more dejected. When at length she heard, accidentally, that he had left for Havana her grief burst through all restraint, and the bright-eyed Maggie was a complete wreck.

"If he kills her," mused Ada, with quiet determination, "he shall answer for his work wherever he may be—the scoundrel!"

With her father and her mother ill, and her sister scarcely sane with grief, Ada has much upon her shoulders. She bears up stoutly, however. Whatever she suffers she appears cheerful, and gives them all courage in their affliction.

She received a few lines from Sinclair. "Now that you are in tribulation, shall I not come?" he asks. Her reply is equally laconic. "It is more imperative now than ever," she writes, her hand trembling the while, "that you observe your promise. In heaven's good time you shall come."

Time passes and a distant relation has taken a small furnished house for them in New York. Mr. Gaythorne, not being able to attend to his ministerial duties, has obtained a successor; and though Ada feels her heart sink within her as she takes a final look at the home she had spent her life in, both girls are cheered with the thought that the change may benefit their mother.

The full extent of her trouble is hid from Mrs. Gaythorne. She knows that her son is in some fearful disgrace, but she does not dream that he is charged with murder.

She loudly declaims against Edward Delmar, and, as far as appearances go, he has behaved heartlessly.

There is a rather long interval between the committal of Eloise and Herbert and their trial, and the Gaythornes are settled in their new home some time before it comes on.

There is not much improvement in Maggie. She has loved Edward Delmar with the whole strength of her ardent nature, and it will be some time before her disappointment—cruel, racking and sudden as it is—will be forgotten. She can never love again, and her young life is clouded and without hope.

Ada prays fervently that her brother's life will be spared; she has visited him twice, and she is convinced that he

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

had no guilty knowledge of the crime committed in Burkett's Court.

A fortnight after their arrival in New York Ada notices a paragraph in the *Herald*, which almost takes away her breath.

It is to the effect that Messrs. Goldsworthy & Co., her father's bankers, had been compelled to suspend payment. Ada carries the paper into her own room, and tearing it into little pieces, throws them into the street.

"I must conceal this from him, at least," she mutters; "if he knew that he was ruined it would kill him."

She feels very faint and sick as she reflects what poverty meant to her invalid mother and her feeble father.

"What shall I do to save him this trouble?" is her first thought. She considers for some time as to what should be her course of action, then determines at last to visit Messrs. Ketcham & Cheetam.

The former gentleman receives her with great cordiality, and listens with marked interest to the statement of her trouble.

"I thought," she says, "that if you could tell me whether I was to have any money under my uncle's will, I might meanwhile make some arrangement to support my father. You see," she continues, simply, "if I was likely to inherit any money, it would not be wicked to get into debt."

"I am placed in a very embarrassing position, my dear Miss Gaythorne," the lawyer rejoins. "My mouth is closed. I dare not enlighten you as to the position of Mr. Courtlandt's will. Under certain conditions you do inherit a considerable sum, but if these conditions are unfulfilled you have nothing. Ah, my dear young lady, that is just it; were I to tell you what these conditions are, the bequest would become void. I must not, I cannot do it. It is very hard, it is especially unfortunate under the trouble which has involved you, but I am bound to respect the wishes of my dead client."

The mystery about her uncle's will puzzles Ada considerably. It will be a dreadful thing were she to forfeit, through some accident, the money left her. Her anxiety arises solely on her father's account.

"It is very strange," she says, "that I should be punished for ignorance. How can I observe the provisions if I am ignorant of them?"

"The will, Miss Gaythorne," replies the lawyer, "is in my humble opinion anything but a wise one; at the same time we must remember that your uncle had a perfect right to bequeath this wealth as he thought proper. I really am at a loss how to advise you."

Mr. Ketcham had never been so strongly tempted to reveal professional secrets as now.

"It seems a great shame," he soliloquizes, "that this nice girl should lose a fortune because she is ignorant of some clauses in that will. Of course, as she's wanted to marry, she's sure not to. I should very much like, however, to put her right, but I do not see how I can do it. It's unfortunate that her brother's got into such disgrace, and only some one that knows of her fortune would care to marry her. Well, as I can't tell her how affairs stand, the only thing is to set some spirited young fellow to make love to her, which will be doing both of them a kindness. Let me see, who do I know? Why, Walter, of course—my nephew Walter shall be the happy man. If he marries her, they can live in Europe—besides, poor thing, she cannot help her brother's crimes. I do not think there is any fear of that circus woman persisting in her claim. If she does, she's an impostor, and I shall adopt very summary proceedings with her."

Such are the reflections of Mr. Ketcham as he gazes at the graceful girl before him. She appears lost in reverie. After a while she says:

"I do not know what I shall do."

"Do you know anything you could teach?" the lawyer ventures to suggest.

"I don't think that there is anything," she answers, doubtfully, "except——"

"Music?" queries Mr. Ketcham.

"Oh, no. Of course I play, but not sufficiently well to give instruction. I was wondering if I could teach painting? I know something of that."

"Just the very thing!" the lawyer exclaimed.

"Can you help me to a pupil?" Ada asks, anxiously.

"Well," he replies, "there's a little difficulty. I don't know whether you would care to teach a gentleman."

"Why not?" she demands, innocently. "Women are so stupid—a man would not be half so troublesome."

"And for that reason," Mr. Ketcham remarks, with a smile, "would sooner be out of your hands."

"Ah, yes; I had forgotten that."

"If you think that you would like to undertake the task, I have a nephew coming to New York in a few days, who is anxious to get lessons. Don't be alarmed; he knows nothing whatever of art. He would be delighted, too, I'm sure, with so charming a tutor."

Once more Ada's face is clouded.

"There is one difficulty," she returns, with some hesitation; "I could not give him lessons at home, and I could scarcely——"

She stops.

"I was going to say," Mr. Ketcham continues, "that you could instruct my daughter at the same time. The lessons would be given at my own house."

"Oh, thank you!" she cries, again brightening and taking him by the hand. "You are very good—very good."

It is ultimately arranged that she shall attend three days a week at Mr. Ketcham's house, and that her salary shall be, for instructing his daughter and his nephew, fifteen dollars for the three lessons. It is not an easy matter to leave her home regularly without attracting notice. Her mother and her sister are taken into her confidence, and they satisfy her father when he observes her absence.

Mr. Ketcham's nephew is a good-natured, commonplace young man, who very readily falls desperately in love with Ada, and persuades himself that life is impossible without her.

The lawyer's wife and her daughter treat Ada Gaythorne with great consideration; and the pleasant society and her new employment do much to divert her thoughts from the coming trial, now close at hand. As she is leaving Mr. Ketcham's office she asks him timidly what he thinks of it; and he replies evasively that he would not believe the principal witness upon his oath.

CHAPTER XXX.

"SIX YEARS AGO I SHOULD HAVE BROKEN MY HEART OVER THIS MAN."

THE midair flights of Leonie were creating great excitement at Rice's. The "heavy swells" of the period flocked to see her marvelous performance, and there was, much to the great manager's satisfaction, a prodigious rush on the seats.

For a time Leonie had discarded Mr. Tomkins, who had threatened to take proceedings against her for the recovery of the weekly salary she had agreed to pay him, and she as promptly gave him to understand that she would wring his miserable neck.

So there arose a coldness between this precious couple.

When the trial of the Gaythornes brought him prominently before the public, when his portrait appeared in a host of cheap publications, and leading articles were devoted to a discussion of his astuteness in discovering and bringing to justice such heartless criminals as the murderers of Ezra Isaacs, Leonie considered whether it might not answer her purpose to renew her acquaintance with Dick. Were she to travel it would be, she thought, a capital advertisement to have the successful amateur detective as her agent. It would get her movements noticed, and in the country he would attract much attention. A paragraph in the leading papers to the effect that, struck with the energy, intelligence and honesty displayed by Mr. Tomkins in this remarkable case, she had appointed him her business manager, would, she fancied, look well. And doubtless this gentleman might have occupied the coveted position had she not mentioned her plan to a professional friend named Rowington.

Now, Mr. Rowington was a man who, as he put it, "was up to every wrinkle on the board," and with great energy he put his foot on the proposal.

Upon consideration, Leonie adopted the view of her friend.

With the abandonment of Dick Tomkins, she dismissed from her mind all idea of fighting for Ralph Courtlandt's money. The difficulties in her way were too great, and, seeing the determination of the lawyers who opposed her, she might even run into danger. Flushed with success, and with engagements made in various parts of the States for two years in advance, she relinquished without a sigh her notable scheme; it was an incident in her career which she desired to forget. With the death of D'Albo, with the snapping of this last link which bound Leonie to her days of childhood, the past should be dismissed. There was much misery in its recollection and there was little joy, so let it be buried. Above all, let her dream of independent wealth be effectually effaced from her memory.

Leonie is much annoyed one evening at receiving, at Rice's, a letter from Edward Sinclair. She fears this man, and his communication renders her first furious and then uncomfortable. It is not a threatening letter, in the usual acceptation of the term; at the same time it breathes a spirit of quiet determination, and a strong hint that trouble may overtake her. He reminds her, whether she persists in her claim or not, she can still be prosecuted for attempted fraud, and he urges her to grant him an immediate interview.

"The fool," Leonie mutters, fiercely; "why should I see him? Am I to be at his call? Still he is dangerous—like all fools. Bah! I will meet him, and draw his sting."

She replies to him curtly that he can see her any night, after her performance, at Rice's.

Sinclair receives the letter in the morning, and the same night he is waiting for her.

"Well, thou spoiler of canvas," Leonie says, half mockingly and half laughingly, "what would you have with me?"

The uncertain creature is in excellent spirits, and even inclined to treat her friends and enemies with amiability, and as a fact, she has a higher opinion of Edmund Sinclair than she cares to acknowledge.

"I wish to speak to you on a matter of some importance to us both," he replies, gravely; "but the street is a bad place to discuss business in."

"I go over to Renney's Hotel and drink a bottle of champagne. You must come, too," she says, "if you would speak to me privately. *Mon Dieu!* there are many who would give much to drink champagne with Leonie."

Edmund eyes her very seriously, but makes no remark.

"It is well," she proceeds, as they walk along. "My spirits are good; the—how do you call him? Ah, the mute is livelier than you."

After the waiter has brought the champagne and left the room, Sinclair addresses her.

"It will save time"—he speaks very slowly and very calmly—"if you answer me at once a simple question. Do you, or do you not, still claim to be the daughter of Marian Brentford."

"Shall I play with you, you man of color," she muses. "or shall this be one grand, serious business?"

"You have nothing to gain, but everything to lose, by deceiving me," is his reply.

"Ah! lose, eh?"

She reflects for a short time, then takes a tiny box of cigarettes from her pocket, and lighting one, smokes for a moment in silence.

"You see, I am very fond of the vices," she remarks, lightly, holding up before her her cigarette. "You want an answer? Well, read this paper; it is signed only this evening. Yes, yes, read."

Sinclair looks at it carelessly.

"What is it?" Leonie demands.

"It appears to be an engagement for three months at Philadelphia, at five hundred dollars a week."

"Do you not read my answer there?"

"No."

"Ah, *mon brave*, but you are very dull. Do you think that when I make money so fast I want that hole in Englewood? Bah!" she cries, stamping her foot impatiently; "let his beggarly relatives have his wealth. I can buy more than ever he had."

"Am I to understand, then, that you abandon your claim?"

"Great heavens, have I not said?"

"Then we shall, I hope, soon understand each other. Listen to me," Sinclair continues, "The child that D'Albo, the gypsy, cast into the river on that rough night you described at the "Raven," lives——"

"Ah!"

"I at least have proofs," pursued the artist, "that she did not perish *then*. A laborer rescued her from the swollen river and conveyed her home. It would seem that the water had revived her. She staid with this man and his wife for some time, and then ran away. I must find her—I may be near the clew to the discovery of her, or I may be far, but find her I must, and will, and you must help me."

"I? Must? No, no, monsieur; you are mistaken."

"It is not much I want you to do. You will help me to identify the woman if I bring her to you, and you will give me the locket you wear around your neck, as that will assist me."

"Surely," Leonie cries, looking at him in astonishment, "you are more cool than mountain snow. I like your method. Tell me, Mr. Artist, how do you propose to work these miracles? I am dying to hear."

"I shall first endeavor to persuade you——"

"And then?" mockingly.

"That failing, I resort to force."

"Against a lady?"

"Against a lady!"

"You forget how strong——"

"I do not mean muscle; I mean law! Unless you agree to my proposal, to-morrow morning you appear at the Tombs, charged with attempting to commit a fraud. We have sufficient evidence to obtain a committal.

Possibly you would be imprisoned; even were you not, tell me, candidly, how would you like the bother and disgrace of the charge?"

"For the disgrace, as you call it, not that!" snapping her fingers contemptuously; "for the annoyance, much. I will tell you with truth that I wish for ever to forget the whole wretched business. You know that at first I really believed that I might be his daughter. Now that has passed, let it be passed. If those pigs of lawyers will give a writing that they will never go against me, I am for ever your ally."

"Good."

"You think so?" she scornfully rejoins. "Ah, monsieur, when I do this I act as your enemy."

"Why?" he asks.

"Why? You may be a grand artist, but you are also a grand fool. What do you want to find this girl for? You love his niece; if there is no daughter, will she not have some of his money?"

"It is the earnest desire of the lady I love that the daughter of Ralph Courtlandt, if living, should be found; and I will find her," Sinclair returns, determinedly.

"If you are all mad I cannot help you. Tell me, would it not be better were you to endeavor to prove the innocence of her brother?"

"You speak truly; but you forget that I may already have undertaken that difficult task."

"Ah!" Leonie exclaims, in genuine admiration. "You are a brave champion for your love. I like it very much. Why does that little wretch, Tomkins, hate those two so much?"

"Principally because he loved the woman, and she repulsed him."

"Ha, ha, ha!" and Leonie laughed long and heartily. "How droll! I never thought of Tomkins loving. How very droll!"

"You shall have the letter you require," Edward says, "and then I may count upon your aid?"

"Come, if we are to be allies, let us first be friends. Drink," and she fills a glass of champagne and hands it to him—"drink to the success of Leonie, Empress of the Air!"

"With pleasure. Long life to Leonie, Empress of the Air!"

"Good boy. There is some one else who loves Mrs. Gaythorne. I went once to the Tombs Police Court, and I saw a young fellow there who devoured her with his eyes. *Mon Dieu!* such fiery looks I never saw. I thought he would spring past the officers and embrace her; and at Tomkins he looked furiously and deadly. I tell you this," Leonie adds, impressively, "if they are found guilty Tomkins won't live long; that young man will have his blood. Ah! I read it in his eyes."

As she rides home alone to her lodgings she murmurs:

"Six years ago I should have broken my heart over this man—this Sinclair. But to-day I am withered up—still, I could love him very much. Bah! I am a fool!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

"TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL THEY ARE DEAD!"

Upon the night preceding the trial of Eloise Gaythorne and her husband there had been a meeting between Dick Tomkins and his sister—a very sad, painful and stormy one. It ended in their parting, and Ann declaring that he should never see her face again.

"If Herbert dies, I shall die, too," were her last words.

In the bringing of the Gaythornes to justice, Dick Tomkins had many purposes to serve. He gratified the feeling of spite with which he regarded Eloise for the contumely she had treated him with; he secured a fairly large sum of money; he punished Herbert for deceiving his sister; and last, but by no means least, he gained a brief notoriety. He had expected applause from his sister, or, under any circumstances, a tacit agreement with his action. Certainly, if he had known how energetically she would have opposed him, not one of the considerations we have enumerated—nor, indeed, the whole of them together—would have tempted him to move in the matter.

Ann's obstinacy, as he called it, occasioned him much grief; at any other time he would have suffered very terribly. Just now, during the excitement of the trial, when his company was eagerly sought by idle busybodies, and he had actually been interviewed by a dozen reporters and a celebrated newspaper correspondent, his egregious vanity was so tickled as to leave little or no room for any other emotion whatever. Under the awful circumstances it was very painful to see the gratified smirk upon his countenance, and to witness the flippancy of his manner.

At the trial Dick was dressed with aggravating nicety, and he gave his evidence with an air of such intense satisfaction with himself as to occasion the spectators much merriment.

Once, thinking that the laugh was *with* him, and not *at* him, he joined in the titter; but the counsel for the defense promptly called him to order, and the judge severely rebuked him for his levity.

Dick was too much taken up with himself, however, to be conscious that during the whole of the trial two eyes, blazing with hate, were fixed upon him.

Leonie had correctly described Van Buren's appearance in her interview with Edmund Sinclair. Tom's looks were haggard, his eyes hollow, and his cheeks ashen, and he watched Mr. Tomkins fiercely, and he looked, as she had said, as though he would have killed him.

Ada Gaythorne had intended being present at the trial, but half-way to the court her heart failed her, and she returned home.

Imprisonment and suspense had given her brother Herbert a very woe-begone appearance. The life he had led had rendered him negligent in dress, and in jail he had grown still more careless.

There are, perhaps, few more piteous spectacles than the picture of a broken-down, unkempt fop. The rough may look picturesque in his untidy dress, but the seedy swell always creates a bad impression.

Eloise was pale, tastefully dressed, and, considering the occasion, she looked well. She was perfectly calm, and the public declared her to be either a hardened, vicious creature, or so confident in her innocence that she feared nothing.

District Attorney Harkins opened the proceedings for the prosecution with his theory of the crime. He pictured Eloise as a most dangerous and abandoned character. Where she had sprung from, and how the unfortunate deceased had met her, was more than he could say. One thing was certain: he did meet her, probably rescued her from starvation, and made her a sort of shopwoman and housekeeper. How had she returned the favors showered upon her by the good old man? By the basest, the blackest, the most damnable ingratitude. She robbed him of his gold, and then, when he tried to bar her passage, she brutally murdered him. It was a most revolting case, declared Mr. Harkins, and the prisoner, gentle as she seemed, possessed the ferocity of the savage. As for the male prisoner, no words of his (Mr. Harkins's) would convey to the enlightened jury the utter loathing and detestation with which he regarded him. What could he

SAPPHO'S DESPAIR.

say to a man who, while willing to share in the plunder, left it to a woman to commit the ghastly crime, and left his paramour to bear the terrible punishment? He would not, then, further waste their time. Witness after witness would place the hideous facts before them in all their gauntness. And having heard these witnesses, he felt that the jury could come to but one conclusion—a conclusion in accordance with justice, and favorable to public safety.

The counsel for the defense, when he endeavored to convince the jury of the innocence of his clients, had a hopeless task before him. Still he battled bravely for them, and now with logic, now with sentiment, and always with eloquence, assailed the honest men and true with brilliant forensic vigor.

The theory of the prosecution, he acknowledged, was dangerous to the prisoners, because with its inconsistencies, its absurdities and its fallacies was mixed much truth.

It was difficult, he asserted, for a man like Tomkins to speak without lying (parenthetically he insisted upon the contempt in which he held the "paltry creature"); but by an accident he spoke truly when he described the finding of the money in the bookseller's store. He had, however, forgotten how he urged the unfortunate woman to become a thief, and had also, curiously enough, omitted to state that the money did not belong to Isaacs at all, but had been secreted there by some former tenant. He had proved, he hoped conclusively, to them, that day Ezra Isaacs was a poor man. It was absurd to imagine he would have such a sum by him when often he missed very profitable speculations for want of ready cash. As to the meeting between Eloise and Mr. Gaythorne, he would show them that they were susceptible of a very different aspect to that claimed for them by the District Attorney.

It was true the unfortunate girl, who had seen nothing but poverty her whole life, was tempt d by the sight of gold—gold, be it remembered, emphasized Mr. Graham, belonging to some person unknown. She determined to secure the wealth which she had so unexpectedly discovered; not to waste, not to spend extravagantly, but to redeem the past—to open up to her a new life. She met the man who in her earlier life had wronged her, and she begged him to make her his wife. As an inducement for him to marry her, she told him that she had this money, and Mr. Graham assured the jury solemnly, that, sane or insane, Herbert Gaythorne was ignorant as to how she became possessed of the money. Since her marriage how had she lived? A life of innocence; he might say, a life of piety.

Then, again, this enlightened jury had been told that this poor, weak creature possessed the strength of a lion, blended with the ferocity of a tiger. Because, forsooth, she had once with a heavy book felled a drunken ruffian. For himself, the action spoke volumes in her favor. A more preposterous argument he had never before met with.

The evidence adduced that day showed conclusively that there had been a tremendous struggle. Was it probable—nay, was it possible—that a woman like the one before them could overcome a man like the deceased—a man of strength, determination and courage?

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Graham, "she could no more have contested successfully with this wiry old man than I could fly."

There was, he confessed, a certain amount of circumstantial evidence, upon which shallow minds might possibly lay great stress. He ventured to assert that circumstantial evidence was always doubtful, and generally delusive; a vast number of people had been hanged on this dubious sort of evidence.

What would be the feeling of the gentlemen before him if, after hanging the unhappy prisoners, it was found that they were innocent? Better, they would cry, to let a murderer escape than to destroy an innocent man. They had to-day no murderer or murderess to try. They had two different people, deficient in moral qualities, it might be true, but free of the great crime ascribed to them.

It was no part of his duty to prove who did murder Ezra Isaacs. It had been conclusively shown that the deceased was quietly sleeping in his bed when the female prisoner quitted the house. It was after she had left that the crime was committed. Some one more powerful, more determined, and more brutal than the prisoner entered the store, and then ensued the desperate struggle of which there were so many indications.

No man in his senses could believe the weakly, stunted woman before them capable of destroying the life of the man named Isaacs.

Whatever conclusions they came to with regard to the female prisoner, he trusted that he had conclusively proved the insanity of her husband. There must be something very wrong somewhere if sane people could be confined in asylums.

The law assumed that the woman was under control of the man. In this case he was desired to tell the jury that the woman wished to take the entire responsibility of her actions. Her husband, she asseverated, was ignorant of her proceedings, and was completely under her thumb. He left the case of these unhappy people in all confidence in the hands of the jury, convinced that they, as conscientious men, would vindicate justice and establish truth. There was only one way of doing this—they must acquit his clients of the monstrous charge preferred against them; send them forth to retrieve their past errors, and to become sober, virtuous, and useful citizens.

The District Attorney replied calmly. He could not, he declared, emulate the fervid rhetoric of Counselor Graham. His case was so strong that he could dispense with bursts of eloquence and sentimental appeals, and direct the attention of the jury to certain hard and incontrovertible facts which, unfortunately for Counselor Graham, completely upset his ingenious speculations. He then proceeded, with great complacency, to demolish Counselor Graham's arguments, and to prove conclusively to the jury that two greater criminals than the two prisoners never stood at the bar.

"I also ask you," said Mr. Harkins, in conclusion, "to vindicate justice and to establish truth; but I do not ask you to do it by casting loose upon the world a pair of murderous wretches. Let the jury remember what to-day is the fate of poor old Isaacs may be theirs to-morrow, if such people are to be permitted to enter our homes and to gain our confidence."

The evidence having been heard, the jury listened attentively to the judge's summing up, and retired to consider their verdict; and immediately there was a hum of busy speculation in the court.

Eloise, through all this trying scene, preserves her strange calmness. It seems sometimes as though it were all a dream; there is an indescribable dullness about her heart; her reflections nearly madden her, and she longs earnestly for the end. There is, though, no outward sign of the racking emotion which tears her; not a hint of the fire consuming her within. She is prepared for her fate; she knows it will be death! Still it is terrible, this waiting for the verdict.

Herbert Gaythorne, as he recognizes how strong the evidence against him is, completely breaks down, and during the whole of the District Attorney's speech he sobs bitterly.

As the jury retire, Tom Van Buren passes his hands over his eyes, as though in pain, and then buries his face in them. Many people watch his wild, anxious look; he is so fierce, and seems so agonized.

The jury are not long away, but the time appears interminable to three anxious watchers.

They have agreed upon their verdict.

Very silent is the Court as the foreman says:

"We find Eloise Gaythorne guilty of the murder of Ezra Isaacs ——"

And Herbert? What of Herbert? His heart leaps into the poor wretch's mouth, as he hears their conclusion.

"And Herbert Gaythorne an accessory to the crime!"

What matter now the platitudes and euphonisms of the judge? The one overwhelming fact stands before them. They are to be hanged by the neck until they are dead!

"Liars!" shrieks Tom Van Buren, as he reels wildly out of the building.

The morning's newspaper is a highly spicy one. There is the trial of the Gaythornes, and a very sensational account of the murder of the chief witness against them—Mr. Richard Tomkins—who is found in a dreary street near the East River, with a bullet through his skull.

(To be continued.)

SPRING.

Welcome, all hail to thee! welcome, young Spring!
Thy sun-ray is bright on the butterfly's wing.
Beauty shines forth in the blossom-robed trees;
Perfume floats by on the soft southern breeze.

Music, sweet music, sounds over the earth;
One glad choral song greets the primrose's birth;
The lark soars above, with its shrill matin strain;
The shepherd-boy tunes his reed-pipe on the plain.

Music, sweet music, cheers meadow and lea;
In the song of the blackbird, the hum of the bee;
The loud, happy laughter of children at play,
Proclaims how they worship Spring's beautiful day.

The eye of the hale one, with joy in its gleam,
Looks up in the noontide, and steals from the beam:
And the cheek of the pale one is mark'd with despair,
To feel itself fading when all is so fair.

The hedges, luxuriant with flowers and balm,
Are purple with violets, and shaded with palm;
The zephyr-kiss'd grass is beginning to wave,
Fresh verdure is decking the garden and grave.

Welcome, all hail to thee, heart-stirring May!
Thou hast won from my wild harp a rapturous lay;
And the last dying murmur that sleeps on the string
Is, Welcome! All hail to thee, welcome, young Spring!

MANUEL.

By Thomas S. Collier.

It was a cool morning when I rode down the one straggling street of Flushville, and stopped before the most pretentious of the shanties, decorated with the sign of "Hotel." The building was a low affair, with an inclination to ramble up the hill against which it abutted. A wide veranda, roofed with canvas, ran along the street-front, and some rough chairs and benches stood on this.

It was early yet, for the sun had but just begun to fringe with gold the crests of the sierras, and the population of Flushville generally sat up too late to make a practice of early rising. I knew this, and therefore did not expect to have my wants speedily attended to, and was considerably surprised when what appeared to be a bundle of rags lying on one of the benches shook itself, and with a half-yawn, half "Good-mornin'," rose and stood before me.

This new view of the strange transformation of rags into humanity was fully as astonishing as its discovery, for there was a peculiarity in the face, the form, the actions—in fact, in all that concerned or had part in the person standing before me, that drew and riveted my attention.

What this peculiarity consisted of was an enigma, for the face was a bright and handsome one, the form firm and graceful, the movement light and harmonious; but in all, and flowing out like a magnetic current, was something that attracted me strangely.

"Want your horse cared for?" queried the figure, the voice in which this was asked having a sweet, yet curious cadence, and seeming to be a well-fitting part of the subtle power emanating from the form.

"Yes," I answered, alighting and handing him the bridle.

"Go to the side-door—it's always open—and Lang Foo, the Chinaman sleeping by it, will show you a room."

Saying this, he swung himself into the saddle, and rode on down the street, while I stood and watched him.

For some reason I could not explain, there came to my mind the idea that his was one of earth's tragic lives, and that it was hereafter to be interwoven with mine. How, I could not tell, but the more I watched him the stronger grew the impression. It was this, perhaps, that caused me to look at him so intensely that the picture then imprinted on my mind has never been effaced. Tall, and with a perfect symmetry of form, he yet gave evidence of a muscular power that would make itself felt in a struggle requiring endurance. His feet and hands were small, but there was a suppleness about the last that told of a dexterity and strength dangerous to awaken, antagonistically. But it was his face and head that most impressed me, for they were, indeed, striking. His hair was long and golden, and when stray gleams of light shone through it, it flashed and glowed like flame. His eyes were dark-blue, deep and languid in appearance, and full of a joyous light, yet showing, too, a firmness and strength that was startling. His nose was shapely and well lined, his mouth full and rich in color, his chin round and smooth, and through the brownness that the sun had given his face, a faint tinge of red showed dimly, but with a richness that would have enraptured an artist.

When he turned from the main street, I sought the door he had told of, and found the Chinaman asleep in a chair. A single call caused him to spring to his feet, and my request to be shown a room was quickly complied with. I had been in the saddle several hours, and was thoroughly tired, so I slept long and heavily, and did not get out among the frequenters of the place until the sun was high in the heavens.

The people in the barroom were of the class usually

met in mining-towns—stalwart, full-bearded, with brown faces, and a revolver protruding its butt from belt or pocket.

There were several of these congregated on the veranda when I strolled out there after a little business-talk with the proprietor of the house, and they greeted me with the customary Western greeting.

having the changing light of a raven's wing, and a brown skin through which a delicate color showed with a strange beauty, came riding toward us. Her mouth was small, and her full lips were brilliant and dewy. Her chin was round and dimpled, her nose perfect, and her little head bent slightly forward in a piquant fashion that was charming, indeed.

THE FIRST WARM DAYS OF SPRING.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 335.

The young man who had cared for my horse was also there, and nodded in recognition as I took possession of a vacant chair standing near him.

I had but just seated myself in this, when a clatter of hoofs came sounding down the street, and, looking up, I saw something I shall never forget. A young girl of the Anglo-Spanish type, with great dark eyes, hair glossy and

Her form was graceful and *petite*, its full contour telling of perfect health, while her little hands and feet added their fascination to her bewitchingness; for to look into her eyes, and have her bright glance shine back into yours, to see the parted lips and swelling bosom, the firm hand and the night-hued hair, was to lose all thought of the world, save such of it as was contained in her.

MANUEL. —"WITH ALL THE STRENGTH THAT LOVE COULD GIVE, I GRASPED THE DRIPPING FORM THAT MANUEL RAISED TO ME AS HE SWEPT BY."— SEE PAGE 335.

Her costume was a neat and closely fitting one of dark-blue, with a crimson ribbon at the throat. Her hat was dainty, and trimmed with bright feathers, and the foot that peeped out from beneath her habit was so trim in its tiny boot that it left nothing to be desired, while the spirited pony, and the care with which she managed him, added to the charm of her beauty.

As she drew rein before the veranda, her eyes met mine, and flashed into them a light they will never lose. She did not withdraw her gaze, and I rose and stepped down to her side, seeing that she desired to dismount. My strange acquaintance of the early morning also came to her assistance, and flinging him the bridle, she accepted my hand and sprang to the ground.

"Thank you," she said, in a voice so clear and sweet that it sent a thrill of gladness through my being; and, turning to the other knight, she continued, "I shall be busy for a couple of hours, Manuel; have the pony ready at the expiration of that time."

Then, giving me a bright smile, she bowed, gathered her habit in her hand, and tripped off down the street.

Manuel led the pony away, a luminous light shining from his eyes, which followed her; his face transformed into an unearthly beauty; and, as I saw this, there came again the subtle knowledge that, somehow, somewhere, his life and mine would clash.

The young girl had disappeared when I returned to my seat, and asked my nearest neighbor if he knew her.

Oh, yes. She is the daughter of a proud old Spaniard, who owns a ranch a little way down the valley. He married an English lady in Europe, and brought her here. She died just after this girl's birth, and he has never married again. He is rich, and the man who wins the hand of Lola Guzman wins a fortune."

"I should think he would win a beauty as well."

"You are right. And she is as brave and good as she is beautiful. There are few people in Flushville not indebted to her for kindness, and her bravery takes her where others would not dare to go."

"I should like to know her," I answered.

"That will not be hard for you. She is a curious little body, and her likes and dislikes rule her actions. She likes you, and you can speak to her without an introduction."

"How do you know that she likes me?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed my companion; "how do I know? Why, she would never have let you help her from the saddle if she did not, especially when Manuel was by."

"Manuel! That is the young man who took her horse?"

"Yes. An odd fellow, brave as a lion, lucky as a fool, but too shiftless to gather moss. I think if he were worth loving, the señorita would be married now."

A throb that rose up in my throat told me how Manuel's life and mine would be intertwined, but I answered, nonchalantly:

"Ah! What does he do?"

"Nothing but ride about the country, and care for the horses of those who stop here. Now and then he gambles, and he always wins. But he does not know how to keep his gains; nor will he work, except about horses."

"Truly not a man that a woman like her would be apt to fancy," I said, as I rose to go in to dinner.

"And yet, one who would not shrink from death to help a friend in danger," answered the man. "Somehow, I have always thought that Manuel was born to give up his life for another."

"He has a tragic strangeness about him, that is evident," I said, as I went in.

I could not wait to get another look at my new friend, for business called me on to a camp lower down in the valley, and kept me until late.

The sun had just touched the edge of the western lying range of mountains when I set out on my return, well pleased with my day's work. The path I had to follow was a wild one, leading through a narrow ravine overhung with stunted pines, whose rich aroma filled the air with spicy sweetness.

After a few miles of this, the valley widened and the road grew lighter; but the pines clung close about it, and gave a savage look to the shadowy stretches.

Now and then the trail I was following would be crossed by others less traveled, and then open patches of clear ground began to appear. I slackened my horse's speed here, and rode on leisurely.

The sunlight still shone along the snow-crowned ranges of the high sierras, but the deeper valleys were already in gloom. A full moon was flooding the eastern sky with glory, however, so I did not care to hasten, for wild nature had an attraction that I never strove to battle with, and I allowed the poetry of wood and mountain to sing through my soul as it listed.

Suddenly, however, a shrill cry for help rose from a gloomy wood some little distance ahead. One learns to be alert with hand and brain in those mountain solitudes, and in an instant I had grasped my revolver and tightened my bridle, whilst my horse sprang forward at a quick gallop.

Another cry caused me to urge my horse forward at frantic speed, and in a moment he dashed into a small clearing, where a cross-trail branched away from the broader one leading to Flushville.

The moon shone brightly down on this, and showed me the cause of the cry I had heard, filling me with wild frenzy as it did so; for there, struggling in the grasp of a brawny ruffian, was the form of Lola Guzman.

As I came rushing down on him, the ruffian dropped the fair girl he had been striving to hold, and, with an oath, grasped the bridle of my horse, and forced him back on his haunches.

The rapidity of the movement threw me from my saddle, and ere I could spring to my feet, I found myself clasped by the muscular arms of my foe.

I was no puny antagonist, however, for my life had been one of toil and exposure, and my grasp was firm and heavy.

Unfortunately for me, my revolver had been shaken from my hand, and it was now a question of strength alone.

My opponent had obtained an advantage in his first onslaught, but he was older than I, and soon my younger vigor began to tell—striking and tumbling here and there, we struggled.

The woman for whom we fought stood a panting spectator of the scene.

At last I stumbled, and falling backward, felt myself borne backward to the earth, and then the heavy knee of my foe pressed down on my breast, while his hand closed on my throat.

Suddenly, and with an old school-day trick of twisting, I loosened my grasp from his hands, and seizing the leg bearing down on me, gave it a wrench that sent the stout form of my foe spinning over along the ground, his head striking heavily on a stone.

The shock stunned him, and quickly grasping a coil of stout cord I always carried at my saddle-bow, I secured my bewildered antagonist.

I had trained my horse to remain standing when his

bridle and saddle were on, even if no person was by, and this helped me now, as it gave me the means to secure my foe.

This done, I turned my attention to the girl, and was quickly put in possession of the occurrences that had taken place previous to my arrival.

She had been detained in Flushville much later than she expected, and just as she reached the crossing leading to her father's ranch, her pony had been stopped, and she dragged from her saddle by the man lying bound on the earth.

Her pony had scampered off toward home, and I was just offering my horse for her use when the clatter of hoofs broke on our ears, coming from the direction of the ranch, and in a moment a gray-haired man dashed up to us, and stopped close to where we were standing.

Lola sprang to his side, and in a few hurried words told of the last few minutes' occurrences.

The old gentleman sprang to the ground and grasped my hand.

"Let me thank you for the service you have done my daughter, sir," he said, in a husky voice; "and I should be happy if you would make my house your home."

I thanked him, and said that I could not accept his kindness that night, as I wished to carry my prisoner to Flushville; but that I should avail myself of his kind invitation as soon as possible.

I noticed that Lola's eyes grew disappointed when I began talking, but brightened as I closed, and after her father had given my hand another clasp, he remounted his horse, and I assisted Lola to a seat behind him.

She gave me a bright smile as she rode away, and after she had disappeared in the shadow of the woods I went to my prisoner.

He had regained his consciousness, and was struggling to free himself; but my revolver soon convinced him that this was of no use.

"Well, and what do you intend to do with me?" he asked, gruffly.

"Take you to Flushville, and let the people there make your acquaintance."

"They know me pretty well now," he said, and a grim smile lit his sinister face.

He rose at my command, and walked on ahead of me, his rapid strides soon bringing us to the front of the hotel where I was stopping.

Our appearance quickly caused a crowd to gather, and dark, indeed, were the glances cast at my companion. He met these with a defiant stare, and this exasperated one of the men so that he said:

"Well, you're caught, and the rope is ready."

"It's nice work for you to say the rope is ready, when you were afraid to come out and get me. You had better let the man who was brave enough to fight me single-handed, and capture me, say about the rope."

The reply seemed to strike home, for no more taunts were made, and I inquired for the sheriff.

That functionary soon arrived, and when he saw the prisoner I had made, plainly showed his astonishment.

"Well, stranger," said he, "you have done what a dozen have failed to do—and failed with the loss of their lives, too. How did you manage to get Bronze Jake foul?"

My story was quickly told, and Bronze Jake marched away in the sheriff's charge.

I may as well end his story here, for its sequel soon followed. The hero of a dozen or more murders, many of his victims having been miners in Flushville, he could hope for little mercy from them; and, a few nights afterward, the jail was forcibly entered, and the next morning his lifeless body was discovered swinging from a pine-tree, beneath which one of his victims had been found; and in the dim coolness of the cañon, murdered and murderer sleep side by side.

Of course, my capture of this noted desperado made me the hero of the place, but I valued the notoriety only because it had given me the acquaintance, on an intimate footing, of Señor Guzman and his daughter.

I was not long in availing myself of the señor's invitation to visit him, and soon became a frequent inhabitant of the ranch. Both father and daughter were well read and intelligent, and the hours passed with them were, indeed, pleasant ones.

I was able to prove to the gentleman that my position, both as regarded social standing and wealth, was good, and he then seemed to throw all the duty of entertainment on his daughter.

This was, indeed, a happy circumstance for me, and friendship soon ripened into a warmer feeling. In fact, I doubt whether we ever knew the friendship period. Love came to us when our eyes first met, and circumstances favored its rapid development.

With my intimacy at the ranch came a period of erratic behavior in Manuel. He owned a very fine horse, and on this made distant journeys to the mining-camps scattered along the valley. Seldom was he to be found at the "Hotel," where he had been wont to make it his home; and though he never failed to greet me with a pleasant nod and word, still his absence from my vicinity daily grew longer.

The ranch had too many attractions for me, however, for this to be much noticed.

Señor Guzman owned a large tract of fine land—the only one in the vicinity that produced anything. He also had several paying mines worked on shares, and from both enjoyed a large revenue.

His house stood on the bank of a creek that flowed through the valley, and which, to supply water for the dry season, had been dammed some miles above Flushville.

The rainy season began just after my intimacy at the ranch was firmly established, and many hours did Lola and myself pass, watching the water rush by; wild, foamy and turbulent it was, and now and then it would carry pine-trees and masses of underbrush along, sweeping them on with savage haste.

At last it settled down to a long and heavy rain, and the creek ran, muddy and dark, far over the low meadows south of the ranch.

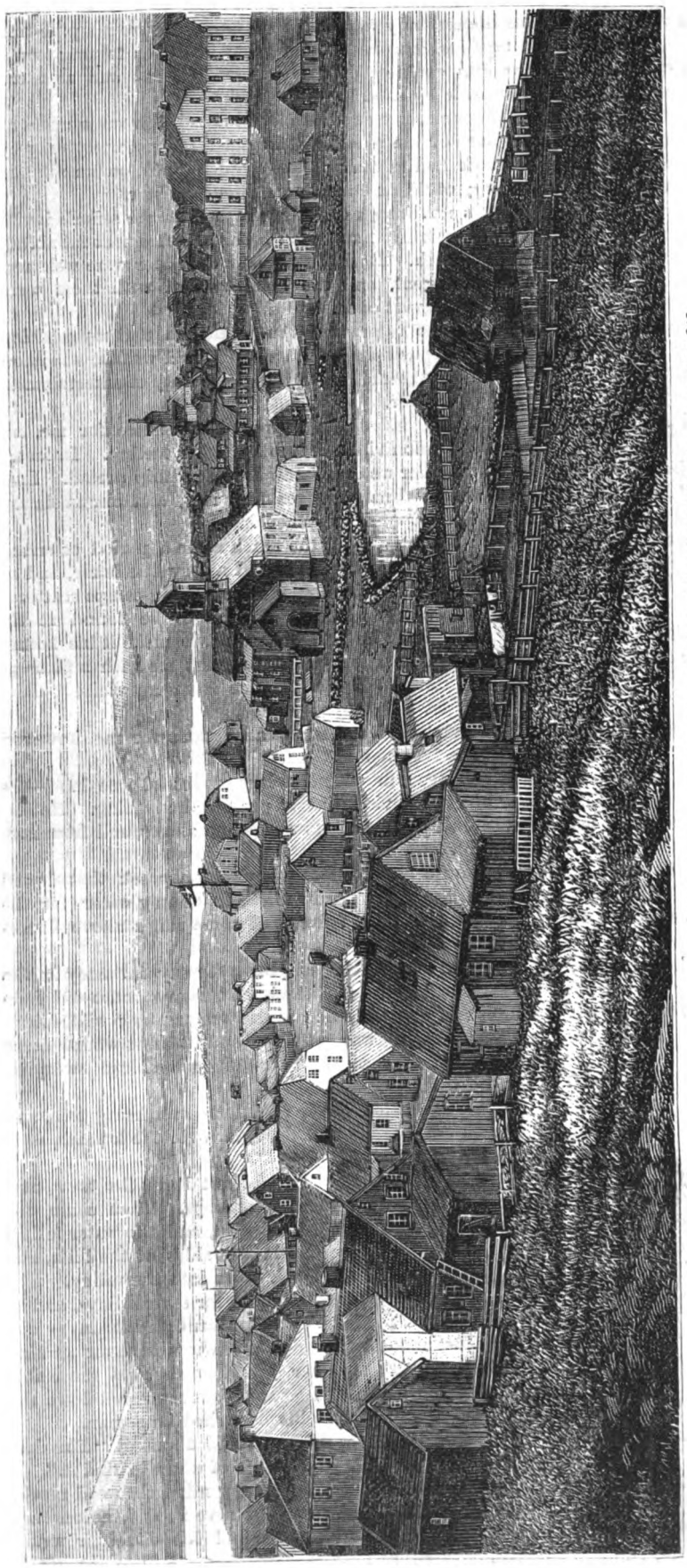
For two or three days I could not leave the town, and dreary, indeed, were those long days. Then came one when the heavens seemed to open, and the water fell in sheets, tearing wide gullies in the sides of the hills, and sweeping huge banks of earth down into the valley.

Manuel was away, and had been for several days, and so we had been compelled to care for our own horses.

I was just about setting out to see how mine was getting on, fearing that the water would wash away the stable flooring, when I saw, coming at breakneck speed down the street, a wild and thoroughly drenched horseman.

He drew rein before the hotel and shouted, "The dam is breaking, and there is an ocean of water behind it."

Instantly there flashed across my mind the word ranch. If the dam broke nothing could save it, and, unless they were warned, Señor Guzman and his daughter would perish. Quick as I could, I made my way to the stable and saddled my horse. Then mounting, I dashed out into the street, and urged my horse down the valley.



ICELAND SCENERY AND MODERN NATIONAL BENEATH THE POLAR CIRCLE.—GENERAL VIEW OF REYKJAVIK.—SEE PAGE 342.

He was a good animal, and the wind being in my favor, we went on at a mad pace. But I had several miles to go, and the descent of the valley was steep, both being in favor of the flood.

I had made but a quarter of the distance when I heard a heavy, rumbling sound, and knew that the dam had given way. I urged my horse to a higher rate of speed, but the road was bad, and though he went swiftly on, I knew that the water was gaining.

Suddenly I became aware of a horseman coming up behind me. Nearer and nearer the hoof-beats rang, and soon the panting steed was abreast of mine. I turned my head to see who it was that sped on so rapidly through the storm.

It was Manuel.

His bright hair streamed out free on the wind, for his hat and the poncho he usually wore were both gone. As he passed me he smiled — a ghastly smile that sent a shudder through me —and beckoned me to follow. Soon he was gone, but though the disappointment of having him precede me was bitter, I still kept on.

The road wound along the crest of a ridge until it came near the ranche, when it bent down suddenly to the level ground, which here spread out into a wide plateau.

I had not reached this when the flood came rushing past me in the valley below.

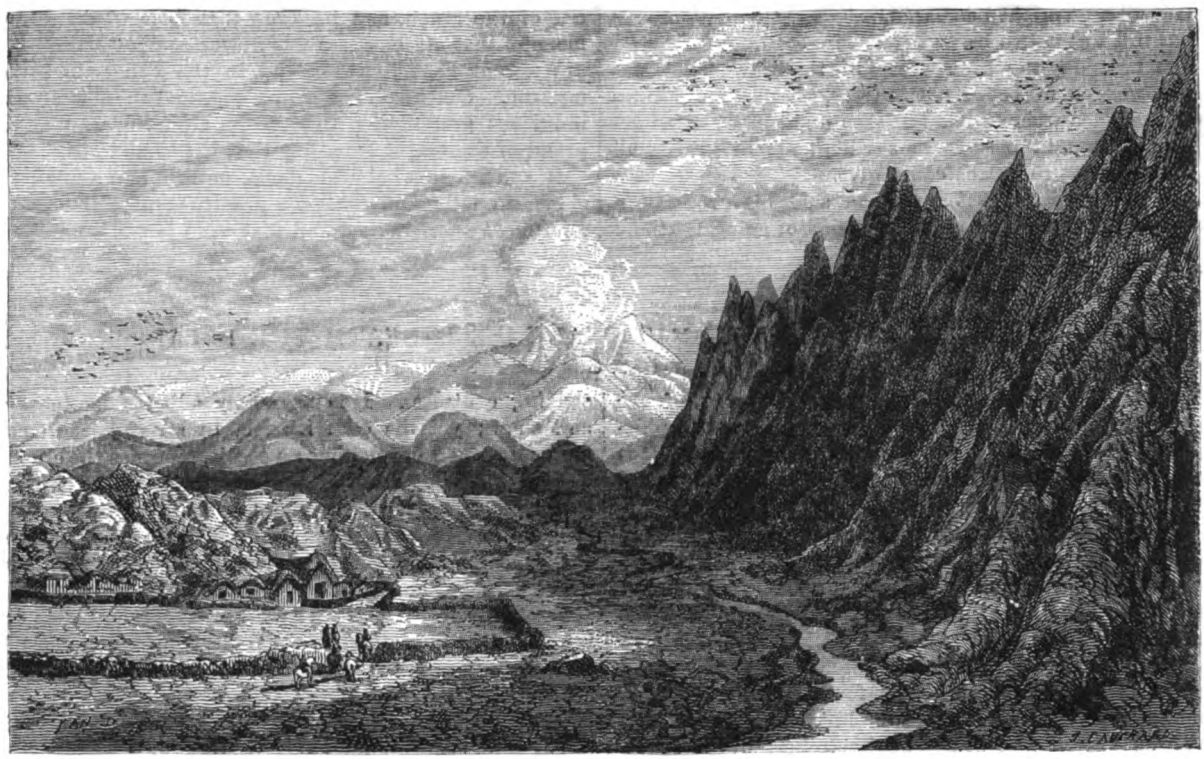
Then I knew that all hope to reach the ranch was gone, but the valley turned a little way below, and swept between the abutments of two high ridges, one being that on which I was. I knew this, and urged my horse on to the place, hoping what looked to be beyond hope, that by some inscrutable act my darling would be given safe to me.

When I reached the pass, the water was already rushing through it, and I could see, tossing about in its mad turmoil, the wrecks that it had gathered in its downward way. For a moment I could see nothing that looked like a part of the ranch.

Then some lattice-work that I knew whirled by, and the next moment my heart gave a mad throb, and almost ceased to beat, for I saw, struggling in the water that was coming at a fearful rate of speed toward where I stood, a horse that bore a double burden, and recognized that it was Manuel and Lola.

I saw that he was striving to reach the bank near where I was, and sprang from my horse to assist him.

The rush of the water was growing greater all the while, and just below me it ran in a fierce eddy around a little



AN ICELAND FARM.

basin formed by a rocky abutment, and there were some strongly rooted bushes fringing these rocks.

In these I secured myself, for I saw that the current was sweeping the horse that way.

Manuel saw me, and shouted to me to be quick and take care of Lola. I nodded my answer of "Ready," and the next instant they came rushing down to me.

With all the strength that love could give I grasped the dripping form Manuel raised to me as he swept by, and struggled up from the reach of the flood.

Then I turned to look for Manuel, but he was gone. With Lola in my arms, I rushed to the edge of the precipice overhanging the narrow ravine alive with wreck and foaming water, but could see no living thing.

Both horse and rider had disappeared.

The rain had slackened in its fury, and was gradually subsiding. The flood, too, was rapidly spending its force, and placing Lola on my horse, I led him slowly back toward Flushville.

She knew nothing of her father. All she knew was, that while she stood on the veranda watching the water rush by, Manuel came dashing up and shouted the news of the dam's giving way. Then he grasped her in his arms, and urged his horse toward the higher ground, but ere he reached it the water overtook them, and carried them on to where I stood. Her father had left the house in the morning to look after some cattle corraled some distance from home, and she had not seen him since.

He met us, however, as we were nearing Flushville, and Lola clung to him as she told how she had been saved.

HEADDRESS OF ICELAND WOMAN.

A LUTHERAN CLERGYMAN IN ICELAND.

"Poor Manuel!" I heard her say, and in my heart I prayed that he might be spared.

But this was not to be.

The next day the lifeless form of the brave fellow was found, wedged in between two trees, nearly twenty miles from the place where I had last seen him.

He was brought back to Flushville, and buried with all the honors that the place could give.

Shortly afterward, Señor Guzman sold his property in the valley, and announced his intention of going East and making a new home there. The flood had not left a vestige of the ranch, and he knew that Lola would go with me, and that my business was nearly completed.

We went East together, and in the Fall Lola became my wife. Our home is a happy one, and there is no more indulgent grandfather than Señor Guzman, who is very proud of the bright baby-boy that has come to us.

If you ask this baby his name, he will lisp a word that shines in letters of gold on a granite column standing in a far-off Western valley, and that word is "Manuel."

ICELAND SCENERY AND MODERN NATIONAL LIFE BENEATH THE POLAR CIRCLE.

By A. H. S. Gunnlagson.

Iceland, the well-known island on the verge of the Polar circle, does not, strictly speaking, either geographically or historically, belong to the European system. It is rather an independent creation of fearful and wonderful submarine agencies. Vague ideas regarding the size, configuration and resources of this island prevail, probably because on the maps we study in childhood Iceland is represented as so small compared to America. Yet in reality Iceland is fully one-fifth larger than Ireland. Let the reader accordingly only attempt to picture to his own imagination the fearful plutonic forces, and the throes of mother earth, when she brought forth Iceland from the womb of the Atlantic. During the last forty years Iceland has been visited and described by a host of European tourists, the British isles furnishing by far the largest contingent.

The Icelandic mathematician, B. Gunnlagson, many years ago drew a large and interesting map of Iceland, which has been widely copied. A glance at this will at once convince us that the southeast and northeast of the island must be a very peculiar region. The maps will display in the southeast one huge blank tract, merely designated as the "Vatna," or "Klofa," glaciers. It consists of a vast agglomeration of glaciers and volcanoes, flanked on the south, west and north by other detached or semi-detached volcanoes, as the Skapta, Myrdal, or Katla, and Eyafell volcanoes, and that further all these were contemporaneously assisted by other more distant volcanoes, like Hecla, midland; the Krabla, in the north, and the fire region around the Myvatn Lake.

This, accordingly, represents the central region of the ancient volcanic activity to which Iceland owes its existence, in which probably thousands of cones and craters must have been at work.

The configuration of the coasts also lends its evidence, for all the firths and indentations were originally created by streams of lava from this common centre.

A country such as this would seem to be but little adapted for the support of man, and many wonder why any branch of the human race should ever have strayed into these forbidding regions. Yet nature has been supporting mankind in this apparently uninviting region for the period of one thousand years. Nature must manifestly have intended this region for human settlement. The coast around the island contains a number of marshy districts; but on the banks of the rivers, which from glacier or lake pour into every firth, there are many favored spots, stretching several miles into the interior. Many tracts have become marshy through sheer neglect, and might be reclaimed by drainage. Many bottoms are filled with amazing depth of rich soil, the wear of volcanic rock, abounding in the constituents necessary for vegetable life. Thus Iceland, as most volcanic countries, is a land of striking contrasts. It is commonly called a land of frost and snow; yet the Gulf Stream, by striking the southwest corner and enveloping its coasts, modifies the climate, so that the Winter in the southwest and southeast proves scarcely colder than in Denmark or southern Sweden.

There are no trees in Iceland, the so-called forests consisting merely of stunted birch-bushes, which only in the "Fniosk-dale" and Nupstad forests reach the height of some twenty feet; but it is a land of fragrant grasses, and actually a land of flowers. A delicate and abundant Alpine flora covers the ground where even grass will not grow.

The moss campion flourishes everywhere, pushing its bonny pink face even close to the snow, dappling sand-tracts otherwise barren, clinging to rock crannies, the blossoms growing in dense clusters of all shades from carmine to white. But it would be impossible to enumerate all the varieties of the tender and beautiful Iceland flora, to the Alpine speedwell, the loveliest and frailest, for its intensely blue petals fade in the hand as we admiringly gaze at them.

The natural features of the country, the habitations and daily life of the inhabitants, have not always been sketched with accurate truthfulness by tourists who have in later times visited Iceland. Let us now suppose that we have disembarked at Reykjavik toward the end of June, and the traveler will at first feel a certain degree of surprise at finding himself in a refined society, equal to any he may have known elsewhere. He will also be surprised at finding Reykjavik quite a solid little town, with architectural pretensions that are yearly increasing. If the "Althing," or Icelandic parliament, happens to be sitting, and if he understands the Icelandic language, he will be able to follow with interest the debates of the Assembly in the handsome new Parliament House. It has been enviously and unjustly remarked that the prison building in Reykjavik was the finest edifice in the town, and that this was an evidence of its importance. But the prison has been empty for years, and contains only the harmless and interesting collections of the Icelandic National Museum, which, however, has now been transferred into another building. The reader, upon the whole, may rest assured that crime is very rare in Iceland. Reykjavik further contains a valuable National Library, a High School, which boasts of rivaling Edinburgh or Eton; a Medical School, a Theological Seminary, a kind of High School for women, and a very efficient school for children of the poorer classes.

In former days education and instruction in Iceland were chiefly domestic, but at present primary schools are scattered broadcast throughout the island; with a High School at Madruvalla, in the north, in which farmers' sons are taught physical science, and several other branches

relating directly to Icelandic agriculture, besides history, and at least three languages.

The traveler may be inclined to think that Reykjavik society is purely Danish, but in this he would be mistaken. It may be because every Icelander knows and speaks Danish, especially to foreigners, if he does not chance to know their language. The national element was never stronger at Reykjavik than it is just at present, when even most of the merchants of the place are native Icelanders.

At his breakfasts and dinners Iceland mutton, salmon and trout, golden plover, and a bewildering variety of birds' eggs, Iceland cream and butter, have probably not failed to impress the tourist with more favorable ideas of the island fare and local resources. The people of the capital boast of their skill in preparing a fragrant cup of coffee. The bread baked at Reykjavik and at the seaports is also excellent of its kind. But Iceland is not a land for cereals; grain will not ripen here, and hence the Icelander is not a great bread-eater. The bread of the country-people consists in the "kaka," a home-made hot-cake, resembling the flat-bread of Norway or of Yorkshire. In the south-east of Iceland it is commonly made of the "Elymus arenarius," or wild sand-oat, which grows extensively in those districts. For the rest, turnips, beet-roots and potatoes are raised in garden-plots around almost every farmhouse in Iceland.

The venerable-looking cathedral of Reykjavik is also worthy of a visit; and we find it bright, and decorated with some taste. In front of the altar stands a baptismal font of white marble, classical in design, the sides adorned with graceful bas-reliefs, and a Latin inscription testifies that it is a work of Thorwaldsen, the great sculptor, and a present to his native country, Iceland. This reminds us of Thorwaldsen's own statue in bronze, standing in the centre of the square outside the church. It is the gift of the municipality of Copenhagen, on the occasion of the last millennium celebration, when the present King of Denmark also visited Iceland. In the sacristy of the cathedral a venerable bishop's cape of dark-red velvet is shown you, with an embroidered double trimming of Italian needlework. This cape was particularly interesting, from having been sent as a present by Pope Julius II. to the last Catholic bishop of Holar, in the north of Iceland — the renowned Jón Arason. The cape has been worn on solemn occasions by the Luthern bishops of Iceland, for the reformed church in Scandinavia preserved certain reminiscences of the Mass and the ancient vestments, and in this respect resembles the Ritualists of England.

After the service at the altar, the Lutheran clergyman in Iceland doffs his vestments, and mounts into the pulpit in a black cassock and ruffles, as shown in the accompanying sketch. His dress on week days resembles that of any other civilian.

If we pay a visit to several of the merchants' stores in Reykjavik, we find them to resemble a country store in any other quarter of the world. And now let us leave Reykjavik for a tour in the interior.

During July and August the climate of Iceland is exceptionally beautiful; the sun shines brightly, and the atmosphere is of a diaphanous transparency, which allows us to recognize distinctly very distant objects. An almost startling stillness seems to have settled down upon the face of every visible thing—on the sea, the islands in the noble Faxa bay, on the distant mountains and valleys beyond the water. But from time to time the fairest days of an Iceland Summer may be completely marred by a most untoward circumstance. This is caused by the arch-enemy of Iceland—the Polar ice; when borne by hostile currents it drifts toward the shores of the island, and envelopes it for long, tedious days in rain and mist. This is not an occurrence of every Summer, but whenever it does happen the grass crop is sure to be a failure, the rains making it impossible to gather and dry the hay; this, of course, means distress to the farmer, who depends on his cows and ewes for sustenance during Winter. And thus we learn that the Summer glory of Iceland is also an uncertain thing. In July, Iceland is by no means such a dull country. Everybody is on the road, guiding long caravans of ponies toward the seaports, loaded with the raw produce of the country. The seaports become, for a few weeks, the scenes of lively barter; although occasionally the Iceland farmer receives money in return for his wares, still barter remains the general rule. The peasant offers wool, mutton, dry cod, salt fish, kippered-salmon, eider-down, oil, ponies and various kinds of birds in exchange for European commodities of every kind; but sometimes he also barters his own hard-earned produce for a mere song, for the wily trader takes care to keep his victim in perpetual debt.

But we are not here occupied with the farming, mineral or piscatorial resources of Iceland. We have merely given these things a passing notice, in order to show that bountiful Providence, even in that remote, apparently barren country, has, indeed, done a great deal for the sustenance of man, and that in some respects, even, the resources of Iceland are almost inexhaustible.

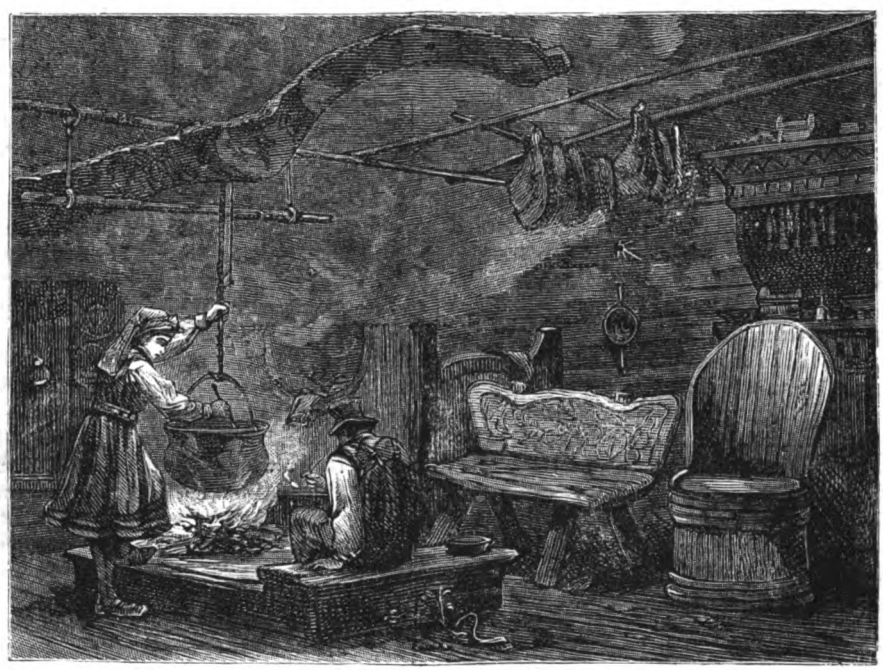
We need not go far from Reykjavik to become acquainted with the first lava fields, of which the accompanying sketches will give the reader a tolerably correct idea. Well-made and passable roads in Iceland are found to extend only a few miles beyond the seaports; but from that point all roads become mere tracks, worn by the hoofs of the ponies from time out of mind, and frequently to the number of eight or twelve running parallel with each other; they are also indicated by stone pyramids, which, however, from being too far apart, are of but little practical use in foggy weather, or during Winter. These are bad enough, but a lava-field, from the nature of the ground, scarcely admits of any visible track whatever, and we may well wonder how the loaded Icelandic ponies manage to scamper through it, and the riders themselves, without actually breaking their necks. But then an Icelandic pony is a very remarkable animal. According to the description of a British tourist: "It stands about fourteen hands high, is strongly built, with short, sturdy legs; large, solemn head, with a sort of beard under the chin; the nose is rounded off, the neck is short, and crested with a thick, upright mane. After going six hours without food he only requires a bait of an hour, to go another six without stopping. He runs like a cow, both legs on the same side of the body moving at once, and he does not trot. As he spins along he holds his head toward the ground, observing it intently, so that he seldom trips, and when he sees a crack or a hole in the lava, he swerves rapidly, and avoids it."

Still, these brave little animals will, on certain occasions, and from some private reasons of their own, display a wonderful degree of perverseness, a comical obstinacy in fording the rivers of the country, or in the midst of a lava field they will, under a heavy baggage-load, perform a sudden helter-skelter stampede in every direction, and thus sorely try the patience, especially of the foreign, uninitiated traveler.

The Iceland riders whom we meet on the road have a peculiarly nonchalant manner of sitting astride their ponies, continually swinging with their legs against the

PONIES CROSSING A LAVA-FIELD.

sides of the animal, which produces a by no means graceful effect. The saddles destined for the use of women may be understood from the accompanying sketch, which is a fair specimen of the better decorated ones.



INTERIOR OF A FARMHOUSE.

We have now reached the lake and district of Thingvalla, the latter so famous in Icelandic history for having been the seat of the Icelandic open-air "Althing," or Parliament, even a long time after the fall of the old Icelandic Commonwealth. A little river, the Oxará, flows into the lake. On its banks are still discernible faint vestiges of the booths, or temporary dwellings, erected by the old chiefs for themselves and their followers. Close by is the forbidding Almunnagiá, a long, yawning chasm, in reality but a huge crack in the lava.

Traveling further ahead in a northeasterly direction toward the boiling springs of the Geysers, the features of the land begin gradually to improve for the better: from the southern seashore, first as a dead flat, then a swelling, rolling upland plain, which at last is broken up into dales, leading up to fells or mountain plateaux, which fill the centre of the island. The lofty cone of the volcano

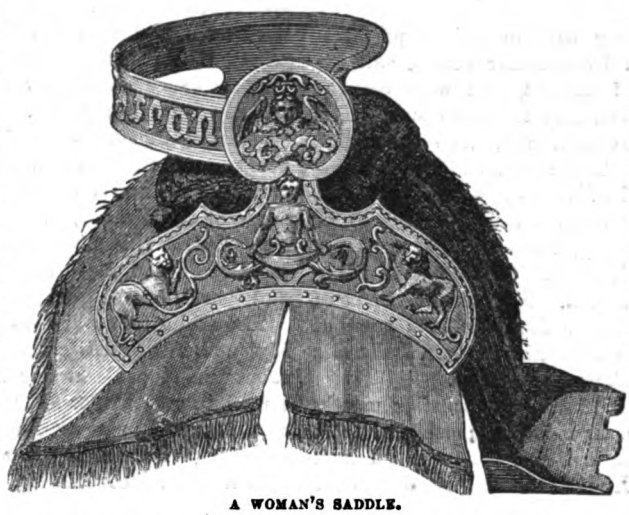
DRIVING ICELAND PONIES.

A STIRRUP-CUP.

Hekla blocks up the background; but, to all intents, this part of Iceland could scarcely be called a bleak or desolate region. We shall leave the Geysers, great and small, entirely to the imagination of the reader, to whom they must be well known from innumerable descriptions. Let us rather turn in at an Icelandic farmhouse, called "bœr," or "gnase"—"byre," in old English parlance—and let us endeavor to notice a bit of local color.

In the first place, as regards the homestead of our host, the Icelandic "bœr," or farm, has come in for a great deal of partly unmerited and exaggerated abuse. An Icelandic "bœr" is not a mere hut, but a rather intricate arrangement of detached and semi-detached structures destined for various uses. There are dwelling-houses, dairies, smithy, storehouses, and several outhouses, destined for the sheltering of the live-stock. All these have severally and independent ingress, and may form a long series of pointed gables, surmounted by weather-cocks, and presenting a rather quaint frontage toward the road-side.

Not even the poorest Icelandic farmhouse is quite so bad as the shanties and huts to be met with in Scotland and other countries. They are not dug into the ground, but the walls are constructed of huge lava blocks, with layers of turf between the stones, particularly fitted for the required purpose.



A WOMAN'S SADDLE.

This plan seems perfectly a legitimate one in a country like Iceland, where all building-timber must be imported at a high price, except in localities where drifting-timber is very abundant. But in the present system the dwelling-houses, the "eldhus," or kitchen, often dairy and storehouses, are all connected together by long dark passages between thick turf and lava walls, which materially contributes to the discomfort and gloom of the whole building. The old Icelandic "skáli," with its adjacent buildings, were constructed on a different plan from these modern farmhouses. Without adopting timber structures, the present ones might, by a few alterations, be made lighter, drier, and consequently much healthier.

In extenuation of these shortcomings, let us bear in mind that the population of these southern tracts of the island — even still so fair to behold — have more than any other nation suffered from

WOMEN'S HATS AND CAPS. A GUIDE.

the effects of frightful volcanic eruptions, pestilence and famine. Thus the Skapta, close at hand, on one occasion destroyed four hundred farms, nineteen churches, and one thousand four hundred houses, not to mention all the successive ravages of the neighboring Katla.

A sense of insecurity seemed for a long time after to paralyze the active energy of the inhabitants; precisely similar effects may be noted in the inhabitants of Sicily and Chios, after great earthquakes have taken place.

The whole life of an Icelandic husbandman is one continuous struggle for his maintenance against often overwhelming external difficulties. Amusements of any kind he certainly knows not. During Summer his toil consists in outdoor work from dawn until late in the evening; but during the long Winter evenings the members of the household draw close together, and work in a common room. Whilst thus at work, their chief social amusement, still to this day, consists in relating and reading the ancient Sagas of their country, or listening to the contents of some other instructive work. At Reykjavik, and at all the seaports, people, of course, seek other kinds of amusements, such as balls and private theatricals, both of which constitute the usual amusement of the Reykjavik population during Winter.

The latter, in fact, recently became public performances; for they were given by amateur actors, but extended over more than a fortnight, and were eagerly patronized by the whole town and neighborhood. The common people seemed to relish the pieces with all the keenness of real Athenians. The pieces consisted in Icelandic adaptations of several of Holberg's Danish plays. The people are undeniably endowed with a degree of dramatic genius. They already, from the last century, possess a small, but original, national collection of plays by their poet, Sigurd Petursson. No wonder, indeed; for what could be imagined more dramatic than some of their own old Sagas? There also exist modern Icelandic translations of several of Shakespeare's plays.

The Sunday costume of the farmers, consisting mostly in a short blue cloth jacket, tight-fitting pantaloons, silk neckerchief and tall, cylindrical hat, makes them look like awkward, long-legged English schoolboys home for a holiday. It is another matter with the costume of the women. Their everyday suit, whether of dark home-spun or cloth, is unostentatious, graceful and serviceable, and shows off their lithe figures to great advantage. The "hufa," a small, black cap, is fastened across the temples in a coquettish manner, furnished with a long, silken tassel, attached by gold or silver thread, or the "holk," a solid silver or gold cylinder, two or three inches broad. Their gala costume on Sundays and wedding days is extremely gorgeous. Their headdress is helmet-shaped, its edge embroidered with gold cord or gilt stars, whilst the apex is artistically enveloped in a white vail of tulle. The bodice is of fine black cloth, richly embroidered with gold or silver oak-leaves round the neck, and a double row of the same down to the waist. Across the shoulder, at the seam, gold thread is sewn on, and also at the wrists. The lower dress may be of cloth or other suitable material, always with rich silk or velvet trimmings. Round the waist they wear a silver gilt belt of the kind of ingenious filigree work for which Icelandic silversmiths enjoy a certain reputation; the belt is sometimes adorned with precious stones. A cloak or mantle of fine cloth, or even dark-green velvet, trimmed with ermine, is thrown over this dress, and fastened across the breast with an old-fashioned silver buckle. In trimmings and ornamentations there exists a pleasant variety in color and design.

There is little more to be said in regard to the general features of Icelandic domestic life. We should meet with the same stereotype features, even if we were to continue our journey through every district of the island.

Let us take a parting glance at the region in which we just happen to be. Riding along the seashore, across the heath, the dell and the moorland, the traveler must, indeed, wonder at the astonishing ornithological wealth, and almost all the birds being more or less useful to man, even the well-known Icelandic falcon, which is also an article of trade.

When the traveler, during a single day's ride, happens to ford the same river for the eighteenth time, with the water reaching above his knees, he will probably be convinced of the utter uselessness of patent-leather boots for an Icelandic journey, as they become like a sponge, that never can get time to dry. The natives wear pointed home-made shoes of untanned leather, and over these they draw stout sealskin moccasins, that answer their purpose tolerably well. Finally, the enjoyment of Icelandic travel depends entirely on fine weather. We thus once happened to ride across the beautiful plain of Rangvalla, on a calm, bright Summer afternoon, with a clear blue sky overhead. We crossed several branches of the mighty Mark River, and kept our eyes constantly fixed on the towering Tindafell and majestic Eyafell glaciers. Through the extreme purity of the air they seemed close at hand, and we could discern every cranny, every quivering outline of these shapely mountain-walks. Notwithstanding the perfect stillness around us, we could distinctly hear the roar of the breakers on the lava-bound shore in front of the glaciers. Our eyes rested on the noble waterfall of Seljaland, at an angle of the Eyafell, jutting out toward the Mark River; we gazed at this sheet of water as it plunged over a perpendicular wall more than three hundred feet in height, and sparkling like gold in the rays of the setting sun.

The scene to us and to many others seemed a perfect idyl, as herds of cattle were grazing on all the verdure-clad mountain slopes. If our horse had at this moment happened to stumble, as did that of the valiant Gunnar some nine hundred years ago, near this very spot, when, for the last time, he was riding down to the ship that was to carry him abroad, like Gunnar, at the sight of all this grand scenery, we should also have expressed our profound regret at having to bid farewell to such a grand and beautiful country.

INNATE DELICACY.—Most women seem to possess an instinctive refinement. It shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape than our rough masculine angles. A vulgar boy requires heaven knows what assiduity to move three steps; we do not say like a gentleman, but like a boy with a soul in him; but give the least advantage of society or tuition to a pleasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will glide into refinement before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table. There is sentiment in all women; and that gives delicacy to thought and taste to manner. With men it is generally acquired—an offspring of the intellectual quality; not, as with the other sex, of the moral.

WEALTH has been divided by a living writer into two classes—material and non-material. The first of these includes what usually goes under that name, but the second consists of those human energies, faculties and habits, physical, mental and moral, which directly contribute to make men industrially efficient, and which, therefore, increase their power of producing material wealth. Thus manual skill, intelligence and honesty may be included in the personal wealth of a country.

THE SUN-DIAL.

By F. T. Palgrave.

I look on the happy children,
And they bid me join their play
By the sun-dial in the garden,
The sun-dial old and gray.

They smile as they watch the shadow
With stealthy, resistless pace;
But they read not the lesson, the dear ones,
Writ on the dial's face.

For you, my children, it numbers
No hours save hours serene;
No fears for a hidden future,
No pang for the dread "has been."

The vision of wasted hours,
Of faces we would not forget,
Yet prized not enough when with us,
The deep, unavailing regret:

The years in their torrent swiftness
That shriek as seaward they go . . .
What know they of this, the children?
Ah, better they should not know!

They smile and watch by the dial,
Till darkness hurries them hence—
And their souls are bathed in slumber
With the sunshine of innocence.

But I stand and watch them sleeping,
And over their faces go,
Flushes and smiles and sweetness,
And breathing even and low.

I muse on the thousand perils
That hang o'er each golden head;
And I know that my treasures tremble
Like dew on the gossamer-thread.

O Life, what art thou that holdest
What is more than life to thee
By the tenure of thine own hours,
Thine own fragility?

And each breath is a sigh, that nearer
Brings the long farewell to me—
O were Life not life for ever,
Better it should not be!

A DESPERATE GAME.

I have just finished my first music-lesson from the new teacher, who is throwing East Haven into such a ferment. I do not like her. That is an unjust sentence, for I am ignorant of anything against her, and the little I know of her is certainly in her favor. How little that is! Let me write it out, and see if it looks any better in black-and-white than it does in my own mind.

One month ago, just before Christmas, Uncle Oswald told me he had received an application for the little cottage left vacant by the death of poor Mrs. Cummings, and had rented it to another lady.

"Who is she?" I asked,

"A French lady, I should judge by the name—a Miss Eleanora Leblanc, who wishes to obtain a class of music-scholars at East Haven, and who will bring her own piano, but take the furniture in the cottage as it stands."

"But who is she?" I persisted. "Who knows her? Who sends her here?"

"I am sure I cannot tell you, child," he answered. "She writes from New York, and she will be here on Monday by the noon train."

I don't suppose anybody but Uncle Oswald would ever have let a house—even a tiny cottage—without some guarantee for the respectability of the tenant; some warrant that the rent was secure; but he was a man of whom the neighbors said, "It is well Oswald Warrenton is wealthy by inheritance, for surely he has no money-making capacity."

Grandfather had left half a million to Uncle Oswald, Uncle Rufus, and myself, and we lived in the old homestead at East Haven, with housekeeper and servants, and, occasionally, a governess for me.

But I am wandering from Miss Leblanc. She came at the time appointed, established herself quietly in the cottage, and sent forth modest circulars asking for music-scholars. To those who inquired, she said she was the daughter of a Confederate officer who was killed during the war, and that she had left New Orleans, hoping to succeed in obtaining music-pupils in the North.

She has been very successful, so far, probably from the fact that she is a finished musician, with a glorious voice, perfect in cultivation. Even Uncle Oswald, whose ear is fastidious to a fault, after hearing her sing and play, advised me to place myself under her tuition.

So she came to-day, and I heard the library-door open softly, when she sang for me, after the lesson was finished. I think she heard it, also, for a deep flush rose upon her cheek, and a light, as if of triumph, sprang into her large dark eyes. I realized then, for the first time, how wonderfully handsome she is.

She is tall and slender, yet so faultlessly proportioned that every motion and every attitude is the perfection of grace. I do not think she could be awkward if she tried. She wears her own raven-black hair, twisted in a crown around her small, shapely head, and has features of delicate beauty of outline; her eyes are large, and her teeth even and beautiful; her complexion, though dark, creamy and soft; and yet when she smiles, and her white teeth gleam through her rich lips, I crawl all over.

I believe I am silly! I will go and practice my new exercises, and forget my foolish fancies.

Another music-lesson, with those great dark eyes fixed upon my face, and that smile I hate greeting my failures. There is no music in my fingers or my voice, as I often tell Uncle Oswald; but I love it, and worship it, as we love and worship the unattainable.

After our lesson was over, Miss Leblanc, with an air of innocent candor, expressed her sympathy for my affliction and lonely life.

"I was told of your patient sweetness in the village," she said, "and how much you loved seclusion; but you are young to bury yourself here, away from companions and friends."

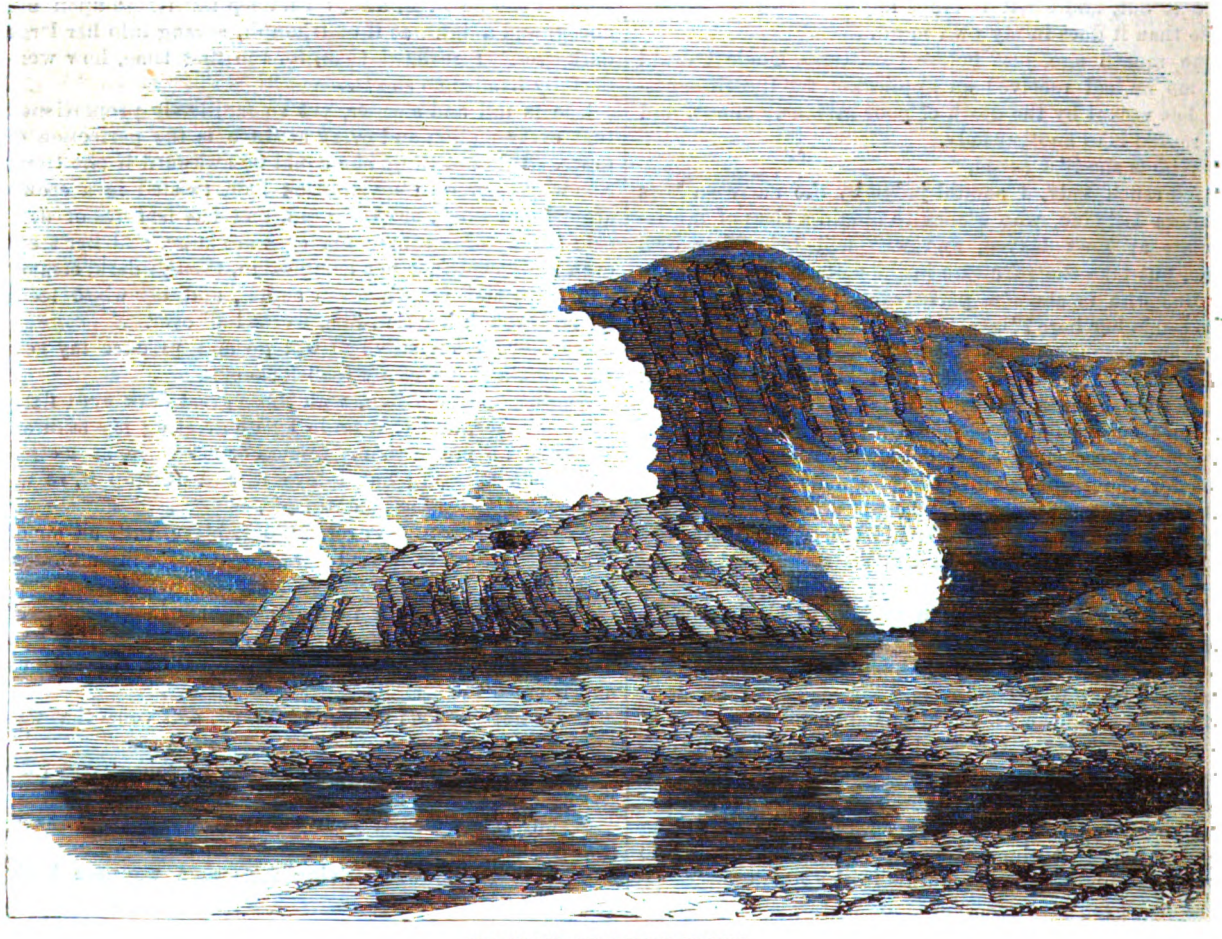
I was not gracious under this sweet, soft voice that was tearing my heart.

"I have some friends who visit me," I said, "and I do not care for general society since I became a cripple."

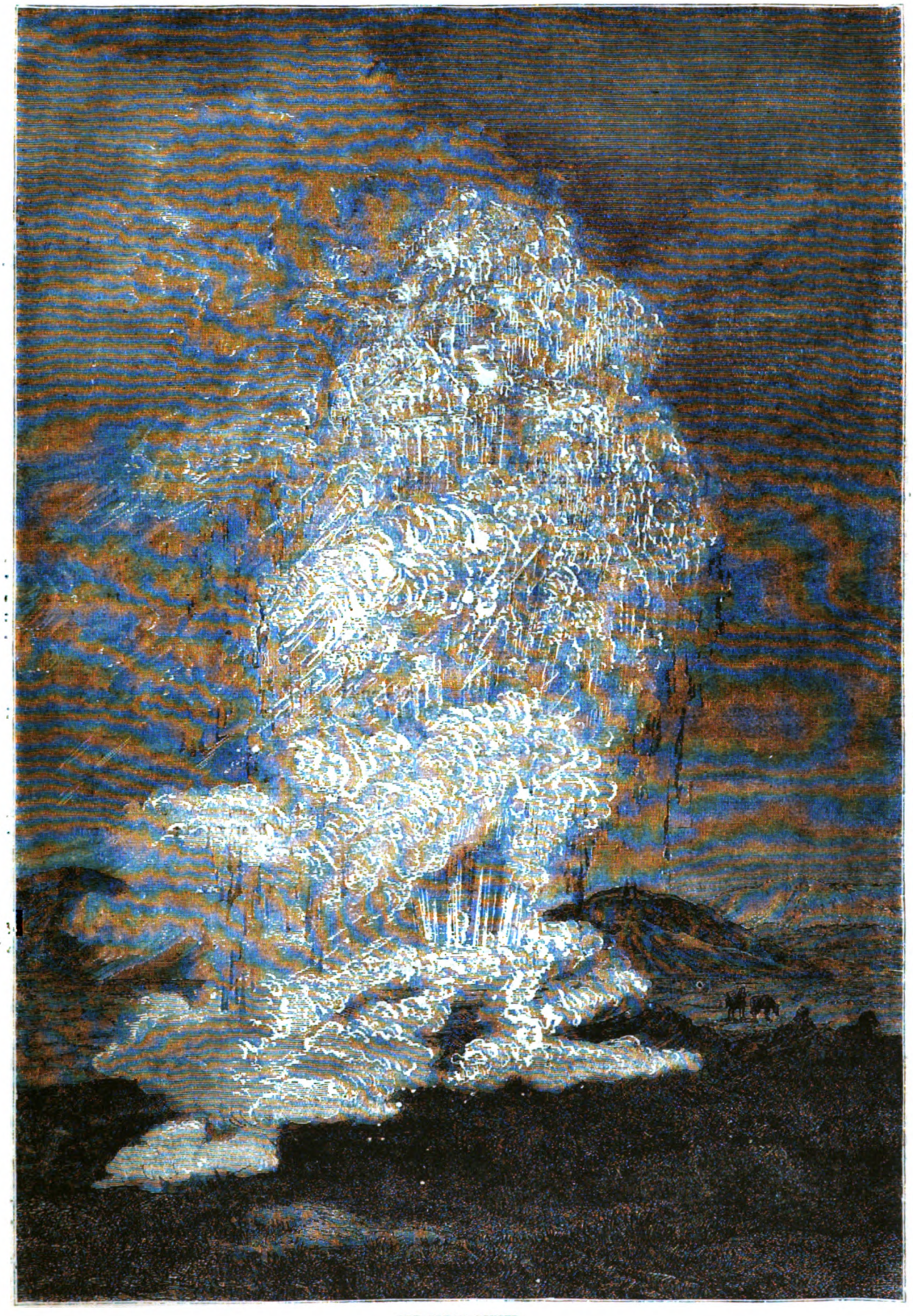
"Your uncle shared your affliction, did he not?" she asked.

"Uncle Rufus was driving me, when we were both thrown from the carriage. His injuries are worse than mine, for I am only lame, but he received internal injuries,

ICELAND SCENERY, AND MODERN NATIONAL LIFE BENEATH THE POLAR CIRCLE.— TRAVELING THROUGH LAVA-BEDS.
SEE PAGE 342.



THE ISLAND AT BOILING SPRINGS.



THE GREAT GEYSER.

as well as being crippled. He is in Europe now, trying the effect of some German bath."

"In Europe! I thought he lived here with you."

"Uncle Oswald is here; he is something of a recluse, being an enthusiastic student, but he is sound in health and limb."

She did not speak for a moment, but her fingers glided over the keys in a wailing melody that called tears to my eyes. A moment later she was playing a ringing, triumphant march, that rolled out chords seemingly impossible for feminine fingers. I looked in wonder at the slender white fairies producing such majestic music.

"How strong your hands are!" I said.

She turned abruptly to face me, her eyes fairly glaring, and her face pale as a corpse. The evil threatening made me shrink as I looked at her, but in a second her eyes softened; she laughed lightly, and said:

"One needs fingers of steel to play well."

"Then I will never play well!" I said.

"You never will; but you have a sweet voice. We will give most of our attention to that."

As she spoke, she rose and made preparations to go, lingering over the adjustment of her cloak, hat and furs, as if expecting some invitation to remain. None was given, and she left me. I thought, as I watched her walk slowly and gracefully down the avenue to the gate, that she looked most unlike the poor girl teaching music for a living she represented herself to be; others had noticed the richness of her dress, but she accounted for it by smiling sadly, and saying her materials were relics of happier days, when her father was a wealthy slave-owner, and that her own fingers had fashioned the silks and velvets into modern styles; I thought of this as I watched her. Her dress, of rich wine-colored silk, was trimmed with black velvet, and a velvet basque, that fitted her figure perfectly, was edged with sable; a hat of black velvet, with a long white plume, was set upon her glossy hair, and her throat was encircled with a sable collar, while the delicate hands I had noticed were hidden in a sable muff.

"I wonder what she did with sables in New Orleans?" I thought; and, then seeing her glide out of sight, I went to the library to tell Uncle Oswald I was never to play well.

"Has your teacher gone?" he asked. "You should keep her to dinner sometimes, dear, or invite her to cheer some of your long, lonely evenings. She plays wonderfully, and I could listen here."

I promised to keep my teacher the next time she came.

Shall I? Why do I shrink so from this woman, so beautiful and accomplished? She has never harmed me. East Haven stands by her to a woman. I will not allow my silly prejudice to influence me; I will like Eleanora Leblanc. Fatal resolution!

* * * * * * *

Eight months have passed. How nearly the defiance of my own instinctive aversion shipwrecked the happiness of one life and brought another to a grave!

Saved!—both saved!

Can I tell the story coherently? Can I connect the scenes photographed so faithfully upon my memory? I will try.

I cannot define the day nor the hour when my Uncle Oswald first became the lover of my music-teacher. From leaving his library-door open to listen to her music, he fell into a habit of sauntering into the drawing-room. Soon he would converse for hours at a time with her, and I, little ignoramus that I am, listened in amazement as the sweet silvery voice followed the lead of the man of learning into fields of thought and reading where woman's patience rarely travels, or woman's intellect finds food for its tastes.

She had traveled, and she would describe with glowing words scenes in the Old World, incidents and adventures, often by an apt quotation, making my uncle's eyes kindle with admiration. Often they placed me entirely out of the discussion by falling into German or French conversation; often a quotation in either language, or a criticism upon some author or work in those tongues.

I cannot say that I was surprised so much as I was stunned and overwhelmed with consternation when my uncle informed me that he was affianced to Miss Leblanc, and would be married in the Fall. My only idea was to escape before the wedding; to go away from the house over which she was soon to preside. I had tried—faithfully tried—to overcome my aversion, and it only grew upon me until I felt that I hated her, and that life would be unendurable near her.

My dislike was not so unreasonable as might at first appear. As Miss Leblanc became more and more intimate at our house, often remaining without invitation to dinner, she seemed to delight, in silkiest, most caressing fashion, to probe my heart to its innermost depths, to keep my infirmity always before me by her tender pity and apparent anxiety to save me from any exertion. She delighted in exposing my ignorance upon some subject with which she had proved her own familiarity, by asking me some leading question in her musical, even voice. She wormed out of me, by subtle questioning, the terms of grandfather's will—that in case of my death, or that of either of my uncles, without direct heirs, the property reverted to the survivor or survivors; and she inquired with tenderest sympathy about Uncle Rufus, and the chances of his returning from Europe.

How my heart quivered when I thought she was mentally adding his wealth to that of Uncle Oswald; for, kind as both had ever been to me, Uncle Rufus always seemed nearer and dearer to me than any one living. It was his hand that guided my first tottering steps; it was his bluff, hearty protest that kept me from becoming a bookworm; his care that provided me with a saddle-horse, with skates, and other outdoor treasures, and developed me from a sickly child to a strong, hearty girl; and our mutual misfortune knit our bond of love still closer. I was riding with him when the horses took fright at the shaking of a white tablecloth from a window, became unmanageable, and threw us both out. We were severely injured—"crippled for life"—but mine was the lighter burden of the two. Some internal strain had developed into a chronic trouble with Uncle Rufus, subjecting him to spells of pain that were almost maddening, and it was in the hope of obtaining relief for these that he had gone to Europe.

Why do I recall all this? Do I need to explain to my own heart why it turned to Uncle Rufus in my distress and perplexity?

I wrote to him when Uncle Oswald announced his engagement, and I begged him, by all his love for me, to come home and take me from East Haven.

"I will not urge you to stay," I wrote, "knowing how you suffer in this keen sea air. Only come long enough to take me away where you and I can make a home for ourselves, or send for me, and I will cross the ocean to join you."

In the letter I inclosed a photograph of my future aunt for his criticism.

I can never forget my consternation when an ocean telegraph was forwarded from New York to me in answer to my letter.

"Defer the wedding till I come!"

That was all.

There was no talk of an immediate marriage, and when I told Uncle Oswald that his brother was coming home, he said:

"We will delay the wedding-day till he arrives."

By the earliest possible steamer he came. I had been out, taking a stroll by the seaside, and, returning, was informed that my Uncle Rufus was in the library. As fast as my limping feet would carry me, I hastened there, but paused a moment by the open door for breath before I entered.

My uncles were seated beside each other, their hands locked fast together, their faces full of deep joy at meeting. They loved as few, even brothers, love. Perhaps the difference of disposition knit their affections more firmly, for while Uncle Oswald was a student from a boy, Uncle Rufus was always fond of active pursuits.

Uncle Oswald, in his rich velvet dressing-gown and slippers, was delicate and refined from his classic features to the tips of his graceful fingers. He was handsome in an aristocratic type, and could never have been mistaken for anything but a scholar.

Uncle Rufus, in a rough tweed traveling-suit, was tall, broad of chest, and long of limb. His rich dark hair curled in crisp knots over his head, and the face, pallid and drawn by suffering, was large-featured, and cast in a manly-mold. He was a giant prostrated in his full vigor of life, bending under his burden of physical anguish, yet never murmuring, reserving all his lamentations over the accident for my share of it.

"To think I brought the burden upon you," he would say, caressing me, "when I would have given my own life to make yours happy!"

As I stood panting in the doorway he looked up, and opened his arms with his own sunny smile.

"Be off!" Uncle Oswald said, laughing. "You will not feel at home till you have had a long gossip with your baby. You two are worse than lovers."

"Are lovers so dreadful?" I asked, and we left him.

In the drawing-room, Uncle Rufus, closing the door, turned to me a pale, agitated face, from which all the gladness of a moment previous had faded.

"Tell me all you know about this woman Oswald is to marry," he said.

"It is very little," I answered, and told him all.

"Is the photograph you sent a faithful likeness?"

"It is perfect," I replied; "she has the clear-cut features and an oval contour of face that photograph well. Uncle Oswald had to coax a long time, though, before she consented to sit."

"Is she dark or fair?"

"A decided brunette."

"If it should be the same—oh, if it should be the same!" he murmured. "Tell me, darling, do you think Oswald's happiness is depending upon his marrying?"

"I think he has been won to a proposal by a scheming woman, who loves his money," I said, hotly. "I think he would forget her in six months."

Uncle Rufus bent his head upon his hand, and sank into deep thought—troubled thought, too, I could see by his face.

"When will she come here?" he asked, after a long silence.

"To-day; she will stay two or three days, as I am helping her to prepare her trousseau."

"Let me see her alone when she comes. Little one," he added, wistfully, "may I tell you what I fear? My secret is killing me."

"You may trust me," I said.

"I may be mistaken," he said, "but the likeness is so striking! I can scarcely think there are two women with that face. How old is she?"

"Past thirty, I should say."

"It would be her age. It was while I was in Paris, three years ago, that I first saw that face. I was driving with a friend, who told me that the last sensation was the trial of a young, beautiful woman, for strangling her husband in his sleep. He repeated to me the evidence, proving that her husband was a very fiend for cruelty, and had threatened her life on the very day before he was found strangled in his bed. His wife had fled from his threats; but there was strong evidence that she had returned for an hour or two during the night. We drove to the scene of the trial, and heard the conclusion of it. She was acquitted upon the presumption that a woman's fingers had not sufficient strength for the deed of which she was accused."

I thought of the face I had seen when I had commented upon the strength of Miss Leblanc's fingers.

"Did you see her then?" I asked.

"I saw her as she stepped into the street, free! She moved slowly through the crowd, assembled to watch her, guarded by two gendarmes, and she looked defiantly at the gaping populace, some of whom cheered, while others hooted. I never saw that beautiful, evil face again till the photograph fell from your letter. The woman who was tried for her life was a public singer before she was married, but after her acquittal she disappeared, having, it was said, quite a sum of money secreted."

"Every circumstance seems to point out this woman as the one you saw," I said. "Oh, Uncle Rufus, how can we ever be thankful enough that you came home in time?"

While I spoke, the door of the drawing-room opened, and Miss Leblanc entered with a graceful carriage and light step. Uncle Rufus rose, and I left the room before he spoke. An hour later, passing through the hall, I met my music-teacher walking hurriedly to the room she occupied when she was my guest over night. Her eyes looked forward, unseeing, and her lips were wreathed in their most cruel smile. As I passed her, unheeded, I heard her whisper:

"I have still to-night!"

Full of anxiety, I joined Uncle Rufus again.

"It is Madame Cruvelle," he said; "I have given her until to-morrow morning to tell what story she pleases, to break off this engagement, and to leave East Haven. If she does not do so, I must tell what I know. I hope she will spare me that loathsome necessity, for she is a woman."

"Till to-morrow!" I thought of the whisper I had heard in the hall, and, in sudden fear, cried:

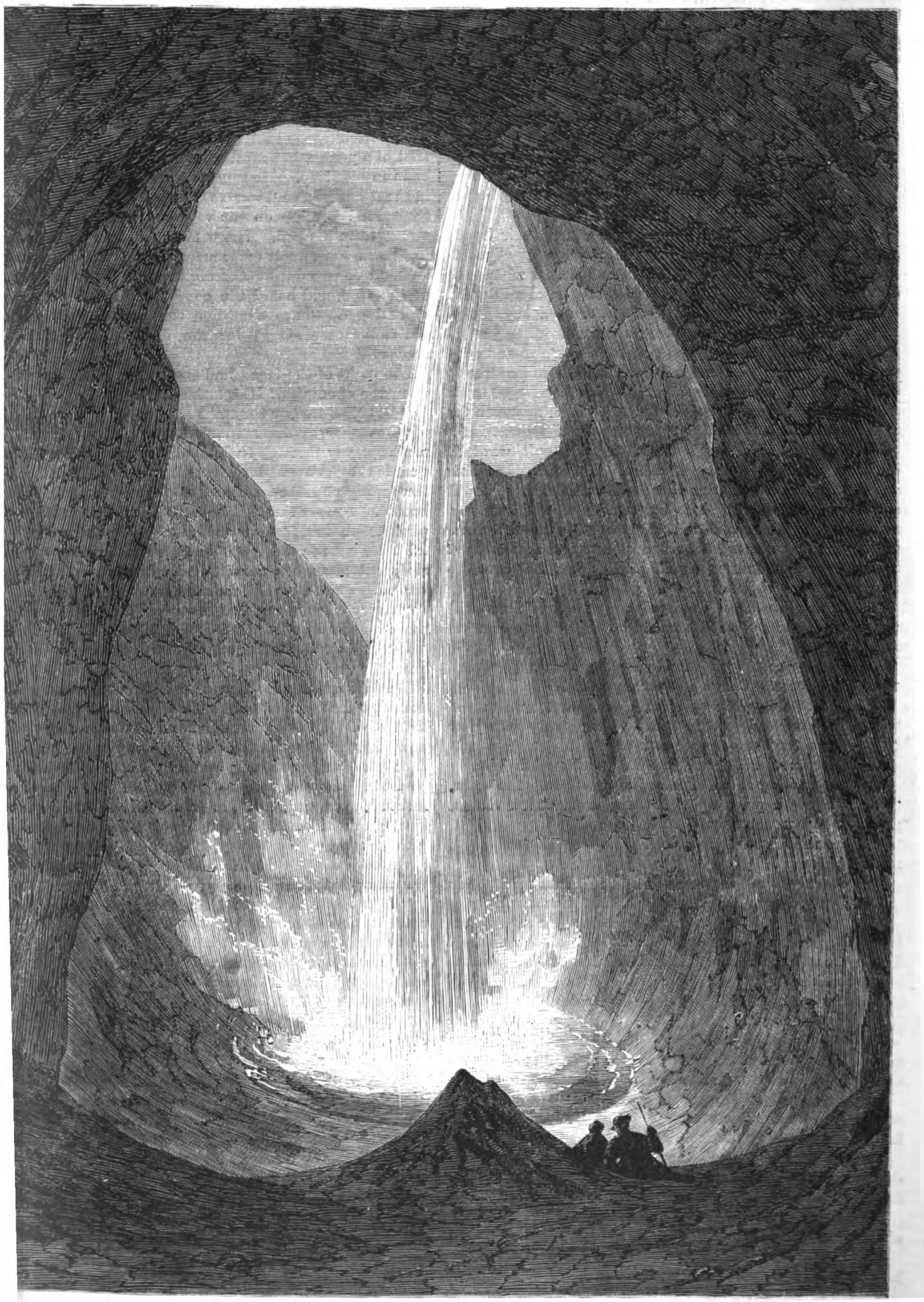
"She may murder you to-night!"

"Why, little one," he said, drawing me into a close embrace, "my story of horror has made you fanciful. I should not have told you. You are sobbing. Cheer up; all will go well. In a little time we will forget this adventuress was ever here. Come, come, if you break down in this way, I shall be afraid to tell you a secret again."

I dried my tears, and by a great effort controlled my sobs, till we were chatting cheerfully, Uncle Rufus promising to take me also to try the German baths he thought had benefited him.

The dinner passed off so pleasantly that I could scarcely credit my own senses, and till nearly midnight we four remained in the drawing-room.

I had never seen my music-teacher look so superbly



ICELAND SCENERY, AND MODERN NATIONAL LIFE BENEATH THE POLAR CIRCLE.— FALL OF KVARNABARFOSS.— SEE PAGE 342.

A DESPERATE GAME.—"AS WE REACHED THE OPEN WINDOW, THE SAME TABLEAU MET OUR EYES—THE STILL FIGURE IN THE CHAIR, THE BEAUTIFUL FIEND PRESSING THE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF TO THE SLEEPER'S FACE."—SEE PAGE 347.

handsome as she did in her long, trailing dress of heavy black silk, with a great scarlet bow at the throat, and a few scarlet flowers in her rich black braids. Never had she conversed more brilliantly; never had her magnificent voice sounded so bewitching, or her fingers drawn sweeter or grander music from the piano-keys. I saw Uncle Oswald glance more than once at Uncle Rufus, with a triumphant smile, as if asking him to congratulate himself upon having this brilliant siren for a sister. It was evident to me that the evening was a long agony to Uncle Rufus; and when we broke up at midnight, even Uncle Oswald noticed the pale, worn face.

"It is only an attack of pain, caused, probably, by the jolting of the cars," Uncle Rufus said. "I will take a little chloroform when I get to my room."

"Take care," his brother said, earnestly. "I am more than half afraid of chloroform. Some day you may take too much. It is dangerous to trifle with it."

"I will be careful. Good-night."

We separated at the drawing-room door, and I went slowly to my own room to watch. A terrible fear held possession of me, yet, how to avert the danger, if any threatened, I could not tell.

I saw Miss Leblanc retire into the privacy of her own room, and I drew a long sigh of relief as I heard Uncle Rufus draw the bolt of his door.

My own room was on the second floor, and on the same side of the house as the one Uncle Rufus occupied, and a wide porch ran along the windows, connecting the two rooms, which did not communicate inside the house.

There was no other window excepting those in these two rooms that opened upon the porch; and when I heard the bolt drawn, I felt that my uncle was secure for the night.

Still I could not sleep. Outside, all nature was bathed in the light of a late-rising moon, and I sat at my window after putting out my light, hidden by the curtains, yet seeing all outside. It was past one o'clock, and my eyes were closing drowsily, when I saw a rustling in the vines that overhung the porch, as if the lattice-work upon which they climbed from the ground had been rudely shaken. Again and again it was moved, and then a dark figure appeared above the railing of the porch, climbing up the lattice-work. A moment later Miss Lablanc, in a short, black dress and stocking-feet, leaped lightly over the railing, and stood in front of my uncle's window. A dim light fell from the room across the porch, and she crouched low and looked in. Rising softly, she stepped over the sill, and was in his room.

In a second my own shoes and rustling skirts were off; and, wrapped in a long waterproof cloak, I, too, was on the porch, crouching down to look in at the window.

Uncle Rufus, fully dressed, was seated in his armchair, asleep, and bending over him, her fingers upon his pulse, was the woman whose desperate game he had come to foil. The light from the shaded lamp upon the table fell upon two figures—one still as death, the other full of vitality and desperate resolve. I could not move. Would she strangle him, as she had done her husband? No! She would leave no track of murder this time.

With the cruel smile I knew so well, she took from the

table a bottle of chloroform, saturated a handkerchief, and pressed it to the unconscious lips. As she did so she said, in a low, clear tone:

"Thank you for a hint, Oswald Warrenton. The door is bolted on the inside, and I can go away as I came."

I stopped to hear no more. As quickly as I could, I regained my own room, opened the door, and crossed the hall to waken Uncle Oswald. His door stood open, for the night was oppressively hot, and I went in. I scarcely know what I said, but he wakened at once.

"Wait outside; I will join you instantly."

Oh, the long, long moment before he came, and started for his brother's door.

"No, no!" I said. "The door is locked, and she will escape. Come through my room."

As we reached the open window, the same tableau met our eyes—the still figure in the chair, the beautiful fiend pressing the white handkerchief to the sleeper's face.

In a second Uncle Oswald dashed aside the curtains, and confronted the murderess, while I sought cold water and strong, pungent perfumes. There was no word spoken. With faces pale as death, the betrothed pair looked into each other's eyes. Silently, still, Uncle Oswald crossed the room and opened the door, and as silently the woman who would have taken his brother's life glided past him, and out of our lives for ever.

Closing the door again, Uncle Oswald came to my assistance.

The work of death was horribly near its completion. Daylight found us still hovering over the prostrate, insensible figure. A doctor had been summoned from East Haven as quickly as horses' feet could carry a man, and aided us with professional knowledge.

Before noon the danger was over, and we knew that Uncle Rufus would live, owing his escape to the habitual use of chloroform having accustomed his system to its influence.

East Haven wonders yet over the sudden departure of Miss Eleanora Leblanc, but we three, living still our quiet lives at the homestead, keep our own counsel.

ROBERT BURNS.

By Principal Shairp.

If success were that which most secures men's sympathy, Burns would have won but little regard; for in all but his poetry his was a defeated life—sad and heart-depressing to contemplate beyond the lives even of most poets.

Perhaps it may be the very fact that in him so much failure and shipwreck were combined with such splendid gifts, that has attracted to him so deep and compassionate interest.

It was on the 25th of January, 1759, about two miles from the town of Ayr, in a clay-built cottage, reared by his father's own hands, that Robert Burns was born. The "auld clay bigging" which saw his birth still stands by the side of the road that leads from Ayr to the river and the bridge of Doon. Between the banks of that romantic stream and the cottage is seen the roofless ruin of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," which Tam o' Shanter has made famous. His first welcome to the world was a rough one.

A few days after his birth a storm blew down the gable of the cottage, and the poet and his mother were carried to the shelter of a neighbor's roof, under which they remained till their own home was repaired.

His father, William Burns, was a native of Kincardineshire. Forced to migrate thence at the age of nineteen, he had traveled to Edinburgh, and finally settled in Ayrshire, and at the time when Robert, his eldest child, was born, he rented seven acres of land, near the Brig o' Doon, which he cultivated as a nursery-garden. He was a man of strict, even stubborn integrity, and of strong temper—a combination which, as his son remarks, does not usually lead to worldly success. But his chief characteristic was his deep-seated and thoughtful piety. Robert, who, amid all his after-errors, never ceased to revere his father's memory, has left an immortal portrait of him in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," when he describes how—

"The saint, the father, and the husband prays."

William Burns was advanced in years before he married, and his wife, Agnes Brown, was much younger than himself. She was sincerely religious, but of a more equable temper, quick to perceive character, and with a memory stored with old traditions, songs, and ballads, which she told or sang to amuse her children. In his outer man the poet resembled his mother, but his great mental gifts must be traced to his father.

Three places in Ayrshire will always be remembered as the successive homes of Burns. These were Mount Oliphant, Lochlea (pronounced Lochly), and Mossgiel.

Robert was in his seventh year when his father entered on the farm of Mount Oliphant, at Whitsuntide, 1766, and he had reached his eighteenth when the lease came to a close in 1777. All the years between these two dates were to the family of Burns one long sore battle with untoward circumstances, ending in defeat. This period of his life Robert afterward described as combining "the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing moil of galley-slave." At length, on the death of his landlord, who had always dealt generously by him, William Burns fell into the grip of a factor whose tender mercies were hard.

In his autobiographical sketch the poet tells us that, "The farm proved a ruinous bargain. I was the eldest of seven children, and my father, worn out by early hardship, was unfit for labor. His spirit was soon irritated, but not easily broken. There was a freedom in the lease in two years more; and to weather these two years we retrenched expenses, and toiled on." Robert and Gilbert, the two eldest, though still boys, had to do each a grown man's full work.

When Robert was five years old he had been sent to a school at Alloway Mill; and at Mount Oliphant his father, with four of his neighbors, hired a young teacher, who boarded among them and taught their children. This young teacher, Murdoch, has left an interesting description of his two young pupils, their parents, and the household life at Mount Oliphant. At that time Murdoch thought that Gilbert possessed a livelier imagination and was more of a wit than Robert. "All the mirth and liveliness," he says, "were with Gilbert. Robert's countenance at that time wore generally a grave and thoughtful look."

When he tried to teach them church music along with other rustic lads, they two lagged far behind the rest. Robert's voice especially was untuneable, and his ear so dull that it was with difficulty he could distinguish one tune from another. Yet this was he who was to become the greatest song-writer that Scotland—perhaps the world

—has known. When Murdoch gave up, the father himself undertook the education of his children, and carried it on at night after work-hours were over. The readings of the household were wide, varied, and unceasing. Some one entering the house at meal-time found the whole family seated, each with a spoon in one hand and a book in the other. The books which Burns mentions as forming part of their reading surprise us even now. The "Spectator," odd plays of Shakespeare, Pope (his "Homer" included), "Locke on the Human Understanding," "Boyle's Lectures," "Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin," Allan Ramsay's works, formed the staple of their reading. Above all there was a collection of songs, of which Burns says, "This was my *vade mecum*. I poured over them driving my cart, or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic-craft, such as it is!" And he could not have learnt it in a better way.

In his fifteenth Summer there came to him a new influence, which at one touch unlocked the springs of new emotions. "You know," he says, "our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of the harvest. In my fifteenth Summer my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language, but you know the Scottish idiom. She was a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass. In short, she, altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell. . . . Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heartstrings thrill like an Æolian harp; and, especially, why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who read Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song which was said to be composed by a country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could shear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry."

The song he then composed is entitled "Handsome Nell," and is the first he ever wrote.

Lochlea was the home of Burns and his family from his eighteenth till his twenty-fifth year. For a time the family life here was more comfortable than before. "These seven years," says Gilbert Burns, "brought small literary improvement to Robert"—but I can scarcely believe this, when we remember that Lochlea saw the composition of "The Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie," and of "My Nannie, O," and one or two more of his most popular songs.

During these years Robert went to a dancing-school in a neighboring village, that he might there meet companions of either sex, and give his rustic manners "a brush," as he phrases it. The next step was taken when Burns resolved to spend his nineteenth Summer in Kirkoswald, to learn mensuration and surveying from a schoolmaster famous as a teacher of these things. Kirkoswald was a village full of smugglers and adventurers, in whose society Burns was introduced to scenes of what he calls "swaggering riot and roaring dissipation." Still the mensuration went on, till one day, when in the kailyard behind the teacher's house, Burns met a young lass who set his heart on fire, and put an end to mensuration. This incident is celebrated in the song beginning:

> "Now westlin winds and slaughtering guns
> Bring Autumn's pleasant weather"—

"the ebullition," he calls it, "of that passion which ended the school business at Kirkoswald."

From this time, for several years, love-making was his chief amusement, or, rather, his most serious business. He was in the secret of half the love affairs of the parish of Tarbolton, and was never without at least one of his own. There was not a comely girl in Tarbolton on whom he did not compose a song, and then he made one which included them all.

Of the ditties of that time, most of which have been preserved, the best specimen is "My Nannie, O." This song, and the one entitled "Mary Morison," render the whole scenery and sentiment of those rural meetings in a manner at once graphic and free from coarseness.

Toward the close of his twenty-second year he set his affections on a young woman named Ellison Begbie, daughter of a small farmer. She is said to have been not a beauty, but of unusual liveliness and grace of mind. Long afterward, when he had seen much of the world, Burns spoke of this young woman as, of all those on whom he ever fixed his fickle affections, the one most likely to have made a pleasant partner for life. Four letters which he wrote to her are preserved, and to her he addressed "The Lass of Cessnock Banks," "Bonnie Peggy Alison," and "Mary Morison." The two former are inconsiderable; the latter is one of those pure and beautiful love-lyrics, which "take the deepest and most lasting hold on the mind."

> "Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
> The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
> To thee my fancy took its wing,
> I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
> Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
> And yon the toast of a' the town,
> I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
> 'Ye are na Mary Morison.'
>
> "Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
> Wha for thy sake wad gladly die;
> Or canst thou break that heart of his,
> Whase only fault is loving thee?
> If love for love thou wilt na gie,
> At least be pity to me shown;
> A thought ungentle canna be
> The thought o' Mary Morison."

In these lines the lyric genius of Burns was for the first time undeniably revealed.

But neither letters nor love-songs prevailed. The young woman was deaf to his entreaties; and the rejection of this his best affection fell on him with a malign influence, just as he was setting his face to learn a trade which he hoped would enable him to maintain a wife.

Irvine was at that time a centre of the flax-dressing art, and as Robert and his brother raised flax on their farm, they hoped that if they could dress as well as grow flax, they might thereby double their profits. As he met with this heavy disappointment in love just as he was setting out for Irvine, he went thither down-hearted and depressed, at Midsummer, 1781. All who met him at that time were struck with his look of melancholy, and his moody silence, from which he roused himself only when

in pleasant female society, or when he met with men of intelligence.

Burns's Irvine sojourn was brought to a sudden close. He was robbed by his partner, his flax-dressing shop was burnt to the ground during the carousal of a New Year's morning, and he returned to Lochlea to find misfortunes thickening round his family, and his father on his death-bed.

Toward the close of 1783, Robert and his brother, seeing clearly the crash impending, had taken a lease of the small farm of Mossgiel. When their father died, February, 1784, it was only by claiming the arrears of wages due them, and ranking among their father's creditors, that they saved enough from the domestic wreck to stock their new farm. Thither they conveyed their widowed mother and their younger brothers and sisters, in March, 1784. Burns entered their new home with a firm resolution to be prudent, industrious and thrifty. In his own words, "I read farming books, I calculated crops, I attended markets, and, in short, in spite of the devil, the world and the flesh, I should have been a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed—the second, from a late harvest—we lost half our crops. This overset all my wisdom, and I returned like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

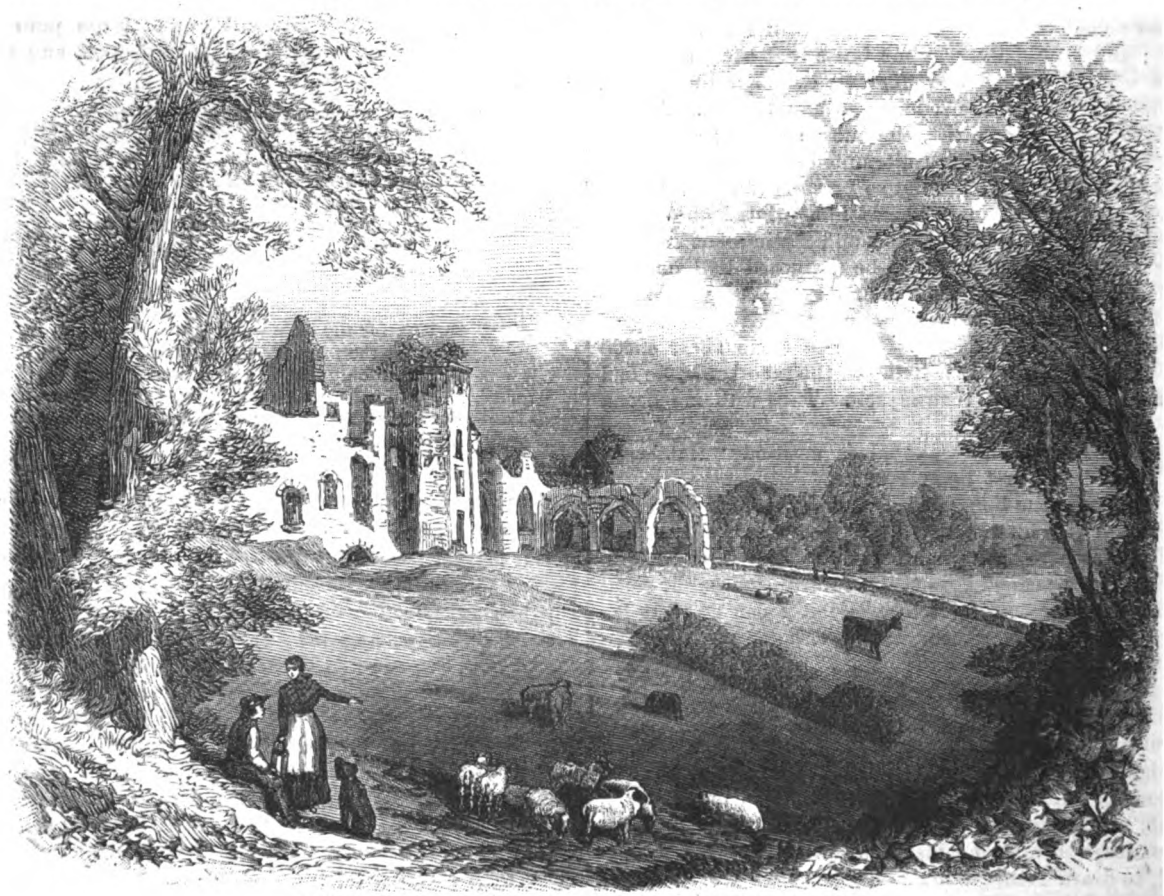
ROBERT BURNS.

Burns was in the beginning of his twenty-sixth year when he took up his abode at Mossgiel, where he remained for four years. Three things those years and that bare moorland farm witnessed—the wreck of his hopes as a farmer, the revelation of his genius as a poet, and the frailty of his character as a man.

When silence and shame would have most become him, Burns poured forth his feelings in ribald verses, and bitterly satirized the parish minister, who required him to undergo that public penance which the discipline of the Church at that time exacted.

This collision with the minister and Kirk Session of his parish, and the bitter feelings it engendered at once launched Burns into the troubled sea of religious controversy.

The clergy of the West were divided into two parties, known as the Auld Lights and the New Lights. Burns, therefore, naturally threw himself into the arms of the New Light party, who were more easy in their life and in their doctrine. This large and growing section of ministers were deeply imbued with rationalism. With such men a person in Burns's then state of mind would readily sympathize, and they received him with open arms. They



LINCLUDEN COLLEGE IN BURNS'S TIME.—FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

were the first persons of any pretensions to scholarly education with whom he had mingled freely. He amused them with the sallies of his wit and sarcasm, and astonished them by his keen insight and vigorous powers of reasoning. They abetted those very tendencies in his nature which required to be checked. When he had let loose his first shafts of satire against their stricter brethren, those New Light ministers heartily applauded him, and hounded him on to still more daring assaults.

The first of these satires against the orthodox ministers was "The Twa Herds, or the Holy Tulzie," written on a quarrel between two brother-clergymen. Then followed in quick succession "Holy Willie's Prayer," "The Ordination," and "The Holy Fair." His good mother and his brother were pained by these performances, and remonstrated against them. But Burns, though he generally gave ear to their counsel, in this instance turned a deaf ear to it, and listened to other advisers. The love of exercising his strong powers of satire and the applause of his boon companions, lay and clerical, prevailed over the whispers of his own better nature and the advice of his truest friends. I cannot but think that those who loved most what is best in Burns's poetry have regretted the writing of these poems. Some have commended them on the ground that they have exposed religious pretence and Pharisaism. The good they may have done in this way is perhaps doubtful. Strange that the same mind, almost at the same moment, should have conceived two poems so different in spirit as "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "The Holy Fair"!

BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY.

His failure as a farmer drove him in on his own internal resources. He then for the first time seems to have awakened to the conviction that his destiny was to be a poet; and he forthwith set himsef, with more resolution than he ever showed before or after, to fulfill that mission. Hitherto he had complained that his life had been without an aim; now he determined that it should be so no longer. The dawning hope began to gladden him that he might take his place among the bards of Scotland.

This wish he expressed in rhyme at a later day in his "Epistle to the Gude wife of Wauchope House."

> "E'en then, a wish, I mind its power,
> A wish that to my latest hour
> Shall strongly heave my breast,
> That I for poor Auld Scotland's sake
> Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
> Or sing a sang at least.
>
> The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
> Amang the bearded bear,
> I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
> An' spar'd the symbol dear."

From the Autumn of 1784 till May, 1786, the fountains of poetry were unsealed within, and flowed forth in a continuous stream. That period, so prolific of poetry that none like it ever afterward visited him, saw the production not only of the satirical poems already noticed, and of another more genial satire, "Death and Dr. Hornbook," but also of those characteristic epistles in which he reveals so much of his own character, and of those other descriptive poems in which he so wonderfully delineates the habits of the Scottish peasantry.

Within from sixteen to eighteen months were composed, not only seven or eight long epistles to rhyme-composing brothers in the neighborhood, David Sillar, John Lapraik, and others, but also "Halloween," "To a Mouse," "The Jolly Beggars," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Address to the Deil," "The Auld Farmer's Address to his Auld Mare," "The Vision," "The Twa Dogs," "The Mountain Daisy." The descriptive poems followed each other in rapid succession during that springtime of his

genius, having been all composed, as the latest edition of his works shows, in a period of about six months, between November, 1785, and April, 1786. Perhaps there are none of Burns's compositions which portray the real man more naturally and unreservedly than his epistles. The play of soul and power of expression, the natural grace with which they rise and fall, the vividness of every image, and transparent truthfulness of every sentiment, are all his own.

From the time of his settlement at Mossgiel frequent allusions occur in his letters and poems to flirtations with the belles of the neighboring village of Mauchline. Among all these Jean Armour, the daughter of a respectable master-mason in that village, had the chief place in his affections. All through 1785 their courtship had continued, but early in 1786 a secret and irregular marriage, with a written acknowledgment of it, was effected. Then followed the father's indignation that his daughter should be married to so wild and worthless a man as Burns; compulsion of his daughter to give up Burns, and to destroy the document which vouched their marriage; Burns's despair driving him to the verge of insanity; the letting loose by the Armours of the terrors of the law against him; his skulking for a time in concealment; his resolve to emigrate to the West Indies, and become a slave-driver.

It would be well if we might believe that the story of his betrothal to Highland Mary was, as Lockhart seems to have thought, previous to the incidents just mentioned. But almost at the very time when he was half distracted by Jean Armour's desertion of him, and while he was writing his broken-hearted "Lament" over her conduct, that there occurred, as an interlude, the episode of Mary Campbell. This simple and sincere-hearted girl from Argyllshire was the object of by far the deepest passion Burns ever knew. On the second Sunday of May, 1786, they met in a sequestered spot by the banks of the River Ayr, to spend one day of parting love; how they stood, one on either side of a small brook, laved their hands in the stream, and, holding a Bible between them, vowed eternal fidelity to each other. They then parted, never again to meet. In October of the same year Mary came from Argyllshire, as far as Greenock, in the hope of meeting Burns, but she was there seized with a malignant fever which soon laid her in an early grave.

The Bible which Burns gave her on that parting day has been recently recovered. On the first volume is inscribed, in Burns's hand, "And ye shall not swear by My Name falsely, I am the Lord. Levit. 19th chap. 12th verse"; and on the second volume, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath. Matth. 5th chap. 33rd verse." But the names of Mary Campbell and Robert Burns, which were originally inscribed on the volumes, have been almost obliterated.

At the time when he first fell into trouble with Jean Armour and her father, Burns had agreed with a Mr. Douglas to go to Jamaica and become a bookkeeper on his estate there. But how were funds to be got to pay his passage-money? His friend, Gavin Hamilton, suggested that the needed sum might be raised, if he were to publish by subscription the poems he had lying in his drawer.

Accordingly, in April, the publication of his poems was resolved on. His friends—Gavin Hamilton, of Mauchline; Aiken and Ballantyne, of Ayr; Muir and Parker, of Kilmarnock, did their best to get the subscription lists quickly filled. The last-named person put down his own name for thirty-five copies. The printing of them was committed to John Wilson, a printer in Kilmarnock, and during May, June, and July of 1786, the work of the press was going forward. In the interval between the resolution to publish and the appearance of the poems, Burns gave vent to his own dark feelings in some of the saddest strains that ever fell from him—the lines on "The Mountain Daisy," "The Lament," the Odes to "Despondency" and to "Ruin." And yet so various were his moods, so versatile his powers, that it was during that same interval that he composed, in a very different vein, "The Twa Dogs," and probably also his satire of "The Holy Fair."

"I threw off about six hundred copies," he tells us, "of which I got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public; and besides, I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenturing myself, for want of money, to procure a passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde, for

'Hungry ruin had me in the wind.'

"I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my friends; my chest was on the way to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, 'The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast,' when a letter from Dr. Blackwood to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening up new prospects to my poetic ambition."

It was at the close of July that the volume appeared containing the immortal poems (1786).

The fame of the Kilmarnock volume spread at once like wildfire throughout Ayrshire and the parts adjacent. Old and young, high and low, grave and gay, learned or ignorant, were alike delighted, agitated, transported. Even plowboys and maid-servants would have gladly bestowed the wages they earned most hardly, and which they wanted to purchase necessary clothing, if they might procure the poems of Burns.

Up to this time Burns had not associated with any persons of a higher grade than the convivial lawyers of Mauchline and Ayr, and the ministers of the New Light school. But now persons of every rank were anxious to become acquainted with the Ayrshire plowman. The first of a higher order who sought the acquaintanceship of Burns was Dugald Stewart, the celebrated Scotch metaphysician, one of the chief ornaments of Edinburgh and its university. He happened to be passing the Summer at Catrine, on the Ayr, a few miles from Burns's farm. He invited the poet to dine with him. Burns met on that day not only the professor and his accomplished wife, but for the first time in his life dined with a live lord—a young nobleman, said to have been of high promise, Lord Daer, eldest son of the then Earl of Selkirk. He had been a former pupil of Dugald Stewart, and happened to be at that time his guest. Burns has left a humorous record of his own feelings at that meeting.

Not less important in the history of Burns was his first introduction to Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, a lady who continued the constant friend of himself and of his family while she lived.

The success of the first edition of his poems naturally made Burns anxious to see a second edition begun. He applied to his Kilmarnock printer, who refused the venture, unless Burns could supply ready money to pay for the printing. This he could not do. But the poems by this time had been read and admired by the most cultivated men in Edinburgh, and more than one word of encouragement had reached him from that city. The earliest

of these was contained in a letter from the blind poet, Blacklock, in which warm admiration of the Kilmarnock volume was expressed. It fell like sunshine on the young poet's heart; for, as he says, "The doctor belonged to a set of critics for whose applause I had not dared to hope." The next word of approval from Edinburgh was a highly appreciative criticism of the poems, which appeared in a number of *The Edinburgh Magazine*. Up till this time Burns had not abandoned his resolution to emigrate to the West Indies. But the voices of encouragement reaching him from Edinburgh, combining with his natural desire to remain, and be known as a poet, in his native country, at length made him abandon the thought of exile.

The journey of Burns from Mossgiel to Edinburgh was a sort of triumphal progress. He rode on a pony, lent him by a friend, and the journey took two days.

Burns reached Edinburgh on the 28th of November, 1786, and sought refuge with John Richmond, an old acquaintance, who was humbly lodged in Baxter's Close, Lawnmarket. During the whole of his first Winter in Edinburgh, Burns lived in the lodging of this poor lad, and shared with him his single room and bed, for which they paid three shillings a week. For some days after his arrival in town he called on no one—letters of introduction he had none to deliver. But he is said to have wandered about alone, "looking down from Arthur's Seat, surveying the palace, gazing at the Castle, or looking into the windows of the booksellers' shops, where he saw all books of the day, save the poems of the Ayrshire Plowman." He found his way to the lowly grave of Fergusson, and, kneeling down, kissed the sod; he sought out the house of Allan Ramsay, and, on entering, it took off his hat.

Burns was not left long unfriended. Mr. Dalrymple, of Orangefield, an Ayrshire country gentleman, a warm-hearted man, introduced the Ayrshire bard to his relative, the Earl of Glencairn.

It was not, however, to his few Ayrshire connections only, Mr. Dalrymple, Dugald Stewart and others, that Burns was indebted for his introduction to Edinburgh society. His own fame was now enough to secure it. A criticism of his poems, which appeared within a fortnight after his arrival in Edinburgh, in the *Lounger*, did much to increase his reputation. The author of that criticism was The Man of Feeling, and to him belongs the credit of having been the first to claim that Burns should be recognized as a great original poet, not relatively only, in consideration of the difficulties he had to struggle with, but absolutely on the ground of the intrinsic excellence of his work.

The poet Cowper, from this or some other source, became acquainted with the poems of Burns within the first year of their publication. In July, 1787, we find the poet of "The Task" telling a correspondent that he had read Burns's poems twice; "and though they be written in a language that is new to me . . . I think them, on the whole, a very extraordinary production. He is, I believe, the only poet these kingdoms have produced in the lower rank of life since Shakespeare (I should rather say since Prior), who need not be indebted for any part of his praise to a charitable consideration of his origin, and the disadvantages under which he has labored." Cowper thus endorses the verdict of Mackenzie in almost the same language.

Within a month after his arrival in Edinburgh, Burns had been welcomed at the tables of all the celebrities—Lord Monboddo; Robertson, the historian; Dr. Hugh Blair, Dugald Stewart, Dr. Adam Fergusson, The Man of Feeling, Mr. Fraser, Tytler, and many others. We are surprised to find that he had been nearly two months in town before he called on the amiable Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet.

How Burns comported himself during that Winter when he was the chief lion of Edinburgh society many records remain to show, both in his own letters and the reports of those who met him. On the whole, his native good sense carried him well through the ordeal. If he showed for the most part due respect to others, he was still more bent on maintaining his respect for himself; indeed, this latter feeling was pushed even to an exaggerated independence. All who heard him were astonished by his wonderful powers of conversation. These impressed them, they said, with a greater sense of his genius than even his finest poems.

With the ablest men that he met he held his own in argument, astonishing all listeners by the strength of his judgment, and the keenness of his insight both into men and things. And when he warmed on subjects which interested him, the boldest stood amazed at the flashes of his wit, and the vehement flow of his impassioned eloquence. With the "highborn ladies" he succeeded even better than with the "stately patricians"—as one of those dames herself expressed it, fairly carrying them off their feet by the deference of his manner, and the mingled humor and pathos of his talk.

But the most interesting of all the reminiscences of Burns, during his Edinburgh visit, or, indeed, during any other time, was the day when young Walter Scott met him, and received from him that one look of approbation.

This is the account of that meeting which Scott himself gave to Lockhart: "As for Burns, I may truly say, '*Virgilium vidi tantum.*' I was a lad of fifteen when he came to Edinburgh. I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Adam Fergusson's. Of course we youngsters sat silent, looked and listened. The only thing I remembered which was remarkable in Burns's manner was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side—on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms. Burns seemed much affected by the print; he actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of "The Justice of Peace." I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received with very great pleasure. His person was strong and robust; his manner rustic, not clownish—a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity. His countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known who he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school—the *douce gudeman* who held his own plow. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally glowed) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."

In the clubs and brotherhoods of the middle class, which met in taverns down the closes and wynds of High Street, Burns found a welcome, warmer, freer, more congenial than any vouchsafed to him in more polished coteries. Thither convened, when their day's work was done, lawyers, writers, schoolmasters, printers, shopkeepers, tradesmen—ranting, roaring boon companions—who gave themselves up, for the time, to coarse songs,

BURNS STUDYING MATHEMATICS AT KIRKOSWALD.

rough raillery, and deep drinking. At these meetings all restraint was cast to the winds, and the mirth drove fast and furious. With open arms the clubs welcomed the poet to their festivities; each man proud to think that he was carousing with Robbie Burns. The poet the while gave full vein to all his impulses, mimicking, it is said, and satirizing his superiors in position, who, he fancied, had looked on him coldly, paying them off by making them the butt of his raillery, letting loose all his varied powers—wit, humor, satire, drollery—and throwing off from time to time snatches of licentious song, to be picked up by eager listeners—song wildly defiant of all the proprieties.

By the 21st of April (1787), the ostensible object for which Burns had come to Edinburgh was attained, and the second edition of his poems appeared in a handsome octavo volume. The publisher was Creech, then chief of his trade in Scotland. The volume was published by subscription "for the sole benefit of the author," and the subscribers were so numerous that the list of them covered thirty-eight pages. In that list appeared the names of many of the chief men of Scotland, some of whom subscribed for twenty — Lord Eglinton for as many as forty-two copies. Chambers thinks that full justice has never been done to the liberality of the Scottish public in the way they subscribed for this volume. Nothing equal to the patronage that Burns at this time met with had been seen since the days of Pope's "Iliad." This second edition, besides the poems which had appeared in the Kilmarnock one, contained several additional pieces, the most important of which had been composed before the Edinburgh visit. Such were "Death and Doctor Horn book," "The Brigs of Ayr," "The Ordination," "The Address to the Unco Guid." The proceeds from this volume ultimately made Burns the possessor of about five hundred pounds, quite a little fortune for one who, as he himself confesses, had never before had ten pounds he could call his own. It would, however, have been doubly welcome and useful to him had it been paid down without needless delay. But unfortunately this was not Creech's way of transacting business, so that Burns was kept for many months waiting for a settlement—months during which he could not, for want of money, turn to any fixed employment, and which were therefore spent by him unprofitably enough.

How rapidly his fame as a poet spread may be seen in the fact that an edition of Burns's poems was issued in New York in the very next year. We fear that no remuneration reached the poet, but edition followed edition in this country, Philadelphia especially identifying itself with his name.

Some small installments of the profits of his new volume enabled our Poet, during the Summer and Autumn of 1787, to make several tours to various districts of Scotland, famous either for scenery or song. But the scenes he visited called forth no

CHAIR IN WHICH BURNS WAS NURSED.— FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

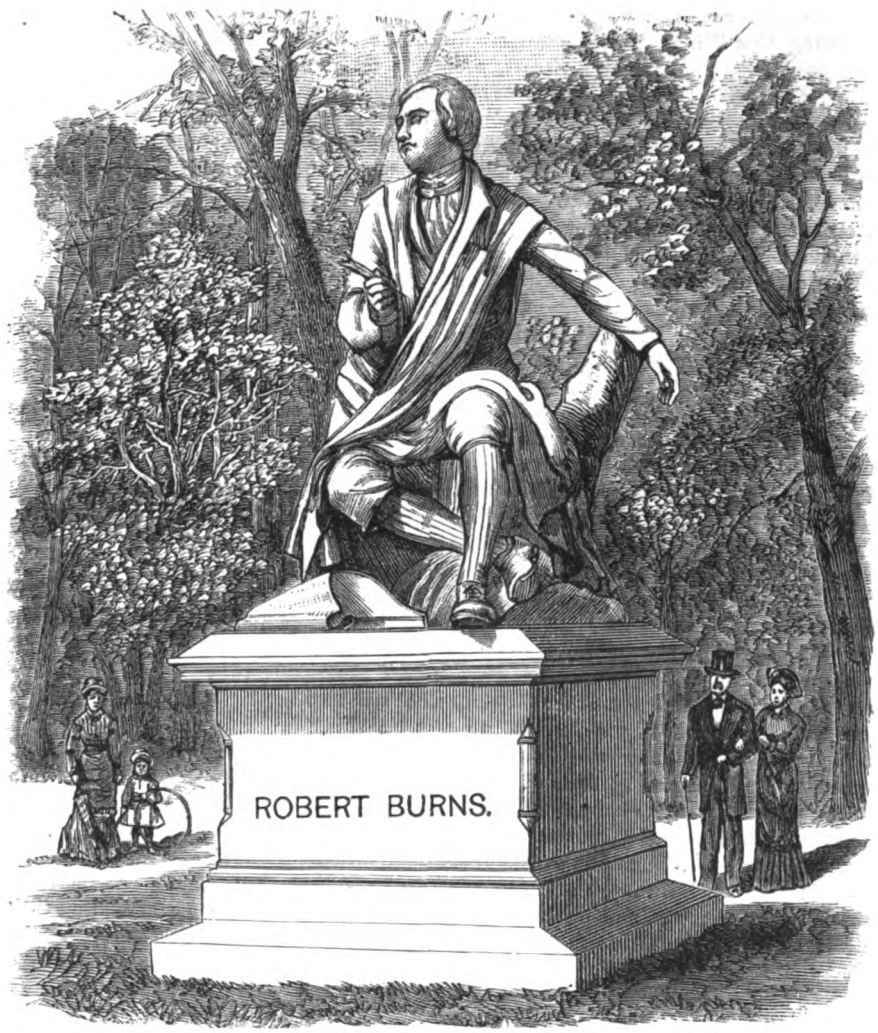
THE HOME OF ROBERT BURNS.

poetry from Burns, save here and there an allusion that occurred in some of his later songs.

At the close of his Border tour Burns had, as we have seen, visited Nithsdale, and looked at the farm of Ellisland. From Nithsdale he made his way back to native Ayrshire and his family at Mossgiel. I have heard a tradition that his mother met him at the door of the small farmhouse, with this only salutation, "O Robbie!" He came in unheralded, and was in the midst of them before they knew. It was a quiet meeting, for the Mossgiel family had the true Scottish reticence or reserve; but though their words were not "mony feck," their feelings were strong. It was, indeed, as strange a reserve as ever was made by fortune's fickle wheel. He had left them comparatively unknown, so miserably poor that he had been for some weeks obliged to skulk from the sheriff's officers to avoid the payment of a paltry debt. He returned, his poetical fame established, the whole country ringing with his praise, from a capital in which he was known to have formed the wonder and delight of the polite and the learned; if not rich, yet with more money already than any of his kindred had ever hoped to see him possess, and with prospects of future patronage and permanent elevation in the scale of society which might have dazzled steadier eyes than those of maternal and fraternal affection.

After a short time spent at Mossgiel wandering about, and once, it would seem, penetrating the West Highlands as far as Inverary, soon after he set out, on a longer tour than any he had yet attempted, to the Northern Highlands.

At Stirling, Burns and his companion had ascended the Castle Rock, to look on the blue mountain rampart that flanks the Highlands from Ben Lomond to Benvoirlich. As they were both strongly attached to the Stuart cause, they had seen with indignation, on the slope of the Castle hill, the ancient hall, in which the Scottish kings once held their Parliaments, lying ruinous and neglected. On returning to their inn, Burns, with a diamond he had bought for such purposes, wrote on the window-pane of his room some lines expressive of the disgust he had felt at that sight, concluding with some offensive remarks on the reigning family. The lines, which had no poetic merit, got into the newspapers of the day, and caused a good deal of comment. On a subsequent visit to Stirling, Burns himself broke the pane of the window on which the obnoxious lines were written, but



STATUE IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

they were remembered, it is said, long afterward, to his disadvantage.

Among the pleasantest incidents of the tour was the visit to Blair Castle, and his reception by the Duchess of Athole. The two days he spent there he declared were among the happiest of his life. At dinner Burns was in his most pleasing vein, and delighted his hostess by drinking to the health of her group of fair young children, as "honest men and bonnie lassies"—an expression with which he happily closes his "Petition of Bruar Water." The Duchess had her two sisters, Mrs. Graham and Miss Cathcart, staying with her on a visit, and all three ladies were delighted with the conversation of the poet.

The Duke, as he bade farewell to Burns at Blair, advised him to turn aside, and see the Falls of the Bruar, about six miles from the Castle, where that stream, coming down from its mountains, plunges over some high precipices, and passes through a rocky gorge to join the River Garry. Burns did so, and finding the falls entirely bare of wood, wrote some lines entitled "The Humble Petition of Bruar Water."

Burns returned to Edinburgh, and spent from October, 1787, till the end of March, 1788, in a way which to any man, much more to such a one as he, could give small satisfaction. The ostensible cause of his lingering in Edinburgh was to obtain a settlement with his procrastinating publisher, Creech; because, till this was effected, he had no money with which to enter on the contemplated farm, or on any other regular way of life.

During this Winter Burns changed his quarters from Richmond's lodging, in High Street, where he had lived during the former Winter, to a house then marked 2, now 30, St. James's Square, in the New Town. We hear no more during this second Winter of his meetings with literary professors, able advocates and judges, or fashionable ladies. He would seem also to have amused himself with flirtations with several young heroines, whose acquaintance he had made during the previous Summer. The chief of these were two young ladies, Miss Margaret Chalmers and Miss Charlotte Hamilton, cousins of each other, and relatives of his Mauchline friend, Gavin Hamilton. To both he wrote some of his best letters, and some of not his best verses.

Just at the time when he met with his accident he had made the acquaintance of a certain Mrs. M'Lehose, and acquaintance all at once became a violent attachment on both sides. For several months his visits to her house were frequent, his letters unremitting. The sentimental correspondence which they began—in which Burns addresses her as Clarinda, assuming to himself the name of Sylvander—has been published separately, and become notorious.

The poet at last obtained a settlement with Creech regarding the second edition of his poems. Of the £500 Burns gave £180 to his brother Gilbert, who was now in pecuniary trouble. "I give myself no airs on this," he writes, "for it was mere selfishness on my part; I was conscious that the wrong scale of the balance was pretty heavily charged, and I thought that throwing a little filial piety and fraternal affection into the scale in my favor, might help to smooth matters at the grand reckoning."

On his leaving Edinburgh and returning to Ayrshire he married Jean Armour, and forthwith acknowledged her in letters as his wife. This was in April, though it was not till August that he and Jean appeared before the Kirk-Session, and were formally recognized as man and wife by the Church.

With his marriage to his Ayrshire wife, Burns had bid farewell to Edinburgh, and to whatever high hopes it may have at any time kindled within him, and had returned to a condition somewhat nearer to that in which he was born. With what feelings did he pass from this brilliant interlude, and turn the corner which led him back to the dreary road of commonplace drudgery, which he hoped to escape? There can be little doubt that his feelings were those of bitter disappointment. There had been, it is said, a marked contrast between the reception he had met with during his first and second Winters in Edinburgh.

With, however, great disappointment and chagrin he may have left Edinburgh, the sense that he had now done the thing that was right, and had the prospect of a settled life before him, gave him for a time a peace and even gladness of heart to which he had for long been a stranger. We can, therefore, well believe what he tells us, that when he had left Edinburgh he journeyed toward Mauchline with as much gayety of heart "as a May-frog, leaping across the newly-harrowed ridge, enjoying the fragrance of the refreshed earth after the long-expected shower." Of what may be called the poet's marriage settlement, we have the following details from Allan Cunningham:

"His marriage reconciled the poet to his wife's kindred—there was no wedding-portion. Armour was a respectable man, but not opulent. He gave his daughter some small store of plenishing; and, exerting his skill as a mason, wrought his already eminent son-in-law a handsome punch-bowl in Inverary marble, which Burns lived to fill often, to the great pleasure both of himself and his friends. . . . Mrs. Dunlop bethought herself of Ellisland, and gave a beautiful heifer; another friend contributed a plow."

When on the 13th June he went to live on his farm, he had, as there was no proper dwelling-house on it, to leave Jean and her one surviving child behind him at Mauchline, and himself to seek shelter in a mere hovel on the skirts of the farm.

The discomfort of his dwelling-place made him not only discontented with his lot, but also with the people amongst whom he found himself. "I am here," he writes, "on my farm; but for all the pleasurable part of life called social communication, I am at the very elbow of existence. The only things to be found in perfection in this country are stupidity and canting. . . . As for the Muses, they have as much idea of a rhinoceros as a poet."

It was not till about the middle of 1789 that the farm-house of Ellisland was finished, and that he and his family, leaving the Isle, went to live in it. When all was ready, Burns bade his servant, Betty Smith, take a bowl of salt, and place the family Bible on the top of it, and, bearing these, walk first into the new house and possess it. He himself, with his wife on his arm, followed Betty, and the Bible and the salt, and so they entered their new abode. Burns delighted to keep up old-world *freits* or usages like this.

The house which had cost Burns so much toil in building, and which he did not enter till about the middle of the year 1789, was a humble enough abode. Only a large kitchen, in which the whole family, master and servants, took their meals together; a room to hold two beds, a closet to hold one; and a garret, coom-ceiled, for the female servants; this made the whole dwelling-house. "One of the windows looked southward down the holms; another opened on the river; and the house stood so near the lofty bank, that its afternoon shadow fell across the stream on the opposite fields. The garden or kailyard was a little way from the house. A pretty footpath led southward along the river side, another ran northward affording fine views of the Nith, the woods of Friars Carse,

and the grounds of Dalswinton. Half-way down the steep declivity a fine clear, cool spring supplied water to the household." Such was the first home which Burns found for himself and his wife, and the best they were ever destined to find.

Burns had not been long settled in his newly-built farmhouse when prudence induced him to ask that he might be appointed Excise officer in the district in which he lived. This request Mr. Graham, of Fintray, who had placed his name on the Excise list before he left Edinburgh, at once granted. The reasons that impelled Burns to this step were the increase of his family by the birth of a son in August, 1789, and the prospect that his second year's harvest would be a failure like the first. He often repeats that it was solely to make provision for his increasing family that he submitted to the degradation of—

"Searching auld wives' barrels—
Och, hon! the day!
That clarty barm should stain my laurels,
But—what 'ill ye say?
These movin things, ca'd wives and weans,
Wad move the very heart o' stanes."

That he felt keenly the slur that attached to the name of gauger is certain, but it is honorable to him that he resolved bravely to endure it for the sake of his family.

In September, 1789, Burns, with his friend, Allan Masterton, crossed from Nithsdale to Annandale to visit their common friend, Nicol, who was spending his vacation in Moffatdale. They met and spent a night in Nicol's lodging. It was a small thatched cottage, near Craigieburn—a place celebrated by Burns in one of his songs—and stands on the right-hand side as the traveler passes up Moffatdale to Yarrow, between the road and the river. Few pass that way now without having the cottage pointed out as the place where the three merry comrades met that night.

"We had such a joyous meeting," Burns writes, "that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business;" and Burns's celebration of it was the famous bacchanalian song—

"O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to pree."

"Willie brewed a Peck o' Maut" was soon followed by another bacchanalian effusion, the ballad called "The Whistle." Three lairds, all neighbors of Burns at Ellisland, met at Friars Carse on the 16th of October, 1789, to contend with each other in a drinking-bout. The prize was an ancient ebony whistle, said to have been brought to Scotland in the reign of James VI. by a Dane, who, after three days' and three nights'.contest in hard drinking, was overcome by Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelton, with whom the whistle remained as a trophy. It passed into the Riddell family, and now in Burns's time it was to be again contested for in the same rude orgie. Burns was appointed the bard to celebrate the contest.

By the beginning of 1790 the hopelessness of his farming prospects pressed on him still more heavily, and formed one ingredient in the mental depression with which he saw a new year dawn. Whether he did wisely in attempting the Excise business, who shall now say? In one respect it seemed a substantial gain. But this gain was accompanied by counterbalancing disadvantages. The new duties more and more withdrew him from the farm, which, in order to give it any chance of paying, required not only the aid of the master's hand, but the undivided oversight of the master's eye. In fact, farming to profit and Excise-work were incompatible, and a very few months' trial must have convinced Burns of this.

There came a momentary blink in Burns's clouded sky, a blink which, alas! never brightened into full sunshine. He had been but a year in the Excise employment when, through the renewed kindness of Mr. Graham, of Fintray, there seemed a near prospect of his being promoted to a supervisorship, which would have given him an income of two hundred pounds a year. So probable at the time did it seem, that his friend Nicol wrote to Ainslie expressing some fears that the poet might turn his back on his old friends when to the pride of applauded genius was added the pride of office and income. This may have been ironical on Nicol's part, but he might have spared his irony on his friend, for the promotion never came.

But what had Burns been doing for the last year in poetic production? In this respect the whole interval between the composition of the lines "To Mary in Heaven," in October, 1789, and the Autumn of the succeeding year, is almost a blank. Three electioneering ballads, besides a few trivial pieces, make up the whole. There is not a line written by him during this year which, if it were deleted from his works, would anyway impair his poetic fame. But this long barrenness was atoned for by a burst of inspiration which came on him in the Fall of 1790, and struck off at one heat the matchless "Tale of Tam o' Shanter." It was to the meeting already noticed of Burns with Captain Grose, the antiquary, at Friars Carse, that we owe this wonderful poem. The poet and the antiquary suited each other exactly, and they soon became—

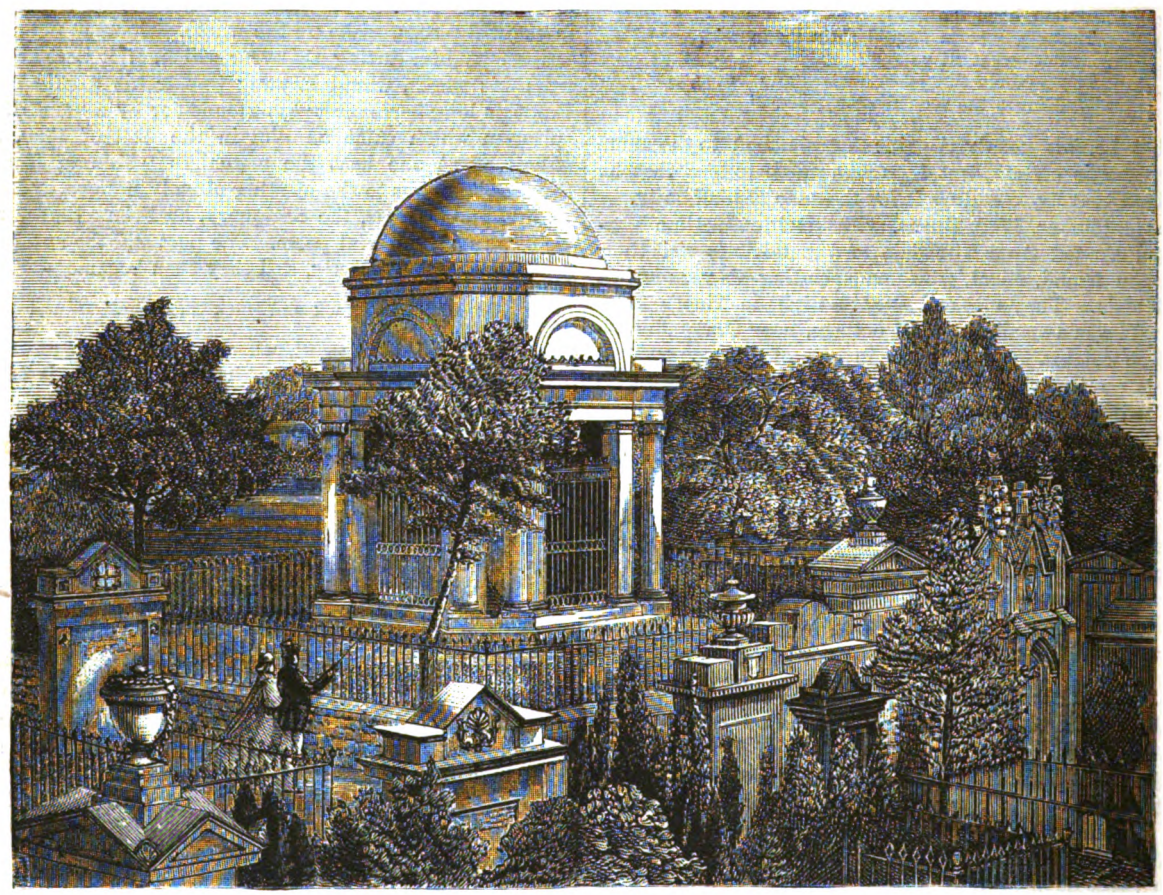
"Unco pack and thick thegither."

Burns asked his friend, when he reached Ayrshire, to make a drawing of Alloway kirk, and include it in his sketches, for it was dear to him because it was the resting-place of his father, and there he himself might some day lay his bones. To induce Grose to do this, Burns told him that Alloway kirk was the scene of many witch stories and weird sights. The antiquary replied, "Write you a poem on the scene, and I'll put in the verses with an engraving of the ruin." Burns having found a fitting day and hour, when "his barmy noddle was working prime," walked out to his favorite path down the western bank of the river.

During the Summer of 1791 two English gentlemen who were traveling went to visit him, one of whom has left an amusing account of their reception. Calling at his house, they were told that the poet was by the river side, and thither they went in search of him. On a rock that projected into the stream they saw a man employed in angling, of a singular appearance. He had a cap of fox's skin on his head, a loose greatcoat fixed round him by a belt, from which depended an enormous Highland broadsword. It was Burns. He received them with great cordiality, and asked them to share his humble dinner—an invitation which they accepted. "On the table they found boiled beef, with vegetables and barley broth, after the manner of Scotland. After dinner the bard told them ingenuously that he had no wine—nothing better than Highland whisky, a bottle of which he set on the board. He produced at the same time his punch-bowl, made of Inverary marble, and mixing it with water and sugar, filled their glasses and invited them to drink. The travelers were in haste, and, besides, the flavor of the whisky to their southern palates was scarcely tolerable; but the generous poet offered them his best, and his ardent hospitality they found impossible to resist. Burns was in his happiest mood, and the charm of his conversation was altogether fascinating. He ranged over a variety of topics, illuminating whatever he touched. He related the tales of his infancy and youth; he recited some of his gayest

and some of his tenderest poems; in the wildest of his strains of mirth he threw in some touches of melancholy, and spread around him the electric emotions of his powerful mind. The Highland whisky improved in its flavor; the marble bowl was again and again emptied and replenished; the guests of our poet forgot the flight of time and the dictates of prudence; at the hour of midnight they lost their way to Dumfries, and could scarcely distinguish it when assisted by the morning's dawn. There is much naïveté in the way the English visitor narrates his experience of that 'nicht wi' Burns.'"

This is the last glimpse we get of the poet in his home at Ellisland till the end came. We have seen that he had long determined, if possible, to get rid of his farm. He had sunk in it all the proceeds that remained to him from the sale of the second edition of his poems, and for this



MAUSOLEUM TO ROBERT BURNS IN DUMFRIES.

the crops he had hitherto reaped had given no adequate return.

When he had resolved on giving up his farm, an arrangement was come to with the Laird of Dalswinton by which Burns was allowed to throw up his lease and sell off his crops. The sale took place in the last week in August, 1791.

A great change it must have been to pass from the pleasant holms and broomy banks of the Nith at Ellisland to a town home in the Wee Vennel of Dumfries. If social indulgence and irregular habits had somewhat impaired his better resolves, and his power of poetic concentration, before he left Ellisland, Dumfries, and the society into which it threw him, did with increased rapidity the fatal work which had been already begun. His biograpers, though with varying degrees of emphasis, on the whole, agree that, from the time he settled in Dumfries, "his moral course was downward."

When the day's work was over, his small house in the Wee Vennel, and the domestic hearth with the family ties gathered round it, were not enough for him. At Ellisland he had sung:

"To make a happy fireside clime,
For weans and wife,
Is the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

But it is one thing to sing wisely, another to practice wisdom. Too frequently at night Burns's love of socialty and excitement drove him forth to seek the companionship of neighbors and drouthy cronies, who gathered habitually at the Globe Tavern and other such haunts.

From the time of his migration to Dumfries, it would appear that he was gradually dropped out of an acquaintance by most of the Dumfriesshire lairds, as he had long been by the parochial and all other ministers.

A disappointed man, with feelings of bitterness against the great, Burns, unfortunately for himself, began to take an interest in politics. Like all the young poets of the time, he hailed the French Revolution and the fancied dawn of the day which was to place plebeian genius and worth in those high places whence titled emptiness and lauded incapacity would be at length ignominiously thrust.

In 1792 a suspicious-looking brig appeared in the Solway, and Burns, with other excisemen, was set to watch her motions. She got into shallow water, when the gaugers, enforced by some dragoons, waded out to her, and Burns, sword in hand, was the first to board her. The captured brig *Rosamond*, with all her arms and stores,

"AMUSING HIS LORDSHIP."— FROM A PICTURE BY G. F. MUNN.

was sold next day at Dumfries, and Burns became the purchaser of four of her guns. These he sent, with a letter, to the French Legislative Assembly, requesting them to accept the present as a mark of his admiration and sympathy. The guns with the letter never reached their destination. They were, however, intercepted by the Custom-house officers at Dover, and Burns at once became a suspected man in the eye of the Government.

Burns having once drawn upon himself the suspicions of his superiors, all his words and actions were no doubt

closely watched. It was found that he "gat the *Gazetteer*," a revolutionary print published in Edinburgh, which only the most extreme men patronized, and which, after a few months' existence, was suppressed by Government.

Though the Reign of Terror had alarmed many others who had at first looked favorably on the Revolution in France, Burns's ardor in its cause was no whit abated. He even denounced the war on which the Ministry had determined; he openly reviled the men in power; and went so far in his avowal of democracy that at a social meeting he proposed a toast, "Here's the last verse of the last chapter of the last Book of Kings." This would seem to be but one specimen of the freedom of political speech in which Burns at this time habitually indulged—the truculent way in which he flaunted defiance in the face of authority.

The matter went so far that he was in serious danger of dismissal from his post; and this was only averted by the timely interposition of some kind and powerful friends.

While Burns was in Edinburgh he became acquainted with James Johnson, who was engaged in collecting the songs of Scotland in a work called the "Musical Museum." He had at once thrown himself ardently into Johnson's undertaking, and put all his power of traditional knowledge, of criticism, and of original composition at Johnson's disposal. This he continued to do through all the Ellisland period, and more or less during his residence in Dumfries. To the "Museum" Burns from first to last gratuitously contributed not less than one hundred and eighty-four songs, original, altered or collected.

In September, 1792, he received an invitation from Mr. George Thomson to lend the aid of his lyrical genius to a a collection of Scottish melodies, airs and words, which small band of musical amateurs in Edinburgh were then projecting. This collection was pitched to a higher key than the comparatively humble "Museum." It was to be edited with more rigid care, the symphonies and accompaniments were to be supplied by the first musicians of Europe, and it was to be expurgated from all leaven of coarseness, and from whatever could offend the purest taste. To Thomson's proposal Burns at once replied, "As the request you make to me will positively add to my enjoyment in complying with it, I shall enter into your undertaking with all the small portion of abilities I have, strained to their utmost exertion by the impulse of enthusiasm. . . .

In this spirit he entered on the enterprise which Thomson opened before him, and in this spirit he worked at it to the last, pouring forth song after song almost to his latest breath. Scarcely less interesting than the songs themselves, which from time to time he sent to Thomson, were the letters with which he accompanied them. In these his judgment and critical power are as conspicuous as his genius and his enthusiasm for the native melodies.

To do this work worthily was the chief relaxation and delight of those sad later years. When he died, he had contributed to Thomson's work sixty songs, but of these only six had then appeared, as only one half-volume of Thomson's work had then been published. Burns had given Thomson the copyright of all the sixty songs; but as soon as a posthumous edition of the poet's works was proposed, Thomson returned all the songs to the poet's family, to be included in the forthcoming edition, along with the interesting letters which had accompanied the songs. Thomson's collection was not completed till 1841, when the sixth and last volume of it appeared.

Dissipated his life for some years certainly had been—deeply disreputable many asserted it to be. Others, however, there were who took a more lenient view of him. Findlater, his superior in the excise, used to assert that no officer under him was more regular in his public duties. Mr. Gray, then teacher of Dumfries school, has left it on record that no parent he knew watched more carefully over his children's education—that he had often found the poet in his home explaining to his eldest boy passages of the English poets, from Shakespeare to Gray, and that the benefit of the father's instructions was apparent in the excellence of the son's daily school performances. This brighter side of the picture, however, is not irreconcilable with that darker one. For Burns's whole character was a compound of the most discordant and contradictory elements.

In June, 1794, he told Mrs. Dunlop that he had been in poor health, and was afraid he was beginning to suffer for the follies of his youth. His physicians threatened him, he said, with flying gout, but he trusted they were mistaken. In the Spring of 1795 he said to one who called on him that he was beginning to feel as if he were soon to be an old man. Still he went about all his usual employments. But during the latter part of that year his health seems to have suddenly declined. For some considerable time he was confined to a sick-bed. This illness lasted from October, 1795, till the following January. No details of his malady are given, and little more is known of his condition at this time, except what he himself has given in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, and in a rhymed epistle to one of his brother excisemen.

At the close of the year he must have felt that, owing to his prolonged sickness, his funds were getting low. Else he would not have penned to his friend, Collector Mitchell, the following request:

"Friend of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the meikle deil
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin' i jig and reel,
In my poor pouches.

"I modestly fu fain wad hint it,
That one pound one, I sairly want it;
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
I'd bear't in mind.

* * * * * *

"POSTSCRIPT.

"Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket:
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.

"But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life I'm promised mair o't,
My heal and weal I'll take a care o't
A tentier way:
Then farewel, folly, hide and hair o't.
For ance and aye."

It was, alas! too late now to bid farewell to folly, even if he could have done so, indeed. With the opening of the year 1796 he somewhat revived, and the prudent resolve of his sickness disappeared with the first prospect of returning health. Chambers thus records a fact which the local tradition of Dumfries confirms: "Early in the month of January, when his health was in the course of improvement, Burns tarried to a late hour at a jovial party in the Globe tavern. Before returning home, he unluckily remained for some time in the open air, and, overpowered by the effects of the liquor he had drunk, fell asleep. . . . A fatal chill penetrated his bones; he reached home with

the seeds of a rheumatic fever already in possession of his weakened frame. In this little accident, and not in the pressure of poverty or disrepute, or wounded feelings or a broken heart, truly lay the determining course of the sadly shortened days of our national poet."

From about the middle of April Burns seldom left his room, and for a great part of each day was confined to bed. May came—a beautiful May—and it was hoped that its genial influences might revive him. But while young Jeffrey was writing, "It is the finest weather in the world—the whole country is covered with green and blossoms; and the sun shines perpetually through a light east wind," Burns was shivering at every breath of the breeze. At this crisis his faithful wife was laid aside, unable to attend him. But a young neighbor, Jessie Lewars, sister of a brother-exciseman, came to their house, assisted in all household work, and ministered to the dying poet. She was at this time only a girl, but she lived to be a wife and mother, and to see an honored old age. Whenever we think of the last days of the poet, it is well to remember one who did so much to smooth his dying pillow.

Burns himself was deeply grateful, and his gratitude as usual found vent in song. But the old manner still clung to him. Even then he could not express his gratitude to his young benefactress without assuming the tone of a fancied lover. Two songs in this strain he addressed to Jessie Lewars.

On the 18th of July he left Brow, and returned to Dumfries in a small spring-cart. When he alighted, the onlookers saw that he was scarcely able to stand, and observed that he walked with tottering steps to his door. Those who saw him enter his house knew by his appearance that he would never again cross that threshold alive. When the news spread in Dumfries that Burns had returned from Brow and was dying, the whole town was deeply moved. Allan Cunningham, who was present, thus describes what he saw:

"The anxiety of the people, high and low, was very great. Wherever two or three were together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone. They spoke of his history, of his person, and of his works; of his witty sayings, and sarcastic replies, and of his too early fate, with much enthusiasm, and sometimes with deep feeling. All that he had done, and all that they had hoped he would accomplish, were talked of. Half a dozen of them stopped Dr. Maxwell in the street, and said, 'How is Burns, sir?' He shook his head, saying, 'He cannot be worse,' and passed on to be subjected to similar inquiries further up the way. I heard one of a group inquire, with much simplicity, 'Who do you think will be our poet now?'"

During the three or four days between his return from Brow and the end, his mind, when not roused by conversation, wandered in delirium. Yet when friends drew near his bed, sallies of his old wit would for a moment return. To a brother-volunteer who came to see him he said, with a smile, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me." His wife was unable to attend him; and four helpless children wandered from room to room gazing on their unhappy parents. All the while Jessie Lewars was ministering to the helpless and to the dying one, and doing what kindness could do to relieve their suffering. On the fourth day after his return, the 21st of July, Burns sank into his last sleep. His children stood around his bed, and his eldest son remembered long afterward all the circumstances of that sad hour.

The news that Burns was dead sounded through all Scotland like a knell announcing a great national bereavement. Men woke up to feel the greatness of the gift which in him had been vouchsafed to their generation, and which had met, on the whole, with so poor a reception. Self-reproach, mingled with the universal sorrow, as men asked themselves whether they might not have done more to cherish and prolong that rarely gifted life.

Of course there was a great public funeral, in which the men of Dumfries and the neighborhood, high and low, appeared as mourners, and soldiers and volunteers with colors, muffled drums, and arms reversed, not very appropriately mingled in the procession. At the very time when they were laying her husband in his grave, Mrs. Burns gave birth to his posthumous son. He was called Maxwell, after the physician who attended his father, but he died in infancy.

The spot where the poet was laid was in a corner of St. Michael's churchyard, and the grave remained for a time unmarked by any monument. After some years his wife placed over it a plain, unpretending stone, inscribed with his name and age, and with the names of his two boys, who were buried in the same place.

Well had it been if he had been allowed to rest undisturbed in this grave where his family had laid him. But well-meaning, though ignorant, officiousness would not suffer it to be so. Nearly twenty years after the poet's death a huge, cumbrous, unsightly mausoleum was, by public subscription, erected at a little distance from his original resting-place. This structure was adorned with an ungraceful figure in marble, representing "The muse of Coila finding the poet at the plow, and throwing her inspiring mantle over him." To this was added a long, rambling epitaph in tawdry Latin, as though any inscription which scholars could devise could equal the simple name of Robert Burns.

When the new structure was completed, on the 19th September, 1815, his grave was opened, and men for a moment gazed with awe on the form of Burns, seemingly as entire as on the day when first it was laid in the grave. But as soon as they began to raise it the whole body crumbled to dust, leaving only the head and bones.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

"WHAT can be the matter on board?" observed Captain Wells, lowering his telescope, and turning his face toward a group of his officers who were standing near him by the break of the poop, "I cannot see a living thing stirring upon her deck."

"Yaller Jack," sententiously replied his chief officer, Mitchel, advancing toward him, and in his turn leveling his glass at the object. "Guess they're all down — perhaps every soul on board dead; I've heard of such cases! But she looks as though she had been deserted, and in no hurry, either, by the way that tackle is made up. I swear she puzzles me!"

The object of their remarks, a bark-rigged craft, was at that moment close upon their lee bow, drifting from them in a southeasterly direction. As Captain Wells remarked, there was not a living thing stirring upon her decks; and as she rolled slowly upon the swell the seabirds that had left the *Flying Fish*, to make a flight of inspection round the derelict, gave a hoarse scream, and returned to their old position astern of the inhabited craft.

"Shorten sail and heave to," directed the skipper; "and, Barnes, man the gig."

Replacing his telescope, Wells peered anxiously at the stranger, and was about to address his chief mate for the second time, with regard to something upon her decks, when the boatswain approached, saying:

"Gig all ready, sir!" adding, in a hesitating manner, "Any objection to my going with you, captain?"

"None whatever, Barnes. Jump in. By-the-by, take a lantern and matches with you."

"Ay, ay sir!" responded the petty officer; and in a few moments the gig was clear of the *Flying Fish*, and plowing her way toward the deserted ship.

It is a strange sensation being outside a vessel, and one can scarcely recognize their floating home in the huge, rotund mass, heaving and falling upon the blue water; but the occupants of the gig had little time to dwell upon this thought, their whole energies being directed toward the silent object for which they were bound.

"The gangway-ladder is rigged, sir," remarked the boatswain; "and there's a whip on the mainyard, as though they had been lowering women folks into a boat. Shall I run alongside, or will you pull round her, sir?"

"Cease pulling for a moment," answered Captain Wells.

The men raised the blades of their oars from the water, and after they had ceased their whispered conversation, the skipper, placing his hands to his mouth, sailor-fashion, shouted:

"Ship ahoy! What ship's that?"

As though in mockery of his hail, an echo, from the side of the deserted vessel, answered:

"What ship's that?"

"Was that a reply to my hail?" queried the captain, who had never experienced the peculiar phenomenon referred to, and who was, like most of his class, of a highly superstitious nature. "Surely some one answered me, Barnes?"

"It 'pears to me, captain, that this ship has been abandoned deliberate," replied the boatswain, after critically regarding the craft from bow to stern. "Case of auger-holes under the counter, I reckon."

"Run alongside," said the captain. "I can't stand this suspense. You remain in the boat with the men while I board her."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the boatswain, muttering to himself, "I wouldn't be the first to board that there craft for a thousand dollars."

The companion-ladder was perfect in its appointments, thus showing that the ship could not have been abandoned many days.

Grasping the ropes, Captain Wells sprang up the side, and in another second stood upon her deck.

Strewn about, in sailor-like disorder, were stores and cordage, which, to the skipper's practiced eyes, showed plainly that, whatever was the cause, the crew had ample time in leaving the craft.

The long-boat was gone, and all the ship's boats were missing, while every live thing seemed to have vanished with the crew, for the hams and bags of ship's bread scattered about the waist were untouched by rats or birds.

Nothing indicated a struggle, or gave a clew to the reason for the desertion of the ship; and, as the captain gazed upon the scene before him, he knitted his brows for a few moments, as though in deep thought, then exclaimed:

"By thunder! this beats me!"

"So it does me, captain!" replied the boatswain, who, unable to bear the suspense any longer, had mounted the side, and was peeping over the gangway. "My opinion is that we shall find a dead captain and mates below! This means piracy, as sure as my name is Royal Barnes!"

"Come aboard," directed the captain, "and tell one of the boys to bring up the lantern."

In a short time the "boy," who was a hirsute child of sixty Summers, made his appearance, and at a motion of the captain lit the candle in the lantern, and followed his commander down the companion-ladder into the cabin.

Taking the light from the man, the skipper raised it above his head, and peered into the gloom before him; then noticing that the saloon skylights were covered with a

A CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

MAMMA—*"Aren't you glad to see me well again, dear? If I had died, Johnny would have had no mother."*

JOHNNY—*"Well, ma, p'r'aps not; but when you was sickest, pa was gettin' awfully spooney on Miss Smithers."*

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA.—"THEY BEHELD THE APPARITION OF THE MURDERED LADY STANDING ON THE LAST STEP OF THE LADDER."—SEE PAGE 367.

tarpaulin, directed the "boy" to go on deck and uncover them.

As the sailor drew back the coverings a stream of light flooded the cabin, and Captain Wells blinked about him, expecting every moment to encounter some horrible sight; but nothing at all painful met his gaze.

Near a small brass-mounted stove was a lady's chair, to the left of which was a work-basket and a piece of unfinished tatting, while upon a chair near was an English novel, "Robin Gray," the well-thumbed pages of which showed that it had been read by every one on board.

Taking up the book, Captain Wells opened it, and found upon the title-page this inscription:

"Please return this book to Mollie F. Deane, Lowell, Mass."

"An English book belonging to an American lady! I guess this was bought abroad. Yes, here's a bookseller's ticket:

"'Frowjee Frowjee, Delhi Library, Calcutta.'"

As the captain read this, the boatswain, who had been peeping into every one of the cabins opening into the saloon, observed:

"Nary a body here, captain! Here's women's fixings, and lots of pooty things, but nary a bleeding corpse! We shall find that this craft has a dozen auger-holes in her bottom, just as I said. But why have left her in such a hurry?"

"I'm all adrift!" replied the skipper. "Below, everything seems to indicate a sudden departure; while on deck they appear to have taken their time in loading the boats. This is a thorough mystery to me!"

"What are you going to do about it, captain?" put in the sailor. "I believe there's been murder done myself. Look at them dark stains on the carpet, and"—drawing a sword from beneath the saloon-table—"what does this mean?"

Captain Wells examined the sword, and noticed that it was discolored from point to hilt, as though it had been

run through a human body; while the handle was marked in five places, which stains were evidently the imprints of bloody fingers.

"Bin murder here, I guess!" continued the old salt, who seemed quite proud of his discovery, and to forthwith constitute himself a sort of marine detective. "I knowed there'd bin murder done here as soon as I saw them albatrosses sheer off, after they had overhauled this craft. I says to Ben Calef, says I——"

"Hold your chatter!" quickly retorted the captain, whereupon the sailor subsided into his normal state of tobacco-rumination, and grimly watched the proceedings of his superior. "Not a log nor a paper left to show her name," observed the latter, rummaging in the captain's cabin. "Chronometers gone; aneroid gone, too! Can't understand it! Then there seems every evidence of preparation. What's *this?*—all the handcuffs gone! Well, I am more at sea than ever. Let us cross over to the lady's cabin."

Upon entering the latter apartment they found everything just as though a lady had that moment left the place; but the port was wide open, and from the port-hook there depended a morsel of lace, which, fluttering in the breeze, attracted the commander's attention.

Books and garments were so disposed about the place that it seemed as though the lady who must have so lately occupied it had been reading in her berth, when, startled by some noise, she had, in her fright, sprung through the port, and, of course, been drowned.

From her journal, which lay opened upon a shelf at the head of her berth, Captain Wells learned that the craft was the bark *Virginia Fields*, Captain Brower, of Salem, Massachusetts, bound from Calcutta to New York, and out ninety days when the lady made her last entry, two days before the one upon which the ship was found derelict by Captain Wells.

Under any other circumstances, the skipper would have closed the book upon ascertaining that it was a diary; but, situated as he was, he thought it his duty to read at least the entries relating to the voyage, which were both voluminous and interesting.

From them he gleaned that the lady was under the care of the skipper, and that during the voyage her only fellow-passenger in the cabin, an Italian captain, had made violent love to her, going so far as to threaten her life if she did not agree to become his wife.

From a careful perusal of the diary, Captain Wells inferred that the lady was really in love with the commander of the *Virginia Fields*, as, woman-like, she had unconsciously betrayed in endeavoring to hide her secret.

One thing seemed clear to him: the captain was murdered, and the lady had committed suicide; so he secured the book, and locking the cabin, repaired on board his own ship, where he held a consultation with his mates, which resulted in his calling his crew aft, and addressing them as follows:

"Boys, that ship yonder has been deserted by her crew, who have, I belive, murdered their captain, and caused the death of a young lady. It is my duty, as master of this ship, to take her into the port of New York; but my chief mate, Mr. Gibbon, being perfectly competent to take command, I hand her over to him, and shall go on board that craft, and, please God, will find out all about the bloody deed, and, if I live long enough, will bring the villains who perpetrated it to the gallows. Now, boys, I want volunteers. Who will go with me? It will be hard work, but I am used to that. Who will come?"

As the whole of the crew volunteered, the skipper found no difficulty in making a selection, and in half an hour from the time of his leaving his own ship had his new command under full sail, running before a stiff breeze toward the land of the free.

His crew consisted of the boatswain and eight men, and as Barnes had to act as chief mate, Captain Wells allotted him one of the staterooms in the saloon, while the sailors were allowed to occupy two of the others.

At eight o'clock he turned in, leaving orders to be called in case any change occurred in the weather, and the first night passed off without any particular incident occurring to alarm the watch; but upon the following night, during the middle watch, as Captain Wells was retiring, he fancied that he heard a low moan.

Hurrying on his clothes, he proceeded on deck, where he was met by the boatswain, who trembled so violently that he could scarcely speak.

"This ship's haunted," thickly muttered Barnes.

"Nonsense," replied the captain.

"I wouldn't behold it again for all my back pay," rejoined the boatswain. "We saw her glide along the decks, stop, wave her hands, and then disappear all of a sudden. There isn't a man will go forward, and I want a pull on the foretack. Lord have mercy on us!" added the affrighted man, quaintly mixing up duty and superstition in his speech.

Taking a bull's-eye, the skipper proceeded forward, and found upon the deck a damp spot, which the boatswain pronounced to be blood.

After peering about the lonely forecastle, in every bunk of which Barnes fancied that he saw a ghost, they slowly walked aft, when, overcome by a superstition he could not combat, Wells remained on deck until the morning dawned, when he retired to his cabin.

That day the breeze freshened into a gale, and the captain and crew forgot the apparition in their anxiety to save the ship.

Everything was secured by night, and the vessel, under close-reefed topsails, tearing through the water at a furious rate, and burying herself at every plunge in the wall of foam, which seemed to gather higher and higher beneath her bows as she attempted to breast it, and to positively throw her back after each effort, although she really was making great headway, when one of the men, who was lashed to the railing of the poop, shading his eyes from the blinding glare of the lightning, cried out:

"Lord save us, there she is again!"

Springing down from the poop-ladder, Captain Wells endeavored to make his way forward, when a tremendous wave broke over the waist of the ship, and washed him back, bruised and stunned, upon the poop, while at the same instant the apparition uttered a piercing shriek, that was heard by all hands, and vanished from their sight.

The crew gathered about the prostrate form of the skipper, who for some moments appeared to hover between life and death; but at length his quivering eyelids showed a return to consciousness, and in a short time he recovered sufficiently to speak.

"Where am I?" he demanded, drawing his right hand dreamily across his brow. "Boys, I'm not aboard the *Flying Fish*, am I? Where's Mr. Mitchell?"

"You're aboard of the *Virginia Fields*, cap," answered Barnes, "and have just been washed aft in trying to catch a ghost."

"Ah, murmured the skipper, "I remember all about it, boys. Now carry me down to my berth, for I'm sorely bruised, my lads. That weren't no human cry I heard, and may the Lord have mercy on that creature's soul, for why should it be doomed to haunt this ship?"

"I don't know," replied the boatswain, speaking for the rest, as they led the skipper below; "but what with a woman's ghost forrard, and unearthly noises aft, we're having a lively time of it. I'd just as soon be shipmates with the—— Lord save us, what is that?"

As he uttered these words, they entered the saloon, and heard, as it were, from the deck beneath them a painful cry, then a voice moan out:

"How long, oh, Lord—how long will this continue?"

"This is dreadful!" said the captain. "Nothing can be alive underneath that cargo. Why, when we lifted the hatches we found it so close that we could scarcely breathe. No one can be stowed away, surely!"

As they deposited him upon the cushions in the saloon, the old sailor who had been their lantern-bearer when boarding this ship came thundering down the companion, white, trembling and speechless, and, tottering a few paces, fell swooning before them.

"Gets wuss and wuss!" growled the boatswain, who, having a prayerbook and a caul stowed about him, felt a a little more courageous than the rest of the crew. "'Pon my soul, what will happen next?"

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the ship, which had been left to steer itself, suddenly broached to, while a tremendous wave swept the decks fore and aft, bursting in the skylights, and pouring a torrent of water down the wide open companion hatchway; then followed a deafening peal of thunder, and when it had died away, and the flash preceding the next lit up everything with electric brilliancy, they beheld the apparition of the murdered lady standing upon the last step of the ladder.

The captain, seeing the palsied looks of those about him, and forgetting his fear in his desire to set a good example, started into a perpendicular position, and demanded:

"What want ye with me, poor creature? I've never done thee an injury."

For a moment the figure hesitated, then, with a look of pleased astonishment, rushed forward, and sinking beside the captain's couch, burst into tears.

"Why, it's a woman!" shouted Wells, falling back in pain from his bruises. "Barnes, send the crew on deck, and rouse that lubber, or the ship will broach again." Then, slowly raising himself, he placed his hand upon the weeping lady's head, and said: "Cheer up, my poor creature; you're among friends."

When she had recovered her composure sufficiently to reply, the young lady, who was no other than Miss Deane, informed the captain "that the night after she had made the last entry in her journal, the Italian captain succeeded in getting charge of the ship, and had informed her 'that as soon as he had secured a large amount of money, which he knew was in the strong-room, he intended to abandon the vessel, taking her with him, but before doing this determined to kill his rival.' Upon the morning of the perpetration of this deed, she heard scuffling and fighting in the saloon, and then all was quiet for a time, as the Italian, who was none other than the infamous pirate, Carlo Pipiti, of Straits notoriety, upon securing the captain, then went forward, in order to surprise those of the crew who were not in his pay. Having ransacked the captain's cabin for arms and handcuffs, he pounced upon his non-confederates, and soon had them in irons; but while he was doing this, Miss Deane contrived to arrange her cabin to look as though she had jumped overboard; then, in the confusion, managed to secrete herself forward, hiding by day between some sheep-pens which were covered with hay, and coming out at night for food and water."

In reply to the captain's questions about why she did not know they were friends, and why she behaved so strangely, she said:

"I suppose that I must have been insane the first few days, for I remember nothing, and was not aware that the wretch and his accomplices had left the ship; so, whenever I saw any one, while on my midnight forays, I involuntarily threw up my arms from fright, and when that big wave rolled aft to-night, it struck the ship abaft of where I hid myself, but it frightened me so that I—— What was that, captain?"

From beneath their feet came a faint moan, followed by:

"*How long, oh, Lord!—how long will this continue?*"

Then another moan, and all was still.

Seizing the skipper's arm, the young lady wildly exclaimed:

"That's his voice! That's Captain Brower's voice! Oh, save him! Save him, for he's dying—he's dying! Tear up the decks! He's right under here, and in another minute he may be dead! Oh, my dear love—save him!"

Roused by this passionate appeal, the skipper shouted to the watch below, who had turned in upon finding that the ghost was "only a poor gal, after all," and in a short time had the boatswain and three others, ax in hand, cutting into the deck.

Splinters flew like forest-leaves before a breeze, and in ten minutes from the time the discovery was made, the men were tearing out the cargo, while between the pauses Miss Deane would call to her lover, in order to encourage him to live until he could be rescued!

But no sound came from the quarter from whence it had so recently proceeded.

"Oh!" she wildly exclaimed, wringing her hands in her terrible agony, "he is dead! Poor Lewis! he is dead!"

They had arrived at the top of the strong-room, which was built of American live oak, fastened with steel bands and bolts.

"It's no use trying to get through this," said the boatswain, after breaking the heads off three axes; "we must find the keys, and, in the meantime, try and get out the cargo until we come to the door of this infernal prison."

Then, tapping the mass with his ax-handle, he placed his ear upon it, and looked for a reply.

Presently, faint and weak, came the words they had twice before heard, evidently showing that the prisoner still lived.

So excited became the young lady, that she lacerated her hands in her efforts to tear away the steel-bound mass, while brave Captain Wells endeavored to soothe her, promising to do all man could to speedily rescue her lover from his terrible position.

When the boatswain paused in his labor she sprang into the cavity, calling upon the imprisoned one to answer her, but either the walls of the strong-room were too thick, or the unfortunate man was sinking, for no reply came, though she ceased not to utter her pathetic appeal, saying:

"Oh, Lewis, Lewis! speak but one word, my darling! Lewis, it is I—your Mollie—safe, and out of the reach of that fiend! Oh, dear heart, say that you can hear me! You will soon be rescued now, my darling, for I am here!"

"Take her away!" hoarsely directed Captain Wells, the tears rolling down his rugged cheeks.

"Oh, no, let me remain here, *please!*" she pleaded. "I will be very calm, captain, but I must stay."

Motioning his men to leave her alone, the skipper directed them to work athwartships, instead of fore and aft.

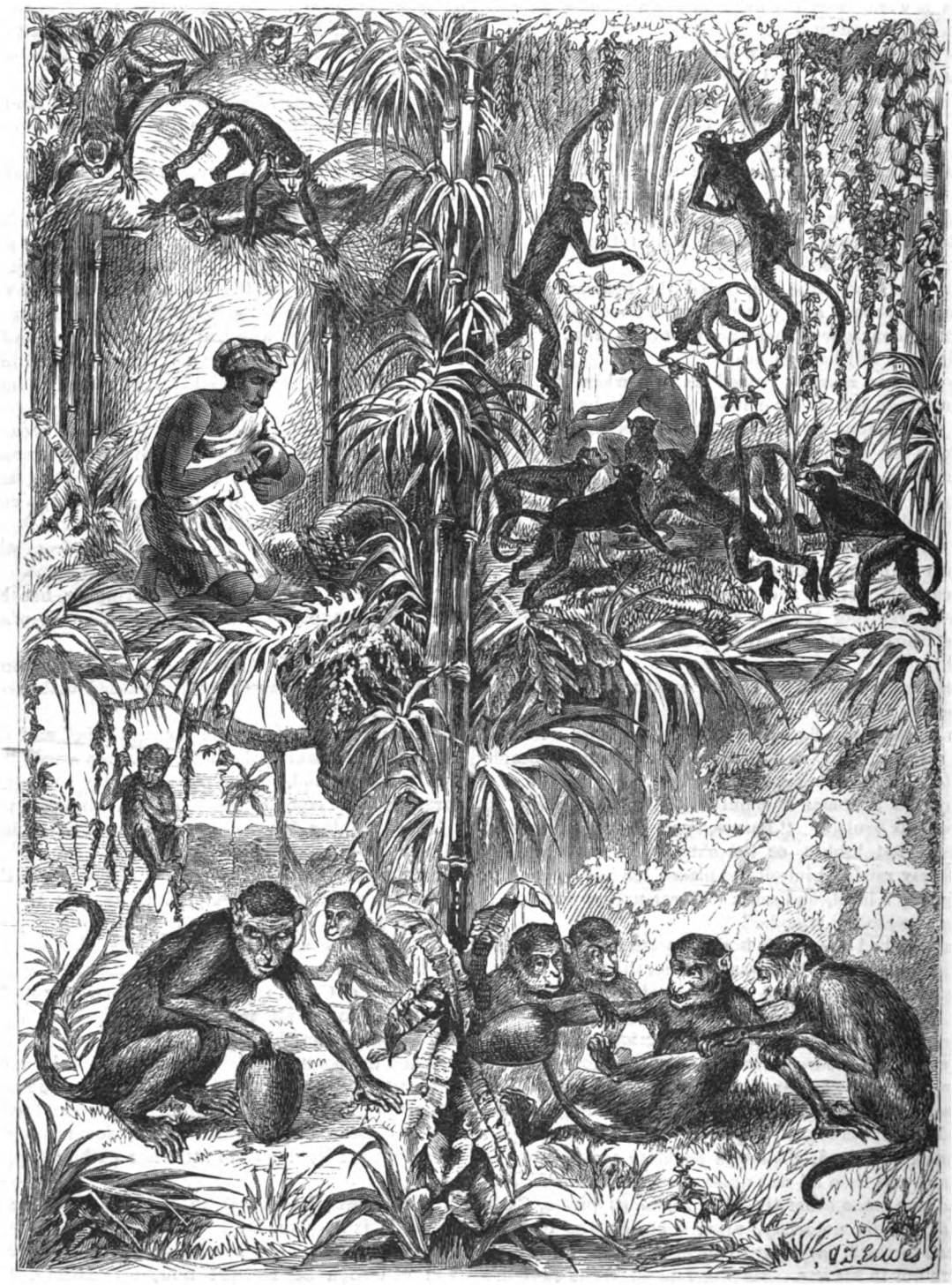
Bale after bale was dragged forth, yet no signs of a

door, and two of the crew were badly injured through the closing of the cargo around them, when Miss Deane begged to be allowed to enter the dangerous aperture.

As they had not heard any sound proceeding from the room for a long time, Captain Wells reluctantly assented.

stimulated the sailors to perform greater feats of strength than they had before attempted, and bale after bale was passed out and hoisted into the cabin.

Ere they had cleared a third of the starboard side of the strong-room, Miss Deane saw that the door must be upon



MONKEY TRAPS.—SEE PAGE 375.

Fortunately for the imprisoned one, the ship was running before a gale, and there was comparatively little rolling motion.

It was a dark, horrible hole; yet the young lady never for a moment hesitated, but immediately proceeded to examine the outer wall of her lover's prison. Her presence

the forward side, and, fired by her example, the men made faster progress than ever.

It was past noon when word was sent along the tunnel to the watchers on deck that they could see the corner of the door, and Captain Wells crawled all over the ship in his anxiety to find the key of the room.

LOST IN THOUGHT.—FROM THE PAINTING BY EDOUARD BISSONS.

The sailors were of opinion that when the pirate had secured his victim he had carried him below, and, thrusting him into the strong-room, had piled the cargo down the hatchway, secured the scuttle, and left his unfortunate victim to die of starvation.

But the mystery was, how had he contrived to exist, even as long as he seemed to have done, without air? That he could be alive when they got the first glimpse of the door, no one but Miss Deane for a moment credited.

"Now, then, my lads," she cried, unconsciously imitating the captain's words, "a few more bales and we have the door clear, then——"

"It will be wuss work than trying to break in the back of the strong-room," groaned the old salt who figures in the opening of this story. "'Tain't no good, miss."

"No good, you imbecile old idiot!" quickly retorted Miss Deane, who feared the effect of this "wet blanket" upon her toiling assistants. "No good? Why, it has to be done, my man!"

The old sailor, who had bravely done his share, and more than once been squeezed nearly flat by the cargo, looked at the lady for a moment, then slowly replied:

"By the powers, miss, an' it's myself, as an American, that's proud of you!"

Refreshed by the pause and laugh which followed this speech, the men redoubled their efforts, and soon the word was passed along the deck:

"The door is clear!"

Heavier axes and sledge-hammers were sent down, and Captain Wells and the watches above could hear the dull thuds as the blows rained hard and fast upon the door below.

Suddenly came a cry from the passageway, and it was found that the pitching of the ship had caused the cargo to close upon one of the sailors, who was stationed there to pass along water and send messages to the workers.

Seizing a light, Miss Dean hurried to the spot, and found that the man had been caught between two avalanches of cargo, but, while imprisoned, was quite safe, so long as the bales did not shift any further. He was quickly rescued, but they were caught as in a trap.

As she was returning to the door she happened to cast her eyes above, when she noticed that there was a hatchway right over the entrance to the treasure-room.

Piling bale upon bale, the crew succeeded in forcing off the hatchway, which they found was situated at the foot of the companion, and which had been cleverly hidden by a carpet. Hobbling forward, the astonished Captain Welles looked down the hole, and exclaimed:

"What a fool I was, not to tear up the saloon-carpets! Is there no key lying about the ship that will fit that door?"

"Why, I saw a key on deck the day we boarded this craft," replied the old salt, who had so amusingly betrayed his Hibernian origin; "and," after a long pause, "I guess it was sucked down the second scupper-hole abaft the mainmast, starboard side."

Captain Wells, who was so terribly bruised and shaken by the accident of the previous night—fearing, if he deputed a sailor to search for the key, that he would, even if the article were still lodged in the scupper-hole, lose it in his clumsy attempt to extricate it from its dangerous resting place—contrived to crawl on deck, and, assisted by Barnes, after much probing and fishing, to draw forth a rusty-looking key.

Forgetting his broken ribs and other painful injuries, Wells hobbled below, shouting:

"I have it, miss! Here's the key!"

And he was about to descend the strong-room hatch, and to try if the key would fit, when the young lady took it from him saying:

"Give it me! I must be the one to save him!"

With trembling hands she approached the door, but, in her nervous haste, could not turn the key. Wells noticed this, and was stepping forward to assist her, when she motioned him back, crying:

"Don't touch me now! Stand back, for the love of heaven, and give him air!" when the lock suddenly yielded to her frantic effort, and the door, as though pressed from inward, flew open.

Seizing a lamp, the young lady was about to enter, when her eyes encountered a terrible sight.

At her feet, stark, bloody, and fearful even in death, was the body of a man.

"Father of mercy! I shall go mad!" she cried. "'*Tis Pipiti, the pirate!*"

As she said this a faint moan came from the noisome interior of the living tomb, and in another second she was upon her knees, sobbing and crying, by the side of a prostrate form, stretched in the extreme corner of the room.

"Oh, waken, waken my darling! I am here!" she passionately exclaimed. "Lewis, dear love, you are not dying—you must not die, for you are with your Mollie now!"

"Bring some brandy quickly, and remove this carrion on deck," directed Wells.

They brought the spirits; and when Miss Deane had diluted and tasted it, as though it were for an infant, she poured a few drops down the throat of her unconscious lover.

The precious gem of life was connected with the body by such a fragile thread that, for some seconds, it seemed as though it must part, and the soul wing its way to another world; but the magnetic touch of the devoted girl by his side strengthened the thread, and in a few hours he became conscious; but ere that occurred, they removed him into his cabin, where he was left alone with the woman who loved him so tenderly.

It was night when the trembling eyelids gave the first sign of returning animation, and when Captain Brower glanced around him, he saw the face of his lady passenger.

He had never told his love, and, in his clumsy sailor fashion, had always endeavored to hide it from her; but no preliminary story was now required, for when he asked, "Where am I? Have I been dreaming?" a low voice replied:

"No, dear Lewis; it is not a dream! But I am with you now, darling, and we shall never part again!"

"Miss Deane!" he murmured. "Oh, thank God!"

Under her gentle care Captain Brower soon recovered sufficiently to sit up; but he had been terribly wounded, and it would be some time before he could get about.

It appeared that the seizure of the ship and treasure was an organized plan, Pipiti taking passage at Calcutta, after shipping as many of his accomplices as possible before the mast, several others being carried as steerage passengers.

The overtures to Miss Deane were only incidental to the position in which he found himself; but it was unfortunate for him that he had not concealed that feeling, as it led to his death.

In his band was a wretch named Villedot, a Frenchman, one of the steerage-passengers. This man, whose hands were literally dyed with blood, used to watch Miss Deane for hours, as she read or walked, and finally had, in his brute fashion, conceived an ardent passion for her.

When Pipiti unfolded his plan about the young lady,

and his intention of murdering the captain, and then plundering the ship, Villedot resolved to frustrate his plans, and proposed to secure the captain, plunder the strong-room, imprison the unfortunate man in the empty cell, and leave him to die—poisoned by his own breath.

The fiendishness of this idea charmed Pipiti, and upon the appointed day they pounced upon Captain Brower, and having overcome him, proceeded to plunder the ship of its treasure, thinking to be able to seize the lady at any moment.

The treasure taken from the strong-room, Villedot assisted Pipiti to remove their victim to the empty cell.

As Brower, desperately wounded though he was, resisted, Pipiti wished to make an end of his life; but upon Villedot calling to the fiendish captain's mind the horrible torture that the skipper would endure, were he buried alive, he contrived to persuade him to let the unfortunate live. They entered the room side by side, bearing the body between them; and when fairly within the door, Villedot, dropping the wounded man, drew his *kreisse*, and savagely attacked Pipiti. Overcome by the suddenness of the assault, and hampered as he was by the body of Captain Brower, Pipiti fell back mortally wounded, while his companion sprang from the room, and locking the door, proclaimed himself chief of the band.

The remainder of the pirates, thoroughly unprepared for such a *coup*, at once gave him their allegiance, and by his orders piled bale upon bale before the door of the strong-room, and secured the hatch, as described.

Upon proceeding to Miss Dean's cabin, eager to confront the beauty he so much coveted, he found that she was gone; and, believing that she had committed suicide—after cursing her for evading him—left the ship.

One lovely Summer afternoon, as Captain Brower sat, propped up in an armchair, telling these facts, Captain Wells asked him to do a favor.

"What do you require? I'll do anything in my power for you, shipmate," replied the invalid.

"Well, explain the mystery of how you contrived to exist for five days without fresh air!"

"'Tis no mystery," answered Brower. "There are no real ones in this world. I owe my life to the rats and this dear woman!"

"The rats?" echoed Wells.

"Yes," replied Brower. "When I entered that place I thought that I was doomed; but Pipiti, who had been an inhabitant of many prisons in his time, said nothing in reply to my fears. Knowing him to be desperately wounded, I shared my tobacco with him, which must have touched even his brutal nature, for, just before he died he said, '*You no die for want of air; plenty rat-holes in this cursed place!*' and then he died."

"And the noises?" demanded Captain Wells.

"Pipiti used to shout and swear in Italian, and the sounds, passing through the rat-holes, must have been heard all over the ship."

"I heard them!" remarked Miss Dean, with a shudder; "but I thought it was the rats, yet, singularly enough, never saw one of those animals on board. But, thank heaven, I have been able to balk the pirate's revenge, even at the risk of giving the *Virginia Fields* the reputation of being a haunted India trader!"

MONKEY TRAPS.

The trade in monkeys is larger than would be imagined. The menageries and shows demand many, but more are kept as pets all the world over. In warm countries, of course, this is more frequently the case, but who can tell whether even here the next fashionable freak may be to have a monkey as a necessary addition to every house that makes any pretension to be anything. The ways of capturing the chattering inquisitive creatures are many. In some parts they put liquor in cups, and after tasting it, leave the cups. The monkeys follow the example of their betters, and are soon unable to climb back to their leafy haunts, and come to their sober senses to find themselves prisoners.

Birdlime, or something of the same nature, is also used. Indeed, an adhesive substance of the kind can be employed in capturing many animals. In India even leopards and tigers are taken by scattering it freely where the animals are in the habit of lying or rolling. It sticks to their fur and paws, and in rolling about to get rid of it, they blind themselves, and are killed or captured. To take monkeys by it, some African tribes put it in cocoanut shells, and excite the curiosity of the spying monkeys by pretending to eat it. A few shells nearest the trees have something eatable. Finding this the monkeys flock down, but the majority, after thrusting their right paw into the cavity of the shell, find it impossible to withdraw it. They fret and fume and worry. Then they give up and try to run off, but to climb a tree with one paw fast in a cocoanut shell is more than monkey engineering can compass, and they are soon captured. A little warm water, properly applied, releases them. Monkey meditations on the dangers of curiosity come too late to restore them to their former freedom.

CHASED BY AN EAGLE.

The Eastern shore of Maryland, by virtue of its many creeks and rivers, has long been famous for its ducks. Redheads and canvasbacks abound, and although those who live near the water are blessed, in season, with an abundance of these delicious fowls, those living inland are not so fortunate, and oftentimes purchase them at as high a price as those living in the city. Especially is this the case in the interior country in the vicinity of Centreville, Queen Anne County. There a wild duck is esteemed a great rarity, although flocks of the wild birds in their migrations during certain seasons of the year wing their flight over the inland country, in sight, but far beyond gun-reach. Then, too, they feed at certain times in the swamps and open ponds, but the county game-laws prohibit their being bagged. A gentleman in this neighborhood (near Centreville), vouches for the following, which he himself witnessed. He says:

"I and my son were standing near the farmhouse, in an open field, when we descried three dark objects, about the size of small birds, far up in the air, circling and darting hither and thither. We watched closely, and after a while they approached more nearly the earth. We then discovered that they were two ducks and a bald eagle; the eagle endeavoring to capture the ducks, and the ducks exerting themselves to elude their pursuer. Far away in the distance we could discern the main flock, from which the two ducks had been separated, flying steadily to the cover of the forest.

"The eagle would pounce first upon one, and then relinquish it, in order to capture the other. Dropping that, he would return to his first capture, seemingly like the dog in the fable, greedy to secure both. This was kept up for some time, when the eagle, suddenly darting forward, struck one of the birds with his talons, then swooping upon the other, struck that, too. The first bird fell at

our feet; we had scarcely time to pick it up when the other fell, with the eagle following. We picked up the second one, and the eagle, observing our presence, flew screaming away. On examination it was found that the eagle had struck the ducks on the head, nearly severing the heads from their bodies. They were fine-sized canvasbacks, and we had them cooked for dinner." The witnesses of the affair are persons of undoubted veracity.

A SUN-DIAL.

By William Lawson, F.R.G.S.

Sun-dials are now seldom met with, though we may still occasionally see one fixed to the south side of an old church, or standing as an ornament in a garden. But at one time they were much more common, and, indeed, before clocks and watches were invented were almost the only means of measuring time with any approach to accuracy.

CHASED BY AN EAGLE.—SEE PAGE 375.

The instrument has been in use from the earliest times. The Hebrews were acquainted with it at least seven centuries before the Christian era. We all recollect the sign given by the prophet to King Hezekiah, that the shadow should go ten degrees backward on "the dial of Ahaz" (Isa. xxxviii. 8). The Greeks derived their knowledge of it from their Eastern neighbors, and by them it was introduced among the Romans. In England down as late as the seventeenth century no mathematical treatises were so common as those on dialing, and this branch of mathematical astronomy may still occasionally be met with in old text-books.

The dial, of course, always labored under the disadvantage of not being of any use in cloudy weather, or after sunset; and hence, in very early times, it was customary to calculate the hours of night from the position of some prominent star. Arago tells us that the Abbot of Cluny consulted the stars when he wished to know the time for midnight prayers; at other times a monk remained awake, and, in order to measure the lapse of time, repeated certain Psalms, having learnt by experiment how many he could say in an hour.

The principle on which the sun-dial is constructed may be easily explained. Owing to the earth's rotation, the sun appears to move round our globe in twenty-four hours. The circumference of the earth is, of course, a circle, and every circle is divided into 360 degrees. Hence the sun appears to pass over 360 degrees in twenty-four hours, or fifteen degrees in one hour. When, at any place, the sun reaches the meridian—that is, its greatest altitude on any given day—it is said to be noon, and we call the hour twelve.

Suppose, then, it is twelve o'clock at Greenwich, England, it will be evident, from what has been said, that at a place fifteen degrees to the west of Greenwich it will be eleven, while at a place fifteen degrees east it will be one o'clock. Let P, B, P', D (Fig. 1, page 378), represent the earth as a hollow, transparent sphere, having an axis P, E, P', on which it turns. P, P', will be the poles of the axis, and the dotted line midway between them will represent the equator. Let the equator be divided into twenty-four equal parts, and through these divisions draw the meridians 1, 2, 3, etc. These meridians will, of course, be fifteen degrees apart. For the sake of clearness we put only twelve of these in the diagram. Let B be a point about fifty degrees north of the equator, and therefore somewhere in the neighborhood of London; and let us suppose the sphere cut through by the horizontal plane A, B, C, D. Now, if the axis P, E, P' be opaque, the sun in its apparent motion round the earth—caused, as we know, by the earth's rotation on its axis—will pass from one meridian to another at regular intervals of one hour, and cause the shadow of the axis to fall upon the horizontal plane. Thus if at one o'clock it falls upon the point B, an hour later the shadow will be on II.; two hours later, at III., and so on. An hour before one, the shadow will be at XII.; two hours before, at XI.

Now in a sun-dial the plane A, B, C, D, may be represented by a horizontal slab of slate, marble, or brass. A triangular piece of metal, similar to A, C, B (Fig. 2) called a gnomon, stands perpendicularly on the slab, the line A, B, being due north and south. The line A, C, called the

AT THE SUN-DIAL.

style, points to the Pole star, and is therefore parallel with the earth's axis, and thus corresponds with P, E, P'. When the sun is on the meridian, the point where the shadow of the gnomon falls is marked XII. Earlier in the day the shadow falls to the west of this point; later, it falls on the eastern side. The dial-plate is carefully graduated according to well-known rules, which we need not stop to consider, and thus, if the dial has been correctly made, any hour between sunrise and sunset may be

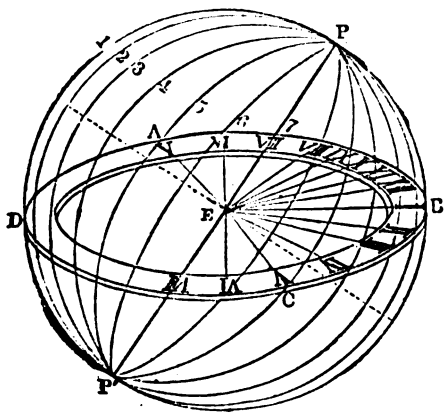


FIG. 1.—SHOWING THE PRINCIPLE UPON WHICH A SUN-DIAL IS CONSTRUCTED.

ascertained by consulting it on a bright day. *Horas non numero nisi serenas* (I only count the hours of sunshine), was an ancient dial motto. We have spoken only of the horizontal sun-dial, but in the vertical dial the principle is precisely the same; the style must in all cases point to the Pole star.

It will be obvious from what has been stated that a sun-dial made for London would be useless for either Paris or Edinburgh. The altitude of the Pole star varies with the latitude, and hence is greater at Edinburgh and less at Paris than at London; and as the style must always point to the Pole star, the angle it makes with the dial-plate must vary with the latitude. Again, a little consideration will show that before clocks and watches came into use there would be no such thing as Greenwich time. At the present day, no matter in what part of the British Islands we may happen to be, we regulate our watches by Greenwich time, which can always be ascertained at the nearest railway-station. But when dials had to be depended upon, different towns would have different time. London time would differ from that of Bristol, Glasgow from Edinburgh.

It has been already stated that a place fifteen degrees to the east or west of Greenwich has noon an hour earlier or later, as the case may be; and if fifteen degrees make an hour's difference, one degree will make a difference of four minutes. Thus, it is noon at Greenwich eight minutes before noon at Liverpool, and five-and-twenty minutes before it is noon at Dublin. Of course people might have agreed then, as now, to accept Greenwich time as the standard; but then where would have been the use of their sun-dials? Probably a uniform standard of time was not so necessary two or three centuries ago as it is now, with our railways and telegraphs, and all the complex life of modern civilization. A survival of the old custom of each town having its own local time still exists at Ipswich, where the town clock indicates local time, and is, therefore, always about four minutes before Greenwich time.

Suppose some bright day, about noon, we come across a sun-dial, and have the curiosity to examine it, and to compare it with our watch or the neighboring church clock. If the dial indicate the hour of twelve, the chances are that it will differ a few minutes—perhaps as much as a quarter of an hour—from Greenwich time. Part of this difference may probably be explained by what was said in the last paragraph, but not the whole of it. If we look at a dial in Greenwich itself, we shall find that it seldom exactly agrees with the clock; and if we examine it at intervals for a week or two we shall find that the time indicated varies in a remarkable way. Thus, if we examine the sun-dial early in March, we shall find it about ten minutes slow when compared with a clock; a month later the difference will be only about one minute slow; in May we shall find it three or four minutes fast. The question naturally arises, Which is right, the sun or the clock? At first we incline in favor of the sun, for he is the recognized ruler of the day, and, besides, he has no complicated system of wheels to get out of order. But let us not decide hastily.

The apparent daily motion of the sun we know is only apparent; it is caused by the daily rotation of the earth upon its axis; but this also causes an apparent movement among the stars. Is their motion regular, or does it seem to vary like that of the sun? Suppose on some clear night we notice a bright star in a line with a church spire, the top of a tree, or some tall chimney, and carefully note the exact time as well as the exact position. If we look for that star the next evening, we shall observe it in the same position probably a little earlier than we expected. If it was ten o'clock the night before, it will want four minutes to ten now. And if we continue our observations night after night, we shall find that it always occupies exactly the same interval of time in returning to the place where we first observed it. This interval is twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, or very nearly. Thus at the end of a fortnight we may look for the star at nine o'clock instead of ten; at the end of a month, about eight o'clock. Here, then, is another difficulty. The apparent motion of both the stars and the sun is caused by the earth's rotation; the stars complete a revolution in twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes; the sun requires twenty-four hours. How do we account for this difference of four minutes? and what is the exact time which the earth requires to make one revolution upon its axis? Now we must remember that the apparent motion of the stars never varies, while the apparent motion of the sun does vary, as the sun-dial proves. Both of them are caused by the earth's rotation, and this rotation, it is natural to suppose, is uniform. If we watch a top spinning we see that for a time its motion is perfectly uniform; there is no change from quick to slower r and then again to quicker motion. The rotation is gradually overcome by friction; if it were not for this, once started it might spin on for ever. The earth spins round just like a top, but there is no friction, and hence it goes on with a uniform motion from day to day, and from year to year. The exact time it takes to make one revolution is that indicated by the stars—twenty-three hours fifty-six minutes. This is called a *sidereal* day.

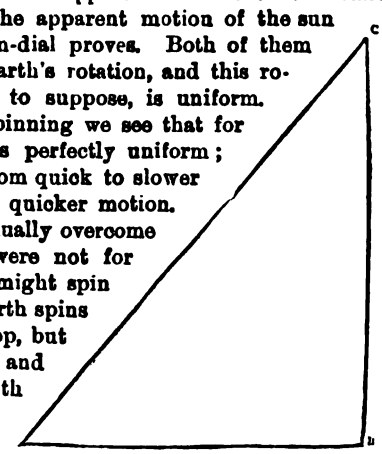


FIG. 2.—THE GNOMON.

But now two other questions arise. Why is a solar day about four minutes longer than a sidereal day? And why do solar days vary in length?

We know that the earth has two motions: besides the diurnal or daily motion on its own axis, there is an annual motion round the sun. It is this annual motion which causes the difference between solar and sidereal days. This may be explained by a diagram. Let A B (Fig. 3) be a

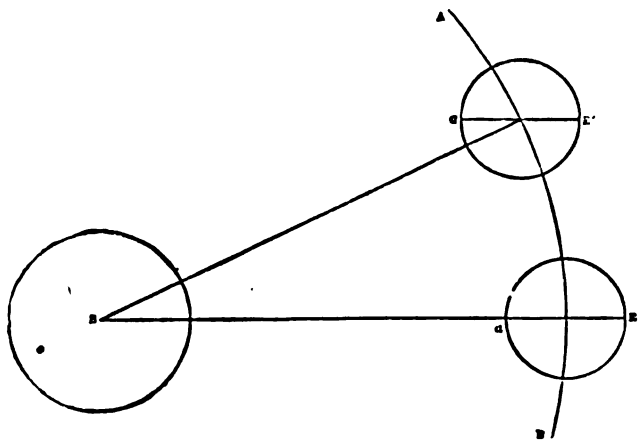


FIG. 3.—ILLUSTRATING THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SIDEREAL AND A SOLAR DAY.

portion of the earth's orbit, and E, E' the earth in two different positions. Suppose when the earth is at E that an observer at *a* sees the sun on the meridian; then it is evident that if the earth were stationary in its orbit the point *a* would, by the earth's rotation, be brought round to the same position again in twenty-three hours fifty-six minutes, and the solar days and the sidereal days would be of the same length. But while the earth is making one revolution upon its axis it is also moving forward in its orbit, and has reached E'. An observer at *a* will not now see the sun on the meridian, but a little to the east, and the earth must turn a little more to bring the sun on to the meridian, and it requires about four minutes to give this little extra turn. Hence it will be seen that in a solar day the earth makes rather more than one revolution on its axis.

It might be thought that the movement of the earth in its orbit would also affect the position of the stars in the same way. But these bodies are at such immense distances from us that the movement of the earth from one side of its orbit to the other causes only the very slightest change in the apparent position of even the stars nearest to us.

We have now to consider the second question—Why are not the solar days all of the same length? There are two reasons for this. First, because the motion of the earth in its orbit is not uniform. Secondly, because the ecliptic does not coincide with the celestial equator. The first cause is easily explained; the second is rather more difficult to understand.

In the diagram on page 381 we have a representation of the earth in different parts of its orbit. The positions A and C are called respectively the Summer and Winter solstices; B and D, the equinoxes. The earth's orbit is not a perfect circle, but an ellipse. In Winter we are three million miles nearer the sun than in Summer. Some may think that if this statement be correct we ought to have warmer days in Winter. But the heat which we receive from the sun depends very much upon the direction of its rays. We all know that it is much hotter at noon than early in the morning. In Summer, the sun's rays are more vertical than in Winter; hence the days are warmer.

Now, just as a falling stone moves more quickly as it approaches the ground, so the earth moves more quickly in its orbit as it approaches the sun. In the Winter months, therefore, the earth is moving more rapidly than at any other time; in the Summer months more slowly. A glance at Fig. 3 will show that this must make a difference in the length of solar days. The difference in length between a solar and a sidereal day depends upon the distance from E to E'. If the earth's annual motion were uniform, this distance would always be the same; but since the earth's motion is not uniform, this distance varies, and consequently the length of the solar day must vary.

But even supposing the earth's motion in its orbit were perfectly uniform, there is another circumstance which would cause the solar days to vary in length. In the diagram on page 381 the straight lines drawn through the globes represent the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of the ecliptic. By ecliptic we mean the apparent path of the sun among the stars caused by the earth's annual motion. The earth's orbit lies in the plane of the ecliptic—that is, on the same level—but a glance at the diagram will show that the equator does not lie in this plane, but is inclined to it at a considerable angle. At the Summer solstice the sun is vertical at a point twenty-three and a half degrees north of the equator; at the Winter solstice, twenty-three and a half degrees south; at the equinoxes it is vertical at the equator.

In an artificial globe a circle is sometimes drawn to represent the sun's path. When this is the case, we see that it bisects the equator in two points, and recedes from it on either side to the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, which are twenty-three and a half degrees north and south of the equator, respectively. The ecliptic, however, we must recollect, is not an imaginary circle upon the earth, but in the heavens; and there is also a circle corresponding to the equator called the celestial equator. These two celestial circles, however, have the same inclination to each other as the circles sometimes drawn upon the artificial globe. Let the circle *a c d e* (Fig. 4) represent the celestial equator, and *b a' b' f*, the ecliptic. Now, owing to the earth's annual motion, the sun appears to travel round the ecliptic in the course of a year. If the earth's motion were perfectly uniform the distance traveled by the sun along the ecliptic would be exactly the same every day, but its progress eastward would not always appear the same. All measurements to the east and west have reference to the equator, just as all measurements to the north and

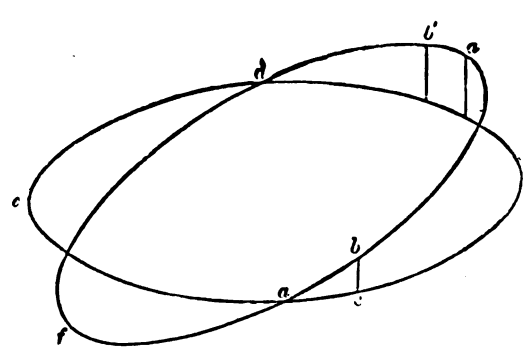
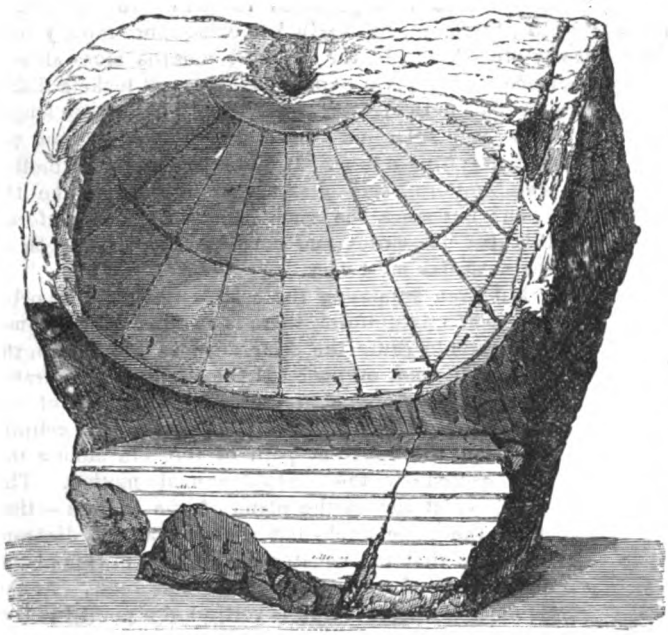


FIG. 4.—SHOWING THE INCLINATION OF THE ECLIPTIC TO THE CELESTIAL EQUATOR.

south have reference to the poles. A glance at the diagram will show that the distance *a b* is not the same as *a c*, so that near the equinoxes the sun's apparent daily motion to the eastward is less than the average. On the other hand, at the solstices, the distance traveled by the sun in one day—from *a'* to *b'*—is the same when measured on the



MARBLE SUN-DIAL NEAR THE MONUMENT OF THRASYLLUS, ATHENS.

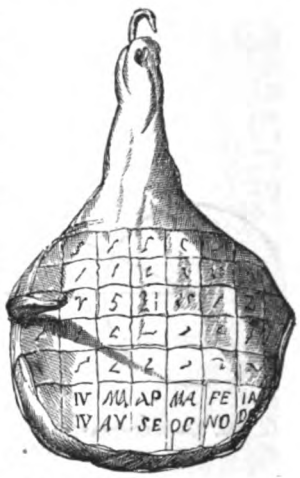
celestial equator. As a matter of fact, solar days near the equinoxes are twenty seconds shorter than the average, and at the solstices twenty seconds longer.

Thus we see that even if the motion of the earth in its orbit were uniform there would be a difference in the length of solar days; but the motion, as we have seen, is not uniform. The consequence of the two causes combined is that we never get two solar days together of exactly the same length. They do not vary from each other more than about fifty seconds, but this difference may go on accumulating for weeks together, so that sometimes there is as much as sixteen minutes' difference between solar time and Greenwich time. Greenwich time is the average length of the solar days, and this is exactly twenty-four hours.

At certain periods of the year a number of short solar days may come together, and then the sun is behind the clock. At another period a number of long solar days come together, and then the sun is before the clock. There are only four days in the year when the clock and the sun-dial agree. These are April 15th, June 15th, August 31st, and December 24th. The difference between solar time and Greenwich time is called the *equation of time*. It can be calculated beforehand for every day in the year, and is sometimes printed in almanacs, and occasionally on the face of large dials. In order to make use of this table we should notice carefully the exact time indicated by the sun-dial; then, turning to the table, find out whether the sun is before the clock or behind,

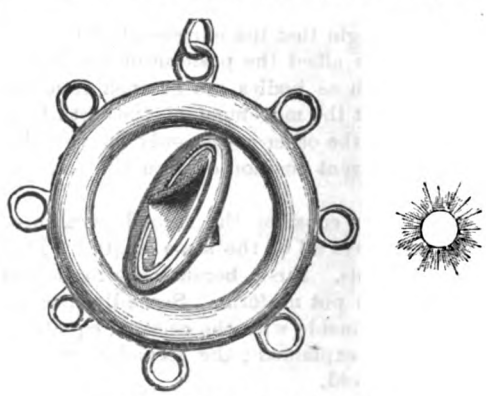
THE SHEPHERD'S DIAL.

and how much. If, then, we make the necessary addition or subtraction, we get correct time, and can then test our watches or the neighboring church clock. The earth completes a revolution round the sun in 365¼ days, or, more exactly, 365 days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, forty-nine seconds. The year is divided into months, and these, as the name indicates (Saxon, *monath*, from *mona*, the moon), were originally, in England, at any rate, regulated by changes in the moon. The exact time, from new moon to new moon, is twenty-nine days, twelve hours, forty-four minutes, and 2·87 seconds; so that, in round numbers, we may say thirty days.



ROMAN HAM-SHAPED DIAL.

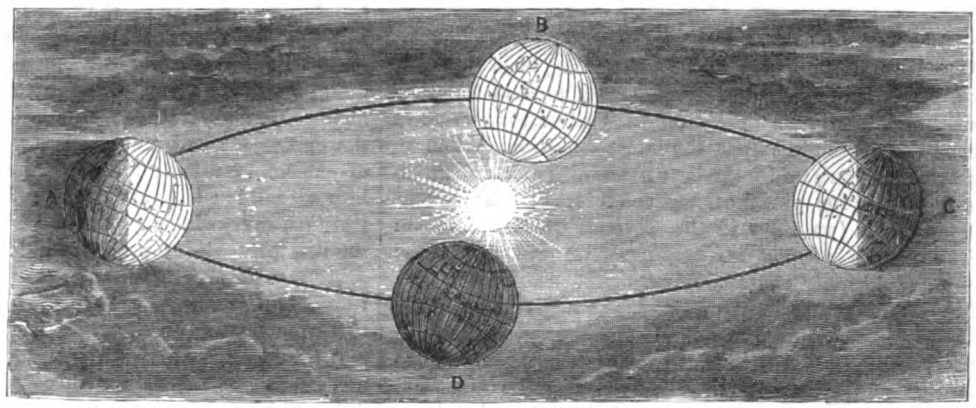
But twelve months of thirty days each would only give us 360 days; to certain months, therefore, we assign thirty-one days, to make up the complete year. We obtain the names of the months from the Romans, who originally only had ten months in the year. We can find a trace of this fact in the names September, October, November, December—which mean the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months, respectively. It was soon noticed, however, that ten months were not suffcient, and two more, January and February, were added, which originally had twenty-eight days each. The number of days in January was subsequently raised to thirty-one, but February still retains its twenty-eight days. In the



A CURIOUS ANCIENT SUN-DIAL.

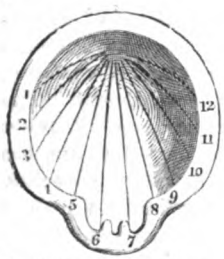
time of Julius Cæsar the Roman calendar had got into great confusion. Among other irregularities, the vernal equinox (March 21st) was almost two months later than it ought to be. To remedy this, two months were inserted between November and December, so that that particular year (B.C. 46) had fourteen months. The number of days was correctly fixed at 365¼, and to get rid of the quarter it was decided to *intercalate*—that is, to interpose—a day between the 23d and 24th of February. This was done by counting the 24th of February twice. Now the 24th of February was then called *sextilis*, or sixth—that is, the sixth day before the first of March—and when this day was reckoned twice the year was called *bissextile*, or double

sixth. We add an extra day to the month instead, and call it *leap* year. The reason for this name seems to be that in ordinary years Christmas day and other fixed days are one day later each succeeding year, but in leap year they are two days later; there is thus a leap over one day. The efforts of Julius Cæsar to reform the calendar was commemorated by the name of one of the months, which was changed from Quintilis to July.



THE EARTH IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF ITS ORBIT.

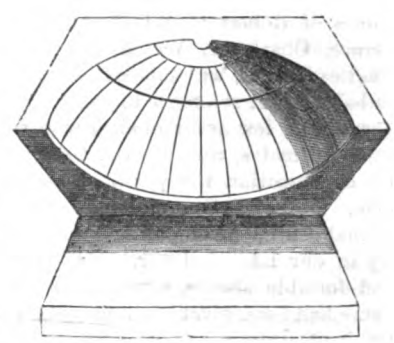
But we have seen above that a year is not exactly 365¼ days, but about eleven minutes short of this, and though this does not seem much, yet it amounts to a whole day in 130 years. The consequence of this was that toward the close of the sixteenth century it was found that the calendar again stood in need of reform. An Italian physician projected a plan for its reformation. This, on being presented to Pope Gregory XIII., was submitted to a conference of prelates and learned men, and adopted, and in 1582 a Papal brief was issued, abolishing the Julian calendar in all Catholic countries, and introducing in its stead the one now in use, under the name of the *Gregorian*, or reformed calendar. It is also sometimes called the *new style*, to distinguish it from the Julian, or *old style*. The chief alterations were these: ten days were dropped after the 4th of October, 1582, and the 15th was reckoned immediately after the 4th. To prevent any error in future, every 100th year which, by the old style, was to have been a leap year, was now to be a common year, the fourth excepted. Thus, 1600 was to remain a leap year, but 1700, 1800, and 1900 were to be of the ordinary length, and 2000 a leap year again.



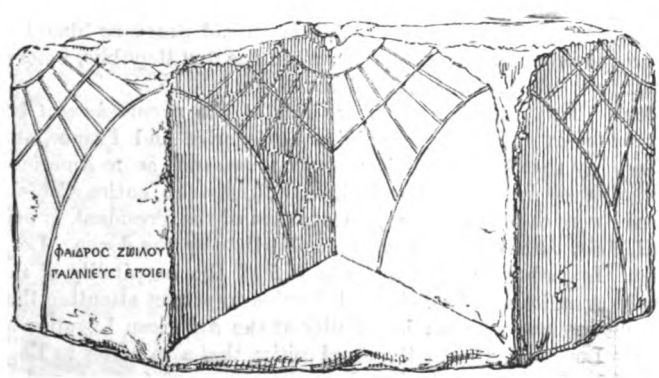
SHELL OR CUP DIAL.

For a long time, however, the Protestant countries of Europe would not adopt the new style, and it was not until 1751 that England did so. In that year the famous Lord Chesterfield introduced a bill into Parliament, and the measure received the royal assent. But it met with much opposition out-of-doors. The great body of the people regarded the measure as impious and Popish, and as eleven days had to be omitted in the month of September, so as to bring the calendar into unison with the equinoxes, people had an idea that they were being robbed of eleven days. By this bill, also, the year was made to commence with the 1st of January instead of March 25th, as it had done previously. Russia, and those countries which belong to the Greek Church, still follow the old style, and hence in Russia Christmas Day falls on what we call January 6th, for the discrepancy between the old style and the astronomical year now amounts to twelve days.

A curious attempt was made at the time of the French Revolution to introduce an entirely new calendar. The year was made to consist of twelve months of thirty days each, and to complete the full number, five *fête* days (in leap years six) were added to the end of the year. Each month was divided into three parts, called *decades*, of ten days each. The time fixed for the new reckoning to commence was the autumnal equinox (September 22d) of 1792. The old names of the months were dropped, and new ones, descriptive of the time of year, adopted — such as windy month, rainy month, foggy month, harvest month, and fruit month. An attempt was also made to carry the decimal mode of reckoning into the hours of the day; thus the day was divided into ten parts, and these subdivided into hundreds and thousands. This, of course, involved an entire change in the dial plates of clocks and watches, and a decree was issued to this effect. But the new mode of reckoning, as might be expected, perplexed and puzzled ordinary people, and the attempt had to be abandoned; and in 1805, when Napoleon became Emperor, the entire calendar was abolished, and the Gregorian calendar re-established.



ANCIENT MARBLE DIAL.



COMPOUND SUN-DIAL IN THE ELGIN COLLECTION.

PROF. B. PIERCE maintains that the discovery of Neptune was "only a happy accident"; the planet found by Galli, in accordance with Leverrier's direction, was *not* the planet "to which geometrical analysis had directed the telescope."

THE EDITOR'S OPERA-GLASS.

When we say that Oscar Wilde has come, been lionized, *lied*, praised, abused and followed from hotel to lodging-house, and finally has gone on to Washington, we have turned the opera-glass upon the latest sensation. When we claim for our own house the best newspaper-portrait which has appeared for years of any celebrity of this much-talked-of lion (we refer to the portrait of Mr. Wilde in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*), we but quote the opinion of a kindly contemporary.

Mr. Wilde dresses in an odd way, and wears hair so long that he forcibly reminds one of the earlier pictures of Mrs. Browning; but with that exception he is not an extraordinary-looking person. His face, when he talks and smiles, is an agreeable one. He is full of Oxford culture and natural genius, modest and sympathetic in the drawing-room, and impressive in the lecture-room. Perhaps he told us nothing new in saying that the conventionalized sunflower and lily were admirable subjects for embroidery and decoration. But his treatment of the general topic of art-education was well spoken. Mr. Wilde has brought two of our American peculiarities to the fore, perhaps not the best two—our lion-hunting, first; and our tendency to abuse a man in the newspapers.

We may excuse ourselves by saying that Mr. Wilde invites criticism by his peculiarities, and that the sort of notoriety given to him by the caricatures in *Punch*, and the pleasant raillery of *Patience*, while it repelled the best people, was irresistible to the lion-hunter.

Meantime, the august shade of Daniel Webster comes to correct the absurdities of the times. The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the most remarkable-looking man of our country and century was celebrated in Boston, at the Parker House, with a banquet and speeches. The names of Robert C. Winthrop, George T. Curtis, Mayor Prince, Charles L. Woodbury, Leverett Saltonstall, and Charles Devens, will suffice to testify that this banquet was called without reference to party. The Hon. Wm. Amory, one of the few accomplished men who were of Mr. Webster's intimates, was present to light up with his delightful conversation the personal recollections of the great man. Mayor Prince claimed for Mr. Webster the origin of that sentiment of political unity which saved the country in our late civil war. Mr. Winthrop, classic, elegant and forcible always, referred to the fact that Webster's name had been given to a mountain in his native State—"this mountain a very synonym for the most powerful American mind as well as of the most impressive American presence." And yet who can but regret that the remembrance of this great man is so little regarded in the century which owes him so much!

Wealth and material progress are the topics to which we cling; and as Mr. Vanderbilt threw open the magnificent Ghiberti doors, copied from the famous bronze doors at Florence, to an admiring crowd on Jan. 17, there was no doubt in the minds of men that wealth was a good thing. This house is an education. It is thoroughly in good taste, although so much splendor can scarcely be thrown together without periling the laws whose first canon is simplicity. One man, it is understood, directed all the detail, and that man was Christian Herter. In the Middle Ages he would have been knighted for this work. The grand hall, reaching to the skylight, surrounded by balustrades which are in themselves works of art, bronze and brass; the red marble pillars; the fireplace, with its blazing logs, four feet long; the beauty of the decorations, recalling Versailles, around the chimney; the gorgeous Aladdin parlor, all cut crystal, and porphyry; pale-crimson velvet hangings, embroidered with pearls; the fireplaces of Limoges enamel and bronze; the Japanese room; the dining-room, in the most sumptuous style of the Italian Renaissance; the grand picture-gallery, filled with five hundred gems of modern art; the staircase, which rises like a noble thought; the opalescent and tinted glass; the Numidian marbles; divans from Scutari; the San Domingo mahogany, carved into caryatids; the carved and gilded woodwork; the collections, everywhere scattered, of fans, miniatures, jewels; the fine cabinets of priceless china, porcelain, silver and glass—all are triumphant; the admirable finish, the thoughtful selection, the workmanship and the design of this superb palace, which has the Orient and the Occident and the Nineteenth Century as its slaves. All that Japan has been working at for three thousand years; all that Art has been laboring to produce; all that Genius has dreamed of; all that our modern Aladdin's lamp has produced for us, are here. The city owes Mr. Vanderbilt a great debt of gratitude for the present he has made us of such a house to look at.

On Monday, January 30th, the Greek Play, which so charmed Boston, and all scholars of last Spring at Harvard College, was produced at Booth's by Mr. Riddle, who was the principal mover in the first representation. The music by Professor J. K. Paine was reproduced, and the sorrows of Œdipus, the King, in the Royal Palace in Bœotian Thebes, lived again before us. No one who has heard Mr. Riddle but is impressed by his resemblance in tone and elocution to Salvini, and the noble Greek tongue has the music of the Italian. In England we hear of the reproduction of the "Alcestis," known to us through Browning's "Balaustion's Adventure." The "Alcestis" is, perhaps, the easiest of the Greek plays to represent, although the action is slow, and has not the terrible tragic force of the Euripides, nor has it the nobility of sentiment. The principal character, *Admetus*, is a diabolical one. *Hercules* is a buffoon, and *Alcestis*, who devotes herself to die, has but little to do but to make some beautiful speeches. These old Greek plays are more immoral than a modern French drama; but, then, nobody can understand them, which is a benefit; but, as for morality, what can we urge for the "School for Scandal"?

Faure, the great French baritone, has received the "Legion d'Honneur." Since Talma, no actor or singer has been thought worthy to receive this honor, most coveted by Frenchmen; that given to Got, of the Comédie Française, was distinctly given him as a Professor of the Conservatoire. Faure has also the Cross of Isabella the Catholic, the Christ, and the very exceptional distinction of the Commendador Estraordinario of Charles III., which confers the Order of Excellency upon him. When Faure received his last decoration he was obliged to obtain the consent of his sovereign before he could wear it, and owed the final victory to the influence of Jules Favre. It is strange that the new Republic should prove so liberal as to break the old prejudice, when the first Republic, before, abolished all titles and decorations.

The English papers are full of the *rapprochement* between the sister Republics of America and France, and say that Mr. Morton's reception was such as no American envoy in London ever held. Nearly the entire Cabinet were there, official representatives of the President, generals, three editors, authors and artists by the dozen. Lord Lyons's quiet dinners pale before the hospitality of the American ambassador. It begins to attract attention that we have no such hospitality at the American Legation at London. It is a thousand pities that a minister to England should not give dinners; a man of fortune, and of hospitable instincts, should be sent there. Indeed, diplo-

macy has been defined as "a clever wife, and the giving of the best dinners." In Washington, a few years ago, as a good dinner-giver departed, expecting the French mission, a witty lady said that his parting message to the senators was, "Dinna forget."

In music, in dramatic event, in any new departure as to gayety, the City of New York has been unusually tranquil, the production of "Madame Favart" in English, with Miss Catherine Lewis in the title *rôle*, has been almost the only new thing; the pretty, rollicking actress was scarcely a success in her part, not reaching the perfection of her French predecessors.

The town and country have been having a scare from the smallpox, and vaccination has become a perfect epidemic. Scarcely a fair arm but shows through its lace sleeve the dire effects. Mr. Bergh, with characteristic eccentricity, has come out against it, and the papers and doctors attack Mr. Bergh, and go on vaccinating.

No doubt all remedies hold in them a dangerous rebound, but, certainly, this remedy or preventive cannot be so dangerous as the smallpox.

Scarlet fever, for which no vaccination has been invented, is baffling the physicians and depopulating the nurseries.

The death of the Hon. Clarkson N. Potter caused a heartfelt grief which can scarcely be exaggerated. He was a brilliant man in every respect; a typical American gentleman of the very highest class. As lawyer, politician, and wealthy citizen, he won success and approbation; as a private friend, he was exceedingly beloved. A very handsome, gallant, gay man, he had also all the private virtues which solidify and ennoble character. His fate was an exceptionably happy one, as he enjoyed life up to the last, and fell at his post of duty, while arguing a case in the Court of Appeals at Albany.

The death of such men as Mr. Potter, Mr. Stoughton, and the Rev. John Cotton Smith, makes the world poorer and less worth living in to those who knew them. Foreign necrology brings to us the names of William Harrison Ainsworth, the veteran novelist, whose brilliant historical novels will be so well remembered by the middle-aged. Mr. Ainsworth was one of the handsome men of the circle of Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay, and his portrait by Maclise recalls the dandy of the past. "The pariah of the Foreign Office," as Grenville Murray was savagely called in London, has also been called, and we shall not have again "The Boudoir Cabal." No man knew so much of the French nation, the traveling colony, the romance of diplomacy, as Grenville Murray. He knew everything but how to live well for himself—that he never learned. And the witty Bernal Osborne—he whose quick retaliation, in retort the witty sayer of good things—he has gone, too; he died at the house of his daughter, the Duchess of St. Albans, of that dreadful malady, cancer of the stomach.

Our own security of travel has been broken by a dread disaster on the Hudson River Railroad at Spuyten Duyvil, by which Senator Wagner, the inventor of the palace-car, lost his life. This dreadful disaster happening so near our doors was due to a want of a proper signal system, it is said. A poignant agony was added from the taking fire of one of the cars, by which seven victims were burned alive, and amongst them a very young bridegroom and bride, who had been married the day before.

Running along side by side with tragedy, death, and sorrow, has come the usual gayety of New York—weddings, dinners, balls, and receptions. The great Charity Ball came and went with more than its usual success, while at Washington, the cunning, blasphemy, and vanity of Guiteau did not hinder the great wheel of social brilliancy from throwing out its corruscating sparks. Mr. and Mrs. Blaine have entertained with superb hospitality, and the President has consented to accept dinner invitations. The Hon. George Bancroft told the President that he hoped to be allowed to entertain him.

"Sir," said the President, "I have concluded to accept invitations from my Cabinet, from the foreign ministers, and from George Bancroft."

A very pretty anecdote—a real pearl of history, that!

Richard Henry Dana, lawyer, and author of "Two Years Before the Mast," died in Rome on January 6th, of pneumonia. He was one of a royal descent of authors. Mr. Lowell used to call him "Richard III." His son married a daughter of Longfellow

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

It has been found by Mr. P. Hoglan that calomel is slowly changed in the human system by the action of water and the temperature of the body into the corrosive sublimate. This decomposition is aided by the presence of citric acid, chloride of sodium or sugar.

The German Government contemplates sending out two expeditions for observing the transit of Venus in 1882: one to the mouth of the La Plata River, the other to Magellan's Straits or the Falkland Isles. The expedition of 1874 cost the Government 600,000 marks ($150,000), the one of next year is estimated to cost only 195,000 marks ($48,750).

A new kind of celluloid is now made from peeled potatoes. These are treated for thirty-six hours to a solution of eight parts of sulphuric acid and one hundred parts of water, then dried between blotting-paper and pressed. In France pipes made from the material are said to be quite equal in appearance to meerschaum. Billiard balls can, by heavy pressure, be made from it.

State geologist Cutting has recently returned from the inspection of a newly discovered mountain of magnetic iron ore near Sherbrooke, P. Q., on the line of the Passumpsic Railroad. He pronounces the ore a valuable one, and states that the ore will yield about seventy per cent. pure iron. The property is owned by Eleazer Clarke, of Sherbrooke.

The following will be found a good waterproof cement for fastening sheets of pasteboard together. Good pitch and gutta-percha—about equal parts—are fused together, and to nine parts of this are added three parts of boiled oil and one-fifth part of litharge; continue the heat with stirring until thorough union of the ingredients is effected. This is applied hot, or cooled somewhat, and thinned with a small quantity of benzole or turpentine oil.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"Did your uncle leave you anything in his will, Thomas?" "Oh, yes," said Thomas, cheerfully, "he left me out."

"What's the difference, pa, between the Upper House and the Lower House?" "The difference, my dear, is this: the Lower House means a-bility, the Upper House no-bility."

Friend of the Family to the Boy Twins.—"I'm afraid you little fellows don't always agree. You fight each other sometimes, don't you?" *Twins*—"Yeth, sir, thomtimes." *F. of the F.*—"Ah, I thought so. Well, who whips?" *Twins*—"Mother whips."

MAMMA'S "SELL"—A NURSERY VERSICLE.

Says dear mamma, "I've brought a cake."
All shrieked "Hurrah!" in joy and hope.
Too soon they saw their sad mistake:
'Twas but a cake—of scented soap!

A Wide-awake Retort.—Earl Russell relates an incident about Lord North which would imply that the latter statesman possessed gifts of sleep quite equal to those of Marten. "He (Lord North) often indulged in real or seeming slumber; an opponent in the middle of an invective exclaimed, 'Even now, in the midst of these perils, the noble lord is asleep.' 'I wish to God I was,' rejoined Lord North."

BABY'S WARNING.

When baby has pains at dead of night,
Mother in a fright, father in a plight:
When worms do bite, baby must cry,
If fever sets in, baby may die.
If croupy pains kill Leonora,
In that house there's no Castoria,
For mothers learn without delay,
Castoria cures by night and day.

THE LITTLE FRUIT-GIRL.— FROM A PAINTING BY PIOT.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XIII.— No. 4. APRIL, 1882. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE ON THE GREAT LAKES.— TO THE RESCUE. SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE ON THE GREAT LAKES.

By A. B. Bibb.

No feeling is more deeply rooted in the heart of an old salt than is his profound scorn and contempt for the fresh-water sailor. To his thinking, his brother-tar of the Great Lakes is a wretched make-believe, whom he mentally catalogues with river steamboat men and canal-boat hands. He has small belief in the stories he hears of great storms and shipwreck on these landlocked waters, or if he accept the fact of frequent and terrible disaster, he ascribes it to the poor seamanship of lubbers. He has always longed to try his hand at this apparently comfortable and very condensed navigation, and show them how a seaman does it.

When in his wanderings finally he gets afloat upon the great fresh water seas, there are surprises, there is disillusion in store for him. Looking about him, he finds the shipping of the Great Lakes of proportions amazing to his briny mind. Upon the waterways of the great Northwest he sees a marine of noble dimensions, handled by a navy of practical navigators, whom he finds as sailorly a lot as he could ask to see. He misses in the men many traits he is accustomed to. He finds none of that love of the old ship which is sometimes so strong a sentiment among ocean farers. These lake-men make short voyages, and under the present system, the whole crew is discharged the moment the vessel enters the docks, the elevator-men and "dock-wallopers" loading and unloading cargoes. There are no "shipmates," for the same reason.

The lake-men have not that mellowness of character and speech which comes from long sea voyages and fo'castle yarns. They are commonplace fellows, with nothing in dress or manner to distinguish them from landsmen, but active and all alive, making good wages, always watching the main chance, speculative sometimes.

At the great ports of Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Milwaukee and Chicago, he learns something of the gigantic carrying trade that supports all this cloud of sail. He is told that the shipping passing up the Detroit River, through Lake St. Clair and the St. Clair, and into Huron, at Port Huron and Sarnia, aggregates more tonnage than the port of Liverpool, England.

Sailing north into Lake Huron, he meets ship after ship; big steam-barges, running under screw and sail, with one, two, three or more consorts in tow, these latter under half-canvas, bare poles, or full sail, indifferently, as wind and weather permit, this tow making six, eight, and ten miles an hour out of Chicago, Milwaukee, and the Michigan ports, with grain, lumber, everything, or ore-laden from Escanaba or Marquette. Against the sky the sails stand thick. Smoke-wraiths lie curling along the horizon. He observes, our mariner of the sea, that sails are seldom snowy; the smoke and grime lie thick upon them, and his barnacled soul is moved within him at the sight.

Steam makes lubbers, thinks he. And steam is king on the inland seas. Funnels belching everywhere. The great steamers of the Lake Superior Transit, the Northwest Transportation, the Anchor Line, flying their private colors at the peak; barges and two little tugs with long log-rafts trailing astern, make a lively scene of it. The skies are blue and the waters still. There is no suggestion of danger, no suspicion of ferocity. In the calm of the ocean there is an undertone of power. The mighty heave of its breast, the muttering of the surf upon the shore, are echoes of the terrible grandeur of the storm. On the lakes there are weeks, in the Summer time, when these great bodies of water sleep like placid woodland ponds.

In the early Fall the treacherous calm is broken. Later on, storm after storm roars over the lakes. Squalls, terrible in their sudden fury, launch themselves and rage along the waterways. The light, fresh water flies before the wind. Immense seas are made in an incredibly short space of time. The water is torn up in sheets and hurled through the air. The seas run short and quick, thundering against a vessel's sides with rapid, heavy blows. There is no time for recovery between them. The lee shore is even alarmingly near. After the first September gale, the "lame ducks" are numerous. All the old, rotten hulks from everywhere have poked out during the fair weather, and the first real blow cripples them often fatally. It must be said for the hardiness of lake-sailors that they will go to sea in craft of amazing craziness. In the colder months there is the ice to fight. Spray freezes flying. Ice incases masts, and ropes, and sails, the decks and clinging men. The suffering from such exposure is intense. Endurance is put to a frightful test in this fight with the gale and the ice. The wind has a death-cold touch; the flying water wraps the ship in icy shrouds; the rocks or the sands are thundering at hand.

From about the middle of December until the first of April the ice blockade is almost unbroken. With the first sign of clear water there is a stir among the shipping. The steamers cut their way out. Risks and profits both are great on these first Spring trips. In the towns on the upper lakes supplies are running short, and a boat-load of provisions is snapped up at fabulous prices.

The vessels of the United States afloat on the Northern Lakes in 1880 were:

1,459	Sailing vessels	of	304,932.32	tons burden
931	Steam vessels	"	212,045.30	" "
572	Canal boats	"	47,159.25	" "
165	Barges	"	40,965.26	" "
3,127	Vessels		605,162.13	" "

with cargoes and in ballast.

There entered at lake ports during 1880, 14,274 vessels, of 2,759,320 tons burden; and the clearances at lake ports during that year were 14,188 vessels, of 2,747,202 tons burden. These were American and foreign vessels in the foreign trade.

The number of entries and clearances of American vessels in the coastwise trade during the year 1880 was 57,949 vessels, of 20,590,236 tons burden.

"Since the movements of vessels in the coastwise trade requiring entry and clearance to be made comprise but a small portion of the movements of such vessels between the ports of the United States, this statement is a very incomplete view of the entire movements of tonnage in the coastwise trade and fisheries."

In the season of 1879-1880 there were 552 disasters to vessels on the Great Lakes. Of these 25 occurred in July, 47 in August, 72 in September, 72 in October, 119 in November, 12 in December, 1 in February, 4 in March, 118 in April, 40 in May, and 42 in June.

The 552 vessels were of 207,304 tons burden, and there were aboard of them 5,928 persons; 384 vessels were laden, 132 going light; 48 vessels were a total loss, 504 sustained partial and unknown loss. Out of all these was a loss of 35 lives. The total value of vessels suffering casualties was $3,563,450; of cargoes, $2,558,005. The loss to vessels was $580,045; to cargoes, $588,630.

Of the 552 casualties, 8 were founderings, 160 strandings, 182 collisions, and 202 accidents from other miscel-

laneous causes—capsizes, damage to machinery and vessel, explosion, fire, ice, etc., etc.

So much for the magnitude and the dangers of lake navigation.

With the growth of this merchant marine of the Great Lakes there has been a corresponding increase of work in the construction and enlargement of harbors. Many harbors of refuge have been made, or are laid out and under way. A great survey has been made, and the hydrography and topography of the Lake Country laid down on charts. The harbor-work and surveys have been done by the engineers of the army.

Millions have been expended in ship canals. Of these the Welland and Lawrence Canal systems, the Sault Ste. Marie and Lake St. Clair Canals, and the proposed Michigan and Erie Ship Canal are famous.

The United States Life Saving Service has now in commission thirty-seven life-saving stations on the stretch of coast within the boundaries of the United States on the Great Lakes. It is the purpose of this paper to say something of these stations.

They are divided into three districts: the Ninth District, coasts of Lakes Ontario and Erie numbering nine stations; the Tenth District, coasts of Lakes Huron and Superior, having twelve in present operation, and a thirteenth designed and located (near Houghton, on Lake Superior); while the Eleventh District, coast of Lake Michigan, has sixteen stations in commission, and two more provided for by Congress. The first Ontario station, at the mouth of the Big Sandy River, Jefferson County, New York, has been held as one of the crack stations of the service. A party of us were there in the early Summer. Driving down from Pierrepont Manor, where we had left the railroad, we spent a couple of days very pleasantly at the station.

The place was naturally barren and ugly, but by hard labor and the exercise of considerable taste the keeper and crew have made the surroundings pleasant and almost pretty. Board walks laid in the sand about the house, pretty little outbuildings, a lawn, originally a desert of sand, but on which now waves a most luxuriant crop of grass; the "lookout"—a quaint little cabin with a red roof, perched on the top of a high platform upon a sand-hill commanding a sweeping view of the coast and offing. All these improvements spoke of the industry and ingenuity expended upon them. Inside the station everything was bright and clean. The boatroom, with the long red surfboat on one side; the loaded handcart under its tarpaulin on the other; the old mortar and shot on a grating; the extra lines coiled down; the signal-flags draped about the room, and the lanterns and other brasses shining from the walls, was a picture of order. A big bald eagle over the door, clutching the usual shield, was a specimen of the keeper's skill. He showed some handsome stuffed owls and other birds up in his office above—things he had amused himself with in the Winter when no work could be done. The upper rooms were as beautifully kept; the men's sleeping-room, with its double row of snowy-pillowed cots, was strongly in contrast with dormitories we had seen in other stations; the captain's office and bedroom were especially neat and comfortable.

The station is on the chain of sand-hills lying outside the marshes. The beach is sandy and flat. A little north of Station 1 the shore is heavily timbered, and is so, also, to the southward for miles.

What wrecks they have had have been vessels running for the Stony Point Passage from Oswego, becoming embayed in Mexico Bay, and going ashore in the effort to get out of that *cul de sac*. Very quick and heavy seas make in the shoal waters of the bay, westerly gales piling the surf up very high on the bars.

The keeper and crew were at that time under investigation for failure to reach a wreck which had come on about three miles toward Stony Point. Charges were preferred by some of the people of the vicinity, and an examination was ordered by the Department.

A lot of witnesses were heard and a bushel of testimony taken on the part of those entering the charges, without, however, establishing anything against the accused keeper. His own examination and that of his men decided the case. It appeared that they had seen the vessel pass their station; had watched her until she grounded on the bar, three miles to the northward, and had then started up the beach with the handcart, on which is loaded the Lyle gun, shot-line, whip, hawser, breeches-buoy, and the other apparatus.

Having made a mile and a quarter, they halted by the outlet of a pond which cut out through the beach. The seas were driving through this cut. One man waded across. The rest got in, shoulder-deep, and got out again. The cut was 300 feet wide. The channel in the middle of it was about six feet deep. The current was running *into the pond*. The keeper sent two men back to the station for a small-boat. They brought it up through the marsh, inside the beach-hills. Part of the gear was put into the boat, and the cart towed across after it, the men wading behind.

The cart reloaded, they resumed the march, but had not gone far when they met the shipwrecked men and their preservers walking down the beach. A crew, made up from the bystanders, had made two trips to the wreck in an old fishboat, and the rescue was accomplished. The delay at the outset had lost to the station-crew the honor of saving them. The complaint held that the keeper had shown cowardice and inefficiency in this failure to reach the scene of disaster.

The report of the investigating officer threw out the charge of cowardice, but recommended the removal of the keeper, on the ground that his own account of the affair proved want of judgment and lack of power and resource in emergency. The keeper's defense was that he couldn't get his powder across dry; that wetting his lines would cause delay and difficulty; and that, as the men on the wreck were in no immediate danger, he thought it right to take the surest and safest course, even at the expense of precious time.

Station No. 2 is on Mexico Point, near the little town of Texas. The Point is at the western end of Mexico Bay. The station is like No. 1 in architecture and outfit. They have each a five-oared surfboat, and one of the old metallic lifeboats. These old metallic boats were built in New York in 1854, and a number of them were sent out to various places on the lakes. They were used in a number of rescues, and did good service. But having no one especially empowered to look after them, they got badly battered up, and were finally thrown aside and forgotten. Captain Dobbins found them scattered here and there, and repairing those of them that were worth it, put them at various lake stations, where they are still of great use.

Texas Station is prettily situated at the mouth of the Salmon River, in a picturesque spot. The house stands on the green turf on the bluff, close to the water. There is a fine grove, full of benches and swings, much affected by picnickers from the country round. A hotel stands on either side of the lovely, winding stream. In the Summer-time the boys are kept busy showing visitors about. They had 1,500 on the register one day last Summer. From Mexico Point the shore assumes a bolder character, and

THE LOOKOUT.

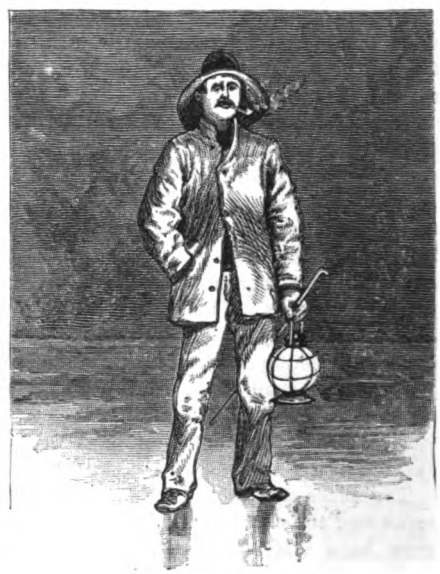
fronts the lake in beetling bluffs, running on to Oswego City.

While we were at Parker's station he received a box from the Woman's National Relief Association, of which the contents were books, a few groceries (oatmeal, cocoa-shells, sugar and Leibig), women's and men's clothing, shoes, etc., intended for the relief of the shipwrecked. Similar boxes have been sent to other stations, and will be supplied to the whole service in time. In this the W. N. R. A. is doing a very timely and effective good work. Heretofore the surfmen have been supplying such things from their own small stock, and it has fallen to the lot of some crews in the service to give away all their spare clothing to needy rescued ones more than once in a season. The gratitude with which the shipwrecked receive such kindness very frequently does not last long enough for them to remember to send back the articles so generously supplied.

The men at No. 2 were greatly pleased with their box, and when Captain Parker, in displaying the articles, donned a high white hat (with a widower's band), a complete suit of Swisshelm underclothing, and a pair of army elevens, there was some hilarity.

The "lookout" is a little sentry-box on stilts, at the edge of the little bluff. A watch is kept constantly from this; the patrol duty, as at Big Sandy, is slight—only an easy walk of a mile either way.

The Oswego Lifeboat Station is under the hill, just at the mouth of the Oswego River, right in among the wharves and ships and lumber-piles and warehouses of the harbor. From the bluff behind the station the bastions of old Fort Ontario frown down upon the lake. On the lookout bridge, above on the housetop, paces the watch. Day and night he scans the harbor and the offing. Down below, in the boatroom, the stanch English lifeboat and the long, keen surfboat are ready to rush down the ways at a moment's warning. In the hurried launch the men scramble over the gunwales as she slides toward the water. Oars are out, the keeper stands erect in the stern, grasping the steering-oar, and before she has lost the momentum of the ways the crew are swinging into a long stroke, and out she goes through the slip, down through the river mouth, beyond the lighthouse on the breakwater, and into the thick of the fight with sea and storm. They get the big lifeboat out and in with the help of a winch in the upper end of the boatroom.



THE FIRST WATCH.

INTERIOR OF A STATION.

Among the rocks at the foot of the bluffs not a few old hulks have laid their bones. The station has been rich in wrecks at its very door, and a schooner last Winter, missing the piers and coming on the shore, very nearly stuck her jibboom in at the messroom window.

Nearly all their work is close to the piers, vessels missing the narrow entrance between the piers, and fetching up on the rocks within a stone's throw of the harbor.

A patrol is kept along the bluffs to the east, the men going in pairs over the rough shore.

Keeper Blackburn, of this station, has proven himself a man of courage, skill and resource. He has stood the test of action well, coming out, in all cases, with great credit.

We ran down on the Rome road to Charlotte-on-Genesee, and having quartered at the "Cottage," down by the beach, enjoyed that night a whitefish supper that will live long in grateful memories.

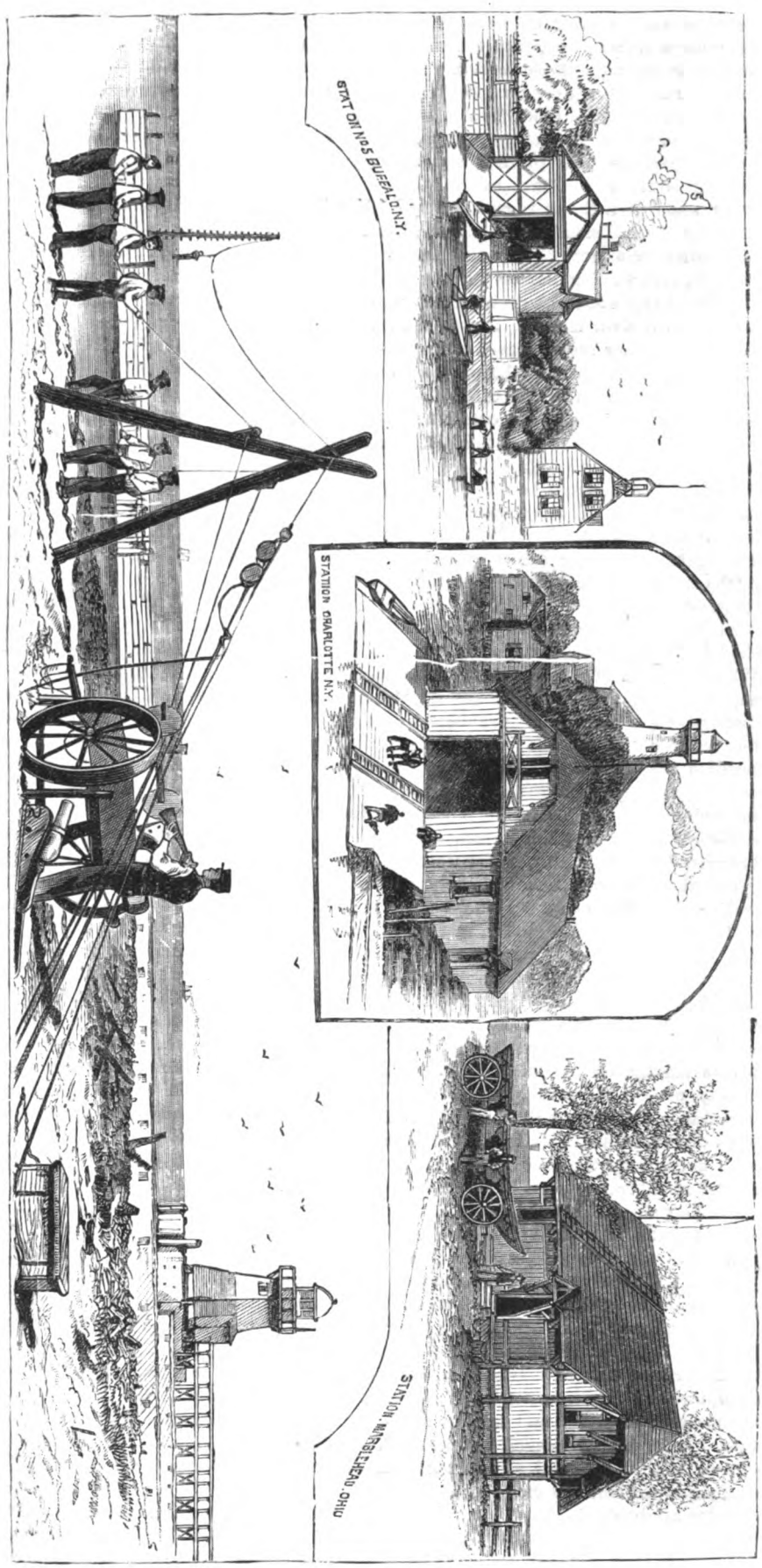
We found the lifeboat station on the river-bank above the drawbridge. The house is the same as the Oswego building, but without the side-buildings, having a non-resident volunteer crew.

The place is picturesque; the old lighthouse on the

hill, the little church among the trees, the houses of the town strung out along the river-bank, the smelting-furnaces, the hotels and pretty cottages upon the beach, the pier pushing into the blue lake, a little black-and-white light-tower on its seaward end; eastward, the cliffs; westward, the short, half-moon of yellow sand, the bathing-houses, and beyond, the houses in the distant point, make up a pretty scene.

Captain Joe Doyle is keeper of the station. He has one paid surfman, who looks after the house and equipments, and seven volunteers living within call. They have their regular drills with life and surf boats and gun apparatus, but perform no watch and patrol duty. These men are paid for what service they render. For service at wrecks involving exposure and risk, Doyle is known to fame, having received the gold medal of the life-saving service in 1879 for heroism in two notable rescues. He is a tall, spare man, of the raw-boned American type, quiet in manner, and modest as he is brave. He is, by-the-way, a bachelor.

At half-past nine on the night of September 11th, 1878, the schooner *Dorr* was discovered ashore, a mile west of the pier, and lying about 1,200 yards off the beach. Doyle and his men hauled the boat-carriage down to the point, abreast of the wreck. The seas break against a steep bank of twenty feet in height. Boulders are thick at the water's edge. Doyle launched his boat down over this bank, and, getting safely through the rocks, made for the wreck. It was a daring launch in the dark. The vessel lay bows to windward, so that she made no lee. By the light of a torch on her deck the boat ran alongside, and having got a line out the crew managed to hold her there with her head to the heavy seas. There was a woman cook aboard, and the sailors, thinking that she could not be saved, would not come off. She was finally dropped over the side into the surfboat. The mate dropped in next, and then the boat



THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE ON THE GREAT LAKES.—A DRILL.

was carried to leeward on a big sea, the line parted, her bows were whirled up until she nearly ended over, and a piece of her stern, with the lashings of the steering-oar, was torn out. Doyle held her head to it, somehow, until he relashed his oar, and the boys never knew, until the night's work was done, how near they had been to a ducking, or worse. Running up again, they took off the remaining five men, and put her about for shore. It was a bad surf, but the boat was safely beached on the sands. The woman then fainted comfortably. About a month later, the Canadian schooner *Star*, running for Charlotte harbor in a gale from the northwest, was carried beyond the pier, and finding herself driving on the rocks under Chapin's Point bluffs, let go her anchors, about a quarter-mile past the river mouth. As she came up the sea swept her deck, and her crew of seven ran up into the crosstrees. It was a black night, and blowing a "living gale." The seas dashed in the windows of the lighthouse on the end of the pier, and the lamp could not be lighted. The windows of this tower are, I think, fifty-six feet above the lake level.

The lifeboat-men gathered to the beach and showed lights. Nothing of this vessel could be seen. The sea lowering somewhat, Doyle took the lifeboat out toward midnight, and, by good luck, getting to the wreck in the pitchy darkness, took off the seven men clinging in the foremast crosstrees.

At Buffalo we found the superintendent of the Ninth, Captain D. P. Dobbins, at his headquarters, No. 54 Central Wharf. From this office the captain issues his orders, supplies, etc., and conducts the various business of his district. All correspondence of the stations with the bureau goes through his hands, such as the weekly transcript of the journal of each station, etc. He is paymaster and purchasing agent for the district, and hence he is a bonded officer. In his frequent visits to the stations he drills his crews in their various duties, setting up the breeches-buoy apparatus, resuscitation of the apparently drowned and use of the medicine-chest, launching, rowing, and beaching the boats. He makes thorough inspections of the buildings and property, and orders needed work of any kind. The men usually do about four hours' daily work about the station, which, with the night watch and patrol duty, is enough to keep them busy and contented during the otherwise monotonous inaction of good weather. The men being compelled to remain always within hailing distance of their stations, except when on liberty, are apt to get to growling among themselves and hatching plots against the keeper. A healthy amount of work obviates this difficulty. The superintendent advises with keepers on the selection of their crews, and is the arbiter of all transactions between keepers and men.

All keepers are appointed, after examination, on the superintendent's nomination. He endeavors to fill the places with men experienced in the handling of boats, possessed of the necessary executive force to control a crew in ordinary duty and in action, thoroughly trustworthy, and capable of discharging faithfully the responsibility resting upon them. He finds his best men among the fishermen—sailors. Their sea duty has taught them discipline and cleanliness of habit; their life on the beach has made them skilled and fearless in the surf. A keeper should be physically sound, temperate, honest, energetic, cool-headed, a brave and skillful surfman, a leader, a man of some education, and enough judgment to pick out good men for his boat.

For these requirements the government pays a salary of $400 per annum. The service is to be congratulated upon having, in spite of this slim pay, so many men upon its rolls who may nearly reach the ideal standard above outlined. Love of the service has had a good deal to do with holding them to their posts, but they have always had great hope of Congress recognizing their merit by an increase of compensation. They are beginning to fall away now, the promises of many seasons being still unfulfilled, and unless something be done in the coming session for them, many of the stations must pass into the hands of incompetents.

Captain Dobbins has his crews uniformed in the regulation sailor-suit, the letters U. S. L. S. S. and number of station on the cap-ribbon. At one or two stations of the Ninth they have white, blue-trimmed shirts and caps for Summer wear. The men dislike the flat cap, which gives no protection to the eyes. Would not double-vizor hunting caps, of blue and white, make a becoming and useful headgear?

Captain Kiah, of the Tenth District, adopted flat straw hats for his men last Summer, which were held in great contempt by the old backwoodsmen of the upper stations.

The Inspector of the Long Island stations thinks that Guernsey (or Jersey?) shirt would make a good uniform for beach crews.

The men pay for these togs out of their own exchequer, the department making no allowance for anything of the kind.

Captain Dobbins at first allowed his various crews to exercise their own taste in selecting uniforms, with the result that, on his next trip thereafter, he found one crew in the garb of railway conductors, another in the red shirts and white breeches of firemen on parade, another resplendent in gold-lace and buttons, gorgeous as naval commodores, after which the captain regulated styles himself.

The Buffalo Lifeboat Station, No. 5, stands on the seawall near the mouth of Buffalo Creek. Opposite tower the great Bennett elevators. A little beyond there is a wedge of canal-boats in the famous Erie. From this station the stir and hurry of vessels moving out and in, lading and emptying at the docks and elevators, is an always enthralling scene. The boathouse opens on the creek. It has a slanting floor and boatways running to the water. The boats stand on the ways held by a hook in the sternpost. At the word of command the doors are thrown open, the men spring to their places, the keeper, standing by the stern, knocks up the hook, and away she goes.

The quarters are in an adjoining building, of which the men occupy the upper floor, and the keeper, with his family, the lower.

We accompanied Captain Dobbins to see a trial of his new self-ballasting, self-righting and self-bailing surfboat. The boat had already been in service a year, and Captain Williams, of No. 5, had done good work in her. In this trial she displayed excellent qualities under oar and sail. Being capsized, she righted quickly, and emptied herself of water in from fifteen to twenty seconds. Without the ballast she weighs 1,350 pounds. Her measurements are: 26 feet over all, 5 feet 9 inches beam, and 2 feet 6 inches depth, with 20 inches sheer of gunwale and 5 inches sheer of keel. She has crowned air-cases at either end. She pulls six oars, single banked. The ballast is water, let into compartments under the deck, and can be shifted, increased or lessened at will. She empties through the centre-board well. This boat promises to prove just what the lake service needs.

She is caravel-built, of white oak keel and frames, and white cork pine plank, strong and durable; at the same time that her weight is only one-third of that of the English lifeboat, she has the same seaworthiness. Of course her

light weight is a tremendous advantage, inasmuch as she can be handled easily on the beach or afloat by a crew of six. She is now at the Point aux Barques station, on Lake Huron (taking the place of the surfboat which lost the crew of that station in April, 1880), and is giving great satisfaction.

While we were at the Erie station, Presque Isle, there was an interesting trial of Captain Ottinger's sandwheel, an appliance which promises to be a great thing on loose sandy beaches, like Cape Cod, Jersey and North Carolina. It is a wooden rim, or tire, with twelve concavities shaped like those in a waffle-iron. The compression of air in these buckets, as they touch the sand, prevents the wheel sinking far into it. The appliance will be a success, if made light enough to leave the friction saved appreciably greater than the added weight of the sandwheel.

Presque Isle is a peninsula of some four miles long, lying outside the harbor of Erie, and on the end of it, among some groups of graceful trees, stand the life-saving station and the lighthouse buildings. From there the view of the beautiful harbor, the town lying on the slope facing the lake, the high timbered ridge against the sky, is most lovely. The station holds a commanding position as to harbor and offing, and its crew has done much effective work and some brave things. We were much interested in the keeper, a big, blue-eyed, yellow-bearded Norseman, with all a Viking's love of sea and storm.

At sleepy old Fairport there was not much to see. A few mossy old houses up on the turfy bluff under the gray, time-stained light-tower; a schooner or two unloading copper ore from far Superior; an ore-train rattling up the valley on the Youngston narrow-gauge; the winding river asleep in the sun—that was all.

On the sandy shore near the lifeboat station four little cottages, in a row, are tenanted by the families of surfmen at the station. They built these modest dwellings out of their earnings, and moved into them last Spring with their small belongings. The arrangement has been a happy one all around; the men are more contented to stay close to the station, and the women and children make the place quite a bright, cheerful little settlement. Captain Babcock's wife and little ones occupy the very small rooms in the wing of the station building.

The crew of No. 7 has a good record in the annual reports. Captain Babcock took his surfboat out to the *Sacco* last season in a sea so heavy that only one of the men on the wreck was hardy enough to risk it in the boat, and the rest were taken off by the breeches-buoy.

The lifeboat station at Cleveland, No. 8, is on the west pier, in the mouth of the Cuyahoga. It is built in the style of the Oswego house, with the exception of a sliding floor for the boat-room. The volunteer station at rugged Marblehead Point is the last in the district, and is kept by Lucien Clemens, who has a gold medal from the service for gallant rescues made prior to his taking the keepership.

These nine stations constitute the Ninth District. They are all well manned, and in efficient working order. "In 1880 the crews of the Ninth served at seventy-eight disasters, from which 350 imperiled lives were saved, and, in round numbers, a million dollars of property. Each station shows the handiwork of its keeper and crews in the construction of boat and store sheds, pier breakwaters, launching ways, roads and walks about the station, 'look-outs' in prominent points, house decoration and furniture."

In these words Superintendent Dobbins sums up the work of his district in the last year.

We embarked on the steamer *Keweenaw*, from Detroit, on the last night in June, bound for Forty-Mile Point, Lake Huron, near the entrance of the Straits of Mackinaw. We were all night getting through Lake St. Claire, being stuck a couple of hours on the flats, and morning found us still in the river. We were passing up between lonely shores, stopping occasionally to take on more freight. On the Canada side it was Dominion Day, and the shore was gay with bunting, the Cross of St. George, the Tricolor and the Stars and Stripes. Here and there we embarked some line freight, and it was good fun to see the persuasive efforts put forth by the deck hands in getting them aboard. Coaxing and backing got the horses on; the cows succumbed to the force of argument conveyed in a scientific twisting of their poor tails; but on the pigs all treatments failed, and they were dragged aboard by main force, dismally squeaking.

On these scenes we looked down with delight; and there was a good deal of chaff from boat and dock.

We passed slowly out of the river at Fort Huron, breasting a heavy current. Huron was before us, the horizon a straight blue line. Under the lighthouse on the shining sands men were hauling seine. They make good hauls of whitefish as the schools are starting down river.

A funereal fleet of black-hulled, black-sailed three-masters, in tow of a dingy barge, steamed out of Sarnia, and fell away from us to the eastward, bound for the Canada side of the lake. We hugged the Michigan shore. The smoke of distant forest fires hung over the land, through which peeped points of timbered sand shore. The day was cool and breezy. We sat under the lee of the cabin, and lazily watched the white sails and smoke-wreaths on the blue expanse of sea. At sundown we put into Sand Beach, as the light in the beacon on the long breakwater was beginning to glimmer.

Purple shadows were darkening the lake to eastward, and the waters lay gray and still and sad-looking. Ashore the prospect was scarcely more cheering. A few stragglers stood about the wharf; back on the hill clustered the few small houses of the town; a fleet of queer little stone-boats rode at anchor; north and south stretched the gloomy pines.

At midnight of the second day we slowed down and headed in for Hammond's Bay. A muffled figure in the bow was heaving the lead. We stood beside the wheel-house with the captain, and scanned the shore through the night-glasses. At intervals the whistle sounded. Quickly a patch of light flashed from the dim, black shore. Out of it a man came, holding aloft a red light; then some silhouette figures appeared against the light, dragging a boat. Then we waited until the sound of oars and a hail came up from under our bows, and the surf-boat lay alongside. With hasty "good-nights" we boarded her, and were pulled off shoreward as the lights of the *Keweenaw* moved away into the lake. One of us told the men, as we glided on in the silence, the story of how the President had been shot down that day. Arrived and welcomed at the station, we had a smoke and a chat, and turned in, to lie awake battling wretchedly with musquitoes until daylight brought relief. A morning reconnoissance discovered a desolate scene. A wilderness of gloomy forest stretched unbroken north and south around the sweep of the bay. In the centre of this stood the station, a little clearing about it. On the edge of the woods was a rough little hut of logs. Skins hanging at the door bespoke a hunter's house. Here lived No. 1 of the crew, with his little family of six. Ben himself was lounging about the station-door, and even at this early hour he was industriously whittling.

Bending over the stove in the messroom, busy with the breakfast, was the keeper's young wife. It was pleasant

LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT.

to see so pretty a young lady in these rough surroundings. She had wintered at the station with her husband, and had been left alone a night or two when he had to go down on snowshoes to Rogers City for supplies. The snow lay very deep for months, and they saw no one but some hungry tramps, who appeared out of the forest and attacked the house, the keeper driving them off with his rifle.

It is a lonely place, Summer and Winter. The nearest farms are eight miles back through the woods. One old fellow lives on the beach two miles south, and toward his place the station men are clearing a road through the tangled woods. The shores being low, there are occasional morasses where black muck makes advance difficult. The woods are dense — a gloomy jungle. There is plenty of game about, Ben told us, and fishing was good this year.

Even in this far-away place we found everything in "shipshape" about the house, outside and in.

Early in the day we started in the surfboat for Rogers City, sixteen miles south. The men went at it cheerfully, in good humor over the excitement of a trip to town. The bay and lake were glassy smooth, and we rowed close inshore, looking down into the crystal depths at the rocky bottom, passing now and then above the "bones" of old wrecks. Ten miles down we passed the Great Sacred Rock, which, Captain Valentine told us, the Indians in early days came from far away to worship. Further on some one pointed out the hut of a queer old hermit, who lives on the beach the year around. Near the lake shore he has buried his wife in a well, and the singular old gentleman spends his time looking down upon the old lady's coffin floating about below.

A mile and a half from Rogers the keeper pointed out on the beach the boat from which Captain Sawyer, then superintendent of the Tenth District, and Keeper Feaben were drowned last Fall. Valentine was with them, the only survivor, and he told us how it happened. They were sailing down from the station on a fresh wind and were struck by a squall about this place, the ballast shifted, and no one being at the sheet, she went over, filled and sank. The three men clung to the rigging above water and looked to the shore for help. They could see men on the dock. These were some Polish laborers, "who saw the boat sink, and spent over two precious hours in considering the situation."

The wreck was only a half mile from shore, but the water was so cold that

PIER AND LIFEBOAT-HOUSE, FAIRPORT.

they hesitated to swim for the boat. After hanging on twenty minutes the captain and his two sailors felt themselves chilling to death, and seeing that no help came, Valentine and Feaben started for shore, but came back benumbed and exhausted. Valentine made a second effort, but had to return to the spar again, and this time his hands were so cold that he could no longer open them.

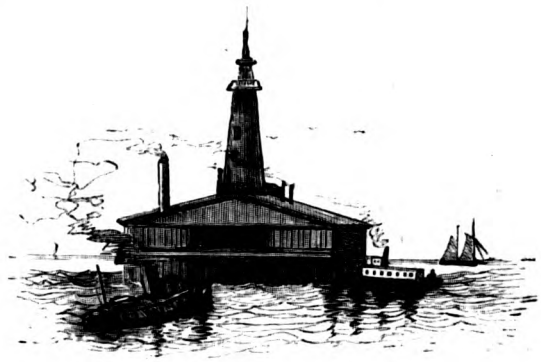
Their case was a bad one now, and they saw death staring them in the face. Captain Sawyer threw off some of his clothes and swam off in one last fight for life. He went forty feet, turned, and, coming back, went down without a word under the icy waves. Feaben, soon after, lost his hold and went down. Over two hours and a half after the boat sank, Valentine was taken off by men from Rogers.

Feaben's body came ashore, but Captain Sawyer has never been seen since. Search for his body was kept up for a long time, and the Department had the beach patrolled

STURGEON POINT, FROM THE NORTH.

for months, but to no purpose. He had a large sum of money on his person when he went down. In the death of Captain Joseph Sawyer the service lost an officer splendidly fitted for his place, and the world a kindly gentleman. The work that he had done in the cause of humanity will keep his memory green. We were glad to re-embark and leave behind the dreary decay of Rogers. The little town is on the wane. With the closing of its one sawmill what little glory it ever had is for ever gone. At ten o'clock next morning Thunder Bay Island lay abreast of us. Dark, clustering foliage, and, peeping above it, the yellow lighthouse, were mirrored in the sleeping lake. Near by other tree-crowned islands floated on the clear, still water.

A small boat came off in answer to our signals, and we went ashore to spend the day on the island. We found the lifeboat station in a charming little cove. The pretty station-house in the midst of a number of little white-washed outbuildings stood in relief from a background of dense foliage. A little pier, projecting from this point, makes quite a cozy harbor, inside which the lifeboat rides under cover. This was the first English lifeboat in the



THE CRIB, LAKE ERIE.

Huron and Superior district. Superintendent Sawyer wrote to the Department in 1877: "The keeper and crew of Thunder Bay station have had so much practical experience with it (the lifeboat) that it would be impossible to instill into them any more confidence than they possess already. They regard the boat as something almost supernatural."

The station has performed effectual service since its establishment in 1876. In 1877 the crew served at three disasters, saving thirty-five lives. In 1878 they are accredited with one wreck and three lives saved. In 1879 they rendered prompt aid to the propeller *Champlain*, ashore on the east side of the island with thirty-four persons aboard. In 1880 they served at two disasters. The lifeboat has figured well in these operations.

Thunder Bay station is one of the finest on the lakes. The surroundings are exceptionally beautiful. The little

POINT AUX BARQUES, LAKE ERIE.

island is one lonely grove. Paths lead in all directions under the shady trees. A mossy turf invites recumbent ease. Rugged, lichen-grown, gray rocks are tumbled up here and there. The beeches, oaks and firs are grand to see. In some such spot as this it must have been that Tityrus "recubated under the tegmen of his patulated fag." The quiet, sylvan beauty of the place is in strong contrast with the barren, pine-clad ugliness of the neighboring mainland. Neatness reigns about the station. Much taste has been put forth by Keeper Persons and his wife in its adornment. There is a holiday look about the place and the men; it being the Fourth of July, and this the favorite picnic ground of Alpena and the interior, things are fixed up for visitors. Occasionally a baseball nine comes over to tackle the station team, and the boys, strong from constant practice, always win. The station and lighthouse are alone on the island. Across the strait, on Sugar Island, some fishermen live.

The north and east shores of Thunder Bay are rock-bound and rough. Boulders run out some distance off shore. The storms of Fall and Spring fall heavily on this island, and the hard, long Winters pile the ice in bergs and fields around about it.

A new station has just been completed on Middle Island, twelve miles to the north of Thunder Bay.

A little to the eastward of these islands lies the course of vessels bound north and south for the straits, the Detour passage and Georgian Bay, or the rivers.

No. 5, at Sturgeon Point, and No. 4, at Ottawa Point, off the harbor of Tarras, have nothing distinctive about them. They are equipped as usual, with surfboat, apparatus, etc., and have each made a good record.

We went on from these stations to Point aux Barques.

This station has become sadly famous by the loss of its crew in the Fall of 1880. The story has been told and retold in the press, and stands recorded in words of noble, impassioned simplicity in the official report of the Life-saving Service for 1880.

The incident is deeply pathetic, even to the casual reader. On the morning of April 23d, 1880, a vessel was discovered at anchor outside the reef, about three miles from the station. Keeper Kiah called his men together, and the boat was launched a little after sunrise and pulled away for the vessel, which was flying her flag at half mast. Wind fresh, surf moderately heavy, they got safely over the reef, and when within a quarter of a mile of the vessel were boarded by a breaker, filled and capsized. The boat was righted, and capsized again several times. Captain Kiah says: "For about three-quarters of an hour we all clung to the boat, the seas occasionally washing us away, but having our cork-jackets on, we easily got back again. At this time Pottenger gave out, perished from cold, dropped his face in the water, let go his hold, and we drifted slowly away from him. One after another each gave out as did the first. Very little was said by any of the men; it was very hard for any of us to speak at all. I attributed my own safety to the fact that I was not heated up when we filled. The men had been rowing hard, and were very warm, and the sudden chill seemed to strike them to the heart. Deegan, who did the least rowing, was the last to give out. All six perished before we had drifted to the reef. I have a faint recollection of the boat grating or striking the reef as she passed over it. I was conscious only at brief intervals. I was not suffering, had no pain, had no sense of feeling in my hands, felt tired, sleepy and numb. At times I could scarcely see. I have a faint recollection of when I got in the boat—after she crossed the reef. I remember, too, in the same dreamy way, of when I reached the shore; remember falling down twice, and it seems as if I walked a long distance between the falls."

He was found within thirty feet of the boat, standing, "swaying his body to and fro, as if in the act of walking, but not stirring his feet." He did not realize the presence of any one. "His face was so black and swollen, with a white froth issuing from his mouth and nose, that we did not at first learn who he was." "Poor boys, they are all gone," he murmured. The bodies all drifted ashore. The report concludes: "The closing incident in the Point aux Barques tragedy was the resignation of the stanch keeper, too shattered in mind and body for the time, at least, to retain his position. Thus the heroic station was, by a day's experience, left at once vacant of its crew, who, this very year, had saved nearly a hundred lives."

In another place the report says: "The catastrophe, as is stated, left but one survivor, Captain Jerome G. Kiah, and to this true man, in commensuration of the sturdy bravery with which he entered upon the perilous endeavor to aid the shipwrecked upon that occasion, and the intrepidity, the fortitude and the tenderness which marked his conduct in the calamity which befell him and his crew, the gold medal of the service was awarded."

Captain Kiah was appointed Superintendent of the Tenth District in March, 1881, to fill the place made vacant by Captain Sawyer's death.

From his natural ability, added to his experience at sea and as keeper, much is to be expected. He found his district left to him in the best possible condition by his predecessor, Captain Sawyer, to whom he generously ascribes the credit of its present efficiency.

Captain Kiah makes his headquarters in Detroit.

We drove down from Point aux Barques to Sand Beach, through the region since swept by the great fires of August. Having telegraphed to the captain of the upbound Superior steamer to call in for us at the breakwater, there was nothing left for us but to possess our souls in patience until we could get aboard of her. The work on the harbor of refuge is all of interest the place has to offer.

We visited the site of the new life-saving station in the harbor. The night closed in black, with some rain falling. With very little hope and no certainty that the steamer would leave her course to come in for us, we paddled over to the breakwater, prepared to make a night of it on that dreary place. Looking seaward at the passing lights, our eyes were soon rewarded with sight of some twinkling gleams which we assumed to be our steamer. Vigorous signaling with an old watchman's lantern brought her in. It was comforting to see her tall bows bearing down on us. Jumping aboard through the nearest gangway, we made our way up to thank the "old man" for rounding in to take us aboard.

A night of sweetest rest and a day of delightful idleness followed. Along in the afternoon dark-wooded shores showed ahead of us. Off to the right lay Georgian Bay. We passed some picturesque small wooded islands, and entered the Detour passage. Here we saw our first Indians, offering the inevitable birch and beadwork. A very obese old woman in a striped gown was much observed. The run up the river winding in among the hills; the neat steering among the channel flags; the threatening rocks rising at us under our very bows; a wrecked steamer lying half out of the water, with her bows crushed in; the passing craft, were incidents that charmed our interest. Toward sunset, as we neared the head of the river, many canoes full of Indians passed us.

At last Sault de Ste. Marie lay before us mirrored in the glassy face of the broad, grand river. Nearer, and the

rapids were in sight. It was a scene to be cherished in the memory. As our steamer ran alongside the dock the waiting crowd boarded us for papers and mail. Many of us went ashore, and walked up through the quaint little town to the locks. The streets were thronged. Men with red, peeling countenances, in from the North Shore and the fishing-ground of the Nipigund; ladies, children, and Indians jostled in the crowd. The rapids came in sight with birchbark canoes shooting down through the tumbling waters, or poised head up-stream, held by the strong arm of an Indian in the stern, while his companion in the bow plied the scoop-net vigorously. Watching this fascinating employment and the queer little cabins of these fishermen on the shore beside the rushing river, we waited until the steamer came into the locks. The hoarse booming of our fog-whistle awoke us to a gray, rainy dawn. A yellow sandspit, with a light tower on the end of it, made out just ahead. We were, all too soon, standing disconsolate in the rain on a slippery, fishy little dock, watching our late comfortable quarters moving off into the west.

Whitefish Point is uninviting under any circumstances, but on a rainy morning we waded up through the wet sand to a log cabin which displayed upon its front the modest legend, "Boarding-house." Within we found a little frontier trader's store. They gave us a good breakfast by a cheering fire. The proprietor was a man of whom we wondered why he was here in such a place. After breakfast we wandered out to one of the two or three little dingy cabins on the point. Within we found men slicing and salting fish and mending nets. On inquiry we found that we could not get out in the lonesome tug that belonged here, the sea being too high, but that for seven dollars a couple of Indians would sail us in a fishboat up the beach the ten miles to Vermillion Point, Station No. 9. Embarking by falling into the bobbing boat from a slippery dock, we were soon at sea. It was rough rounding the point. Big seas broke over us, our bags sloshed about afloat in the bottom. We hung on wretchedly to the weather gunwale, drenched. The Indians laughed contentedly and munched tobacco.

The point weathered, we had a good run with a fair wind to Station No. 9. We beached our craft on the sand before the little quasi-gothic structure and cheerfully deserted the boat for Mother Earth. Our Indians were soon pow-wowing with a brother-native, the stroke-oar and No. 1 man of the crew. Something seemed to amuse them. It may have been the paleness and limp condition of one of us on the passage up. A very fine fellow this Indian stroke was—a tall, well-built man, with a clear-cut, eagle face. In his blue shirt, rolled back at the neck, with his long woolen socks over his breeches, he had something very picturesque about him, a strong, plucky look.

Keeper Bernier took us up to his rooms, where we had a chance to get out of our wet clothes. The place was tastily furnished, a baby slept in a hammock slung across the room. On the floor were mats of rush and some of cloth, which were striking in pretty figures—Indian in design, but worthy of South Kensington. The keeper's wife told us she had made them during the long Winters. She showed us a bottle of handsome agates picked up on the beach. There were two other women at this station, wives of the surfmen. One had been married only a few days before. We had dinner, and having finished up our business, had the surfboat out and pulled away westward. A sand and gravel beach, sometimes narrow and flanked by banks crowned with heavy timber, stretches for miles beyond Whitefish Point. The country is uninhabited; it is the forest primeval.

Four miles east and three miles west travel, the patrol from Vermillion Point, meeting the patrol of No. 10 in two watches. In places there is good beach, and again the lake breaks against the banks. The crew have cut a road two and a half miles eastward and a half-mile westward, beyond which point of the western beat the beach is broad and easy. They have thrown a rude bridge over Sand Creek where it debouches on the beach, and have removed every obstruction in the way of getting to any point on their beach. Captain Bernier has also made many improvements in the surroundings of his station.

We found Station No. 10. in even a wilder-looking place than the last. Tall, sombre fir and pine-trees in gloomy ranks reared their plumed heads beside the silent lakes for miles away. The station-house and the two or three cabins standing in the clearing beside it had a lonesome look on the edge of the endless forest. There are no habitations in this region beside the stations.

Keeper Crisp received us hospitably, and we spent some time looking at his various improvements. He had under way a seawall to protect his beach from the wearing of the surf. A long loghouse near by answered the purpose of boatroom and kitchen, the lower underground portion stowing the boats, for which are ways running to the water's edge. A cabin was building for his No. 1 man's family.

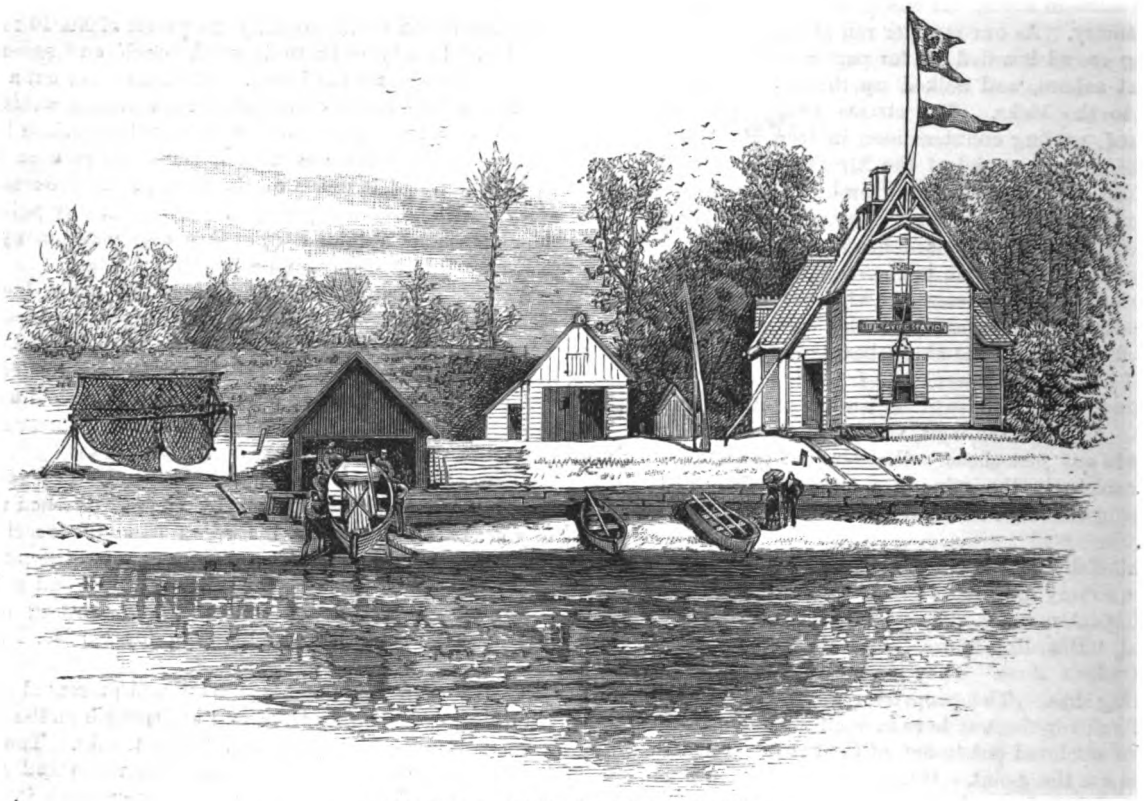
The shore beyond the house westward presented a high bank with overhanging trees, and underneath on the beach a tangled mass of stumps and fallen trunks. The crew have cut a road through the woods two miles and a half west, and bridged a couple of ravines crossing it. The patrol limit is three miles west. Beyond this the shore rises into high banks, extending to the mouth of the Big Two-hearted River, close to the mouth of which stands Moses Chartier's Station, No. 11. Chartier has a crew composed in the main of Frenchmen. He is himself French. He, however, in deference to the presence of one or two Americans in his crew, insists that English shall be spoken among the men when together.

Two of the boys were at work carving out a canoe from a likely log hauled up from the beach. Some jackknife models of various craft were offered for our inspection, which was duly expressed, Captain Chartier showing us, with the modesty of genius, his own particular *chef d'œuvre*, an ocean steamer in full rig, looming majestically against a lowering sky upon a sea of bluest blue.

The Big Two-hearted flows close behind the station building. A boom is thrown across the river. The sailboat, a couple of canoes, and sometimes the surfboat, lie there in harbor. To the westward lies the drill-ground. Chartier has under way a revetment to protect the river-bank near by his station.

We beat up to Morgan's station the next day in a sailboat. There was a fresh breeze, and a bright, sunshiny day. Lying at ease in our overcoats on a heap of canvas, watching the blue-black trees go flying past, looking out over the capping waves toward a far-away, red sail, lazily observing our pilot, with his dark face under a snow-white, red-balled cap, the morning scarcely dragged. Talk was seldom and short. As we approached No. 12 the wind died out, and seeing our plight, the crew launched the surfboat and came to give us a tow.

The view of No. 12 from the water shows a quaint little house, with a peaked Gothic roof, standing on the flat beach, under a high, wood-crowned hill. East and west stretches the silent forest, frowning on the lake from hills of yellow sand. Three log-houses cluster close by the station. One is near the beach, and from its doors boat-ways run down the gentle slope of the beach. All about



LIFE-SAVING STATION NO. 12, LAKE SUPERIOR.

the house walks are laid in the sand of stuff picked out of the flotsam and jetsam of the shore. A little seawall has been constructed from the same materials, and above it a sandy lawn slopes to the station door. Untiring efforts have produced several blades of grass and a lonely bush upon this slope. A well close by gives them cool, clear water, which leaps up through the sand from the great lake.

Back of the boathouse is a windlass, used in hauling up the boats. The kitchen and messroom are in one, in a long log building. East and west are drill-grounds on the level sands, with high practice spars rearing up. There are smaller outbuildings standing about. Everything is marvelously neat. Back of the station the timber has been cleared away, and a long stairway ascends the high hill, on top of which a gap in the woods shows further pioneer work.

Mounting this ladder, one finds oneself on a plateau. The forest is all around, but through the clearing one catches the gleam of water. This is Muskalonge Lake, a quarter of a mile back from Superior, twenty-nine feet above its level, a body of crystal water three and a half miles long and one mile and a quarter wide, fed by springs. Some of the men have made a potato patch up here among the stumps. In the forest, by the clearing, the captain showed us deer-falls, cunningly concealed among the tangled underbrush. He paddled us out into the little lake, and we put out a couple of trolling-lines. The bottom of the Muskalonge is of hard-pan. It makes a delightful bathing-place near shore, where the water warms. The black depths of the middle are icy cold. Here, no doubt, the springs well up; from what source it would be hard to say. Encircling the lake is the unbroken forest. Little graceful larches, spruces and cedars fringe the lakelet's shores, leaning out over the water here and there, to mirror themselves in its smooth bright face. As the spoon flashes through some nodding reeds there is a tug on the line, and an exciting struggle ensues. We land some noble pickerel; the pool is alive with them.

A fish-supper having been duly dispatched, we sat in the door, smoking the captain's cigars and chatting. Gently the night came down as we sat and watched the wonderful tones of gray stealing over sea and sky. The old captain was spinning a long yarn about life at No. 12, his wife helping him now and then with a leaf out of her experience.

He told us how he had passed Winters here when the snow lay six feet on the level, and reached almost to the top of the house, blowing in off the ice-bound lake and lodging in a big drift under the hill. He had pitched his wigwam upon Muskalonge Lake and sat within many a long day, fishing through the ice, the cat, dog and cow his only companions. When he could he worked in the woods, felling trees in this clearing which we saw. Now and then he heard from the outer world, when Fechette passed up the shore with his dog-train to Grand Marais, and down again for the Sault. The cow, the dog and the cat marched about with him everywhere. When

LIFE-SAVING STATION NO. 10, LAKE SUPERIOR.

WRECKED ON THE LAKES.

the Spring opened and the crew came back to the station these animals, for a long time, would go on tramp with the patrol at night; the cow, especially, was slow to give up the habit.

He told us of the wilderness there was about the house at first. He was slowly, and by hard labor, getting the place to look inhabitable. He had cleared a road some distance westward for his apparatus-cart, had built the log houses, the walks, the seawall, the practice platform, and was enlarging the clearing on the bluff. Mrs. Morgan had not been with him here in the Winters; he was entirely alone. His crews had been drawn from rough material—the lumber camps back in the woods, in the early Fall. There was one camp of eighty men now thirteen miles up Sucker River. They would soon be out, when he anticipated trouble with his men, already discontented. One of his first crews had jumped him on the beach one night, and intended to hang him, but he got "the drop" on the crowd, and drove them up the beach and back to duty at the muzzle of their own revolver. Chartier was with him, having known of the row, and come up to back him.

Thus he told his story, not in such words, but mostly in figurative nautical lingo, plentifully enriched with expletives. We slept in the captain's room, on the upper floor of the station, that night, and, certainly, no more comfortable quarters could be desired. Such a home in the wilderness seemed doubly enjoyable. In the morning a great din arose under the window. Looking out, we saw the captain blowing on a tin foghorn, and the great dogs seated on their haunches about him, baying in deep and dismal tones. These animals are worked in the sleds during the Winter. They are large, sinewy brutes, of great strength and endurance. Fechette makes the run with them from Grand Marais to Sault Ste. Marie in two days. He goes himself on snowshoes, sometimes riding on the sled, and stopping at intervals to rest and eat.

Captain Morgan has trained them to travel the beach on foggy nights, baying in their deep voices. The sound carries far to sea, he says.

Our visit to Captain Morgan's station was accompanied by the unpleasant feature of a sort of mutiny among the crew. They were at loggerheads with their keeper. The trouble seemed to have arisen out of the keeper's insistence on discipline and a strict performance of duty. This was irksome to these wild, free spirits of the forest, and they were making things very uncomfortable for the keeper. Some nasty threats had been muttered. They refused at first to get into the surfboat when Captain Morgan ordered it out for our departure. When we did get off, the old captain carried a pistol in his shirt, and a hatchet in the stern beside him. He told us he feared their attacking him after we had gone. It was a specimen of the kind of life he has always led at this place.

At Chartier's again, and so with sail and oar down to Crisp's, the wind blowing warm and fragrant from over the pines. The mirage was wonderful that day. We supped with Crisp, and went on down under sail to Bernier's. When we got ashore at Vermillion it was late. Bernier called his crew. Three of them were on the roof of the shed, and as they arose and got into their breeches between us and the moon, our party on the beach saluted them with chaff. The musquitoes had driven them there. Where we stood one could feel the clouds of these insects with his hand. They fed upon us liberally. Beside the musquitoes there are in this country many black flies, green flies, sandflies, deer-flies, and flies-all-carnivorous.

The surfboat was soon manned and in the water. We rowed out into the lake about six miles, hoping to catch a steamer bound down, but seeing her go by almost within hailing distance. Morning found us off Whitefish Point, chasing a steam-barge ineffectually. We put in, and went up to Baker's for a nap, leaving a watch on the beach to look out for steamers coming down.

Baker was full, but finally put some one out of a bed and showed us to it. We had only just lain down thereon when they were at the door to report a steamer coming down. This we reached and boarded. Two days we were delayed at Sault Ste. Marie, during which we watched vessels looking through, studied the great engineering of the new canal, and saw much rapid-shooting in birch-barks, and all that, and finally we went aboard the *Cleveland*, south bound, and landed in Detroit next morning, our trip to the Tenth Life-Saving District at an end.

Since writing the above the three new stations at Sand Beach, Point Austin and Middle Island, Nos. 1, 3 and 7—have been completed and put in commission.

A VEGETABLE SHOEBLACK.

THE "shoeblack plant" is the name popularly given to a species of Hibiscus growing in New South Wales, and remarkable for the showy appearance of its scarlet flowers. Growing freely in almost every kind of soil, the plant is frequently cultivated for the flowers, which, when dry, are used as a substitute for blacking.

The flowers contain a large proportion of mucilaginous juice, which, when evenly applied, gives a glossy, varnish-like appearance, which perfectly replaces ordinary blacking, with the advantage that it is perfectly cleanly in use, and can be applied in a few moments. Four or five flowers, with the anthers and pollen removed, are required for each boot, and a polishing brush may be applied afterward, if desired. A few plants of the *Hibiscus Rosa sinenis* growing in the garden would remove one of the minor disadvantages of a day in the country during such uncertain Summer weather as we usually experience in this country.

The flower is not uncommon in our gardens, and a plant of Hibiscus is one of the greatest ornaments, as it flowers continuously for months; but, unfortunately, a flower lasts but a day. The use of the flowers instead of blacking has been tried here, and with success.

THE EIDER DUCK.

IN a country so poor as Iceland the down of the eider duck is an appreciable source of wealth, and the bird has been practically domesticated. Close to every little *handel-stud*, or trading-station, if there is a convenient island, there is sure to be a colony of eider ducks, and the birds are to be seen by hundreds swimming and fluttering about their island home, or squatted upon its shores in conscious security from the foxes which infest the mainland. From the largest of these "duckeries" as much as fifteen hundred dollars are cleared annually, the down being worth about five dollars per pound on an average. The ducks make their nests among the rough hammocks characteristic of all grassland in Iceland, laying their large, olive-green eggs upon neat little beds of down, "so soft and brown." They are perfectly tame, allowing themselves to be lifted off their eggs and replaced with only a few querulous notes of remonstrance. When the nest has been repeatedly robbed of the down, and the poor duck finds difficulty in replacing it, the drake comes to the rescue, and recognizes his paternal responsibility by furnishing a supply of down from his own breast.

A VISIT TO MANGA DE CLAVO AND SANTA ANNA'S COCKPIT.

Previously to the Mexican war I had often heard and read of Manga de Clavo, the seat of Santa Anna, his place of relaxation, cock-fighting and monte. It occurred and recurred so often in my reading, that I came to regard it as a second Paradise—a sort of mythical habitation of an equally mythical inhabitant. I longed to tread its soil, to breathe its air, to experience it. I little dreamed that the day was not far distant when I should actually realize this great desire of my soul! this fancy, sprung from a too longing heart.

The army had been reorganized previously to its march from Vera Cruz into the interior. In this reorganization the squadron of the second dragoons, to which I was attached—Major Ben Beall's, really Thornton's—was assigned to General Patterson's division. In the early part of April, 1847, the division marched, the dragoons leading, reaching the small town of San José some hours before dark. Now was the time, and now the hour, to realize my long-cherished desire to visit the hacienda of Manga de Clavo, situated two or three miles off the road in a northerly direction!

A party was made up on the spot, consisting of Captain Thornton—afterward killed near the City of Mexico—Lieutenant J. M. Hawes—afterward a major-general in the Confederate army—Lieutenant W. H. French—afterward a major-general in the Federal service—myself, and several other officers whom I do not remember, with an escort of ten men, having first obtained the permission of General Patterson, proceeded to investigate the famous hacienda.

We followed a road leading through the jungle forest, which, like all tropical forests, was intermixed with the various evergreens, and entangled with the giant vines peculiar to that latitude; the inevitable green chattering paroquet flitting about from tree to tree—these, with the sweet warblings of numerous songsters, made the way pleasant and our path peaceful, notwithstanding the oppressive heat. As we reached an opening in the woods, the villa burst upon our view in all its beauty and luxuriance. The contrast of the dark recesses of the forest with the shadowy outlines of the mansion and its surroundings of glades and gardens, has been ever impressed on my memory. The approach was through a gateway, into a lawn shaded with numerous fruit-bearing trees, such as the "aguacate," "cherumoya," etc., a well-graveled road leading to the house. This was a two-storied building, with a broad, well-shaded portico in front. A wide hall, with a stairway leading to the upper chambers, divided the house in twain. The saloons on the left were magnificently furnished, and decorated with all the bric-a-brac and bijouterie of the Palais Royal. Carpets of the finest texture covered the floors, whilst one's image was constantly reflected from the various mirrors which decorated the walls. The opposite side was taken up with dining-room, billiard-room and gambling-saloon.

The steward, apparently the sole occupant of the premises, was very polite and courteous, and seemed desirous of doing the honors of his master's house in a becoming manner. After exhibiting to us every feature of the dwelling, he led the way to the courtyard with an air, as if he should say: "Now I will show you the *piece de résistance!* the cockpit of his excellency." He first took us to the cockwalk, a large brick building on one side of the court. It would have made a Jersey cockfighter's lips water, or his heart to bound, to see the splendid array of gamecocks displayed in this house! There were at least twenty tied by one leg around the walls, every gamecock of the first water. Some were heavy and some of light weight, but all of that proud, defiant bearing peculiar to the gamecock, and which can be distinguished at a glance by one experienced. The head small and lean, like a thoroughbred racehorse; the eye prominent and glistening, like an eagle's; the beak dark, curved and well-pointed; the comb and gills blackish-red; the color blue-black, or dark-red; thighs muscular and well developed; the leg thin, bony and blue-black in color, and armed with a spur as solid as steel, almost; standing firm, upright and defiant, and weighing, withal, from four and a half to five and a half pounds. Such is my beau-ideal of a gamecock, and of such I found arrayed before me in the cockwalk of Manga de Clavo. There seemed scarcely a choice, but I selected one, and requested the steward or "administrador" to select another, and we'd go across the way to the cockpit and have a fight. The cockpit was a large brick building, which stood on the opposite side of the courtyard; in the centre a circular space, about fifteen feet diameter, inclosed with boards about a foot high, and covered with sawdust. This pit was surrounded with seats in amphitheatre, sufficient for fifty or more spectators.

We named our respective cocks, mine "General Scott," his "General Santa Anna." They were pitted, and fought bravely; with the naked spurs, of course. My cock gained a little the advantage, when my Mexican opponent yielded the fight to me, and very graciously presented the victor to me.

Imagine now the goodly form of his excellency, General Santa Anna, seated in yonder chair of state, betting his thousands with the encircling magnates and quasi-ministers on the results of battle after battle; each dependent only on the skill of the "heeler," or the weight of the cock, for they were all equally game.

What a spectacle, my countrymen! Such is life, and of such is the Republic of Mexico. And yet Santa Anna was a man of extraordinary ability. He was at once statesman and soldier. Like his most successful gamecocks, he was a "wheeler," never fully defeated; but, as the French say, "Il recule pour mieux santer." This was shown in all our battles with him. We never beat him that he had not, in a week or two, another army to oppose to us. See after his defeat by General Taylor, at Buena Vista, how he retired from the desolate locality in which he had been involved, reorganized his army, and marching five hundred miles in less than six weeks, opposed General Scott at Cerro Gordo; defeated here, he fell back upon the City of Mexico, to reorganize once more a formidable army to oppose again General Scott. Had he been well seconded by his lieutenants, the Mexican war might have eventuated quite differently. He was unscrupulous. But find we the successful revolutionist, statesman or general (with few exceptions), who was not unscrupulous? He was given to gaming. That is a national characteristic. Santa Anna was essentially a child of fortune. Native-born, and of native parentage, he began life as a *protégé* of the Emperor Iturbide, and ended it by dethroning and executing that prince, establishing himself in power as President of the Republic, and in acquiring untold wealth. In fine, Santa Anna was one of the greatest organizers of armies and strategists this continent has produced.

Returning to the mansion, after this exhibition of the proclivities of the proprietor, we found the administrador, determined to be in no way slack in doing the honors of his lord, had provided for us refreshments, in the shape of crackers and cheese, and sundry bottles of sparking burgundy. We drank Santa Anna's *health*, if not his success. And Captain Thornton proposed the good old Florida toast,

"How!" and "How! how! how!" went circling round the board.

The hacienda of Manga de Clavo has a much less extensive domain than that of En Cerro, half-way between Cerro Gordo and Jalapa. It was at the latter that General himself a magnificent gold-mounted Mexican saddle. The ruling passion strong in death! Mango de Clavo was situated in the "tierra caliente," and was resorted to only in the Winter months, to escape the cares of State, and to indulge in his favorite pastime, cock-fighting and monte.

THE WHISPERED SECRET.

Patterson and staff, and the squadron, lodged the night after the battle of Cerro Gordo, and where we found the débris of wine, cigars, and cheese Santa Anna and his lieutenants had indulged in the night before. It was here, too, that "Old Strike-a-light," Major Beall, secured to

I carried my gamecock—General Scott—back to the squadron, where he became a great pet in the company, always having a privileged place in the company wagon, as of right such a trophy of Manga de Clavo and of Santa Anna should have.

JIM. —"AT LENGTH JIM BROKE THE SILENCE, AND OBSERVED, 'JENNY, I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU. IT'S BEEN ON MY MIND EVER SINCE I BEGAN TO GET BETTER.'"— SEE NEXT PAGE.

HIDDEN JOYS.

Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem;
There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy, of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begotten of a Summer dream.
The very meanest things are made supreme
With innate ecstasy. No grain of sand
But moves a bright and million-peopled land,
And hath its Eden and its Eves, I deem.
For Love, though blind himself, a curious eye
Hath lent me, to behold the hearts of things,
And touch'd mine ear with power. Thus, far or nigh,
Minute or mighty, fix'd, or free with wings,
Delight from many a nameless covert sly
Peeps sparkling, and in tones familiar sings.

JIM.

By Philip Bourke Marston.

T Richmond, and all down the line from Richmond to London, among a certain class of people, "Jim" was a household word. All the girls were in love with him; but that was not to be wondered at, for Jim was such a handsome young fellow. He was not over the middle height, but he was powerfully built, and gave one the idea of being splendidly put together. He had a kind, frank, resolute face, with deep-gray eyes, which looked straight out at you from under well-marked brows. His hair was crisp and curling.

In his nature was much of that tenderness to women and children which characterizes the best examples of the English sailor; and Jim, too, was open-handed with his money. This he could be, for his wages were good, and he had no one in the world to think of except himself.

I must tell you that he was only an engine-driver, and he mostly drove the trains between Richmond and London; but young men thought it a fine thing to travel up and down on the engine with Jim.

On Sunday, in his best things, he was wonderful to behold. There was nothing of false finery about him; only his clothes were of the best material and well-fitting; his "get-up" was perfect, from the unimpeachable hat to the well-polished boots.

"Some of my mates," he said, "come out in lemon-colored kid-gloves on Sunday, but that don't show itself right to me. I can't see why folks should cover up their hands when they go for a walk. As for me, I'm proud of mine. I don't say they're lovely, but they're strong and can do work, and that's a sight better."

But of all people who sang Jim's praises—and they were many who did so—none sang them louder than Mrs. Price.

Mrs. Price was Jim's landlady. About a mile from Richmond Station, and close to the line of rail, she rented a small house which she let out in the most modest of furnished apartments. It was here Jim lodged, and Mrs. Price looked after him with nothing less than a mother's care.

Her two boys, Will and Bob, aged respectively twelve and fourteen, looked up to Jim; and as for her only daughter, Jenny, a bright-eyed, sunny-haired, fresh-complexioned, buxom lass of eighteen, the girls all said she couldn't help being in love with Jim; but whether she was or not, people couldn't tell, because, as the neighbors remarked, "Jenny was one as kept herself to herself."

As for Jim, he flirted with all the girls round, and he paid no more attention to one than to another.

On Sunday, and, indeed, whenever he was off work early, he would go for long walks, not returning till late. He never told people where he walked to, never invited any one to accompany him, though he received many a hint to do so.

However, one evening, when he was about starting on his ramble, Mrs. Price observed the neck of a wine-bottle protruding from his coat-pocket.

Mrs. Price had a warm heart, but her full share of curiosity, so she exclaimed:

"Lor', Jim! what ever have ye got in that bottle? Are you going where you can't get a drink?"

"It's port wine," returned Jim. "I'm taking it to a young friend of mine who isn't at all the thing just now; and he ain't rich, either, and the doctor has ordered him the wine."

"Well, Jim, you're a generous fellow," said Mrs. Price. "Is your young friend really very ill?"

"Yes, he is down," returned Jim; "but of course he'll be right in time."

"I'll make him a shape of corn-flour to-morrow," said Jenny, "and you shall take it to him."

"Thanks," he answered; "'tis a good girl, this Jenny."

And now, when Jim returned from his walks, the first question which he was always asked was:

"Well, Jim! and how's your young friend now?"

"Oh, about the same," he would return, breaking off to whistle or hum an air to himself.

One wet, windy night, at the commencement of October, Mrs. Price and Jenny were sitting by themselves in their front parlor; Jim had left off work early that day; he had taken his tea and had gone out, saying he would be back to supper at nine; it was past eleven, and still he was not come. The trains had ceased running, so there was no sound but the wind moaning wearily outside, and a continuous down-pouring of rain.

"Well, it's too bad!" exclaimed Mrs. Price, "making me keep the kitchen-fire in just for his supper at nine, just ruined by being put to keep warm in the oven, and the baked potato, too, that I got for him—they'll be no good. I've a mind to leave him his candle and go to bed; and yet, I suppose I shouldn't sleep easy if I didn't know the fellow was in."

"Why, mother," said Jenny, laying down her needle and biting off her cotton, "I do believe you're as fond of Jim as if he were your own son."

"Well, perhaps I am," returned Mrs. Price; "but it does aggravate me to think of those chops—just right they were as to fat and lean; you couldn't get nicer; and when he comes home he won't touch them, he's so awful particular about the way his food is cooked. Talk about fine gentlemen, indeed! No lord's son could be daintier."

At that moment there was a heavy footfall up the little wet garden, then the street-door, which was never bolted till the last thing, opened.

"There he is, at last!" cried Mrs. Price.

And Jim walked in.

"Good-evening," he said, seating himself.

"Well, you're nice and late—ain't you?" began Mrs. Price. "If you want supper to-night you'll have to eat bread and cheese. The chops have been cinders an hour ago."

It was a considerate wish on her part to paint things worse than they were, in the hope of producing a reaction when things were discovered not to be quite so bad.

"Well, wet to the skin, I suppose! Take off your coat."

But he sat quite still, apparently unconscious of all she

had been saying. His face was bent down, and his eyes seemed riveted to the very faded roses on the carpet.

"Jim, you don't want to get rheumatism, do you?" said Jenny, passing her hand over his wet sleeve.

Then he unbuttoned his coat and threw it over the back of his chair, while Mrs. Price went to fetch his supper.

"Jim, what's the matter?" said Jenny, a sudden look of apprehension in her face.

Still he kept silent, with his eyes fixed on the floor. Then, when Mrs. Price came in, he drew from the pocket of his coat a well-crusted bottle, and, turning to her, said:

"Take it. It can't do her any good now. I got there too late to-night. In half an hour after I came she died."

"Jim! Jim! Who is she?" replied Mrs. Price.

"Why, my young friend, of course," he answered, huskily. "Didn't you know she was a girl? I didn't want people talking. I don't know why, but I didn't; so I said nothing about it; but we've been sweethearts a year. Six months ago she took ill with a cold, and now the doctors call it consumption that she's died of." Then, half-savagely: "Why didn't the doctor stop the cold at first?—that's what I say."

"Oh, my poor, dear, dear Jim!" exclaimed Mrs. Price; "you must pray to the Lord to give you strength to bear it."

Jenny was very pale; she looked as if she wanted to take Jim's hand, but something withheld her.

"She gave me this!" said Jim, after a long pause, drawing from his waistcoat-pocket a pretty little ring; "it was the only ornament she had except two or three brooches and a pair or two of earrings which I bought her."

For some moments there was silence again. Then Jim began anew:

"Somehow I never thought it could come to this. I never thought of her dying—leastways not yet. Of course we must all die some time."

Silence again.

Then Jim got up suddenly and cried, striking his hand against the mantelpiece.

"I can't make it out. I can't bear it! When I think that my girl won't kiss me any more, won't put her arms round my neck and her head down on my shoulder—won't care whether I come or don't—it makes me just mad. My poor Polly! She'd lie and quake at nights if it was a bit foggy, for fear of an accident, and me being found dead under the engine. I can't understand it; I'm not worse than most men, to be treated so. I wish I was dead, and out of it."

Then he went from the room, out of the house, and they heard the street-door close behind him.

"He's left his great coat," said Jenny.

"It will be his death, I doubt," said Mrs. Price, sitting down and wringing her hands.

But it was not Jim's death; no one knew how he passed that night, but the next morning found him as usual at his post on the engine, nor did he return home a minute before the regular time.

"Don't mention it," he said to Mrs. Price and Jenny, "anything of what I told you last night—don't speak of it to me or to any one; it was to be, and we couldn't prevent it; and for the rest and what to do now, my mind's made up."

So there appeared no change in Jim, except, perhaps, that he loved his engine a little more than ever. He would point with great pride to a photograph of himself taken in costume, which was put upon Mrs. Price's mantelpiece.

"There I am, you see," he would say, "close by my engine, with my oil-feeder in my hand. Oh, there's nothing like work! I am never so happy as when I'm on my engine. Bless you, there's nothing like my engine; friends mayn't turn out what you think them; and if we love people, they may leave us in lots of ways; but I know every inch of my engine—I know how to manage her—we go together—and if there's danger ahead, why, it's for both of us."

But something ailed Jenny; she went about her household occupation listlessly; and she, who used to be so gay, seldom laughed.

"She will never be herself again," said the neighbors, though they certainly could not tell why.

The doctor called her ailment an attack of nervous debility, though he confessed he had never seen an attack last so long. So, all through that Winter, Jenny ailed, and in the Spring she fell sick with a low fever. It never seriously threatened her life, but when it passed away it left her too weak to do anything but lie on the sofa all day long.

Ah! but Jim was good to her. Whenever he was at home he sat by her and read to her, or he sang her comic songs to make her laugh; but he seldom roused more than the sad ghost of a smile. From London he brought her little delicacies which might well tempt an invalid's appetite.

During the daytime Mrs. Price was too much occupied to pay any attention to Jenny; so there she lay, poor child, through those long Summer days. Oh, she hated the roses on the carpet, which, to pass the time, she had counted over so often. How painfully well she knew every stick of furniture in the room—the flower-stands and flowers in front of the window darkening the light and keeping the air out; the cane-bottomed chairs and that one supposed to be easy, because it had a low seat and slanted back; the dilapidated sofa on which she lay, and which creaked and groaned every time her light weight turned on it; the black clock on the mantelpiece, where Time was depicted with his scythe, and, on either side, the tall green vases on yellow-paper mats! How weary she got, too, of all the outside cries. The cry of "Strawberries! Fine strawberries! Fine ripe strawberries!" seemed to her like the cry of a creature in pain.

Then all day long there was a constant stream of carriages to and fro, and pleasure-vans thundering by with bands, or at least a cornet. Then there was the rush of the trains; but this pleased her. The Richmond train always announced its coming by two whistles. Then Bob was sent out to see if it was Jim's train, and if it was, it seemed a weary time till it came back again.

Over Jim himself there had come a change; he avoided spending any of his time with Jenny; indeed, he only returned home for his meals and to sleep.

But one night Mrs. Price and Jim and Jenny were together in the little front parlor; Jenny was lying as usual on the sofa, saying and doing nothing, but looking very sad; at length she said:

"We don't see much of you now, Jim; the days are so long; I used to look forward to your coming in."

"And you'll see still less of me," replied Jim, rustling the newspaper which he held in his hand. "I'm going to get work elsewhere."

"Why, you're never going to leave us, Jim?" broke out Mrs. Price.

"Why not?" returned he, rapidly. "The world is large enough—isn't it? Am I to see nothing but this corner of it? A man hasn't a chance here!"

And then, after a pause, speaking more to himself than the others, he continued:

"It's not fair; it's like tying a fellow's hands, and then telling him to hit out."

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Price; "it will be a bad day when you go, Jim."

Then she put down her work and went into the kitchen, to see after the supper.

"Jim," said a faint and far-away sounding voice from the sofa, "aren't you cross with me about something? Do come here and tell me what I've done."

"Don't you see I'm reading the newspaper," returned Jim. "Maybe I shall find something to interest you. Here is a man sentenced to be hung for shooting his sweetheart. Well, I don't know that it meant as he didn't love her. A man don't always know a man."

"Please tell me what I've done to vex you, Jim?" pleaded Jenny's voice again.

He dashed the newspaper from his hand and strode over to her.

"You ain't done anything," he said, taking up her hand and holding it between his. "You've always been sweet and good to me, and to every one!" And then, gulping something back in his throat, he said, in a much lower tone of voice: "But, look you, I'm going through with it." "Going through with what?" asked Jenny, looking up at him with her pretty pleading eyes; "please tell me—won't you tell me?"

HIDDEN JOYS.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 402.

But he returned with sudden moodiness, letting go her hand and turning his face away:

"Don't ask questions; then you'll stand no chance of hearing what isn't true."

Just then Mrs. Price bustled in with the supper-tray.

"I wouldn't worry him, Jenny," she said, when Jim had gone to his room. "There's something not right with the fellow, I think; he used to be so tender-like."

"Yes, you're right, mother," replied Jenny; "but I didn't mean to worry him."

Jenny grew no better, and the days went on. At last there came a certain August night, when she and Mrs. Price waited for Jim as they had waited that night more than nine months ago, and, as then, he was late.

"You know, Jenny," said Mrs. Price, "Jim's got to bring the last train down."

"An hour late, isn't it?" said Jenny, in a rather faint voice.

"Bless me!" ejaculated Mrs. Price. "Is it as much as that? I know Jim likes to be punctual, if he can. But, lor'! it's not to be wondered at they should be late — there are so many excursion-trains this time of the year."

But Jenny was paler than usual, and her fingers fidgeted in her lap.

"There's that young Bob," went on Mrs. Price; "he, too, is not come in yet. In some mischief, I'll be bound."

"Oh, he's old enough to take care of himself," Jenny replied. "Boys will be boys, you know."

"I know it. That's just what I say!" exclaimed Mrs. Price. "If they wouldn't, I shouldn't mind."

Jenny made no answer; her lips were quivering as with a silently-spoken prayer.

Then, suddenly, shrill and prolonged, came the two whistles of the down-train.

"Thank God!" broke involuntarily from Jenny's lips.

But between her words and the sound of the whistle came a counter-sound, loud and horrifying; it was like the yell of some monster caught suddenly in the pangs of death.

Then there was a crash like thunder, an immense shock and recoil, and then a sound as of waters bursting, mingled with an appalling human cry, in which the agony of a hundred voices seemed to blend.

"Mother, mother!" cried Bob and Will, rushing in, "here's an awful accident. I and Will saw it!"

CINDERELLA TRYING ON THE SHOE.—BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

"What did you see? Tell us all about it!"

"Well," went on Bob, hurriedly, "I and some other boys were watching for the down-train, because it was so late; there was a goods-train shunting some way on. 'If she comes now,' said Joe Butler to me, 'there'll be a smash;' and he scarce said the words when we heard the down-train whistle, and saw her coming right on. The engine-driver of the goods-train sounded his whistle and sent back the engine, but he was too late. 'They're in for it now,' said Joe, and then the smash came."

Mrs. Price waited to hear no more. Jenny seemed now to have lost all her weakness; she was paler than ever, but said nothing. They went straight to the scene of the catastrophe. They had not far to go, for the collision had taken place almost opposite the house.

Fragments of wood and iron had been hurled into the road, and the air was full of escaping steam.

Short as the time had been, a great crowd of men had

collected. Fortunately, at the point where the accident had happened the embankment was low; some men scaled it, to be of what assistance they could in extricating the bodies, while others ran to Richmond to procure medical aid and efficient means of removing the injured.

As if by magic, men with axes and lanterns appeared on the scene. Very soon arrived a body of police. All around people who expected their relatives and friends to have been on the train were talking and pressing, and many of the women were in hysterics.

Jenny and Mrs. Price were in the very foremost rank. One man especially distinguished himself by his activity. He was Tom Sutton, Jim's mate, who had saved himself by jumping off the engine.

"Where is he? Where is he? Where's Jim?" cried Mrs. Price.

"There ain't much chance for him," rejoined Sutton, "if he's under the engine."

But this was not the case. The force of the collision must have hurled him to some distance, for he was at length discovered on the embankment. In another moment half a dozen men had lifted him to their shoulders.

"Now back there, all back!" exclaimed a policeman, making a path through the surging crowd, while the men bearing Jim came on.

Of course he was unconscious, and it was suggested that he should be taken to the nearest hospital; but this idea Mrs. Price at once put down, saying if it cost her her last farthing she would nurse Jim herself, and have the best doctor to see him. So Jim was borne up the very narrow staircase and laid upon his own bed.

"He isn't dead, is he?" said Jenny to the surgeon who came instantly in answer to Mrs. Price's entreaties.

"Dead! No, he's certainly not dead," returned the surgeon, who had been examining Jim very carefully. "I see there are bones which will want setting, but the worst concussions are on the head. I'm fearful of the brain, and the fever which must, to some extent, set in."

Mrs. Price had affirmed very decidedly her intention of nursing Jim, and her intentions were certainly genuine, but her trouble was all too much for her.

She could only cry lamentably and wring her hands. It was Jenny who went about, white, tearless, and quiet, firm as iron and noiseless as snow.

The surgeon set the bones, dressed the bruises, left a mild sleeping-draught in case the patient in the night should appear restless; then he went away, saying:

"Well, I've done all I can for the present; good nursing must do the rest; remember all my injunctions; I'll come early in the morning."

Many persons will long remember that night, the sound of wail which was heard at times terribly wild, as some dear one dead, or dangerously injured, was identified.

Cabs were continuously arriving and driving slowly away; and not till the Summer sun had risen was there left only the sound of men laboring to clear the line.

Through the night Jim was delirious. Jenny administered the sleeping draught, but it took no effect. The delirium was of the wildest kind. He talked jargon about his engine which no one who was not familiar with his calling could possibly understand. He said many times the fault was not his. He seemed to mix Jenny and Polly in his mind, but he knew no one; though it was strange to see how tenaciously through all his wanderings his brain held a thread of daily work.

Early in the morning the doctor came—of course he would not say that any change for the better had yet taken place; still they must hope.

Day and night, for two days and nights, without ever closing an eye or once lying down, Jenny watched him, listening to his wanderings.

"Jim! Jim!" she would cry, at times, "don't you know me?—I am Jenny."

It seemed to her as if, when she appealed to him so, some look of recognition must come into the bright, burning eyes; but no—he only laughed and told her to be off if she would get out of the way of his engine. The doctor said it was time improvement should take place; the man's brain, he said, was so unusually active that he should fancy it must have been greatly unsettled some time before the accident. Perhaps, poor fellow, there was a girl in the case, if the truth were known. They could only go on nursing him, and must still keep hoping.

On the fourth night came a change; Jim's mind wandered much less; his nature seemed to be striving after sleep. But whenever he seemed on the point of it, the brain, only half-quieted, would once more rouse him up.

At length, as it was getting light and there was a far-spread sound of twittering birds, Jim, who had been painfully uneasy for the last hour, dropped back on the pillow; then there was a light sound of breathing, the lips closed, and he slept.

I believe there are silences and silences, but there is no silence like that in which the heart and soul listen as Jenny's heart and soul listened then.

Jim's sleep grew sounder and sounder, and, after four hours of rest, he awoke and slowly opened his eyes.

"Who is it?" he said, turning on his side; "Jenny, is it you?"

"Yes, Jim; you know me?"

"Yes," he answered, in a whisper.

All that day and the next day, with rare intervals, he slept.

"The very best thing that could be," said the doctor; "now mind you keep him quiet—just pleasantly cheerful."

Poor Mrs. Price!—it was an awful trial to her when Jim one day expressed a strong wish to see her, Jenny had said to her:

"Whatever you do, mother, you mustn't cry. It might just set his brain off again—the doctor says so!"

"Lor', my dear, I'll try not to," returned Mrs. Price; "you may be sure of that. But it's dreadful 'ard to see my Jim after he's been so awfully ill—more like dead, you may say—and yet not to be able to cry at the first time of seeing him, and all——"

"But you won't, mother, will you?" interrupted Jenny.

And so the two went to see Jim. The brief interview went off quite satisfactorily, and then Mrs. Price went into her garden and wept there a very long time, for joy of Jim's being given back from the jaws of death.

Every day he made rapid progress; and at the end of a week he could sit up in bed, propped by pillows; at the end of ten days he could sit in a chair.

In three weeks' time he walked down-stairs without the least assistance, though Mrs. Price did follow him with entreaties to lean on her arm, and injunctions to support himself by the balusters.

But what a changed Jim to the one they had known through those weeks previous to the accident!

"He's too meek, my dear," said Mrs. Price. "It don't seem to me to be natural, and him as must feel it so, not being able to get about just the same as usual."

"Yes, it is hard for him," answered Jenny; but there were tears in her voice and in her pretty eyes.

But Jim, however, bore his enforced idleness very cheerfully. He followed Jenny about the house in all her household occupations; he sat patiently by the kitchen fire while she washed up and put away the breakfast

things; and when she brought the newspaper to read aloud to him—as it still made his head ache to read for himself—a look of the utmost gratitude and tenderness would come into his eyes.

He spent most of his time in Mrs. Price's long, narrow strip of garden, where her bees all day long made a pleasant, perpetual sound, and stocks and mignonette breathed their sweet scent.

At one end of the garden Jim had built, in the spring-time, a very rustic summer-house, over the top of which you could see the trains, for he wasn't going to shut out a view like that.

Here, one night toward the close of September, they were sitting by themselves—he and Jenny. It was a sweet, gentle night, blue and starlit, soft and tender as a memory of lost love, from which time and pure faith have drawn out all the bitterness, leaving only a hollowed regret.

There was a grasshopper chirping close beside them. For some minutes they had neither of them spoken; at length Jim broke the silence, and observed:

"Jenny, I've something to say to you. It's been on my mind to say it ever since I began to get better. You remember the night Polly died?"

"Yes," returned Jenny. "I shouldn't be likely to forget it; it will be just one year ago the ninth of next month."

"Yes, so it will," he rejoined. "Well, when Polly died it cut me up dreadful, and just as a sort of comfort to myself I said, 'I'll be faithful to that girl as loved me so; come what may, I won't love any other,' and so I thought it was going to be. But, somehow, in the Spring, Jenny, just when you were getting better of that fever, and used to lie on the sofa and look so delicate and helpless, I couldn't help wanting to be with you. I wanted to hear your voice, your laugh, to look into your eyes. Well, I was very fond of you—I knew that—and I said it would be a sweet thing to have a sister, and I have never had one. One day—I don't know whether you remember it or not—but something took me, and I bent down sudden-like and kissed you. I knew then it was no brotherly feeling I had for you. Well, I just hated myself. It was then I let off coming to sit with you."

"Yes," said Jenny—and he went on:

"It seemed to me it would be an awful thing if I should be unfaithful to Polly. I thought of how she used to look when I came, and how her face would go sad all over when I had to leave her; and I thought of all her ways, and how she said the night she died: 'Jim! no one will love you better than I have done.' Well, day and night I thought of her, but I couldn't help wanting to be with you, and I tore my heart in pieces; but I thought if I kept away perhaps I should get the feeling under! That night of the accident, when I saw the train ahead and knew nothing could prevent us going into it, it came into my head all in a moment to let it be decided for me. I had sounded the whistle and put on the break; that was all I could do. I could have saved myself by jumping from the engine, but I said: 'No! I'll face what's to come—if it was wrong for me to have loved any one but Polly, I'm best killed; but if I escape, then I'll take it as a good sign and tell Jenny.' Now, you know I love you. I've money enough to get you a comfortable little home. I think, darling, I should be able to make you happy because I love you better than I've ever loved before—yes, before heaven, that's true; and now, Jenny, speak. Don't keep me in suspense. Have I any chance? Just one word—yes, or no?"

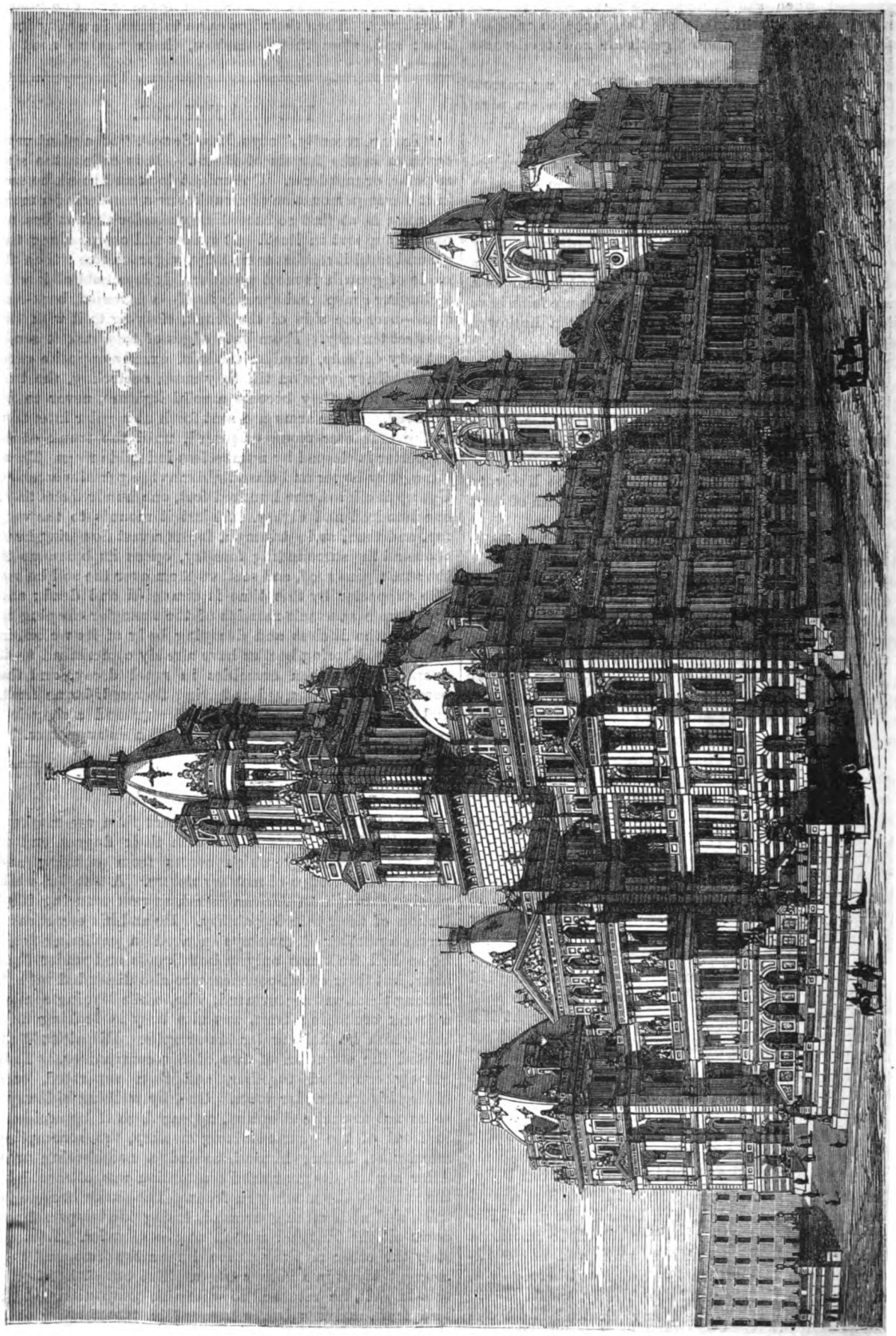
But she made no answer; only she dropped her face on his shoulder. There were tears in her eyes, and he kissed them away. Then their lips came together in a very long kiss; and, after that, somehow, there was no need of words.

THE SIPO MATADOR.

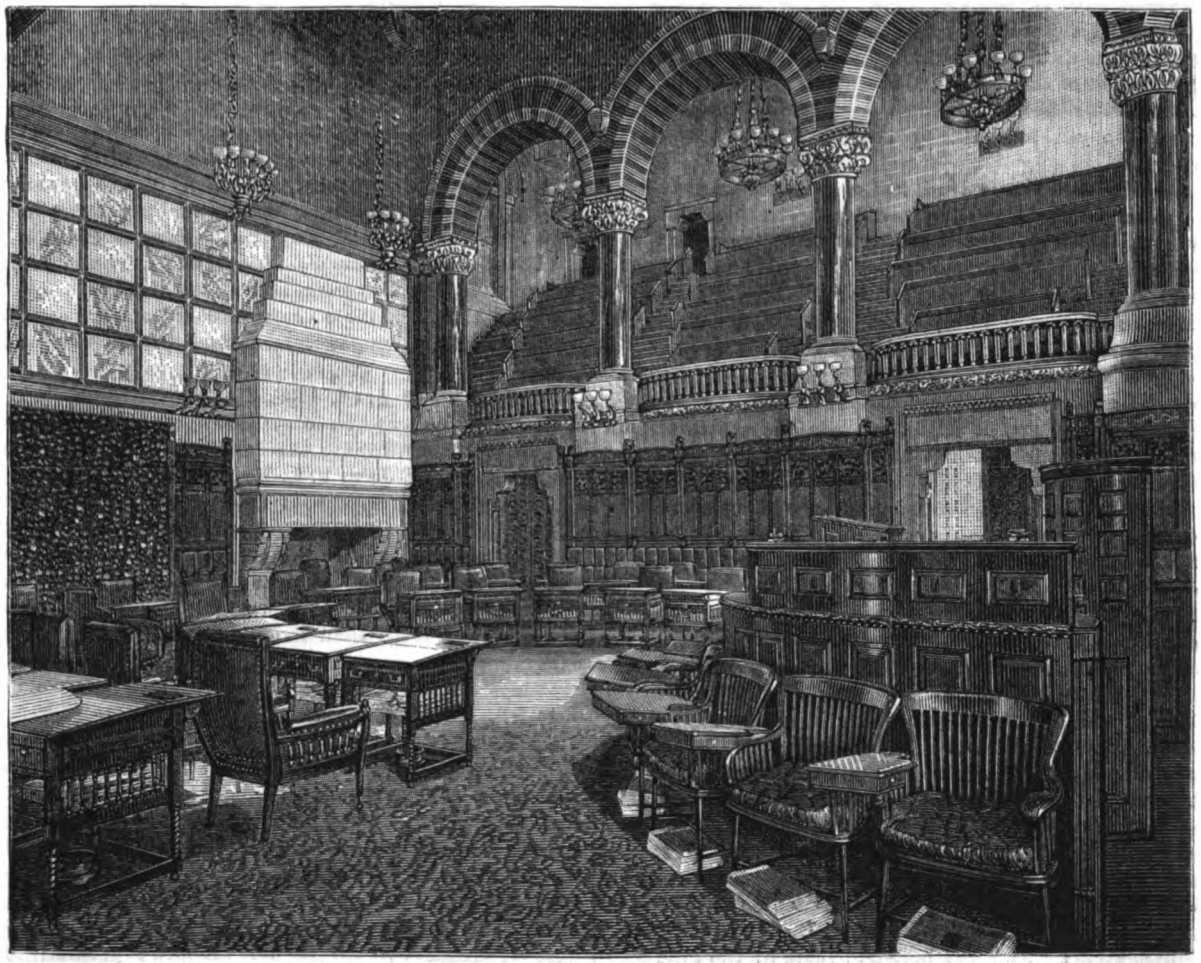
"I READ, recently," says Mrs. Sewell, "of a plant very common in the forests of Brazil. It is called the *sipo matador*, or murderer. One might look and think he saw in it the impersonation of Drunkenness murdering a man. Its stem is at first so exceedingly slender that it has no natural support in itself. It twines and creeps along the ground until it reaches some lofty, vigorous tree; then its mode of growth is most peculiar. It lays hold of it with a clinging grasp, and spreads itself—a flattened, bark-like stem—over one side of the trunk, cleaving to it with the greatest tenacity. From both edges of this bark it sends out very delicate, armlike tendrils, exactly opposite each other. They grow on till they meet, encircling, the tree around which they become a solid ligature, never to be removed. These arms are sent forth at regular intervals, as the murderer mounts upward, until the trunk of its supporter is clasped by numberless inflexible rings. These rings grow larger and clasp tighter as the parasite ascends. Up, up it climbs, one hundred feet, one hundred and fifty, one hundred and eighty. At last it mounts to the very top, and then, as in triumph, forms a vast flowering head above all the surrounding forestry, opens its blossoms to the sun, ripens seed, and scatters them over the soil below. The supporter by this time is strangled and dead; and the strange spectacle remains of the strangler clasping in its arms the lifeless and decaying body of its victim, in which wood-boring beetles have already commenced their operations. It soon crumbles in rapid decay, and the parasite which destroyed it having flowered, borne fruit, and continued its kind, falls to the ground a shapeless mass, involved in one common ruin with its supporter."

THIEVING MONKEYS.

Few human thieves are more expert than are monkeys in stealing. They are adepts with their fingers, and in the use of strategy which comes from cunning and thorough knowledge of monkey nature. A traveler, while passing through an African forest, saw an amusing illustration of their thieving ability. He and his escort came across a number of monkeys engaged in gathering fruit. Some had fruit not only in both hands and under their arms, but their cheek-pouches were also distended with it. Among them was a gourmand, who, while leaning against a trunk crunching fruit, was also busy in looking after that which he held under his armpits. His attitude attracted the attention of two of his companions. They gravely consulted together, and then separated, each hiding his fruit under roots. One, by walking sideways, so as not to excite attention, appeared, as if by accident, in front of the gourmandizing monkey, the accomplice, meanwhile, hiding himself behind a neighboring tree. After a while the gourmand's attention was attracted by the antics of the monkey in front. The antics became insults, and at last the gourmand, losing his temper, threw down all the fruit and rushed at the offender. Immediately the other monkey pounced upon the fruit, and in a moment hid it in a hollow trunk. But not satisfied with this exploit, he returned to where his companion hid his own fruit, and was busily engaged in transferring it to another place, when he was caught. A fight then ensued, in which each administered sundry bites and scratches.



NEW YORK'S NEW STATE CAPITOL AT ALBANY, AS PROPOSED.



SENATE CHAMBER, CAPITOL, ALBANY.

THE PALACES OF THE PEOPLE.

By M. E. W. Sherwood.

The topics of architecture and of internal decoration have become within a decade the vital topics of thought and consideration in this country, once supposed to be the last spot of earth on which the Genius of Architecture would set her foot.

Of course this *renaissance* which we find breaking out in Europe (as to the embodiment of the old ideas of beauty and fitness) in new buildings is, in this country, an original departure. The palaces of the people have been among the first to enjoy its gilded sunrise.

The reader who has visited many of the State capitals knows how much has been done to make the public buildings at each seat of government creditable to the age in which we live.

The fulfillment is not always all that could be desired, lavish as the outlay has been. Of these specimens of architecture the most splendid and expensive structure ever erected for our governing class is the Capitol at Albany. And here we must stop to speak for a moment of our "governing class." It is a perpetually renewed aristocracy, drawn from the people, powerful while it lasts, but losing all its prestige when out of office, as we see even in the case of a retired President. Ex-Governor Somebody is Mr. Nobody when his term is over, but while he is in the Executive office he is an immense power and a social force. Our legislative bodies, filled with the plainest of men, from the plow, or from humble walks of life, up to the educated and the polished statesman, who can refer back to as much blood and breeding as is consistent with the date of the *Mayflower's* landing, are, when together in session, one and all aristocrats—looked up to, courted, invited, fêted by the people who have made them what they are. They are driven about in stately carriages, drawn by cream-colored horses; they are escorted by "citizen soldiery"; they have somewhat the *appanage* of a Prince on state occasions; and in their capacity as the *idea* of the embodied majesty of the Commonwealth, they are marked out as the recipients of social flatteries and public honors. So much for being in power!

But as the Hindoo dethrones his god, and beats him or neglects him when he believes his power is past, so does the American citizen despise, contemn, ignore and pull down the idol he has elevated when that idol's power has left him. And something of this inconsistency adheres to the house which he builds for the fetich of the moment. It is rarely, like the European municipal or civic hall, a consistent, lasting, well-constructed and convenient palace; it is not the work of one man, or of a governing royal family.

It may be grand in spots; it is always ambitious in design, conspicuously placed, and the delight of the town *in* which it stands. But it is, within, but too often

inelegant, inconvenient and dirty. Either too many cooks have spoiled the broth in some instances, or an incomplete treasury has dwarfed the idea, and we feel, even in the most elegant of the palaces, that a good tyrant could have built a better, because a more complete and consistent, house than can be built by the most successful of republics.

The one-man power is almost a necessity in architecture, as in the beautifying of a city or the protection of the arts. We should laugh to hear of a statue which was handed from one sculptor to another; one to make the head, another the chest, and a third the legs. Yet in the past of American building scarcely a State-house has escaped at least four or five different architects. One has projected a noble gallery, another has shut it off; one had desired a colonnade, another has turned it into a portico; one has dreamed of a dome, another has shorn it of its noble proportions; one has thought out a fine scheme of flying buttresses, another has changed them into solid arches. And so on, the confusion of the many-headed, of constant changes in the governing administration, has too often written in stone the expensive history of mistake and blunder.

Sadly have the people paid for this want of unanimity, particularly in the great Capitol at Albany, the most gigantic and the most expensive building of them all.

It was a broad mind, a comprehensive and generous intellect, that demanded for the instruction of the people of the Empire State a great and a beautiful palace, having for its outlines the noble sweep of the Venetian architecture, while within it should comprehend all that the painter and the sculptor could do to illustrate by the arts the ever-refining influences of high ideas and graceful fancy. No people need such a palace more than do our rural population, who contend too constantly with the forces of Nature to allow them to have studied Beauty in its higher manifestations. And yet here and there in the hills may be hidden a future Palmer, a William Story, or a William Hunt—some nascent genius who, on looking at the Capitol at Washington or at Albany, should say, finding *himself* for the first time, "I, too, am a painter"; or, "I, too, am a sculptor"—to whom these great palaces shall bring, for the first time, the lesson of art, the message of the eye, the splendid geometric rhythm, which sings its song in granite and in marble.

Architecture must be to our rural population the *lingua franca* of art. It must bring that Greece and Rome, which they may never see, to our shores. It must be omnipresent and lasting. Not only the idea of government realized and standing solidly before the boy, teaching him the necessity of self-restraint, the nobility of law, the peace and prosperity of order, but it should fill his young soul with beauty; he may learn in it, at a glance, what it has cost thousands of years to perfect, and all the nations, to construct. In sculpture, in painting and in mechanical invention he needs the culture of past ages, and the experience of bygone times. He must see it: he cannot gain that knowledge and taste by reading.

These arguments for the people were used by Hon. J. V. L. Pruyn, and other large-minded men, with great effect upon the minds of the Senators and Representatives of the Legislature of New York, when, in 1863, Senator James A. Bell offered a resolution, which was adopted, that the Trustees of the Capitol and the Chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings be authorized to procure suitable plans for a new Capitol, and to report at the next Legislature. They did so, recommending the plans submitted by Fuller & Jones. Early in 1865 a committee was appointed by the Senate to ascertain, by correspondence with various municipalities, on what terms the necessary ground and buildings could be obtained.

New York showed her desire for the honor by offering a site on the Battery, or at City Hall Park, or in Tompkins Square, or in Central Park, and also proposed to erect all the necessary buildings, free of expense to the State; and in addition, to build an Executive Mansion on Fifth Avenue, opposite Central Park. Yonkers, Saratoga, Athens, Whitestown, Argyle and Sing Sing made liberal offers. The City of Albany finally offered, however, to deed over the site of the old Capitol and the lot adjoining, occupied by the Congress Hall block, and provided for the appointment of three commissioners, and appropriated $10,000 for the commencement and prosecution of the work.

On the 14th of April, 1866, the City having made good its offer at an expense of $190,000, an Act was passed ratifying and confirming the location of the capitol, and Hamilton Harris, John V. L. Pruyn and O. B. Latham, of Senaca Falls, were appointed new commissioners. On the 22d of April, 1867, an Act was passed appropriating $250,000 for the new Capitol, but providing that no part should be expended until a plan had been agreed upon, not to cost, when completed, more than $4,000,000, and on 9th of December, 1867, John Bridgford, with 100 men, began excavating in a modest way.

Delays of every kind occurred, and it was not until July 7th, 1869, that the first stone was laid by Hon. John V. L. Pruyn, to whom, more than to any other man, does the State owe what was large-minded and far-seeing in this enterprise. This foundation planted by Mr. Pruyn is vast and deep—a wonder in itself. The sub-basement of the Capitol will remain as long as earth endures. The corner-stone was laid with great ceremony by the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, on the 24th of June, 1871. The exercises took place in a drenching rain, but were witnessed by over twenty thousand persons. The work progressed sometimes slower, sometimes faster, until 1874, when a lack of funds brought the enterprise to a standstill. The faultfinders called the enterprise a "public calamity"; charges in the newspapers against the Governor as *incompetent;* criticisms from private individuals, and a perhaps wise protest against the plan of erecting public buildings by commissions, all were loudly urged, and the Capitol work seemed to be entering the penumbra of an eclipse. The Hon. Hamilton Harris now fought the battles through to victory, and the Finance Committee, of which he was chairman, held its own. In 1875 the entire old board were abolished, and Lieutenant-Governor Wm. Dorsheimer, Francis S. Thayer, and Daniel Pratt were constituted a new board. To Governor Dorsheimer, who took an active interest in the building, and particularly in the completing and furnishing of the interior, does the Capitol owe its present grandeur, and the beautiful frescoes which adorn its walls.

During the ten years of its active growth the Capitol has had three superintendents and seven architects. Twice has the order of architecture been changed. Italian renaissance, modified to the Romanesque, was changed back to the free renaissance, to the eternal injury of the unity of the building. It had cost, up to 1880, ten millions of dollars; it will need as many more to finish it, or some say five millions only, and the result has been—so say the faultfinders—confusion, drafts, bad light, and rooms in which no man can be heard to exercise the grand oratory of the American citizen.

A vast and noble pile, no doubt, with some superb things in it, the Capitol at Albany cannot be called a *failure*. Yet it can be characterized, perhaps, as a gigantic bundle of

mistakes and contradictions. The visitor of to-day who goes to visit the largest palace of the people, tumbles over workmen and plaster, trowels and ladders, an utterly unfinished interior, to enter passages which lead nowhere; finds rooms which dazzle by their magnificence, and surprise by the sumptuousness of their detail, but which disappoint by their incompleteness. The size is impressive, 300 feet north and south, by 400 feet east and west. It will, with the porticoes, cover three acres and seven square feet. The walls are 108 feet high, and built of solid granite from Hallowell, Me, and from Keene, N. H. The massive effect of this immense pile of granite produces a magnificent effect. It is worthy to be, from its size, like the pyramids, classed as "one of the works of nature." Entering the building, one finds a ponderous series of arches in stone, and glances through windows to a central court, 137 feet by 92, which extends in lofty serenity an open space to the sky.

Fountains and statues will in time make this inner court beautiful, and the whole effect of the architecture is surpassingly satisfactory from whatever window one looks upon this dream of Venice. This part of the Capitol is not a failure; nor is the Grand Staircase, by Eidlitz, which is a medieval triumph. Vigorous, scholarly, and of easy ascent, this staircase is a work of genius and a triumph of art. Still its glories cannot be well seen, the light is so very imperfect. The Golden Corridor is the next thing in excellence. This extends along the whole court side of the north centre. Seven large windows, opening upon this court, divide the corridor into bays, twenty feet square. Each bay is bounded by piers, between which arches are turned, and these arches sustain a low and ribless groined vault. They are painted with a damask of red upon amber; the angle moldings are solidly gilded. The effect is Oriental and rich, full of "flashing lights and shimmering shadows," and under the iridescent ceiling "there hangs a luminous haze"—so says an admirer. Here will be placed statues of public men, and possibly other works of art. During the session of the Legislature the windows are filled with rare exotics, and the Golden Corridor is a thing of beauty. From this one steps into the abode of wisdom, dignity and justice—the Chamber of the Court of Appeals. This room is sixty feet square and twenty-five feet high, subdivided into parallelograms, one twice the width of the other, a line of red granite columns carrying, with broad, low arches, a marble wall. The decoration is deep-red, the wainscoting of oak. This is a decidedly handsome room, but the lighting is very bad, dazzling and confused, and the acoustic properties decidedly defective; the ceiling is a superb construction of carved oak, with panels profusely carved.

Ascending another flight of the Grand Staircase (and one needs strength and endurance for these lofty flights), we find the Assembly Chamber, one of the noblest halls in the world, eighty-four by one hundred feet. Four great pillars, four feet thick, of red granite, sustain the largest groined stone arch in the world, the keystone being fifty-six feet from the floor. These pillars, and the arch which springs from them, are very striking.

But beautiful and grand as it is, this room is still unsatisfactory. The coloring is intended to be Moorish. The architect and the internal decorator have evidently been thinking of the Alhambra. Perhaps the confusion of the schools tends to disturb the mind. It is distinctly Gothic in its inception, but is Romanesque and Grecian Doric in treatment. There is here the fault of the other rooms—a great flood of conflicting light, which ruins the eyes of the Assemblymen; and as for hearing, there is nothing but a confused echo. The learned and conspicuous body who make our laws might be dismissed and told to go home. They would never know of this happy release until they read of it in the New York *Herald* of the next day.

Perhaps the most precious treasure of the Capitol is, however, contained in this room.

The allegorical pictures of William M. Hunt, on which he spent the last days of his illuminated life, remain here to praise him.

That on the northern wall represents the allegory of Ormuzd and Ahriman, or the flight of Evil before Good, or, as it is sometimes called, "The Flight of Night." The Queen of Night is driving before the dawn; her chariot is drawn by three plunging horses, one white, one black, one red. On the right of the goddess, and in deep shade, is a lovely group—a sleeping mother and child.

But the strangest figure in this group is the floating dusky guide, who holds the head of one of the horses. This noble allegorical figure, representing the force which guides, but does not control, the plunging horse, is the subject of innumerable jokes. He is called the "Republican majority," the "Democratic minority," the "Balance of power," or the "Dark horse," as Assemblymen please to be facetious. Indeed, no name is too profane for the leading idea.

But this noble composition is a perpetual lesson in the highest sense to all gazers. It is intensely poetical and full of suggestion; and, to the thoughtful, what more lovely and exquisite picture of that future for which Capitols are built than is conveyed in that shadowed sleeping mother and child?

The companion piece to this is called the "Discoverer." A noble figure, standing erect in a boat, suggests Columbus; behind him is a sunset sky; by his side Fortune trims the sail and holds the tiller. Hope is at the prow, with one arm extended. Faith has buried her face in her hands, and floats in the deep sea by the side of the boat. Science unrolls a chart, which she holds carefully above the spray.

The beauty of these female figures is very remarkable. Indeed, the sensuous charms which he has given—this gifted artist—to the severe goddess, Science, and the holy maiden, Faith, have suggested to some country members a different reading of the allegorical lesson. It is to them a siren group striving to lead away the modern Ulysses. But the whole composition is most noble—not so striking, however, as the opposite fresco, which commands instant attention by its three plunging horses, and also invites constant criticism by its conflicting and somewhat obscure symbolism. Mr. Van Brunt thinks these pictures too good for their place, and calls them a "waste of great resources." But it is doubtful if anything is too good for the thousands, the millions of eyes who shall look up to the work of a great master, and shall, through the garish morning light, or the tender afternoon tones, or in the twilight softness, try to make out what the master meant by these poetic and flying clouds, these visionary chariots, these plunging horses, these suggestive human figures.

It is a melancholy fact that Mr. Hunt probably hastened his own death by the enormous labor bestowed upon these figures. For fifty-five days, from sunrise to the latest hour of twilight, he worked and watched; this enormous industry represented also five months' work in his studio; indeed, the work of his whole life went into them.

To those artists who do things carelessly, let it be known that for these allegorical frescoes thirty or more preparatory charcoal drawings were made, twelve pastels and nineteen complete copies in oil. Later on in the work the conscientious artist demanded from his assistant a solemn

promise that if the work should prove a failure he would paint out both pictures in a single night.

There is something of the pathos of this devoted and saddened life, this artistic battle with fading hopes and dying energies which lingers about the picture of the Discoverer. The artist was on his way to the setting sun, and its glory rests like a halo around his head.

The Assembly chamber is brilliant in the evening. The bright brass gas-fixtures, the rich colors—red, amethyst and yellow—the solid mahogany desks, the grand and noble Speaker's alcove, all show at their best at the evening sessions.

On the southern corridors the colored marble wainscoting is of great richness and variety, substantial and enduring.

ASSEMBLY CHAMBER, NEW CAPITOL, ALBANY.

The use of marble in the Capitol has reached all the grandeur and dignity of old Venice. It is eminently grand in the Senate Chamber, which rivals St. Mark's, in Venice, in its gorgeous detail. This noble room, one hundred feet in length and fifty in height, is the best monument to Mr. Richardson, who has made it what it is. He is one of the seven architects.

This chamber is lighted by three large openings, rising from a level with the floor, and six lesser openings near the ceiling. Two of the large windows are filled with disks of stained glass, which shade from topaz and ruby up to the now fashionable iridescent and opalescent tints. This stained glass tempers the glare which is so objectionable in the other rooms. These windows are arched, and the stone moldings above and below are covered with intricate and delicate patterns of interwoven, lace-like forms. Here we begin to see the Mexican onyx paneling, of which we have heard so much. These panels are cut into slabs three feet square, and are separated or framed by slightly convex rails of Sienna marble, the mottled surface of which sets the beautiful onyx in a frame. Nothing in nature, except the opal, was ever so lovely as this onyx. It presents every delicate color most delicately—cream-color, sea-water, olive, ivory, rosy brown, neutral brown, red, green, blue in every state of semi-opacity and translucence. All these lovely slabs are "laid haphazard with a motive." Both panels and the rails of Sienna marble are highly polished, and above this gem-like paneling is a string-course of simply-carved marble, and above this again the upper tier of windows, six in number. The wall space above these windows is filled in with lead, heavily gilt, constituting a sort of frieze. This is worked out in *repoussé* with a floriated and an arabesque design, so in its carefully studied light and shadow it will add immensely to the cool marble beneath. Nothing finer in complimentary color was ever devised.

The oak ceiling is made of massive beams of oak, more than four feet in depth. These are supported on stone corbels sunk into the walls, and projecting under the beams. The corbels are to be carved into bold and vigorous forms, derived from foliage and flowers. It is the intention to treat these groups of four panels with color, so that every group of four shall count as a whole. This

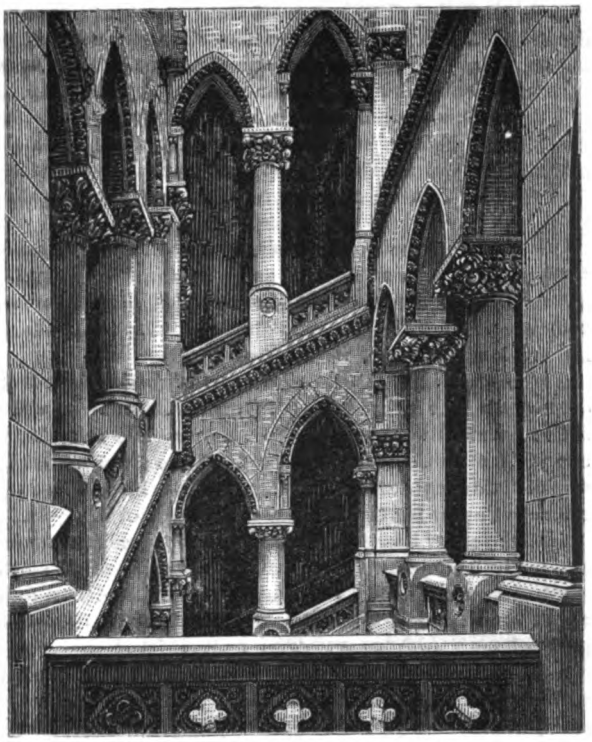
ceiling of broken masses is better for the voice, and the reverberating and reflecting echo is lost in the Senate Chamber. Its acoustic properties are good, in great contrast to its sister Assembly Room.

In the lower western wall-space is a dado of Knoxville marble, giving great solidity to the wall, and above this wall are three great arched spaces, occupying nearly the whole width of the wall, and disclosing the galleries. These arches are supported by four massive columns of a dark, red-brown granite, with capitals of white marble exquisitely carved. The arches are of yellow Sienna marble, and rails of gray marble, the projections of the galleries being supported by long flat corbels of gray stone elaborately carved. The wall is thus divided into three spaces—the marble foundation-wall, the arched space giving on the galleries, and the space for the golden frieze.

The doorway and fireplaces of this splendid room are constructed of marble, as are the spaces between them. The openings of the fireplaces are about six feet in height and something more in breadth. The cheerful effect of these when filled with burning logs can scarcely be exaggerated. Above the fire-openings are to be carved legends or symbolic devices. And bas-reliefs, illustrating the legislative character of the room, filled with historical and legendary scenes, will cover the broad faces of the chimney-breasts.

The chimneypieces are about half the height of the room. The great fields of onyx and gold will catch the broad southern light, and afford a diversity in the play of color, and offer the necessary repose to the eye after looking at the surfaces broken by the arches of the windows to the south, east and west. Inclosed within the frieze is to be a long rectangular space, which may be filled in with mural painting, of some sort of allegorical subject, perhaps.

Hanging in front of each of the arches which open upon the galleries is a bronze-wrought chandelier of the corona form. The corona is a broad band of metal, cut and bent on the upper and lower edges, and having *repoussé* and cut bosses at intervals. These chandeliers are suspended from the ceiling by long chains. The floor is covered with a carpet of soft texture, designed after the best Persian work. It has a ground of dark-grayish blue, upon which are spread curious flowers and leaves on a vinelike stem, in brown, red, orange, yellowish-gray, pink, yellow, and juicy olives, reflecting in its ornament the various colors which are spread upon the walls. This carpet supplies in the *blue* ground the one missing tint of which one would like to see more in this gorgeous, this sumptuous room.



GRAND STAIRCASE IN THE CAPITOL.

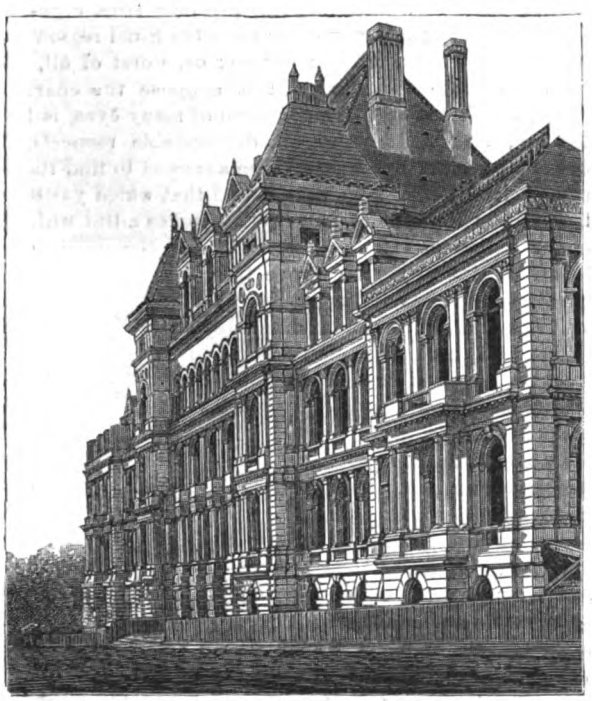
The galleries have never been popular, owing to their extreme steepness. Ladies are, therefore, admitted to the floor on proper occasions.

This room is the success of the Capitol. Never were Senators so nobly lodged. The whole detail is the perfection of modern decorative art, which searches up and down the corridors of the Past for whatever is superb and accurate in color, design, or in ornament.

The State Library will occupy the front of the two upper stories, and it is believed that this will be the most attractive room in the world. The view will be over the whole city, and up and down the Hudson, one of surpassing extent and loveliness. Indeed, the views are striking everywhere from the upper windows of the Capitol, embracing the whole of that healthy, picturesque City of Albany, successor to little Dutch *Beverwyck*, with its noble surroundings, and in itself the most *up-and-down-hill* place in the world after Edinburgh, and scarcely less beautiful than "Auld Reekie."

We might spend hours over the heating apparatus, which is colossal; over the batteries of six steel boilers; over the admirable plan for removing foul air from the Senate and the Assembly Chamber by means of openings in the roof. There are concealed openings for the admittance of fresh air in the furniture and floors. It must be conceded that the air of the Capitol is not always fresh or tempered as it should be; but this will be learned later. There is a capability for freshness, which is most desirable.

Here and there a gallery is cut off by an unsightly modern structure to protect the rooms from draft.



VIEW OF THE NEW CAPITOL, ALBANY, AS ERECTED.

It is thus that the absence of the "one man power" is discernible. No one architect was allowed to carry out his legitimate design; no one was kept at the work to see it finished until now; and, therefore, while each man has left some fine specimens of what he could do, as in the case of the Eidlitz staircase, unhappily there is in this magnificent palace of the people, as we have seen, a lack of unity, a loss of the supreme majesty of a leading thought.

Of much of the work each group of observers say: "We do not know what it means," or else, "For one-half the money a better house for the needs of Legislative service might have been built," but not a more splendid-looking thing outside, perhaps.

These are some hostile criticisms abroad. The Court of Appeals have threatened to go to New York unless better quarters were provided for them. The irritation of the judges was, however, allayed by the promise of the Capitol Commissioners that they shall have the large rooms set apart for the Library and Board of Regents.

The Governor has now, for two months (1882), occupied the magnificent new Executive Chamber, situated at the southeast corner of the building. The walls of this room are of a rich maroon velvet and colored stamped leather, paneled with mahogany. The ceiling is of mahogany, beautifully carved. The immense fireplace is fitted up with brass. Tiles of singular beauty cover the floor and sides, and a noble pair of old brass andirons, lately brought from England, hold up the logs of a blazing wood-fire. This noble room is sixty feet long by forty wide, and is wainscoted to a height of ten or twelve feet with mahogany. It is admirably furnished, and has three or four rooms *en suite* devoted to the Governor; one especially has fine oak cases for holding public documents, which fill this *muniment* room, as it would be called in England, and near this room is the "Corridor of Columns."

After this great work is finished, and the old Capitol and State Library are demolished, the grounds about the Capitol will be intrusted to Frederick Law Olmstead, to whom the Central Park owes so much of its beauty. Then we may expect to see an approach to this stupendous pile in keeping with its grandeur. Seven acres will be thrown into a park, embellished in the most perfect style with trees, flowers, fountains, etc., etc.

The elevation of the Capitol place is 155 feet above the level of the Hudson, and the ground falls off to the eastward fifty-one feet. In front, State Street, a broad, handsome avenue, leads toward the river.

Every morning the Dutch farmers, singing songs in the Dutch language, come in to Albany, and placing their carts along in the open street, sell their produce. This is the last lingering Dutch custom, but a very impressive and a very picturesque one. It reminds one of a similar scene in many a European city, and is, in its way, strikingly commemorative of the early romantic and peculiar history of the place.

So much for the great Capitol at Albany, of which we have told but half the story.

A RELIC OF THE REVOLUTION.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF OLD ENGLAND—HER BEQUESTS.

At the last meeting of the Virginia Historical Society, in Richmond, Va., a curious ancient document was read by the Corresponding Secretary. It is in the handwriting of Colonel Thomas Waring, of Goldberry, Essex County, Va., an ardent rebel, who was with Washington at the battles of Trenton and Princeton. It is entitled, "The Last Will and Testament of Old England," and is dated at the "Palace of Necessity, this 19th day of April—just four years from the fatal day on which my last opportunity was lost by shedding the blood of America at Lexington—in the year 1779." The following are the bequests made:

"I, Old England, being in a very weak and languishing state, through voluptuousness and loss of Blood, do make and ordain this my last will and testament, in the manner following—vizt.: Imprimis—I do give and bequeath unto the Bishops of St. Asaph and Peterborough, to be equally divided among them, all my religion.

"2. I give all my sincerity to the Worthy Members of the Minority in the House of Commons.

"3. I give all my knowledge in Politicks to Lord Camden and Lord Abingdon and those other noble Lords who oppos'd the Ministry in their Mischievious and Cursed war in America.

"4. I give to my sister Scotland all my Pride and Haughtiness.

"5. I give to my sister Ireland the one-half of my Poverty, Distress and Ruin.

"6. I give to the Earl of Bute and Lord North all my Treachery and Tyranny, to be equally divided among them.

"7. I give to Lord Howe and General Howe all my Cruelty as a reward for their Treatment of the American Prisoners.

"8. I give all my low cunning to Lord Mansfield and Lord George Gordon.

"9. I give all my stupidity and obstinacy to the present ministry.

"10. I give my Power by Sea and Land to the French King.

"11. I give my integrity to the King of Spain.

"12. I give my Trade and Commerce to the State of Holland.

"13. I give those abject Mortals, the Tories of America, one Ton of Hemp, to be equally distributed amongst them by I. C.

"14. I give my right and Title in that most glorious tract called Magna Charta to the United States of America, to their Heirs and Assigns for ever.

"15. I give unto my Colonies in America—vizt., Canada, Nova Scotia, East and West Florida, the West Indies—the other half of my Poverty, Distress and Ruin; and I do appoian the United States of America to be guardisty of my said Colonies."

GOSSIP ABOUT TURQUOISES.

EVERYBODY is supposed to know what a turquoise is, and yet it is very easy to be mistaken concerning this favorite gem. The specimen so much admired may one day prove to be a deceiver, may not be a true, high-class Persian stone at all, may come from the Sinai region; or, worse still, from a French source; or, worst of all, may be mere paste and sham. But suppose the charming stone, which has been the cynosure of many eyes, is truly Persian, and faultless in all discoverable respects, its owner may some fine morning be annoyed to find its glorious celestial complexion gone, and that which yesterday looked like the blue of an angel's eye has a tint which is better understood than described. On the other hand, this fickle beauty may prove true, and flourish in its pristine loveliness for many years; and not until it has well repaid its admirers may its complexion change to that fatal green or sickly white which is to be deprecated. It would seem as if some did not lose their skyblue tint at all, for there are ancient specimens which look as well as ever they did.

Until modern times, it was thought that all real turquoises came from Persia, where they formed a government monopoly, though not a very lucrative one. Two centuries and a half ago, an old traveler to Persia says of one city: "I myself bought turquoises there, which they call *firuse*, and are found in great quantities near Nisabur and Firuska, of the bigness of a pea—nay, some as big as little beans—for 2s. or 2s. 6d. at the most. Rubies and granates (garnets) were also very cheap there." The case is very different now, though the value of turquoises ranges from a few pence, for minute specimens, to such

sums that as much as $2,000 has been paid for one. It is said that not all turquoises, even when first found, are of the desired color, and that they vary from white to a fine azure blue, occasionally greenish; but, adds Mr. Emanuel, "only the fine blue stones are of any value. These are called by the French *de vieille roche*, and if the back can be examined it will commonly have a rusty or dark-brown look, which is due to the stratum of stone from which it has been detached. Artificial specimens are without this, of course; and those which come from Sinai are of a pale, yellowish-red color at the back when particles of the rock from which they have been taken continue to adhere."

To refer again to that vexatious change of color already spoken of, it may be due in some cases to "contact with acids, musk, camphor or other scents," which should therefore be avoided. There is, in fact, no ground for the supposition that this gem, by its changes, indicates the wearer's state of health. Mr. Streeter says that in the Middle Ages few stones had such wonderful gifts and virtues attributed to them as this had. But, to realize these advantages, it was a necessary condition that the stone should have been received as a gift. He adds: "Even to this day in the northeast there is a proverb—'that a turquoise given by a loving hand carries with it happiness and good fortune,' and another—'that the color of a turquoise pales when the well-being of the giver is in danger.'"

Most persons may have seen examples with Oriental inscriptions engraved upon them, and some are known which have been cut as cameos or intaglios. It is recorded that a fine suite of twelve about the size of a finger-nail, all alike in dimensions, form and color, and engraved with the heads of the twelve Cæsars, were sold some seventy years ago for about $1,875. The Grand Duke of Tuscany had a turquoise on which was carved a head of Christ. Most of these carved stones, however, are of modern work.

One surprise at the London exhibition of 1851 was a collection of turquoises from a new locality, where they had been recently discovered by the exhibitor, Major Macdonald. They came from the Sinaitic region, and were very numerous, more than two hundred of them cut and polished, and others in their natural condition. The variety thus represented is darker and of a finer blue than the best Persian stones, and the original specimens were greatly admired. They resemble exactly some which M. Rochet d'Hericourt brought from Abyssinia, but they, unfortunately, have the habit of changing their hue in the most rapid and mysterious manner. These turquoises are to be distinguished from the Persian by the method already described.

A third kind of turquoise is known as the fossil turquoise, or odontolite, which is either fossil ivory or bone colored by phosphate of iron. Acids cause it to effervesce, and when heated it gives off a fetid odor. It may be electrified by friction without an insulator, and retains its electricity for hours, which is not the case with the Oriental turquoise. It very much resembles the precious kind both in color and appearance, and may be readily mistaken for it. The name of turquoise *de nouvelle roche*, sometimes given it, has also been applied to a Persian variety of little merit. Its value is small, but it is more prized abroad than in England. It is not so liable to change as the other kinds.

Of artificial turquoises it is needless to speak, for, like all imitations of gems, no person of taste would consciously wear them. They are, however, very common, and are in many cases excellent imitations, though they lack the softness of lustre which belongs to genuine specimens, and have a glassy look—as might be expected, indeed, for glass they are.

The turquoise is cut with a smooth, round top, and its shape is commonly circular or oval, but sometimes it is nearly heart-shaped, or, even, almost a square. Defects of form are, as far as possible, hidden in the setting, as also are faults in the surface near the edges. It is deservedly popular for its beauty, and the grace it adds to the wearer. It is sure to be noticed, but is never gaudily conspicuous, whether mounted in rings, brooches, ear-pendants, necklaces, or scarf-pins. Sometimes it is alone, at others in clusters, or in rows; but no matter how, when truly good. If mounted with other stones, it is best accompanied by brilliants or pearls. The possessor of a well-set turquoise bracelet or other large ornament of fine stones may be envied, and happily such are seldom out of fashion.

Some readers may like to be reminded of "Stories in Precious Stones," a nice book by Miss Zimmern, published in 1873. This lady takes the turquoise ("Only an Old Bone") as the subject of her December story. She tells us that it is a Persian emblem for that month, and gives as its attribute or sentiment, "Prosperity in Love."

JAPANESE VELVETS.

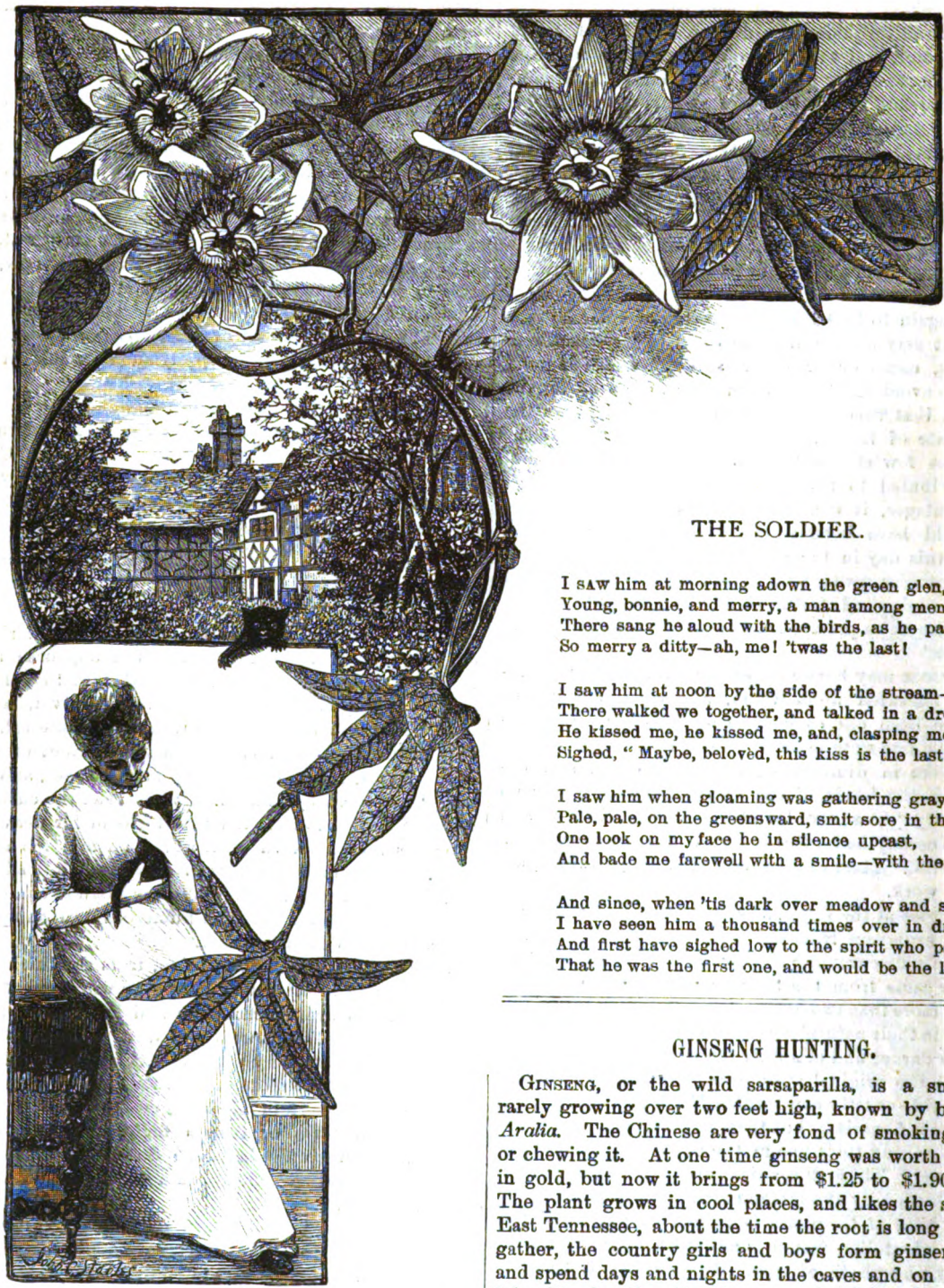
It is well known that in the manufacture of rich and curious combinations in textiles the Japanese are extremely proficient. We understand that they have recently attempted the manufacture of velvet, and the industrial world will await the results with interest. Some of the most beautiful cloths are the product of the Tycoon's looms, for he manufactures court robes, and nearly everything worn by himself. It has been the custom also for each daimio to have his private loom for weaving the brocades with his own crest which he and his retainers wore. These brocades were of satin and dull silk, or of silk and gold thread. The last was a popular combination of rich Japanese textiles, and numerous designs appear in silk and gold woven together.

Rich cloths of every description, from the thickest satin or brocade to the thinnest gauze, are woven in the most beautiful and artistic manner; and in some of the very simplest fabrics, in towels and dusters of the cheapest material, are seen very effective designs. The Japanese grasp boldly in the most incongruous elements, and bring out of them a certain pleasing, even harmonious, effect. A broken bamboo or two, a flight of strange-looking birds, a few creeping plants introduced in rather startling colors, give a rather *outré* appearance, which is at the same time fascinating.

The Japanese seem to have no code of coloring, but each one seizes the tints that seem happiest to his mind; yet they have a sort of instinct in the matter, being masters of the law of contrast. So, too, in the designs themselves. There is no need, and especially in the cloths adorned with embroidery, for one pattern to be repeated. Flowers may be scattered about, but no two seem to be quite alike, nor could we wish them so when we consider their strange but exquisite beauty.

Velvet is not a native manufacture of Japan, though recently they have introduced it to some extent. It is not probable, however, that they will follow the old style of making it, and therefore we may expect something new and even startling in the line.

Wealth is not apt to be modest; the face of a dollar never blushes.



THE SOLDIER.

I saw him at morning adown the green glen,
Young, bonnie, and merry, a man among men;
There sang he aloud with the birds, as he passed,
So merry a ditty—ah, me! 'twas the last!

I saw him at noon by the side of the stream—
There walked we together, and talked in a dream;
He kissed me, he kissed me, and, clasping me fast,
Sighed, "Maybe, beloved, this kiss is the last!"

I saw him when gloaming was gathering gray,
Pale, pale, on the greensward, smit sore in the fray;
One look on my face he in silence upcast,
And bade me farewell with a smile—with the last!

And since, when 'tis dark over meadow and stream,
I have seen him a thousand times over in dream,
And first have sighed low to the spirit who passed,
That he was the first one, and would be the last!

SANDWICHES are said to have been named after the Earl of Sandwich, the celebrated statesman of the reigns of George II. and George III. Grose, the antiquary, and a contemporary of the earl, notes the sandwich as "said to have been a favorite dish of the Earl of Sandwich." The Earl of Sandwich was an inveterate gambler, and so as to be able to eat without stopping the game, used to tell the waiters to bring him for refreshment a slice of meat between two pieces of bread. The word has of late years been applied to men walking in the streets displaying advertisements pasted on boards which are carried before and behind, and between which they are inclosed like the meat in a sandwich.

GINSENG HUNTING.

GINSENG, or the wild sarsaparilla, is a small plant, rarely growing over two feet high, known by botanists as *Aralia*. The Chinese are very fond of smoking the root or chewing it. At one time ginseng was worth its weight in gold, but now it brings from $1.25 to $1.90 a pound. The plant grows in cool places, and likes the shade. In East Tennessee, about the time the root is long enough to gather, the country girls and boys form ginseng-parties, and spend days and nights in the caves and on the mountain sides hunting the ginseng-root. The plant is known by its bright-red berries and solitary shield-like leaf, sitting on a stalk. Now commences the fun. The first one who sees the plant raises a shout, and the crowd makes for it, and commence to dig for the root. If a boy succeeds first in getting it, he has the privilege of kissing every girl in the crowd. It is said that the girls never try very hard to seize the root, for reasons which are obvious to—themselves. The party lump together the fruits of their hunt and sell it to the nearest country store at a price varying from 75 cents to $1 per pound, then divide. Ginseng-hunting is a great holiday institution among the country people and farmers of East Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia and Virginia.

FAIRY ENID.—"SOON SHE WAS BEFORE ONE OF THE GREAT MIRRORS, TIMIDLY SHRINKING FROM THE GLANCE OF A LITTLE FAIRY IN A BLUE SILK DRESS AND PEARL-COLORED STOCKINGS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

WHERE THE BROOK AND THE WILLOW KISS.

A WORD, a look, two clasped hands,
Their plighted troths are taken;
Their hearts are light, their future bright;
Can aught this fond dream waken?

A word, a look, two clasped hands,
Their plighted troths are broken;
Their paths diverge—will they e'er merge?
A lone heart but the token.

FAIRY ENID.

By the Rev. Henry Whitney Cleveland.

ET us have a story, beginning near the old fountain in the City Hall Square, in New York, and we will not pause to wonder why a plot of ground shaped like a flat-iron was ever called a square. In that day, when a monster marble courthouse had not spoiled all the broad end of the inclosure, and a huge granite post-office the other, our Enid was not a bit of a fairy, but a dirty little goblin.

It was one of those gusty days in March which are painful to all dwellers in the American metropolis who happen to be out of doors.

A lady and gentleman had just crossed Broadway, and were picking their way through the little triangle before the City Hall, in the direction of the foot of Chatham Street. The gentleman was middle-aged, handsome and stout. The lady was quite young, almost girlish, and of the most bewitching beauty, like Southern fruit, dark, rich, and ripe. The open space which they neared seemed the playground for all the cold wind that was rushing up all the streets from both rivers and from the bay. There was just enough drizzle of rain to show that the lead-colored clouds flying away overhead were demoralized and leaky.

Ever and anon some gust from the mouth of a street would get the mastery over the other gusts and drive the half-frozen mist into the faces of the passers-by with the force and painful sting of small shot. Besides the rain, it had been snowing. There was black and dissipated-looking ice, yet unshoveled from next the curbstones. There was the filth of the midstreet, left by the thousands of ever-passing teams, with the grit constantly worn from the paving-stones. And all of it was mixed into a fluid paste, which was looked at and avoided and then stepped into by the thousands of bipeds, each armed with an umbrella.

And in every failure to walk on tiptoe, and in every petticoat lifted just too late to avoid the splash of the omnibus-wheel, as in every nose upturned to avoid the compound smell of the fluid, there was expressed the contempt of pedestrian mankind for slush.

In that open space the heaviest overcoats seemed but of canvas, as the wind passed right through them to the flesh.

The young lady, who was provided with waterproof and muff, seemed to feel the cold less than the gentleman, who was much her senior, and much the more thickly clothed.

As they emerged into the paved space, where street-cars are always waiting and newsboys always shouting, they became conscious of a queer sort of great brown birds hopping about in the mud and of the crossing.

A second glance showed them to consist of five little girls, all with short, ragged dresses of a uniform mud-color, and, with one exception, all with bare legs, and the coarse shoes furnished by charity-houses.

The shoes seemed made of mud, and the legs were too blue with the intense cold, as well as splashed and dirty, to shock even the most modest objector to short skirts, as they did not in the least suggest flesh. So little looked these children like the sweet darlings left at home to nestle in woolens by coal fires, that thousands of fathers of such home children never thought *these* might be cold to the very heart, or starved.

Each had the stump of what had been a broom in her hand, and this pretext for street-sweeping was the mask for begging, which at that day shielded them from the police and the vagrant laws.

No sooner did they discover a lady and gentlemen in that thoroughfare, so usually given up to the bustle of trade, than they formed themselves into an unwelcome escort, and hovered around with hands extended, and brooms held up as signs of a vocation which had left no trace on the street. The beseeching cries were, "Please, sir, gim'me a penny." "Please, ma'm, for just one penny." "One for me, too, sir." "We sweeps, we duz." "Please, sir, won't you gin us *all* pennies?"

And such little liars as they were! So soon as one would receive the coveted coin, she would dodge to the rear and the other side, confident in the common disguise of dirt to bar identity, and exclaiming:

"Now, sir, please gim'me one. You gim um all pennies but me. And please, sir, and, ma'am, here's sister; you ain't gin her none yet!"

At least twenty of the coppers were gone, and each of the five were still protesting in turn that she had received none, when the young lady caught sight of a little crossing-sweeper, who had been on the other side of the way, and who was actually sweeping. This made six in the gang. The gentleman responded to the nod of his companion, and the two passed on, while the emptying of a street-car, which was off the track, drew the little gang of magpies toward it.

The other child had not observed them, and seemed to need money more than the others. Her low-cut dress, which had evidently been the party garment of some child of fortune, and had come to her by way of some charity-house dispensing worn-out clothing, left her arms and shoulders bare; and if shoes had come with the dress, some pawnshop had them now.

When persons passed she only held out a thin hand and appealed by a look, but spoke no word. She was no cleaner than the others, nor could be, in the constant splash of vehicles and the avoidance of being trampled to death. As they reached her the lady took the extended hand—so eloquent in its starved poverty—and drew her, half-frightened and resisting, to the sidewalk.

"What is your name?" she asked, in that conventional way of getting acquainted with a child.

"Enid, sir—ma'am, I mean. Oh, please don't send me to the Tombs! I didn't take any chestnuts over there—only went to warm a bit at the fire. Oh, please!"

"We will not hurt you," said the lady, smiling with the thought that probably a strong temptation to steal a few of the hot nuts caused the present fear.

As she looked, she noticed that the eyes uplifted to her own were deeply blue, that a clean place, where the wet dress had wiped the smirch from the child's bosom, was fair as a lily, and that the tangled, dirty hair was of a pure

yellow, so admired in later years. The gentleman, wishing to assure the little creature that he was not seeking victims for the Island prisons for children, said, kindly:

"We are trying to find a poor little girl to live with us. Would you like to stay in our home?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

He looked and felt puzzled how to act in a case where he had expected prompt negation, and the dark-eyed lady said:

"She will be as nice as any;" then added, to the child, "How much do you have to make a day?"

The question implied that this beautiful lady knew of the way in which persons send gangs of children to the streets, with the alternative of a certain sum of money to be begged or a whipping on return; and the child promptly answered:

"We have to make thirty cents apiece, and I've only six cents. People don't feel for pennies when it's so cold."

The lady continued:

"If I give you twenty-five cents will you go home and wash your face, and let me come and see you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where do you live?"

"With Granny Moss. Fifty-eight, in Mulberry Street, in the backyard cellar, ma'am."

"Here is the money, and ten cents more to get your dinner at that hot-pie stand. Run along, now."

And the astonished child scarcely staid for thanks, as she dashed away with the crisp fractional currency tightly clinched in the numb little hands.

* * * * * * *

An hour or two later, and dirty, moldy, crowded Mulberry Street, with its smells half frozen up, and its wet doorsteps less crowded under the influence of sleet and rain, saw the rare spectacle of a well-dressed gentleman and a plainly-clothed but beautiful young woman, seeking one of the backyard dens of the street.

To those who have never seen such places, words do not tell what one sees, and to those who have, only a rapid sketch is needed to recall the picture.

Old brick houses, deserted long since by tenants too respectable to live "down-town."

The walls, dark and spongy, as if soaked through and through with all the nameless shame and filth and cruelty they have witnessed. The window-glass never washed, and the ropes from house to house, and roof to roof, like a great spider-web, from sleet-soaked ground and blotched walls to tops of chimney-pots, laden with their garlands of ragged clothes of the men and the women, the children and the negroes, who require all days to be washday, and are never the cleaner.

The burrows, down worn and ice-clad steps, where all light comes from a hole called the door, after having all the lighting powers of light extracted by the tall walls and the bowers of red flannel and of dingy cotton.

The gentleman and lady passed through the passage of the front house, among a score of dirty women, and, cautiously passing down the icy steps under the next houses, saw just nothing at all, but heard an old woman say:

"And what are *you* after?"

The gentleman, whom we may as well begin to call Mr. Edwin Adams, said:

"We would like to see where we are, if that were possible."

"Humph!" responded the voice; "that's because you're quality, and has glass winders. Here, Enid, you brat, get a match and light a candle. Cuss these bat-eyed folks that come to talk, and don't even bring old clothes!"

The visitors did not reply to the compliment, which so plainly indicated the way to make themselves welcome, and the spot of flame which soon lit the filthy cellar gave them sight of the occupants.

Then the child introduced them to the bundle of rags in the chair, who was assorting a lot of as dirty rags on the floor, by saying:

"Granny Moss, these are the ones as paid me out of the gang to-day."

To which was returned:

"So, so! You're welcome if you're the ready money, and not the tract and Scriptur' sort. You'd better give me all that you've got to give out in the building, for I'm r'al honest—I am—and put here for that! I'll divide fair!"

"I am not a stranger to these streets," was the quiet reply.

"So you're up to snuff, are ye? Well, what's your little game?"

The gentleman replied:

"I have come to offer to take Enid as my daughter."

And he pointed to where the child, now with clean legs and face, was sitting in the lap of dark-eyed Kate—his wife.

"What'll ye give?" was the business-like question.

"Is she your child, or related to you?" asked Mrs. Adams.

"Well, you see, honey, I ain't a fool, and I see you ain't. It's of no use me claimin' that six girls, all of um about of an ageness, is mine by natur'. Then, like as not, you axed afore you cum at the p'leece office, an' found out. None of um is mine, but I've took um from drunk people, or found um lost; an' them six, an 'four more in the rag biziness, an' a boy an' a gal sellin' flowers, is all raised to honest industry by me. They gets feed an' close an' shelter, and I'm a charity-house—I am—for poor infants, and I lets um do better when I'm paid for it—thar? I'm honest."

He continued:

"Have you any evidence as to who Enid's parents were?"

"Not a scrap; I tell ye honest. She was left in a silk handkercher, with no name on it, an' no clothes on her, at Mr. Pease's school down at the P'ints. I found her before he did, and didn't ring his bell."

"Then it was the intention of the mother to have her taken in there, and adopted or bound out?"

"Like enough; but that ain't a State asylum, and can't make a fuss about what they never had inside. Then I saved her from the shame o' charity."

Mr. Adams tried to hide the aversion he felt, and continued:

"Did you give her the name of Enid, or was there some paper with her suggesting a name?"

"Nary scrap," she said. "Some fine ladies, with enough velvet on to pay for my feed a year, come here to have all the brats baptized into the Church. Much good it done um, only to squall like blazes at the wet. They baptized her Enid, and I let um, and sold the white gown it was done in," she continued. "And she's a likely little gal, too, but funny—awful funny. She hears all sorts of things at Mr. Pease's school about children what is lambs, and a man as takes um out to green grass, and carries um in his arms, and all stuff like that. And it runs in her head all day, and she dreams at night, and sorter frightens a body like, a-talkin' to folks in the air, with her eyes wide open, and all smilin' like. But I can cure her of that. It's only greens she wants, an' I'll give her a nice mess of b'iled cabbage, and she'd never disturb ye, I'll be bound."

Mr. Adams saw that no more information could be obtained, even if the old hag possessed it, and said :

"It is not my habit to pay for children, but I will agree to give a good suit of woolen clothes, shoes and stockings, to each of the other children, and you must agree before a magistrate not to sell or pawn the clothes, but to let them be worn out. I will pay the rent of two large up-stairs rooms for six months to get you and them out of this cellar. And I will pay you one hundred dollars in money if you bind yourself to keep them in-doors and dry on wet days."

"You are mighty grand," she said. "But as I'm the owner, I'll make the terms. You can take Enid right along for five hundred dollars, gold, in my hand, and you'll let the gang and others alone."

"Is that the best you will do ?" he asked.

"The level best," she said, with a grin.

He nodded his head to Kate, and they left the cellar without a word, save of good-by to the weeping Enid, and a crisp green note in her hand, to save her from the beating likely to follow the hag's disappointment.

* * * * * * *

During the next four or five weeks, Mr. Edwin Adams began for the first time in his life to frequent the offices of the city government, and also to give large dinner-parties at his own house, at which the guests were mainly city aldermen, and prominent politicians of the party in office. He was also seen driving out on the Bloomingdale Road with His Honor the Mayor.

At the offices there were witnesses examined, as in a court, and there was much looking into of police records, and questioning of the local magistrates. There was rumor of new street regulations.

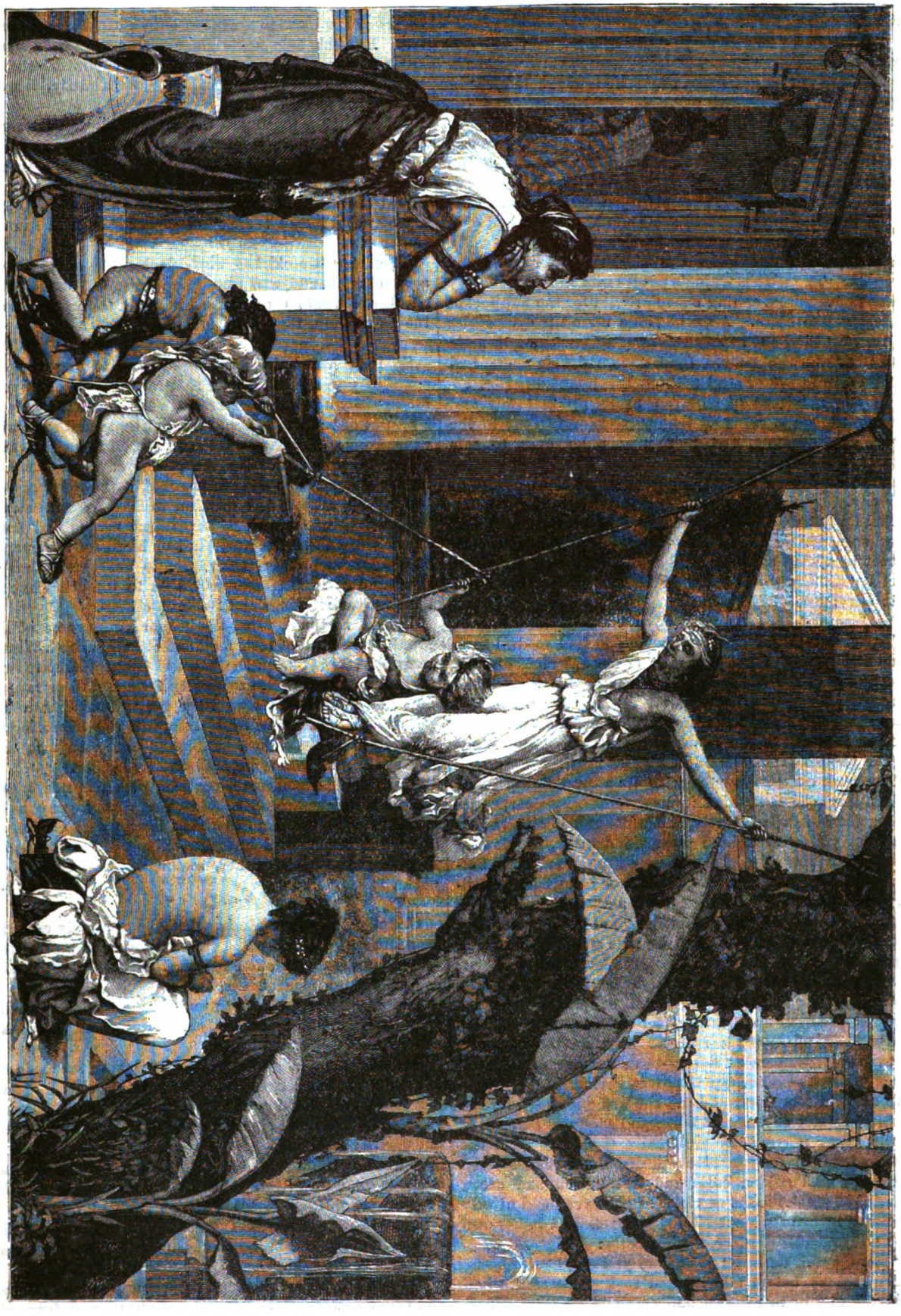
At the same time there was a stranger at 58 Mulberry Street, in the back-yard, and with his very bad clothes, which seemed once to have been very fine clothes, and his small, active form, together with his hints of goods to be had for nothing, which would sell for more than old rags, he completely won the heart of old Granny Moss, and was told by her all the little impositions she had practiced upon the public by means of her trained beggars.

In the meantime, the March of that year had been cold and bitter beyond precedent, and little Enid—a beggar still, and dressed as scantily as possible, in order to excite the more compassion—was once found half dead in the street, and taken to the fine old hospital, which, at that day, stood at the head of Pearl Street.

WHERE THE BROOK AND THE WILLOW KISS.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 418.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Moss guessed her whereabouts, and in such clothes as she never wore in the cellar, with red eyes, and a probable story that the child had strayed from a good home, and had her clothes changed by thieves, together with the assertion of motherhood, won belief, and reclaimed the child for fresh exposure.

At last there was a bright April day, with just enough of showers from the blue-and-white heavens to drench the street-sweepers and draw pennies at the crossings, when there was an appearance of blue-uniformed police from every corner, and a swoop as of hawks on dirty doves, and the six little girls soon found themselves at the City Hall, with scores of other street Arabs arriving at intervals.



HOME LIFE IN POMPEII.

At the same hour, Mr. Adams and the new lodger at 58 Mulberry Street went down the cellar steps together, and the old woman said:

"I thought you'd have to come to my terms. Do you want her now at any price?"

The answer came from the self-reputed thief, who opened his very ragged overcoat to show the blue vest and shield of a police officer, as he said:

"I am Detective Rokesmith, especially put on this case by the superintendent. You are taken in charge for public swindling—come!"

And he had the steel bracelets upon her in a moment.

There was a great cry and some wool, and the end of it was that the old woman had a home with high stone walls, in a fine situation upon the Hudson River for many months. The next morning's papers said that begging by means of children, selling cheap articles for the support of adults was to cease. Also the trade upon the sympathies of the public by the systematic sending forth of half-nude children. Grown people, fond of idle drunkenness, had henceforth to beg or steal without this infant disguise.

Of the hundreds of children taken up that day and during the week, many of tender years were sent to the great city asylums, and more and older ones to safe homes in the farm-lands of the West. None were put as permanent drones in the endowed benevolent homes of the city.

Enid went up Broadway in the first carriage she had ever seen the inside of, and then down West Eleventh Street to a large brick corner house. At the door she was met by Kate, who took her in at once out of the world into fairyland.

* * * * * * *

The glass around the door, which looked so dull from the outside, was of the brightest crimson, green, orange, and purple as the unclouded American sunshine streamed through it, and the hall oilcloth would have seemed of variegated marble had she known what marble was.

Even the hatrack had its mirror, and the swinging globe of the gas-pendant looked like a great pearl.

The stair-carpet was soft with its woven flowers, and that upper chamber, with its green-and-white carpet, its rich green silken bed-covers, and white ruffled pillows; its chairs of yellow maple and green silk damask, the flowing window-curtains of white muslin, embroidered with butterflies in green and purple; its mirror from floor to ceiling, revealing what she took for another chamber; the china of white-and-gold, and bird-cage of golden wire, gay with the birds of the Canary Isles; its stand of blooming geraniums, and great basin of goldfish—were all to her a new revelation of what heaven might be, if this were still the earth. For in the whole city full of splendor, she had never before been up Broadway far enough to see the best of the shop windows; had never been on the bay, nor across the two rivers on a ferry-boat, nor dreamed of the green uptown squares, nor the great Park.

In another room near at hand she was undressed for the perfumed water of a marble bath, and soon was before one of the great mirrors again, timidly shrinking from the glance of a little fairy in blue silk dress and pearl-colored stockings, with golden curls and white neck and arms, with silken sash-ribbons as violet as her eyes; and utterly bewildered when dark-eyed Kate, also reflected in her own ruby silk and soft old lace, said, quietly:

"Look again, darling; it is Enid you see."

It was days before she learned to know herself when suddenly met by this image, and weeks before the manners of Mulberry Street and the crossings could vanish from the new atmosphere.

Once, in walking out to take the air, and purchase with her own money from the gay shops, she involuntarily held out her hand to a woman with a kind face at a crossing. But this lady never guessed that the action was the habit of a young life made strong by punishment, and, smiling at the supposed mistake in identity, bent and kissed her, and passed on.

All the police waiting at the thronged Broadway corners to aid people in avoiding horses and wheels in passing over were polite now. But as one would lift her in his arms to save her from danger and her kid boots from stain, she would shrink and scarcely suppress a scream, for the old cry of "Hoi! hoi! there, you beggar!" seemed sounding in her ears.

Then as some old hag would look up from prodding in a street ashbarrel, and turn to appraise the clothes of the child, she would turn sick at heart in the sudden fear of the pawn-shop, the cellar, and the whip.

* * * * * *

So long had Fairy Enid been kept among the cruel ogres of poverty and crime, that the memory of them was retained by a pain in her breast, a flush on her cheek, and a refusal of the white flesh to grow plump and rosy, which gave promise that she would soon put off the gay garments of her fairyhood, not for the graces of womanhood, but for the starry wings and white robes of the holy angels.

She had a kind of education in Bible stories and religious truths, for various benevolent people had houses in her old part of the city, built or hired for the purposes of charity, and it was their rule to use the clothes and shoes and coals and bread as bribes to the attendance on their prayer-meetings and Sabbath-classes.

Indeed, at times, when the beggar gangs were of little profit, or in need of rest, food and clothes, after a Winter's campaign, it had been the habit of Granny Moss to board them at nominal prices as charity for a month or two, and ease her wicked old soul with the fiction that a brief period of singing and New Testament was educating and reforming her little ones. But they were always retaken, and rewhipped into lying and stealing by her.

From such experiences, together with the new ones of churches and up-town Sabbaths, just dawning upon her, it was possible for Enid to thank heaven and Christ, and as such thoughts had been the only sweetness of her old life, they yet came to her, awake, or in dreams of the night.

* * * * * *

One night it seemed to her that she gradually ceased to be a little girl, and became one of those frightened, silent little lambs, such as she had sometimes seen for sale alive at Washington Market.

She was no more in her room, but in a wild place like the ramble in the Park—only all briers and thorns and waste land.

And there was a great wolf, not fed and fat as in the Museum, but wild, fire-eyed, gaunt and hungry, following her track, and creeping after her through the thickets.

At the same time she saw a very different sight, above and far beyond her.

It was a country where every tint was soft and delicate, without glare or glitter, yet so full of wondrous light that every stone and herb seemed alive with a soul.

There was a meadow of grass, and its green was like that perfect stone set in gold which she had seen and been told was an emerald.

There were white blossoms, far purer than city snows, and other flowers of violet and rose-tints, and from afar she was aware of their rich perfume. There was a stream which splashed over diamond cascades, and its drops

were brighter than the stones. There were trees among which the air made music as on harp-strings, and in every bud dwelt an unborn angel. There was a circle of light which her eyes could not bear, but she was someway conscious of a great white throne, with its top furled in awful glory; that upon its steps burned seven quenchless lamps, and that four-and-twenty white-vested men, older than the hills, and four beasts with vailed faces, were the spectral guard of that phantom of the infinite. Only Enid's mind did not use these words.

Outside of the circle, on the green, in the full radiance of the lamps, were countless lambs, asleep or playing with one another, or eating the grass and the flowers. Even as she saw all this, and still heard the steps of the lean wolf near her, a man in white, with a face sweeter than a woman's, came down the white steps through the lamps, and by the kneeling elders and the prostrate beasts. At once he began to count the myriad flocks, and then cried out aloud:

"I have lost a sheep!"

It was in vain that people with glittering wings flew down from the upper air, and pointed out to him the vast congregation of flocks about him. He only girded up his white robe and took a crooked staff, saying:

"I have lost my lamb."

Then Enid saw him step down on the darkness, where rains had begun to fall, and thunders to follow the glare of the lightning. She saw him hurt by rocks and torn by strong brambles. He fell on the ground, that was horrible with mire, and the robe was stained and drenched with clay and rain.

Still he walked down the darkness, and she heard the snap of the wolf's teeth behind her. She, too, was torn and bleeding with the briers, and just then the wolf leaped upon her.

But the man was there, and took the wolf by the throat, and she lay still and saw a battle. The fierce beast tore and bit, and the man struggled, until at last the wolf howled and fled, and she was saved.

He took her within the torn white robe to his bosom, and they climbed together the darkness, which was not so dark, by the steep way, not so steep as before. And they reached the bright stream, and he bathed her there until the life in its waters healed her, and made her clean and beautiful like the other lambs.

Then the man, pale and bleeding, but some way more beautiful in his torn and soiled robe than when fresh from the throne, carried her to the green pasture, and said, aloud:

"Rejoice, I have found my lamb."

Then the air was full of beautiful winged creatures, and there was music of harps and gladness of song, and the chorus over all was, "Rejoice, He has found His lamb!"

Then Enid knew no more, for her whole being was full of peace, and peace was sleep.

When she awoke, she told all of it to Kate and Mr. Adams amid the pleasures of the breakfast, and brought tears to their eyes in the hearing. So Kate wrote it down, to be kept for and by her, even to old age. But there is no old age in the Better Land, and she was going there fast, although the ogre of the down-town streets was in prison.

* * * * * *

In May there was a little family picnic in the Park, and after floating on the lake, and lunching in a quiet nook in the shadow of the little "natural bridge," they returned to the grassy slopes where the swans make their nests, and Enid said:

"This is almost as beautiful as the green pasture that I was taken to when the Good Shepherd saved me from the wolf. May I go to sleep here?"

So they made a pillow for her of soft shawls, and sat down near her, to talk in whispers while she slept. At last the sinking sun slid his yellow beams under the trees where she lay, and Mr. Adams motioned Kate to awaken her for the carriage and for home.

They tried to, and she was awake and at home, but not there.

Enid was an angel. The Man had come.

"And these were the voices around the throne,
Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

A BIT OF LOOT.

THE word *loot* has now become naturalised in the English language, and needs no explanation.

I went to Delhi in the month of November, 1857, on a visit to a military friend who was then quartered there. It will be remembered that we had recaptured the rebellious city, after a siege of several months, in the month of September. As we had attacked the city from one side only, most of the inhabitants had fled from it before we took it. They had got out as we came in. For a great fear was upon them. We had then expelled almost all that remained behind on military grounds. We had to occupy the whole city, and garrison it with a very small force. The city had been declared confiscated, also.

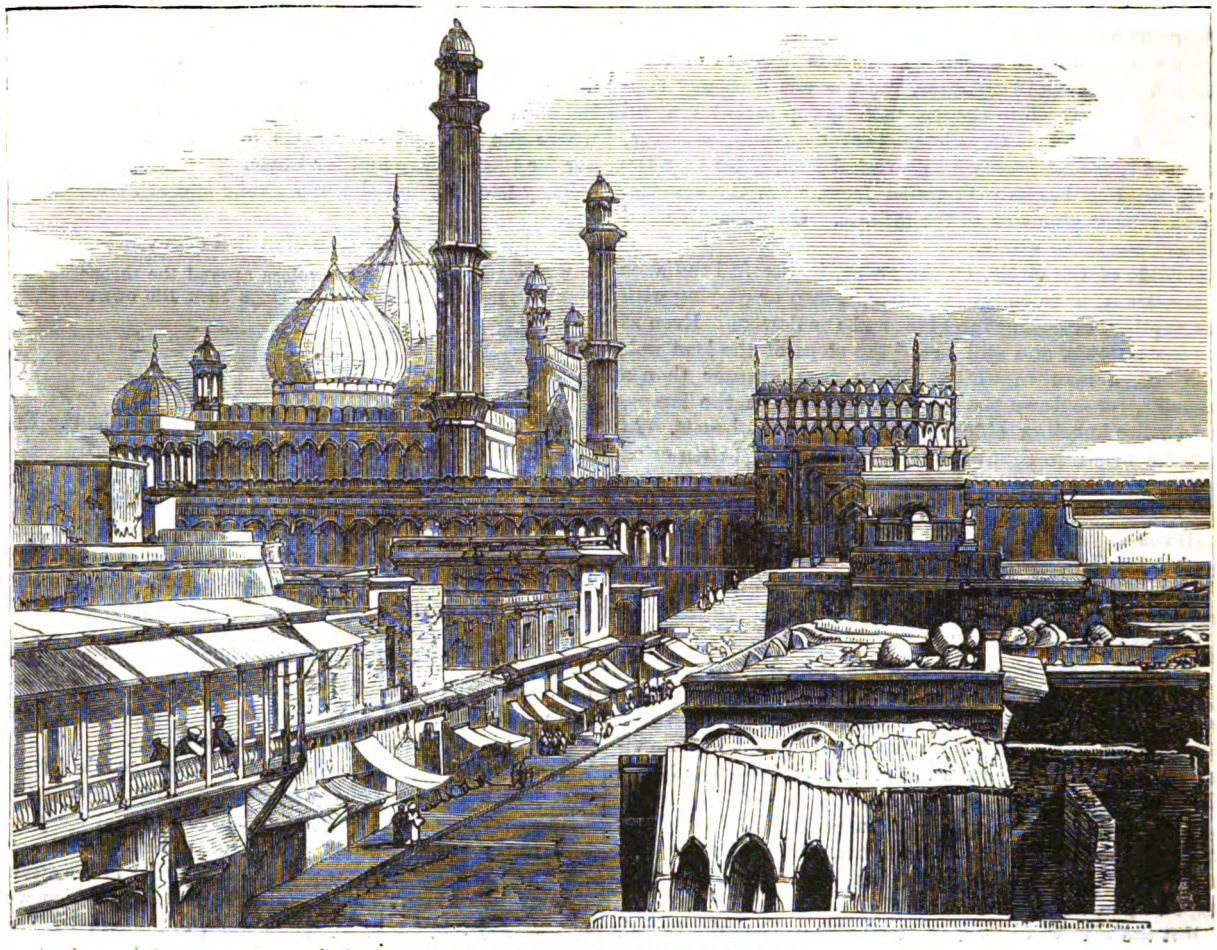
It was most strange to ride through the now silent streets and deserted squares of the great city. You seemed to be going over a modern Pompeii. There did not come over you the strange, ghastly feeling of unreality that steals over you in Pompeii. You were not carried into a strange new world of sight and thought and feeling. You were not weighed upon by by-gone ages, oppressed by Time. Time, like space, is a most oppressive thought to the human mind. And any of the great monuments of the past, such as Pompeii, which mark off some portion of its boundlessness, carry with them some of its weight and mystery. But it was the contrary of these things with the similar silentness and desolation that weighed upon you.

Here was all the reality of recent life—of yesterday, of to-day. But still, somehow, there was here the feeling of a by-gone age. The city could not have been alive yesterday that was so silent now. It seemed, somehow, a thing of the past. The tide of war had not flowed through this retired street.

There had been richer quarters to ransack. Everything stood here as it had been left. Here stood the houses, with their furniture—poor, but all the people had; here were the shops, with their little stock of goods still on the counter. But there was no human being in the houses, or in the shops, or in the street. There was no going in and out; no standing up and sitting down; no sound of voices. Dead silence reigned over all.

If it is impressive in Pompeii to see in the streets the marks of the wheels that rolled a thousand years ago, to find the loaves that were baked but not eaten then, it was also impressive here to find the cooking-pot on the fireplace; the bread in the dish; the bed laid out to sleep on; the cart that had been left standing at the door. If in Pompeii it is resurrection, here it was sudden death. If in Pompeii you look on a ghost, here you looked on a dead body from which the warmth of life had scarcely fled.

Strangest of all was it to pass through the Chandnee Chouk, the "Moonlight" or "Silver Square," the central market-place, and find it, too, void and silent. For it had



DARIVA STREET, DELHI, AFTER ITS CAPTURE.

been so full of life and sound and movement but a short time before as it is again to-day.

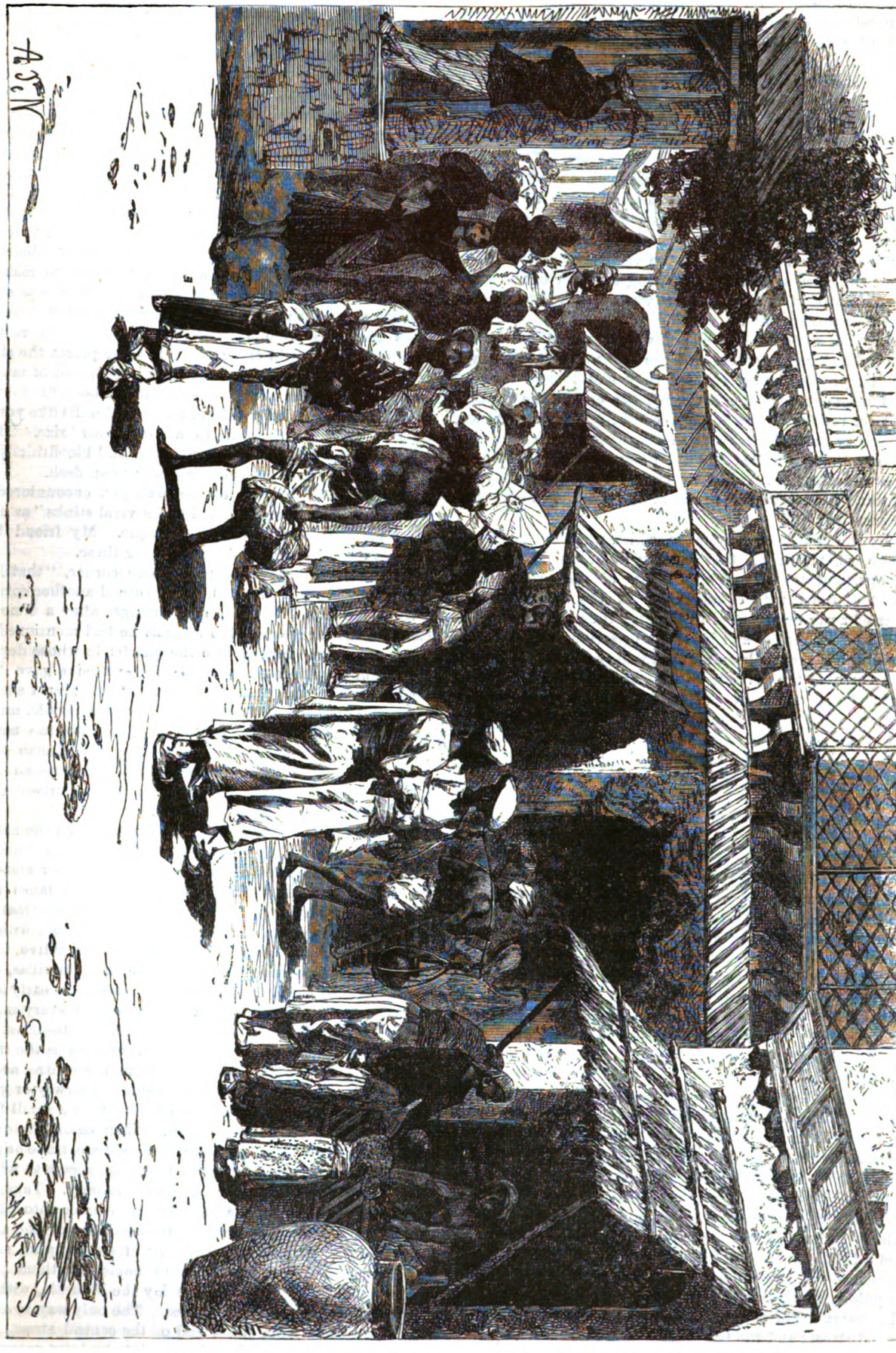
And Delhi was the great imperial city of the East. More than Granada, more than Cordova, more even than Constantinople, Delhi has been the great city of the Mohammedan conquest. To the followers of the Prophet the fondest and proudest memories hung about it. It was the capital of the greatest empire over which the crescent had shone and held sway. It marked their proudest conquest.

Here the triumphs of the faith had culminated. Here stood the proudest monuments of their art. Here they had erected a great palace-fortification; built lovely chambers and halls; raised the loftiest and most beautiful shrines. To the Mohammedan of India the lines inscribed on the walls of one of those chambers: "If there be a heaven upon earth, it is here"—applied to the whole city. It was his favorite dwelling-place. It was the seat of government; the centre of trade and commerce and the industrial arts; the seat of learning and religious instruction; of good manners and polite speech; the centre of pleasure. To it came the courtier, the student, the devotee, the trader, and the man of pleasure. Even now, when there is no longer here the court of the Great Mogul, it is the favorite dwelling-place of the Mohammedan nobles, even of the Hindoo princes, of that part of India. You find Mussulman Orientalism in full perfection in three cities only—in Damascus, in Cairo, and in Delhi.

But a few months before the Chandnee Chouk at midday had been one of the most bright, gay, glittering, bustling, picturesque places that you could see. The whole place shone and sparkled. In the dresses of the people were to be seen all the colors of the rainbow, as bright as you see them in the sky. Twenty different kinds of robe and headdress went by you in a few minutes. For here came together people from all parts, not only of India, but of Asia. The shops on either side were filled with glistening goods.

The two driving roads on either side of the broad street were thronged with vehicles. Here went by the English made barouche with its pair of horses, and the canopied "Ruth," looking like a pagoda on wheels, drawn by a tall and lordly pair of bullocks. Here went by the elephants with gaudy housings, whisking their trunks and looking about them with their little eyes. They looked like little mountains which had walked away with the castles on their tops. The men, and even the women, from neighboring Rajpootana went by on their highbred camels. The young dandies of the place rode about on their capering, curveting horses, with colored legs and tail and plaited mane.

The central walk, with its avenue of trees and the canal down its middle, was thronged with people on foot. The place was full of the voices of the people and the cries of the itinerant venders. "Melons, sweet melons!" "Here are roses and sweet jasmine!" "Cakes fresh and hot!" "Sugar-cane and water-nuts!" "Whey, sweet whey!" The beggars were calling, "Take thought of the poor." "Remember the needy." "Feed the hungry in Allah's name." And everywhere was the tinkling of the little brass cups of the water-carriers, and their musical cry of "Water for the thirsty—water!" For no voice is



A SCENE IN DELHI—CHANDNEE-CHOUK, THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS THOROUGHFARE IN RECENT TIMES.

so harsh that it could make the word for water other than musical and sweet-sounding.

Most strange, was it, then, to ride through this street and find it quite silent, empty, and deserted; with no sound in it but the echoes, far-reaching through the void, of the horse's hoofs.

For the first three or four days after the capture of the city our troops had been allowed the privilege of individual plunder in the city, but not in the palace. They could scarcely have been restrained from this, in fact. Being allowed this, they submitted without murmur to the subsequent stoppage, which, in fact, was for their own advantage. For all the contents of the town had been declared confiscated, and the prize of the victorious army. Then came the more systematic gathering together of the spoil. A committee of military officers was appointed to do this, to act as prize agents.

Leaving aside the customs of war, this confiscation was not held an undue exercise of the right of conquest even by the people themselves, for they had looked for sack and massacre, and the razing of the city to the ground; not for resistance to a foreign power, but for cruelty and treachery, and the murder of innocent women and children. Being a walled-in city, the gathering together of the valuables in it could be gone on with leisurely, for nothing was allowed in or out of the gates without a pass or scrutiny.

By the middle of November, which was the time I went there, what with the first putting in of the hand of the troops, and the subsequent labors of the prize agents, most of the things of any value in the town had been carried away or gathered in the storerooms of the agents. But to bury money and jewels and precious stones in the ground has always been a custom in the East. A hole in the earth is the favorite bank. And in so large a city, with its labyrinth of streets, its smaller squares inside bigger squares, and courtyards within these, there were many nooks and corners which had not been searched thoroughly, some not even visited. So all search, especially for hidden and buried things, had not been given up. The prize agents gave permission to others besides their own staff of men to search, on condition of the articles found being delivered up to them, they paying a certain percentage on the estimated value. Of course, if a man found a very large pearl or diamond, whether he put it into his waistcoat pocket or took it to the prize agents, had to be left to his honor and conscience. But the prize agents gave the permission only to men they thought would bring them. They had taken possession of all the palaces where there was likely to be any great store of silver and gold and jewels and valuable property; such as the palace of the King, the houses of the princes and chief noblemen and bankers. And they had reaped the more open fields so closely that they thought they had not left very much for the gleaners.

The friend with whom I was staying had peculiar facilities for the search for hidden treasure. From the nature of his duties and his official position, he could go where he liked, enter any house, dig in any spot, without let or hindrance. I accompanied him one day on one of his rounds. He meant to penetrate into one of the remoter quarters of the town. As we approached it the chill silence became almost oppressive. The dead stillness was not a thing of naught, but had a dreary weight, an actual presence. It hung about you, clung round you. On the populous city had come the loneliness and desolation of the desert. There seemed a strange uselessness about the paved streets and the tall houses and warehouses. In the dwelling-places was no longer heard the sound of millstones, or seen the light of the candle. It was the cold, still, ghastly face of a corpse: eye-gate, ear-gate, mouth-gate closed. These feelings deepened as we got into the narrower streets, some only ten or twelve feet broad, with the houses rising to great heights on either side, and presenting for long distances only a blank, bare surface of wall to the street. The air was dank and chill. The eye saw from one end of the long, narrow street to the other, as when you look down an empty corridor. The sound of our footsteps made strange echoes down it. The sound of each footfall was sharply repeated; floated away; lived and lasted for long distances; re-echoed in distant squares and courtyards; made a faint current of sound down the corridors by their side, and ruffled the pools of silence in distant chambers. It was a relief to have to make a detour through a more open street, where there was some movement, and the signs of the recent conflict took off one's thoughts from the brooding silence. There had been a sharp fight in this street; in some places the sides of the houses were scored with lines like a sheet of music-paper, showing the heavy volleys that had been fired down it. The cats glared at you from the tops of walls like young tigers. They had grown to a monstrous size. They looked to the full as fierce and cruel and bloodthirsty as tigers, for they had been reveling on human flesh.

In these remote parts of the town you encountered to the full as many "well defined and several stinks" as have been credited to the city of Cologne. My friend had become quite learned in distinguishing these.

"Hum!" he said, as we passed one corner, "that is a horse." "Phew!" he cried, as we turned another corner, "that is a camel." And, sure enough, after a time we came on the carcasses of the animals he had mentioned.

We once more turned into the quarter in whose depths we meant to penetrate. This single excursion gave me a better idea of the plan of a native town than I should otherwise ever have obtained. For English people, unless taken by official duties, very rarely go into the native towns by whose sides they live. An Englishman may have been six or seven years at Agra or Allahabad, and never have entered the native town, or have driven only once or twice down the main street.

Security and privacy are the two main objects the native aims at in the location as well as the plan of his house. He does not mind the vicinity of a mass of poor houses; he welcomes a network of narrow, winding lanes and streets. Nothing is more striking than the contrast between the wide, open, defenseless English station, with its straw-roofed bungalows, and the close-built native town by its side. The conquerors hold the land in villas, and the conquered dwell in the fenced-in cities. In early ages houses were built primarily for defense, for every man's house had then literally to be his castle. In the East the plan of all houses above the mere hut or shed is the same—that of a square with a courtyard in the centre, access to which is obtained by means of a single doorway or gateway. When the gates are closed the house is a small fort, with the household for garrison. Then again the quarters in which dwell the men of the same caste, trade or profession, form separate blocks in the town, access to which is obtained through one or two gateways only. Take, for instance, the plan of the Mohulla, or quarter into which we are now making our way. Between two of the main streets of the town, about a quarter of a mile apart, ran a narrow connecting street at right angles to them. On either side of this narrow street lay the Mohulla, with its narrow lanes and internal squares. The only way to enter the quarter was from either end of the central street, and the ingress was guarded at those points by lofty gateways

and massive gates. In times of danger those would be the first points guarded by the inhabitants of the quarter. If they were forced, then would come the separate defense of each of the better class houses. If the owner of one of these was a resolute man, had a large number of well-armed retainers, and had laid in a stock of food enough, he could make a stubborn and lengthy defence. The well in the courtyard would furnish the small garrison with water.

As we penetrated into this quarter the chill, due to the long shut-up houses, the absence of fires, the want of movement, became greater; the silence deepened, and we seemed to have passed away from the outer world, though surrounded by the habitations of men.

It was strange to pass through the wicket of a lofty gateway, and find yourself alone in a silent courtyard surrounded by empty rooms. In one of these the beauty of the buildings, the long arcades with their horseshoe arches resting on slender pillars of stone, the balconies resting on brackets, each one of which was a fine piece of sculpture, and the beautiful pierced panels of stone, showed that it had belonged to some rich Mohammedan nobleman or hindoo banker.

"There should be something here," said my practical friend. The upper rooms on that side, with their lace-like marble lattices, signs of jealous privacy, had been the dwelling-place of the women, the Zenana. Those lower rooms had been thronged with servants. But where was now the pleasant bustle of domestic and social life, the coming and going, the cheerful voices, and the light-hearted laughter? War is not a pleasant thing. It is hard that its evils should fall on women and children, and not be confined to the strong men. The humble bedsteads, the earthenware cooking-pots of the servants, stood as they had been left. The headstalls and heel-ropes marked where the horses had stood. The waterpot stood by the side of the well. The solitary palm-tree in a corner of the courtyard looked sad and lonely, and its leaves rustled with a mournful sound. To us the bareness of the rooms did not add to the feeling of desolation as it would have to those who were not acquainted, like ourselves, with the usual want of what we call furnishing in the houses of the natives. Beadsteads, and rough chests in which to keep clothes, often form the only "articles of furniture" in the house of a well-to-do native, unless we bring under that category the clothes and carpets, the cooking-pots, and the brass vessels wherewith to eat and drink out of.

To one fresh from England, the complete absence of chairs, tables, sofas, bookshelves, sideboards, wardrobes, and all the other articles in an English home, would make the Indian dwelling-place look very empty.

I once went to visit a Hindoo Rajah who lived in a castle which his father had held against us for some time. Setting aside his wife's apartments, which he only visited, he lived in one room. This room was carpeted, and one side of it, before some open windows, was occupied by a large wooden dais raised above the ground. This dais was also covered with a handsome carpet, and had on it many large silk-covered pillows and bolsters. This dais was really the old man's dwelling-place. This was his bedroom, dining-room, drawing-room. Here he sat or reclined during the greater part of the day, and here he slept at night; here he took his meals out of the one or two dishes that sufficed to hold them; here he did his work; here he received his friends and visitors; here his bed was spread for him at night. The marks of wealth and position and superior comfort were in the large uncut emeralds that hung in his ears, in the fineness of the muslin that he wore; the richness of the shawls about him, the silver legs that upheld the dais, its rich covering, the silken or brocaded bolsters; in the crowd of retainers who waited without; in all that he ate being raised and cooked by Brahmins; in his eating out of a silver dish, and drinking out of a silver cup. The rich man in India spends his money on the architecture of his house, in rich carpets and bedcovers, in valuable shawls, in rich dresses for his wives and children (on the latter he will put solid anklets and armlets of silver and of gold), in horses or fast-trotting bullocks, and in many vehicles; in a host of servants and armed retainers, in great feasts on the occasion of a marriage.

But to return to the courtyard we had entered. It was strange to find oneself in possession of another man's house, to be able to go where one liked, and do what one liked in it. It was strange to find oneself breaking open another man's strong box, and rifling it of its contents. There is a pleasurable excitement in it; it is a new sensation. The odd thing in battle must be to find yourself authorized to kill any one you can. It was strange to find oneself an authorized burglar, a permitted thief. Allowing fully the great and noble difference, yet in war time one does go through some of the process of murder, burglary and theft.

The quick eye of my friend detected signs of habitation in a small side room in one corner of the courtyard. "There is some one in there," he said.

A flight of steps led up to it. We went up these cautiously. The door at the top of them, leading into the chamber, was partially hidden by a heap of brambles, apparently put there to impede the way. Removing these, he found the door closed. It resisted all his efforts to open it, though it seemed fragile enough.

"There is some one behind it," said my friend; "I hear his breathing."

He called loudly through the chinks, and told the man to open the door, and that no harm would be done him. There was no answer to his repeated calls. At last he said:

"Open the door and trust to us; we will not harm you; if you do not, I will bring some soldiers, and they will not spare you."

The door was slowly opened, and an old man peered out at us. The wild, frightened, hungry look in his eyes startled us. His long white hair and long white beard showed that he was a very old man. But the hollow cheeks and hollow stomach, the protruding ribs, the wrinkled skin, were not due to old age alone. His long lean fingers, his fleshless arms and legs, were like those of a skeleton. He was a very tall man, and as he stood on his long lean shanks, his hip-bones stood sharply out, and the bend in his body made the hollow in his stomach still more dreadful. The poor wretch shivered and trembled from weakness, from hunger and from fear. He looked as if he was at the last extremity of starvation.

When at length we got him to tell us his story in trembling accents, it appeared that he had somehow been left behind when the rest of the household had left the place. He was a feeble man, and could not move fast. Afterward he had been afraid to venture out into the streets by himself. The people had sent all their property and valuables away long before the time of our assault—the old man dwelt very much on this point—and so at the time of the assault they had been able to move rapidly away. They had left the flour they had laid in for ordinary domestic use behind, however, and this he had brought up into this lonely chamber, and cooked himself some cakes once or twice a week, for he was afraid lest the fire should betray

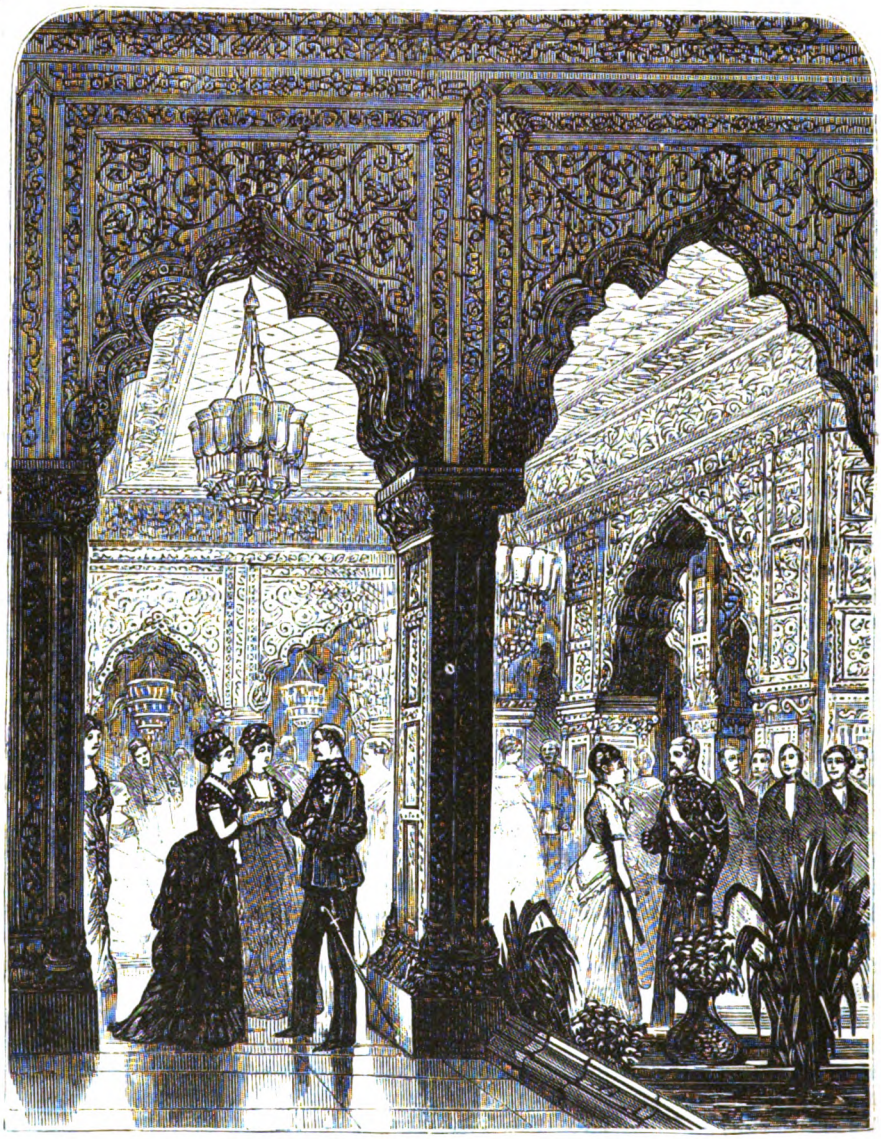
him. It had only just sufficed to keep him alive. The constant fear of discovery had been every hour of each day a torment to him, he said. He slept but little at night. He had always been a well-wisher of the British Government. He was now sick unto death, and a poor, feeble old man. If he did not get some nourishment soon, he should die.

My friend had his orderly with him, and told him to take the old man to his quarters, and get him some food at once. But the old man fell at his feet and clasped his knees, and begged him not to send him with the Sikh Sepoy. He was sure he would kill him on the way. Let the merciful Sahibs come with him. There was nothing in that place to search for—nothing. But my friend told him he must go with the orderly, and so he went off, weeping and trembling.

We then went over the house. We broke open one or two chests we found in some of the rooms, but there was nothing in them but quilts and coverlets and the ordinary clothing of the people. I appropriated a rather prettily embroidered skullcap, and a pair of slippers gayly decked with tinsel. I also found, lying on the floor of one of the rooms, a copy of the poems of Hafiz, very handsomely bound, and of exquisite penmanship, which, also, I determined to carry away. In one room was a great heap of brass and copper vessels. These it was not worth our while, of course, to take away; and some of them—those most valuable from the metal in them—were too bulky to be moved.

"I am rather surprised to find so little of any value here," said my friend. "The people who lived here must have been wealthy. I suppose they removed all their valuables early in the siege, as the old man said."

As I have said before, the plan of the buildings was the usual one, that of a hollow square; the courtyard in the middle being a large one. The lower story of the side of the square in which the gateway was—the buildings were two-storied—had a long open corridor, used for stabling the bullocks and horses. The lower story of the opposite side of the square was closed in and used, like the story above it, for a dwelling-place; here being, in fact, the Zenana. The lower stories of the other two sides of the square consisted simply of open arcades with Moorish arches resting on slender pillars. At the end of one of these verandas, on a rude bedstead, lay the dead body of a Sepoy, still clothed in the full uniform of the East India Company, in which, it may be, the man had fought many a battle for the Company, and now had fought this one against it. He had no doubt been wounded in the fight in the street not far off, and had crept into this quiet place to die. His bayonet lay on the floor by the side of the bedstead.



THE AUDIENCE HALL AT THE OLD PALACE, DELHI.

The gateway leading into the courtyard was not in the middle of that side of the square, but very near one end of it, which also brought it very near the end of one of the adjoining sides. It was, therefore, very near the end of one of these open arcades, the one in which the dead Sepoy lay.

The sight of the dead man had kept us in this veranda for some time. To my friend it was a more familiar and accustomed sight than it was to me, and it did not rivet his attention as it did mine. He had been looking about him with his keen eyes, while I had my gaze fixed on the man who had lain down on the bedstead for a longer and deeper sleep than he had ever experienced in one before.

"Excuse me for a minute," said my friend, as he crossed over to the opposite arcade; and I saw him

pacing down it with measured step. When he came back he did the same with the one in which I stood.

"These two verandas should be the same length," he said to me.

"Yes," I said; "they occupy the two sides of a square. Even in a parallelogram the opposite sides are equal."

"Precisely so; but by the measurements I have just made, this veranda is fifteen feet shorter than the other one. Just wait here a second"—and he walked to the gateway and then through it into the street. When he came back, he walked up to the end of the arcade next the gateway and examined it closely.

"This end has been walled up," he said; "come and look at the space there is between this inside wall and the wall outside in the street. They would never have a solid wall of that thickness. There would be no object in it here. I am sure that there was an arch like those along the outside of the veranda across this end of it, and that it has been bricked up, and the joining of the wall and arch carefully concealed. It would be at the level of the other ones. If you will give me a back, I will soon find out."

I leaned against the wall as we used to do when we played "Buck! buck! how many fingers do I hold up" at school, and my friend mounted up and began to scrape away the plaster with his pocket-knife.

"Just as I thought," he exclaimed, as he slipped down again. "There is no doubt about it. Do you mind doing a bit of digging?"

"No," I said; "but what are we to dig with?"

"This is provoking!" he cried; "the orderly has taken away the pickax with him. If we leave this place for an hour, some one else may discover it; and now that I have scraped the plaster away, the bricking up is easily seen. And if any one else begins the digging, we cannot interrupt them in it. It would then be their claim, as they call it in the gold-fields."

"There is the Sepoy's bayonet," I said; "we could dig a hole in the wall with that."

"Of course we could."

And he got it, and we set to work. At first the work was slow and difficult. We could do no more than pick out the mortar, which, luckily, had scarcely set, from the joints between the bricks. But at last we managed to get

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.—"I HURRIED ON, UNTIL, ROUNDING A CURVE IN THE PATH, I DISCOVERED, TO MY HORROR, A HUGE TIGER, OF THE MAN-EATER SPECIES."—SEE PAGE 431.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.—"IN STEPPING BACK TO AVOID THE TIGER'S SECOND SPRING, I FELL OVER, FOLLOWED BY THE TIGER, WHOSE LEAP CARRIED HIM OVER, TOO."

out a brick. The work became more rapid then. At last the bayonet gave a sudden slip, showing that it had pierced through the wall. And now the hollow sound of the mortar and brickbats falling on the other side of the wall showed that there was a chamber behind it. There must be something worth hiding there, and now we went to work with coats off. At the end of an hour's work we had made a good-sized hole.

"Will you go in and see what there is?" said my friend, I being slight and slender and he a portly man.

I did so, and crawled out again, sick and dizzy from the foul air within.

"We must make the hole bigger," said my friend, "and you had better go out into the open air for a few minutes."

When the hole, or opening, had been made as large as a small casement window, we waited for some time longer to let the foul air come out and the fresh enter, and then we went in together. There were two or three large and roughly-made chests, or rather cases, for they were evidently made simply to hold their contents, and not secure them. We soon had the covers off these, and found them full of handsome shawls and scarfs, and pieces of silk and kincob. There were beautiful suits of women's clothes—the full trowsers, and the little bodice, and the long flowing sheet to throw over the head—of very fine silk, thickly embroidered with gold and silver. The collection of articles was a very miscellaneous one, for in one chest were several very handsome, richly-embroidered sword-belts and horse-trappings.

While we were hard at work we heard a chuckle at the opening in the wall, and looking up saw the glitter of a pair of eyes and the gleam of a long row of teeth. My friend immediately jumped out, with the bayonet in his hand. The inlooker was probably one of our own followers; but in times like those you could not very much trust any one, and the sight of plunder might lead to our being disposed of, if taken at disadvantage, in such a lonely place. The man turned out to be one of our Sikh soldiers; good fighters, but keen plunderers. Love of military employment, a desire to pay off old scores against the Sepoys who had helped to break their power and conquer their country, had been the chief reasons that had led to their flocking to our standard at that time; but the

hope of loot had been an equally strong one. They had looked forward to the plunder of Delhi, and had not been disappointed in their expectations. It was they, of all the soldiery, who had made the best use of the first few days of permitted plunder. This man was a very fine specimen of the race; tall, lean, lithe, keen-eyed, with a hooked nose and a peaked beard. His eyes glistened as he looked at the hole, and his lips kept parted with a smile or grin. Here was a scene he loved; here was congenial work.

"We must get rid of this fellow," said my friend. "Give me out that shawl and that sword-belt."

I handed these out to him, and he gave them to the Sikh. The man's face beamed as he took the sword-belt; it was very handsome, and no doubt valuable, too, from the amount of bullion on it; it was just what he wanted. He made a salute and walked away.

"I was very anxious to get rid of the man," said my companion, as he entered the chamber again, "because I do not think, as he did I could see, that these shawls and things are all that are in here. I am sure that they must have had some valuable things in this house."

So he took one of the silver-covered maces, of which there were several in one corner, and began to sound the floor carefully and systematically. In one corner it sounded hollow. He stooped down and scraped away the mud, and lo! there presented itself to us a large circular stone, with an iron ring at the top. To me—a young lad then—the breaking into the chamber had been exciting enough, a great adventure. Now my excitement rose to fever point. Here was probably the entrance to long underground galleries, such as those which Aladdin got into in the "Arabian Nights," in which stood the trees on whose branches hung rubies and emeralds, and pearls and diamonds, and great sapphires. Visions rose before me of a house of my own in England; perhaps a deer-park; horses and hunters, and a moor in Scotland. But when we got the stone up, after some exertion of strength and trouble, it showed no winding staircase leading down to an underground treasure-house.

There was nothing but a small circular pit, about three feet deep, lined and paved with masonry. But in this were several wooden boxes, and small copper boxes with pierced sides and top, in which was a large quantity of jewelry, rolled up in little pieces of cloth, or put away in cotton.

Here were thick bangles of solid gold and solid silver; here were rings for the fingers and rings for the toes; earrings and noserings; gold and silver chains for the neck; silver chains to wear round the waist; necklaces of many kinds, some to wear close round the neck and some that hung far down on the breast. But alas! even here was disappointment. Very few of the precious stones that had ornamented the jewelry had been left behind. They had been picked out and carried away! Here were heaps of rings tied together in bunches with silk-thread, but all the most valuable stones had been removed from them. It was sad to see the great holes in the solid gold hoops, and think that they had held big emeralds, and diamonds which might have been ours. However, we poured all the jewelry into a small silk scarf, and made a bundle of it. We also made a bundle of the best shawls and other articles, and then we departed with our loot.

"We will take these to the prize agents at once," said my friend; "we will then come back with some of their men and take away all the other things."

Just as we were passing under the gateway my friend exclaimed, suddenly:

"I see it all! the cunning old fox! He was not forgotten at all. He was left behind on purpose to guard the treasure. They knew that it was not likely that any one would hurt so old and feeble a man; that hiding himself was all humbug. How well he acted—the cunning old fox! Did you hear what happened in another place like this? I went into it, too. There was a grave in the middle of the courtyard, covered with a velvet pall and flowers, and with lights burning at the head—after the usual Mohammedan fashion, you know. A young woman sat by the side of the grave, weeping and wailing. She was the dead man's wife. We might ransack the house, and take all that was in it, but she begged that she might be left to watch by the grave of her beloved husband until permission could be got to remove his body to the graveyard without the walls. He had died suddenly during the days of the assault, and they had been afraid to carry out the body then, and had laid it in this grave in the courtyard. And the poor young thing wept piteously under her vail. We could not see her face, of course, but from the figure and the voice we knew that she must be a very young girl. She begged to be left there with the venerable old man, an aged retainer, a very counterpart of this other old scoundrel, who had remained behind with her. And she cried as if her heart would break. Of course we said that she might remain; and, in fact, being interested in her, said that we would get the permission of the commanding officer for the relations to come and remove the body as soon as they could. They seemed very anxious to do this, for they came the very next day and carried away the beloved one's dust. Then it came out that no one had died or been buried there at all. The whole thing was a ruse. And there at our very feet, in the hole by the side of which the poor widow lay weeping, had been lying hidden a mass of precious stones and valuable jewels worth thousands of pounds."

We got the whole of our discovered treasure down to the offices of the prize agents. Though we had not made as great a haul as we at one moment expected, yet it was not a bad morning's work; it was not a bad bit of loot.

This story really is a true one, so far as anything that is related can be true.

"I KNOW of no principle," says Sydney Smith, "which is of more importance to fix in the habits of young people than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachment of ridicule. Give not up to the world, nor to ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion over every trifling question of manner and of appearance. Learn from the earliest days to insure your principle against the perils of ridicule. If you think it right to differ from the times and to take a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man who wears a soul of his own in his bosom, and does not wait until it shall be breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you know you are firm. Resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after-time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause."

TEMPTATION is a fearful word. It indicates the beginning of a possible series of infinite evils. It is the ringing of an alarm-bell, whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity. Like the sudden, sharp cry of "fire!" in the night, it should rouse us to instantaneous activity, and brace every muscle to its highest tension.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

SITTING in my comfortable home in England, surrounded by my family, it is difficult for me to realize what a narrow escape from death I once had, as shown in the followng narrative:

I am a civil engineer, and in the year 18— was engaged by one of the railway companies of Northern India to survey and plan a proposed extension of their line. For this purpose, accompanied by an assistant and three shikarees, or guides, I had advanced into the heart of the hill country, and at the time my narrative commences had nearly reached the point at which my labors were to cease.

It had been a blazing day, so hot, indeed, that about midday we had to discontinue working. Our tents were pitched close to a swift-running stream, which threaded its way through a beautiful valley, the picturesque appearance of which was heightened by the surrounding rocks and hills.

Having eaten our supper, we were all enjoying a quiet smoke before retiring to rest. With my head supported by some of the baggage, I lay ruminating over my plans, and the difficulties which would have to be surmounted in carrying the line along; but, interested as I was in the matter, my thoughts soon turned to what was to me a far pleasanter subject, the memory of some one who was waiting patiently for me in England, where I intended returning on the completion of my present undertaking.

I was aroused in the midst of a happy dream by my assistant's adjournment to his tent, and, resolving to follow his example, I proceeded to give the requisite instructions to the shikarees with respect to the next day's work, and after seeing that the baggage-mules were properly secured and everything ship-shape, I retired to rest. No sleep visited me, however—my thoughts were too busy; and, after tossing about from side to side for several long, weary hours, I resolved to get up and go for a walk, hoping that it would prove a sedative, and enable me to sleep later on. Upon emerging from my tent one of the shikarees, who was curled up like a ball by the fire, awoke, and seeing my intention warned me not to go far, as he believed, from the restlessness of the mules, that there was a tiger in the neighborhood.

At this information I hesitated for a moment as to whether I should take a gun with me; but I could not make up my mind to encumber myself with it, so I decided not to. My walk led me up the side of the valley till I was quite among the hills, and strolling quietly on, I mounted to the top of one of the highest peaks, and lay down to enjoy the cool breeze.

The scene was magnificent. Some hundreds of feet below me the river wound its way between two sheer walls of rugged rock, and I could hear the sound of its rushing waters, eddying and foaming along its rapid course.

Around me gigantic trees, partly vailed in the gray semi-light of breaking day, dimly outlined their vast proportions against the fast brightening, rose-tinged sky, and the howls and cries of various animals tended to form a picture of indescribable weirdness and solemnity.

Feasting my eyes upon the scene, I was unconscious of the flight of time; but, finding that the sun would shortly make its appearance, I arose with the intention of making my way toward the camp. Going slowly along, immersed in thought, I took no note of surrounding objects until I was startled by hearing a low growl, and a noise as of some large animal crashing its way through the thick underbrush.

I peered through the mist, but could perceive nothing; and as the sound ceased I paid no further attention to it, and continued on my way.

I had not proceeded far before a repetition of the growling, this time much nearer, warned me of my danger, and bade me look after my safety. Not having distinguished from where the sounds proceeded, I thought the best plan would be to continue the way I was going; and quickening my steps, I hurried on until, rounding a curve in the path, I discovered, to my horror, a huge tiger of the man-eating species crouched in the middle of the path down which I had to go.

He was evidently waiting for my appearance, having selected the spot because it was open and easy for him to attack me, and his rolling eyes and bristling tail betrayed his impatience for the expected meal.

A cold perspiration broke out upon me as I realized the extent of my danger, and involuntarily drawing back out of the animal's sight, I gazed in every direction, seeking a way of escape.

Bitterly I blamed myself for neglecting the warning I had received, and my foolishness in not arming myself. To go forward was impossible, so I began to retrace my steps, hoping to reach a place from whence I could make a *detour*, and so reach the camp.

With as little noise as I could possibly help, I hurried along as fast as I dared, knowing that every yard of ground covered placed me in greater safety.

I had traveled some little distance, and was beginning to breathe more freely, when the crashing of the bushes in my rear warned me that the tiger had discovered my ruse, and was in pursuit.

Wild with terror, I sprang up the incline at my topmost speed, but not more quickly than the tiger, who had now caught sight of me, and, with loud growls, bounded after me.

Panting and gasping, I ran on; but to no purpose, for the brute gained fast upon me—so much so, indeed, that by the time I reached the top of the cliff which I was ascending, he was not more than fifty yards in my rear.

Actuated by despair, I seized a stone which was lying at my feet, and hurled it with all my strength at the tiger, striking him on the skull. Although it struck him hard, it seemed to have no effect upon him, except to rousing him to greater rage than before.

I gave up all hope, and, ceasing my flight, I glared at the beast in a state of lethargy, awaiting my fate. He had now approached so near that he prepared to spring at me. As he crouched I instinctively retreated, and he failed to reach me by several yards.

Unnoticed by me, I had retreated to the verge of the precipice, and in stepping back to avoid the tiger's second spring I fell over, followed by the tiger, whose leap carried him over, too. We were both caught in the branches of a tree which grew out of a ledge in the cliff, about fifty feet from the top.

Stunned by the fall, I did not at first realize where I was; but on recovering myself somewhat I discovered what a peculiar position I was in. Supported by the frail branches of a tree overhanging a precipice some hundreds of feet deep, with a tiger for one's companion, was not an enviable position to be placed in.

One thing in my favor was, that all the ferocity seemed to have forsaken the tiger, so I was not in any immediate danger from that source. He crouched down on the branches some distance from me, trembling visibly, and whining like a whipped dog.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.—"SCRAMBLING ALONG THE TRUNK AS FAST AS MY AWKWARD POSITION ALLOWED ME, I ONLY GOT ON THE LEDGE OF ROCK IN THE NICK OF TIME."

Glancing upward, I calculated the chances of escape by climbing the cliff, but the inspection proved that such a feat was impossible; so there was no other course open but to wait for the arrival of the shikarees, who I knew would trace me out as soon as they discovered my absence.

Just as I was settling myself more comfortably on my perch, a new danger revealed itself. The soil that the roots of the tree were imbedded in was of a very loose and friable nature, and the shock of the fall had loosened them so that the tree was slowly sinking down, and threatening in time to fall into the precipice below.

The weight upon the tree being evidently too great, the only remedy was that either the tiger or myself should vacate our seat, and I was by no means disposed to give way to him.

There was a dead branch near me, which had been partly broken off, from some cause or other, so taking out my knife, which happened, fortunately, to be a good stout one, I began hacking at it, in order to use it to expel the tiger from his perch.

It was long before I succeeded in severing it, for my knife was blunt and the wood hard; and, meanwhile, the tree had sunk till it was nearly at right angles with the cliff.

My labor turned out to be in vain, for the tiger had become aware that his position was becoming dangerous, and now commenced to wriggle along the trunk of the tree to the ledge from which it grew, his instinct teaching him what my intellect had entirely overlooked.

He got to the ledge safely; and I was congratulating myself at being separated from so disagreeable a companion, when I found that if I did not follow him very quickly I should accompany the tree, which was fast giving way, and threatened every moment to fall into the valley below.

Scrambling along the trunk as fast as my awkward position allowed me, I only got on the ledge in the nick of time, the tree, upon being released from my weight, rebounding so that the jerk caused the roots to give way altogether, and it fell thundering down until it splashed into the river.

For some considerable time I was overpowered by emotion at my narrow escape; but my first thoughts upon recovering recurred to the tiger. I could not see him at first, but I found he had retreated to the back of the cave which formed the ledge we were upon. He had not recovered from his fright, and a more abject, miserable beast it has never been my lot to witness.

Crouching down in a corner, he shivered and whined, and gazed at me as if appealing for protection. Feeling that I was safe from any attack for a time, I composed myself to wait for the arrival of my friends; and I had not to wait long before I heard the welcome sound of their voices. They had found the place where I had fallen over, and began discussing how to recover my body—none of them thinking for a moment that I had escaped. Their surprise may be imagined when I shouted out where I was, and they immediately set about contriving my escape.

Having discovered that I was not injured, and that I could, in a measure, help myself, they lowered a rope to secure round my body, so as to haul me up. Having fastened it as firmly as I could, I gave the word for them to pull, and presently I was swung off the ledge.

The tiger up to this had remained quiet, but, seeing my movement, his rage seemed to return, and as I swung off he sprang after me, and succeeded in fastening his talons into my shoulder. I screamed out with fear and pain, and implored my friends to pull me up, but our united weight was too much for them. My position was worse now than ever it had been.

Suspended in midair, with a tiger hanging desperately upon me, I suffered an amount of terror which I feel to this day. My senses were just leaving me, when the lithe form of one of the shikarees slid over the edge of the precipice and down the rope. Renewed hope took possession of me, and with eager eyes I watched his progress. When he had got near enough to use his weapon without injury to me, by a gymnastic effort he reversed his position, so that his head hung downward, and fired his revolver point-blank in the tiger's face. The bullet crashed through the animal's brain, and with a dying howl he relaxed his grip and fell, and at the same moment I fainted away.

It was many weeks ere I recovered from the fever consequent upon the fright and wounds I had received; and, indeed, I was not myself again until I was well on my way home to England. Never since have I disregarded a warning, which in this case would have saved me from a terrible adventure.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.—"THE BULLET CRASHED THROUGH THE ANIMAL'S BRAIN, AND WITH A DYING HOWL HE RELAXED HIS GRIP AND FELL."

THE PAYING-TELLER'S STORY.—"'I THINK YOU HAVE GIVEN ME A THOUSAND DOLLARS TOO MUCH,' SHE SAID, AS SHE LAID THE ROLL DOWN BEFORE ME, WITH ARTLESS SIMPLICITY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

APRIL DAYS.

By Amanda T. Jones.

Break the season's crystal chain,
April days, April days;
Bid its snowclouds melt in rain,
To teach the snowbird livelier lays
Deck with verdure wood and plain,
April days, April days.

Years are long—the years are three,
April days, April days,
Since my love went forth from me,
Craving neither gold nor praise,
But free scope for valor free,
April days, April days.

Sunbright flags for marshaled men,
April days, April days,
Swung from heaven o'er hill and glen,
All your minds sang battle-lays,
Southward soared your eagles then,
April days, April days.

Flaunt your sunbright flags once more,
April days, April days,
For the ship is near the shore,
And he comes whom all must praise—
Northward doth my eagle soar,
April days, April days.

Gayly shine—oh, brightly shine,
April days, April days!
Wounded in the vanward line,
Victor of a hundred frays—
Welcome home this love of mine,
April days, April days.

THE PAYING-TELLER'S STORY.

By Richard B. Kimball.

FRENCH, PYM & CO. had just before this employed a new clerk. Not in the place of any one they had discharged, but as an addition to their force. His name was Smeadon. He was said to be a connection of the wife of Mr. French, the senior partner.

At that time I was the paying-teller of the Bank of the New World.

Do you know what it is to be a paying-teller of one of our New York City banks? It is almost impossible to make you understand unless you are somewhat familiar with business. From ten to three he is like a fortress under assault of the enemy. Checks and notes are constantly presented to be paid in cash, or certified—that is, marked with the teller's name, which means they are good, and by which the bank is bound—whilst the teller must act with unremitting celerity and dispatch, or he never will be able to get through the day.

He must not pay the note or check of a "doubtful" person, unless the money is actually on deposit, and he must exercise a responsible care in protecting the paper of valuable depositors who are, nevertheless, late in "making up their accounts." To not offend a good customer without risking too much in honoring his checks is sometimes a difficult task.

It is easy enough to get along with the old-fashioned, solid folks, whose money is always in the bank, and also with the doubtful ones, whose account must be good, or "no payment"; but for the third class, who deal heavily, and who generally leave large balances over, while they draw hard during the day—all I can say is, they are the perpetual torment of the paying-teller.

There are, besides, various exceptional characters, who are continually trying us. We keep the account of a literary gentleman, for example, who is constantly making mistakes, and wondering that the teller don't pay his checks. Another is a man of elegant leisure, who, because he is wealthy, is amazed the teller is not willing he should overdraw.

A third individual begs us, three or four times a week, to take a deposit, at ten in the morning, to protect a draft of the day before.

You see, we have an odd life of it. Our very vocabulary is not adapted to any common parlance. "Good" has not the least reference to any moral quality, but only to financial ability. "Strong" is not predicated of anything Samson-like, but of the amount of capital you control. "Respectable" has not the slightest connection with your social position, but refers to the character of your "paper." "First-class" does not mean that you belong to the best society, but that you have your hundreds of thousands in dollar marks.

Yes, it is an odd sort of life, and for us—hard, very hard. How would you feel to be subjected for five hours daily to the risk of simple ruination, place lost, character shattered, your bondsmen forced to pay up, and for yourself a long vacation, with little chance to recuperate? You have to keep the daily run of millions of cash which are in constant circulation, and which must come out right every afternoon.

I don't wonder I am thin—nearly all paying-tellers are thin. There may be exceptions, but I know of none in any of our large banks. I say thin—I mean careworn as well. Why! Leroy, when he used to be in my place, did not weigh over a hundred and thirty pounds; since he quitted the bank he has got up to a hundred and eighty.

Furthermore, it is not particularly pleasant to feel, if you should happen some evening to go to the theatre on the invitation of a friend who has received a present of tickets, that one of the directors has an eye on you, and, as a result, a detective is requested to report on "that young man's habits."

I don't know why I have indulged in this long digression, except that people are apt to consider a paying-teller as a disagreeable, morose, reticent fellow, always inclined to be disobliging, and very apt to put on airs. Airs, indeed! But, never mind.

I was saying French, Pym & Co. had, just before this, employed a new clerk. French, Pym & Co. were an old-established house—solid men, large capital, and large means outside of their business. No trouble with them. Always four figures to their account, and oftener five. French, the senior partner, was one of our directors—an old-fashioned man, sixty years of age, active, though, and managed his concern himself. He had been a widower several years.

A little before the time I am telling you of, he had visited St. Louis, and brought back with him a young wife. He had three children, all of whom were married and settled away from him, and suppose he began to feel lonesome by himself.

When an old man marries a young woman, people will talk, and this was no exception. The young fellows in the bank gossiped about it, and folks in society discussed it, and the upshot was, it was generally admitted that no one knew anything about her. Nothing, you understand, can be much more severe than that. It is next to saying a woman is no better than she should be! His friends—

I mean his female friends—pitied Mr. French exceedingly. I think the gentlemen rather pitied the young woman, for it was said she was only four-and-twenty, a pretty little widow—so the story went—when Mr. French married her.

Well, to come back where I began, about three months after Mr. French's marriage, the new clerk was employed. As I have said, he was a connection of the young wife. It was supposed he had obtained his place through her influence. His position in the firm was a confidential one, for the relief of the senior partner. I recollect the first time I saw him. I did not know who he was. He came to the counter with a check for ten thousand dollars, *payable to bearer*, and asked for the bills. It was such an unusual thing for that house to do—check to bearer for a large sum—that I looked in the person's face—generally I don't take the trouble. I saw a fine-appearing, sedate individual of six or seven-and-twenty standing calmly before me.

I hesitated, and cast my eyes carefully on the signatures, and then on the filling-in of the check. The former were certainly genuine; the latter had not been altered. There it was—ten thousand dollars, to bearer. Had a money-broker drawn such a check, I should have thought nothing of it; but why should French, Pym & Co. do it?

The man saw that I hesitated.

"Any difficulty?" he asked, in a calm, firm tone.

"I should prefer to know who you are before paying this check."

"I approve your caution," he replied; "but this is to bearer."

At that moment I saw Mr. French himself pass in and go toward the directors' room. The man also saw him, and, to my surprise, went up and spoke familiarly with him. The result was, he came over to my counter.

"Mr. Simcox," he said, "this is Mr. Henry Smeadon, now in our employ as confidential clerk. I thought you had been made acquainted with him."

Nothing could be more satisfactory. Mr. Smeadon bowed in the same quiet manner, and I proceeded to count out ten one thousand dollar-bills to him. I observed he did not show the check to Mr. French; but that was no affair of mine. About an hour after that I saw one of French, Pym & Co.'s clerks making a deposit. I stepped along to the receiving-teller, and noticed, among other things, the ten bills I had, a little before, paid to Mr. Smeadon. There could easily be found explanations for this, but it left a curious impression on me. Still I cannot say I was disagreeably impressed with Smeadon. Only this, he did not create, as some do, a feeling of confidence.

Not long after, I overtook Smeadon walking up-town. He was proceeding at a slow pace. I always take a fast one. As I was passing him the way was obstructed, and we came close together. He was the first to speak.

"Do you walk always?" he asked.

I answered in the affirmative.

"So do I," he said; "but not at your rapid rate. I like company, and will increase my speed if you will consent to slacken yours."

This was spoken in his calm, placid way, which produced a rather pleasant effect on me. We walked along together.

"I thought," said he, "after I went in the bank the other day, it was scarcely fair to you for me to ask for so large a sum, though it was to bearer, without being identified. The fact is, the check was drawn in a hurry, to meet a possible emergency, which, by-the-by, did not present itself, and I sent the very bills back in less than an hour."

Here was the whole thing explained. I no longer permitted myself to feel the least want of confidence in French, Pym & Co.'s new clerk. We soon were chatting familiarly. Why not? He was not a person I had to be on my guard against, but quite the contrary, every way.

I was at that time living at home with my mother, who occupied a small house far up-town, over by the Tenth Avenue. Our whole family consisted of my mother, myself, and a little sister twelve years old. Smeadon told me he had come from Cleveland, and knew nobody in New York, and went nowhere, except once in a while to call on his cousin, Mrs. French. It was natural I should ask him to come and see me. He promised to do so, and we parted, mutually pleased with each other. So much for my first acquaintance with Smeadon.

I will tell you how I first saw Mr. French's young wife. It was just after Smeadon and I walked up-town together. In the busiest part of the day—quite a line at my counter—a very small white hand, with a large solitare diamond sparkling on the forefinger, was extended with a check for one thousand dollars—French, Pym & Co.'s check. This, too, was to bearer. There were so few feminine hands extended toward us, that I stopped to see if the lady was as pretty as the hand gave token of. So I looked at her, saying, politely, "Large or small bills, madam?"

I declare, it was one of the sweetest, most innocent faces I ever beheld. She appeared very young—at that moment not more than twenty; graceful figure, black hair and eyes, beautiful expression, and *so* innocent. She was dressed in excellent taste, but inexpensively. She exhibited a little natural confusion at my question, but replied, "Two or three hundred dollars in fives and tens, the rest large." I counted the money, and placed it before her. As she took it she raised her eyes to mine, as it would seem, quite accidentally. I cannot describe their effect on me. There are women's eyes which are like the eyes of the basilisk—they charm and subdue, and lead you captive by a single glance. Here was an instance. I cannot tell how or wherefore. Nothing could be more modest than was their expression. They rested on me only as if to withdraw, but when withdrawn, I felt as if I was ready to do that woman's will for evermore—that I would rejoice to be her slave, and perform whatever she should bid. I am not surprised you stare at me—strange extravagance of speech for a bank-teller, is it not? It is the simple truth, though.

As she turned to leave the bank, I looked after her. Everybody outside the counters looked after her; two or three clerks inside, who happened to see her standing there, looked after her. No wonder—the handsomest form you ever beheld, and the most perfect foot and ankle; her motions all modesty and grace.

"Don't you know who that is?" asked young Platt of me—his turn was next.

"I am sure I don't."

"Well, you ought to. It is the wife of one of your directors."

"Mrs. French?"

"Yes."

"Nobody knew where she came from, said the women. Who would care to know? Not I. To see her was enough. If Mr. French thought so, why, he thought right.

About a week after that, Smeadon called one evening to see me. My mother was knitting by the fire. I was reading, and my little sister attempting to study her French lesson without assistance. I welcomed Smeadon cordially, introduced him to my mother and Laura, and we were soon chatting away as if we had always been intimately acquainted.

It was not long before he asked Laura about her studies,

APRIL DAYS.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 434.

and finding she was at French, volunteered to assist her. She was delighted. Smeadon appeared to understand the language perfectly, and he kept on till the lesson was completed. My mother was pleased, too. We engaged in general conversation; then Smeadon spoke of himself —of life in the West, and of New York, which he said he knew almost nothing about. We were all sorry when, a little after ten, he rose to depart.

"I cannot tell you," he said, addressing my mother, "how much I envy your son his happy, domestic home. If I were not such a stranger to you, I would ask you if you could not persuade yourself to make room for me. It has been several times this evening on my lips to do so, but I was afraid to venture. Now, as I leave here, the cheerlessness of my boarding-house presents itself, and it makes me bold."

My mother was much surprised, but she was pleased, I may say flattered, by Smeadon's manner, as well as by what he said. She looked a little doubtingly at me, and responded:

"We have never thought of such a thing as taking any one into our house. As you are a friend of Charles, I shall leave the matter entirely to him."

"Thanks, my dear madam; your son and I will talk it over. Don't think me impertinent for making the request. Good-evening."

After he left, the affair wa discussed in all its bearings. Smeadon was certainly every way unobjectionable. Laura was not old enough to raise a question about her. The only difficulty was, it broke in on the happy privacy of home. On the other hand, it was admitted the additional income we should receive was by no means unimportant. The result was, it was decided to admit him on terms which I was to arrange.

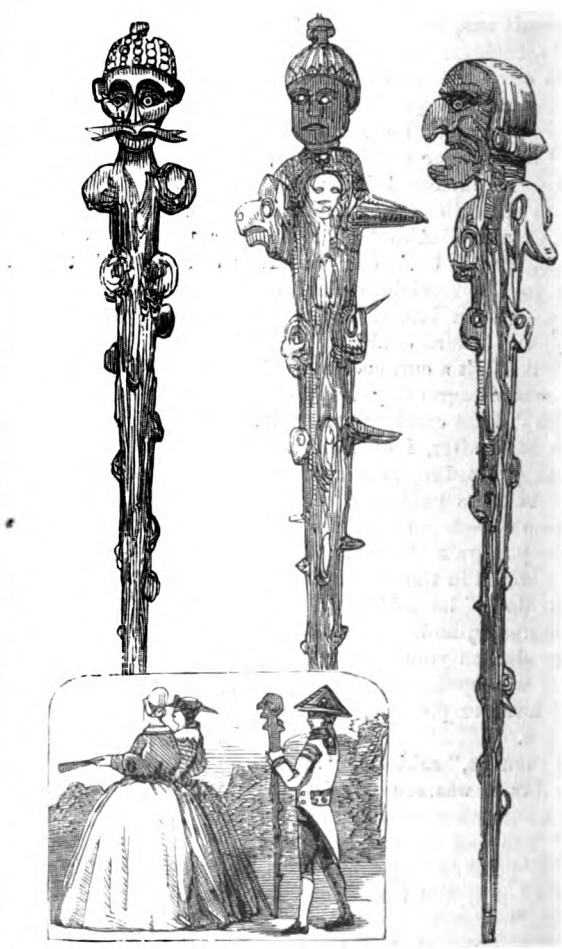
These were speedily settled, and the following Monday he took up his abode with us. Smeadon proved to be not only perfectly unobjectionable, but his stay with us was a source of much pleasure. He was very quiet, and spent enough of his time in his room to allow the family to be alone together. He was a great help to Laura, whose progress in French was rapid under the instruction he seemed to take pleasure in giving her. He was strict in the observance of the Sabbath, and always accompanied my mother to church, even when, feeling the need of rest, I would myself stay at home.

As you may naturally suppose, we became very intimate. He gave me an account of his life—how, by the death of his father, he was thrown out of a lucrative business, and scarcely knew which way to turn, when, through the influence of his cousin, he secured his present situation. Of her he spoke in the most exalted terms. If ever there was an angel here below, it was she. Mr. French he considered one of the excellent of the earth; he represented the felicity of the two as complete.

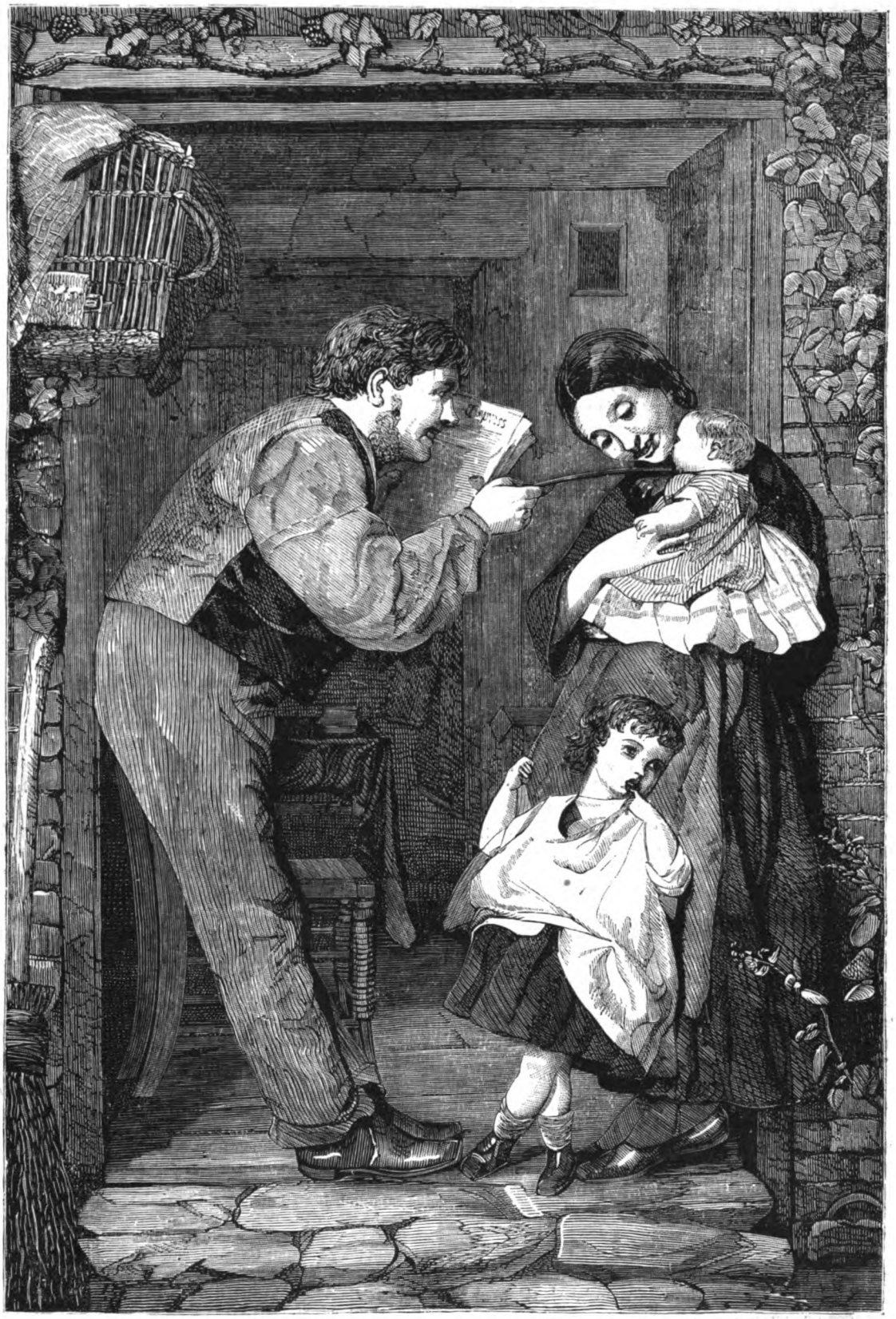
I cannot well express how much I enjoyed the six months which Smeadon spent with us. During that time he had done us a great many little favors. I do not mean precisely of a pecuniary nature, but still incidentally valuable. Once, on a holiday, he took Laura with him to call on his cousin. The girl came back perfectly delighted with Mrs. French, who had given her a pretty gold bracelet, and invited her to come again. The result was, Laura used to go almost every Saturday to spend an hour with her kind friend, and always had some little thing to bring home. Not, you understand, of any great value, but quite appropriate for a child.

Meantime, Mrs. French occasionally came to the bank to draw money—always in pretty large sums, but no larger, certainly, than a rich, indulgent husband like Mr. French would grant. You may ask if it did not strike me as a little odd that she should come herself, instead of sending. I cannot tell you why, but it never seemed in the least out of place. Whatever she did appeared so natural, and just as it should be.

She did not come often, but I confess I looked forward to her arrival with impatience. Her very presence produced



CURIOUS WALKING-STICKS.— SEE PAGE 447.



THE COTTAGE-DOOR.

a strange joy in my heart, and I took as long a time as possible to count the bills before giving them to her. There was something delicious in the idea that I had the power to keep her standing before me even for so brief a time. When she took the money, she would look timidly in my face, as if to say, "I suppose this is right?" and when she turned away, I was left always under the same spell. I never spoke with her, of course—she never recognized me—but I knew she knew I was little Laura's brother, and her cousin's friend.

During those six months French, Pym & Co.'s business was very large, and Smeadon was busily occupied. He was in the habit of coming often to the bank to draw large sums on the checks of the house, but I no longer thought anything of this, as Smeadon had explained to me that they were now buying extensively, in consequence of the depreciated prices, and as it was an object for them to conceal their operations, their purchases were made through brokers, and paid for in the bills.

So affairs progressed until one Wednesday morning, the seventeenth day of October.

On that morning Smeadon asked to have his breakfast a little earlier than usual, as he had to be at the counting-room in good season, and had a hard day's work before him.

"We hope to secure," he said, "all of Ellerton's stock —that is, if he does not discover who is after it."

I wished him good luck, and he left the house.

It wanted about twenty minutes to eleven when Smeadon came into the bank in a hurry—his manner was never hasty, in fact, always calm, but he stepped quicker than usual, as if he was about accomplishing something important. He placed two checks of French, Pym & Co. before me—one to his order for thirty-seven thousand dollars, the other to bearer, for twenty-seven thousand—in all, sixty-four thousand dollars.

"Certify the thirty-seven, and give me large bills for the twenty-seven," he said, "I have to step to the president a moment; please have them ready, as I have no time to lose."

I confess I did not indulge the slightest suspicions. Who would, under similar circumstances? I scarcely looked at the checks, but certified one and proceeded to count out the money for the other.

Smeadon was back almost before I had finished. I handed him the check and bills.

"I had a fool's errand," he said, with a slight air of vexation. "I started to give the president some 'receivables,' and found I had forgotten to take them from the safe. Must go back for them. Now I am here, will go to South Street first; will be back in less than an hour, sharp. There will be no more checks in, unless one of fifteen hundred to Edgerton & Co., till late in the afternoon."

"All right," I replied; but, somehow, I do not know why, I could not help feeling a little fidgety. A paying-teller always feels nervous before twelve o'clock; then he begins to warm to his work. Besides, checks which are presented early never seem exactly right.

"Ridiculous," I said to myself. "Simcox, don't be a fool!"

At that moment the form of Mrs. French appeared at the door, and all doubts and fears vanished. She came directly to my window—there was no one before her—and held out the same pretty, ungloved hand, with a check.

"This is Mr. Simcox, I believe," she said, in a low, modest voice. "Your little sister has become a great favorite with me. You must thank your mother for letting her come to see me."

I had not the power of speech, I was so overcome. I blushed and stammered, and tried to count the money for the check. It was for six thousand dollars! I swear to you, it never occurred to me that it was a very large sum for the lady to draw. Had it been for six millions, I think I should have paid it if I could have scraped up the money in the bank.

She walked away with the cash, but, after a moment, came tripping back.

"I think you have given me a thousand dollars too much," she said, as she laid the roll down before me, with artless simplicity.

It was a fact. There were seven thousand dollars instead of six thousand.

"I am greatly obliged to you, madam," I said; "I thank you much."

"For what?" she replied. "For restoring what does not belong to me!"

She bowed sweetly and departed. I was in the seventh heaven. I could think of nothing but the incident of the thousand dollars. Would Mrs. French tell her husband how careless I had been? I did not believe she would.

People coming to present checks now brought me to my senses. Time passed. Glancing at the clock, I perceived it was half-past twelve. It occurred to me Smeadon had not yet come in, but I thought little of it. In fact, he might have passed without my seeing him. Before three several checks of French, Pym & Co. came in to be certified, which I honored as usual. After three o'clock my assistant called my attention to them. I looked at French, Pym & Co.'s accounts. They were largely overdrawn.

"Pshaw," I said to myself, "that is nothing—those receivables have been passed to their credit."

The discount-clerk had gone home. In fact, even then, I had no suspicions, and did not look at the entries.

That evening Smeadon was not at dinner. He did not come back that night. He never came back at all!

There was a hubbub next day, you may well believe, especially when it was discovered that Mrs. French had also vanished. But where? Three steamers had left the day previous for various foreign parts. The telegraph wires were employed, and it was confidently anticipated the parties would be arrested. Of the checks presented, the thirty-seven thousand, which I certified, proved to be a forgery, and the loss fell on the banking-house, who received it for a sale of gold. The twenty-seven thousand had been altered from seven thousand, while the six thousand had been an abstracted signature, and filled in. A pretty fair division of losses.

I escaped without serious censure, considering it might have been so much worse—but Mr. French never held up his head after that. His wife had robbed him very extensively: so had Smeadon. They must have carried off considerably more than a hundred thousand dollars.

Quite a year after that I received a letter with a foreign post-mark. It was from Smeadon. Here it is. I will read it to you:

"My Dear Simcox—I concluded not to write you till my sister and I were comfortably settled. I am sure you have some curiosity to learn how we got off so nicely. It was well planned, you must admit. Our passage in the Cunarder had been taken for a month: 'The Rev. Elisha Hubbard and Miss Hubbard.' That Wednesday morning we were busy enough. At five minutes before twelve we stepped on board. I, disguised as a dignified clergyman of fifty; my sister, a sedate spinster of thirty-five, slightly lame, and suffering much from asthma. We were both decently dressed, with a modest trunk apiece. I officiated both Sundays, reading the service with great unction, and took pains to make the captain believe I was an old acquaintance. When the steamer got in, on came the detectives. We passed without the slightest suspicion. My sister was suffering dreadfully from asthma. We were not long quitting England, and we are now living where extradition treaties can't reach us.

"Remember me to the good old lady, your mother. I hope little Laura is well. Give me credit for managing the affair without hurting you. The fact is, I always liked you and your folks. As to old French, he was an ass for marrying a woman forty years younger than himself. Good-by. Smeadon."

At the bottom was written, in a neat Italian hand:

"Beware of pretty, innocent-looking young women who come in to draw money."

COUNT DE CHAMBORD (HENRY V. OF FRANCE).

By Frederic Daniel.

Although France is at present a republic, three of its sons are pretenders to its time-honored throne. First in rank is the Count de Chambord, grandson of Charles X., who was dethroned in 1830. As sole heir and head of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon, he styles himself Henry V., the legitimate King of France and Navarre. He is known as the "Legitimist" King, in counter-distinction to the Count de Paris, grandson of Louis Philippe, dethroned in 1848, who, as heir of the Cadet, or Orleans branch of the same royal house, claims to be King of the French. The third is Prince Napoleon, who, since the death in Zululand, in 1879, of the son of Napoleon III. (dethroned in 1870), has assumed the title of Napoleon V., Emperor of the French. These three pretenders have each warm adherents organized into regular parties in France, and each is allowed free access to its soil under the present republican *régime*. Messrs. Grévy and Freycinet, as heads of the existing republic, are seated on the much-coveted throne, and, as possession is nine-tenths at law, are for the time being its real owners. Thus four different forms of government are contending for the mastery in France—not to speak of the Commune, which has been somewhat in abeyance since its summary suppression by the late M. Thiers, in 1871.

During the last one hundred years no nation has tried such a variety of forms of government as France, its fickleness being now as proverbial in the item of governments as in that of fashions. The mania for government-changing took its rise at and on the outbreak of the Great Revolution, in 1789. Since that memorable date a dozen revolutions have occurred at Paris, by which the government of the day was altered from one extreme to the other, the rest of the country adapting itself most readily to the changes at short notice; hence it is with no little pride that Paris, the head, claims the honor of wagging France, the tail.

History shows that France attained much the greater part of its really valuable renown during the centuries it was under the illustrious House of Bourbon. But in 1789 the French people, stirred up by various causes and agencies, rose in insurrection against that dynasty. They at once set to work to destroy every trace of the feudal system inherited from the Middle Ages, and to make a "clean table" of their country by giving it new institutions, in full accord with the doctrines of the then fashionable philosophers, Rousseau and Voltaire. The first stroke in the proposed renovation was made by the destruction of the Bastile, or the famous state prison at Paris, and by the compulsory transformation of the reigning Bourbon, Louis XVI., from a King by divine right into a King by grace of the people, governing in conjunction with the *etats generaux*, or parliament. Of course, this first step was soon found to satisfy neither King nor people: the King was speedily beheaded, and the first republic was set up to rule in his stead. The change was voted by the frenzied Parisians to be more in consonance with first principles. There ensued the "Reign of Terror," during which bloody period the sovereign mob did as it pleased, dealing out death and destruction, until the whole land seemed to be turned into chaos. This murdering rule was followed by a government formed by the various factions, of which the "Jacobins" were the chief, elected to a National Assembly—its rule being only a shade less terrible and chaotic than the one it replaced. The factions soon fought together so effectively as to enable the one-man power to appear on the scene, in the person of Robespierre, who, as head of the "Jacobins," ruled the other factions with a rod of iron, until he, in turn, was beheaded as a tyrant. His government having been overthrown by an uprising of the mob, was succeeded by that of the "Directory," formed of members of the old parties so long at variance.

The "Directory" was more moderate and orderly, but, ultimately, its incapacity to govern was so manifest that Napoleon I. squelched it in a single day, in true Cromwell style, and caused himself to be elected "First Consul" in 1800; and, not content with this office, proclaimed himself Emperor in 1805. Upon his overthrow at Waterloo, in 1815, the allied armies of Europe forcibly seated Louis XVIII. on the throne at Paris, and his reign was succeeded by that of Charles X. The revolution of July, 1830, brought about by certain changes which this last sovereign wished to incorporate in the "charte," or constitution, caused him to fly from France with his family, and placed on the throne Louis Philippe, then head of the Orleans branch of the Bourbons. The revolution of 1848 overthrew him, and inaugurated the second republic. In 1851 Napoleon III. instituted his celebrated *coup d'etat*, which snuffed out the republic in twenty-four hours, and left him Emperor—monarch of all he could survey on the boulevards at Paris, after they had been swept clean by his cannon. Finally the third and actual republic was established by a popular revolution at Paris, September 4th, 1870, on the morrow of the disastrous battle of Sedan, which hurled the Napoleonic name and legend into the mire and under the war-hoof of the Teuton.

While, therefore, in other civilized countries governments are, as a rule, changed peacefully—the president holding the hat of his successor at his inauguration, and the royal heir stepping without difficulty into the vacated ancestral slippers—the reverse is the case in France. After the one hundred years of practice, as above outlined, revolution has been there set up into a general rule, by which alone "the powers that be" arise and fall. The French themselves profess to be satisfied with this method, which certainly has an originality about it that would fairly seem to entitle it to a patent. But, according to the unanimous verdict of the outside world, the method so much cherished proves that the French are entirely at sea in regard to the very meaning of the word self-government, and that, therefore, as long as they remain so, their idea of a republic can only be a bubble, with a bubble's life-tenure. The very nature of the French—their "second," or acquired nature—will have to be thoroughly transformed before the world can rely upon a "French Republic" as a stable thing.

It cannot be said that the past decade of nominal republicanism at Paris constitutes a token of any such transformation. Thiers, De Broglie, De Forton, MacMahon, Grévy (with Gambetta in the background), have been seen at work! Gambetta, as premier, seemed supreme; but he was most unexpectedly forced to resign. His power, however, is not lost. Caprice, accident of any kind, may replace him at a moment's notice. It is, in a word, the national unsteadiness which is chiefly at the bottom of every Parisian government's trouble. An angel would not long satisfy the Parisians collectively; and, indeed, when reflecting over the bitter animosity which is the dominant trait in French factions and parties, it is perfectly legitimate to ask what chance can there be

of a durable rule among them, of Gambetta or any other man? It is particularly to be borne in mind that politics in France comprises everything else—religion, society, family, etc., all at stake in a *oneness*, without any divisability or compromise, which is so abhorrent to the French mind. "Right or Wrong," "Hot or Cold," "Love or Hate," are the cherished mottoes of French thought and conduct, the national logic invariably running a wild goose chase after absolutism, or, as phrased. "the eternal verities." Hence, no bitterness so intense as that which obtains among the factions and cliques in France! Republicans, Communists, Napoleonists, Orleanists, Legitim-

THE TEMPLE. VERSAILLES. THE DUCHESS D'ANGOULÊME. FROHSDORF. MARNES.

ists—each of these parties has for the other that up-to-the-hilt rancor which would leave France a banqueting-hall for itself alone.

That in the cycle of its revolutions France should revert to the House of Bourbon, and once more be ruled by a scion of that dynasty, is not without likelihood. The Napoleon dynasty has sunk, if not for ever, surely for a long—a very long time. Napoleon V. is fifty-nine years old, having been born on the 9th of September, 1822; he is, moreover, a weak man, and personally most unpopular, as evidenced by the contemptuous soubriquet bestowed on him—"Plon-Plon." His two young sons have inherited disease, and are well-nigh idiotic; their chances of continuing even his empty title are of the slimest. The Republic is already being wearied of at Paris, which wants a brilliant court all the time, rain or shine, for Paris is a show-house, and Paris makes and unmakes republics and monarchies. In this state of affairs a fresh trial of the Bourbons may be on the cards, the outcome of the next revolutionary deal. The Bourbons have always had powerful agencies at work in France in behalf of their restoration—to wit, the glories of the past, the better classes among the bourgeoisie, the nobility, and the Church.

HENRY CHARLES F. M. DIEUDONNÉ, HENRY V. OF FRANCE, KNOWN AS THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

Since its banishment, the question most agitated among the leaders of the House of Bourbon has been, and still is, which of its two royal heads shall be tried—Count de Chambord or Count de Paris? Many have been the negotiations on this very intricate family imbroglio. Count de Chambord is, morally and legally, entitled to the precedence. He is the *preux chevalier* representing a definite principle for which he has ever battled firmly against all assaults and temptations; that principle has been his fixed idea, which he has never wearied of thrusting before the eyes of his fickle mistress, bella France. It may be that he is too old ever to sit upon the throne of his ancestors; but he will not have struggled in vain if, himself childless, he should finally consent to adopt the Count de Paris, and thus aid in reinstating his House in power. The Count de Paris himself is not one of those Bourbons "who have never learned anything and never forgot anything." He is well versed in the ways of the age, a man of adaptability; he served on General McClellan's staff during the campaign before Richmond, in 1862, and has written since a history of the war. He is now forty-three years old.

In view of the substantial foothold which Bourbonism has in the current condition of politics in France, an outline of the career of its elder or legitimate representative will indicate with what remarkable and uncompromising tenacity he has striven to fulfill the mission with which he claims to have been providentially charged from and by birth.

According to royal custom, he was christened with a long string of names. Henry Charles Ferdinard Marie Dieudonné d'Artois. Duke of Bordeaux, was born at Paris, September 29th, 1820. As he never actually sat on the throne which he claims, though universally recognized as the head of the elder branch of the Bourbon House, he has borne the modest title of the Count de Chambord, the latter being the name of a royal castle and estate on the River Loire, presented to him in gift by a national subscription one year after his birth. His father was the Duke de Berri, son of Charles X., and his mother was Caroline, Princess of Naples, the beautiful and accomplished Duchess de Berri. The Duke de Berri was assassinated on February 13th, 1820, and thenceforward his

mother devoted herself to giving her son the most careful training, in order to prepare him for what she fondly imagined was to be his regal destiny. In great pomp, at Paris, he was baptized with water brought from the River Jordan, Holy Land, by M. de Chateaubriand; and having been dubbed the "Child of the Miracle," his birth was sung by Lamartine in one of his finest meditations. Thus these two eminent poets of that day rocked his cradle, as it were. He had successively for guardians the Dukes Montmorency, Rivière, Damas, nobles of the old school, who reared him in the ways he was to walk—that is, strictly according to the principles of the old monarchy. Although Charles X. abdicated the crown in his behalf on the 2d August, 1830, and tried to proclaim him King, under the title of Henry V., in presence of the troops encamped at Rambouillet, the unlucky heir had to follow the fortune of his family and go into exile.

After living a while at Holy Rood, in Scotland, then at Prague and at Goritz, in Austria, the Count de Chambord undertook an extensive course of traveling in order to complete his education, and visited, in company with General Latour and Duke Levis, the Austrian dominions, Hungary, a part of Germany, Lombardy, the States of Rome and Naples, where sovereign honors were accorded him.

On the completion of his travels, during a horseback-ride, near Kirchberg, he fell and broke his thigh. After being completely cured, he visited Saxony, Prussia, Great Britain, where, on the 2d November, 1843, he took up his residence in Belgravia Square, London. It was there that he first assumed a political character by announcing himself openly as a pretender to the throne of France, and gave receptions, with royal etiquette, to many notabilities of the Legitimist party, among others Chateaubriand, Berryer, Fitz-James, Valny, Larcy, Pastoret, etc. His courtly ceremonies in London gave great offense at Paris, and the parliamentary address in reply to the speech from the throne, voted the year following, severely censured them, and the deputies who took part in them had to confess their culpability at the polls before the voters would consent to re-elect them.

On the 16th November, 1846, three years after this occurrence, the Count de Chambord married, at Graetz, Maria Theresa Beatrix Gaetane, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Modena. She gave him a dowry of several millions of francs, but never any children, though they are still living happily together. As he had at this last date become the head of the Bourbons by the death of his grandfather and uncle, he took up his residence at the Castle of Frohsdorf, near Vienna, and the little village has been his home ever since, though he has at times temporarily resided elsewhere when the requirements of his "mission" rendered such a course necessary. He was at Venice with his mother, the Duchess de Berri, when news of the outbreak of the revolution of 1848 reached him. Convinced that his cause had nothing to gain from such a wild and sudden movement, he remained a passive spectator, while protesting in his letters his ardent love for France, and awaiting the day when, weary of its trials, his country should look to him, and pronounce his name as a pledge of security and safety.

Even at that early day his partisans fed him with the hope of a speedy restoration, and, in order to hasten it, united their efforts with those of the Orleanists, and even of the Napoleonists; they openly asserted that the Presidency of Louis Napoleon was only a means of establishing ultimately the Bourbon royalty. The Count de Chambord himself, governing his course according to the temporizing policy of his advisers, showed himself occasionally on the French frontiers, and welcomed with a royal benevolence, at Ems, Cologne and Wiesbaden, the distinguished Legitimists who flocked around him from France. It was at Wiesbaden that the attempt was for the first time made in behalf of a fusion of the two branches of the exiled House of Bourbon, which had long been opposed by both the pretentions of the hereditary head of the family and the unwillingness of several members of the Cadet branch.

The re-establishment, in 1851, of the imperial Bonaparte regime compelled the Count de Chambord to resume his state of expectancy; but during the nineteen years that Napoleon III. sat on *his* throne, he was not inactive, and contended for his cause in every practicable way. He never ceased to protest against the gross materialism of the Second Empire, and its underhand procedures with respect to Pius IX.

Of course, his political acts were limited to letters, on important occasions, addressed to the leaders of his party in France, and circulated through the newspapers. In July, 1861, in a letter addressed to M. Nettement—the most strenuous advocate of his cause—he loudly proclaimed himself in favor of the maintenance of the temporal power of the Pope, as he had previously done under the pontificate of Gregory XVI., declaring himself ready to shed his blood for the triumph of a cause which was that of France, of the Church, and of God himself. On another occasion, or in June, 1862, he besought in a letter his partisans to abstain from taking part in the general elections of that year unless they were enabled to elect the partisans of the Pope.

Several trips made by the Count de Chambord about this time had in view the furtherance of his dynastic aspirations. In 1863, after having visited Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Lower and Upper Egypt, he temporarily established himself at Lucerne, in Switzerland, where his presence occasioned various popular manifestations. He particularly exhibited the greatest sympathy for Francis II., the dethroned King of Naples, whom he specially visited when at Rome. At the end of 1866, after the forced cession of Venice by Austria to Italy, he sold his palace at Venice, which, together with that owned by his mother, had been decked out in the national colors of Italy on the entry of the Piedmontese troops, and returned to his home at Frohsdorf.

On the outbreak of the war with Germany, in August, 1870, he placed his castle at Chambord at the disposition of the Society for Aiding the Wounded, with a gift of ten thousand francs in cash. After the frightful military disasters which brought about the fall of the Empire, the revolution of the 4th September and the siege of Paris, he addressed, from the Swiss frontier, under date of the 4th September, a proclamation to France, in which he promised that the Germans would be driven out, and the integrity of France be maintained, if all the Frenchmen would rally around him—around "the only true, natural government, whose foundation was *right*, and whose principle was *honesty*." On the 7th of January, 1871, a new proclamation against the bombardment of Paris was addressed by him to all the governments of Europe; in this manifesto he said he did not wish to witness the destruction of the great city which each of his ancestors had called, "my good City of Paris." After the Communist insurrection, on March 18th, 1871, and the assembling of the national representatives at Versailles, in the midst of the agitation caused by speeches of his partisans in the Assembly calling for his restoration to the throne, he published, on the 8th of May, a manifesto tending to dissipate "the prejudice existing against the traditional monarchy," by declar-

ing that, far from pretending to an unlimited power, he had no other wish but to work for the reorganization of France, and, at the head of the whole House of France, to preside over its destinies, while submitting with confidence the acts of the government to the real control of the freely elected representatives. At the same time he took special pains to avow that the independence of the Papacy was dear to him, and that it would be one of his first acts to secure thorough guarantees for it; he added that he was not a party, and would not return to reign with a party, and desired to exercise no dictatorship save that of clemency, because in his hands, and his alone, clemency would still be justice. This manifesto was concluded with a sentence that has since become a watchword among his partisans, "Speech is for France, the hour is God's!" All the newspapers discussed this document, but yet it did not gain any new adherents for the cause of the Legitimist King. Indeed, some saw in it a threat of war against Italy, and a complete return to theocratical ideas.

It was soon surpassed in significance by another proclamation, this time dated from the very centre of France, or his castle on the Loire, under date of July 5th, 1871, and in which, for the first time in a public document, the head of the House of Bourbon took the title of King. The abrogation of the laws exiling the members of the various royal familes had allowed the Count to return to his native soil. He had visited Paris, and also remained a moment at his castle of Chambord, where he received many visitors to welcome him back. The return of the Orleans princes, and the election of the Duke D'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville as representatives in the Assembly, had still further increased the hopes of the Monarchists in the National Assembly, who looked confidently to the fusion of the two branches of the House of Bourbon, which then seemed so imminent. But the proclamation from the Castle of Chambord did not satisfy the expectations of the old parties. Before penning it, it is said that the Count had passed days in retirement, meditation and prayer. He resumed in it the discussion of each point of the programme contained in his letter of May 8th, admitting universal suffrage, the government to consist of two houses, but denying the legality of the conquests of the Revolution, characterized by him as a "a revolt of a minority against the will of the country," and especially declining to let the flag of Henry IV., of Francis I., and Jeanne d'Arc be torn from his hands. "Frenchmen," he said, in concluding it, "Henry V. cannot abandon the flag of Henry IV!" He at the same time stated that he would return into exile, in order that his presence on French soil should not be made a pretext for disturbing the public mind. The effect of this manifesto was considerably above that of all his previous ones. It diminished the hopes of the Royalists, and strengthened the Republican minority in the Assembly. While rendering homage to the honesty of the Count, who was induced by a chivalric punctilio thus publicly to compromise himself, the majority of the Monarchical newspapers blamed his imprudent sincerity. It was noticed that, in consequence of the publication of this manifesto, the Count de Paris, who had been on the point of visiting his cousin at Chambord, refrained from taking any such step.

On again leaving France, the Count de Chambord remained a short while at Geneva, where he held a sort of political court, and later at Lucerne, where, in November, 1871, several eminent Legitimists gathered around him. Villemessant, the noted proprietor of the Paris *Figaro*, interviewed him there, and gave an account of his life in that paper. In 1872 the rumors of a fusion between the two Bourbon branches were again put in brisk circulation. The newspapers which claimed to be initiated secretly into what was going on, even began to speak of the Count de Paris as a new "Dauphin" (the title which the old Bourbon Crown Princes were wont to bear), and to look upon the abdication of Henry V. in his favor as near at hand. The Count de Chambord denied these rumors in a letter, which again rendered clear to all the firmness of his principles, by declaring that he would never abdicate, and would never consent to become the legitimate King of the Revolution.

His attitude, which scorned all idea of compromise, led the Monarchical party in the Assembly to attempt, while sparing his honorable scruples, to force his hand. Two hundred and eighty deputies signed a secret document, which, in reality, contained the programme for a constitutional monarchy, and presented it to "the King" at Antwerp, whither he had betaken himself, as to a neutral territory, in order to receive both their communication and homage. That city consequently became the scene of daily riots in the streets between the strangers and the citizens, and the police were found inadequate to quell them; moreover, warm discussions took place in the Belgian Parliament between the Ministry, composed of Conservative Catholics, and the leaders of the Liberal Party, who clamored for the immediate expulsion of the Count de Chambord. The latter, unwilling that his presence should be made the occasion of disturbances or a pretext of hostility against the Belgian Government, at once went away into Holland, whence a little later he returned to his home at Frohsdorf. Thus this Legitimist movement had been fruitless, and the promised visit of the Count de Paris to Antwerp had been waited for in vain.

All the negotiations for a fusion seemed to have been broken off, and the obstinate Pretender immediately reiterated, in several public letters, both his regrets and unchanging conviction. "At bottom," he wrote to one of the Legitimist deputies, "France is Catholic and Monarchical. Europe has need of her, and the Papacy has need of her." While returning thanks to one of his partisans, who had conveyed to him at Frohsdorf an address from the town of Nimes, he expressed a hope that the example of the citizens of that town would be followed throughout France by all, and it would then be seen where were its true friends and defenders. In February, 1873, for the first time, and contrary to his previous course, the Count de Chambord assisted at Vienna at the marriage of the Archduchess Giselle, daughter of the Emperor Francis II., with Prince Leopold of Bavaria; he had, up to that time, invariably refused to be present at the great ceremonies of the Austrian court, and on this occasion, moreover, he had to meet, face to face, the Duke of Nemours, the Count de Paris's uncle. This species of concession on his part was said by the Legitimist papers to constitute a happy omen for a renewed attempt at conciliation between the two Bourbon branches. It was even given out that the Count de Chambord was extremely anxious that such a result should be brought about; and these insinuations were scarcely denied by the Legitimist organ at Paris, ere a letter from the Pretender to Monseigneur Dupanloup, the famous Bishop of Orleans, confirmed the denial. This letter treated with a certain haughtiness the mooted question in regard to the flag, which had remained the principal subject of division between the two monarchical camps. "France," it asserted, "can no more understand the head of the Bourbon House abandoning the flag of Algiers than it would have understood the Bishop of Orleans consenting to sit in the French Academy, by the side of skeptics and atheists"; and, after having congratulated the Princes of the Orleans branch for their

presence at the recent anniversary ceremony, on the 21st January, for the beheading of Louis XVI. (a day upon which many Frenchmen still put on mourning from head to foot), in the expiative chapel, "where they must have obtained a salutary influence from a spot so suggestive of grand lessons and generous aspirations," this important letter thus ended: "When my trial grows over-bitter, a glance at the Vatican reanimates my courage and fortifies my hope. It is in the school of the august captive that one learns how to acquire the spirit of firmness, resignation and peace, of that peace assured to whoever takes conscience for guide and Pius IX. for model."

THE DUCHESS DE BERRI.

The allusion to the "flag of Algiers" was frequently made in the documents published by the grandson of Charles X., as the latter, only twenty days before he fell from his throne, had the honor of securing that part of Africa as a colony for France. The French army he dispatched captured it under the folds of the ancient flag of the House of Bourbon—the pure white flag, quite distinct from the tricolor, or red, white and blue flag, which resulted from the revolution, and which Napoleon Bonaparte adopted.

Though it is, therefore, undeniable that Algeria was secured under the "white flag," it cannot be said that that colony had been a lucky gain for France, at least in a military aspect. Forty years of the peculiar style of skirmish-warfare that the French army was compelled to carry on with the Arabs completely unfitted it in 1870 for conducting war on a large and true scale on its own soil against the German invaders. "Ah, sir," said a wounded Zouave officer, lying on a pile of straw in Worth, on the morrow of that French defeat, "we arrived only yesterday morning direct from Marseilles and Algiers, and were thrust immediately into the fight. We had been away so long that everything was strange for us, especially to be mixed up in such masses of troops; we did not know how to act, and, as I saw myself, all was confusion in our style of fighting, while the Germans came straight at us in marching lines. We had been in Algiers too long, alas!"

THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD RECEIVING A DEPUTATION OF LEGITIMISTS AT LUCERNE IN 1872.

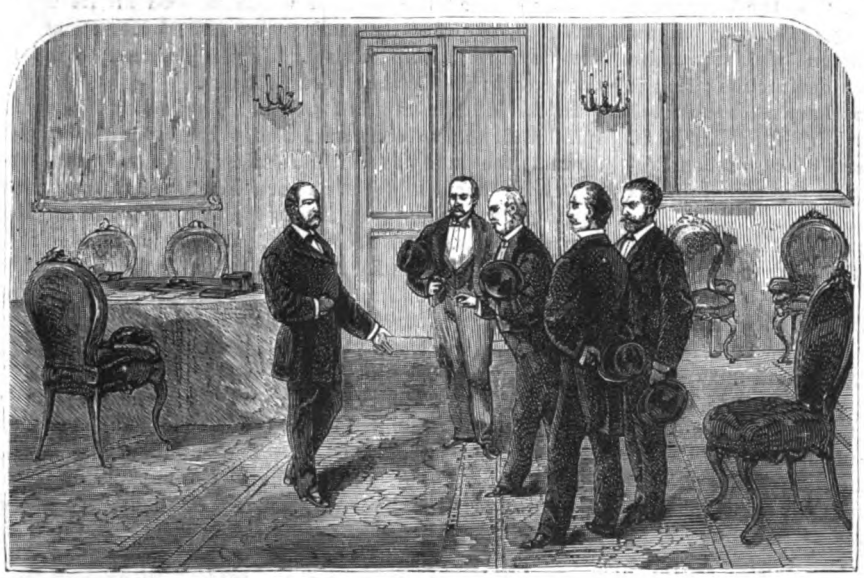
The question of the

supremacy of the "white flag" was naturally of the highest import in the estimation of the heir of Charles X. His reiterated declarations to this effect caused a keen disappointment to his partisans, some of whom were bold enough to announce that, in view of the impossibility of a reconciliation with his cousins, he had determined to adopt the son of Napoleon III. This piece of news, which was characterized by the Legitimist papers as "grotesque," as well as the claims of the heirs of Noundorff (the pseudo Louis XVII.), who demanded the canceling of the death certificate of the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI., were still being discussed publicly, when it was finally ascertained that the long-talked of interview between the Count de Chambord and the Count de Paris had really taken place at Frohsdorf, on the 5th of August, 1873.

THE ST. ANTOINE HOTEL, ANTWERP, IN 1872, DURING THE VISIT OF THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

Freely commented on by the newspapers, and related in its most minute details by the Legitimist organs, the visit ended, after the exchange of the liveliest sympathy between the two rivals, by the Count de Paris's formal recognition of the rights of the elder branch of Bourbon; but the subsidiary questions, especially that concerning the flag, were purposely left in abeyance. The then recent fall from power of M. Thiers induced the Monarchists in the Assembly to again attempt to have a programme adopted which might bring about an alliance between the Legitimist monarchy and parliamentary institutions, and so pave the way for the return of Henry V. to the throne. While, however, the most enthusiastic demonstrations were being indulged in at Frohsdorf, the general discontent in France in regard to the Assembly, that no longer represented public opinion, was waxing warm, almost violent, as translated through the press. A violent article, headed "Down with Chambord," was published in a paper at Paris; but the paper was suppressed by the government of Marshal MacMahon. Outside of France several foreign cabinets were uneasy over the state of French affairs; Russia, Germany and Italy renewed their alliance, as though in expectation of events that might give rise to a new expedition to Rome for reseating Pius IX. on his temporal throne.

Despite these unfavorable influences, the negotiators continued their efforts. Messrs. Brun and Chesnelong, two gentlemen having great weight with the Count de Chambord, were dispatched to Salzburg, to ask of him the formal recognition of civil and religious liberty, a free press, free access of all citizens to office, taxation by a legislature consisting of two houses, ministerial responsibility, universal suffrage, and in short, all the modern public rights belonging to French citizens. The Count consented to leave all these points to be decided by the Assembly in the decree that should enthrone him, and in regard to the question of the flag, simply affirmed his "respect" for the tricolor flag.



THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD RECEIVING DE CHESNELONG AND OTHERS AT SALZBURG, IN 1873.

But the Monarchists' joy over these declarations was soon troubled by an announcement inserted in the Legitimist organ at Paris. "The King has not changed," said this journal; "he is what he was yesterday, what he has ever been. The Assembly may, the King being absent, maintain the tricolor flag, but the royal prerogative remains intact, and what may be agreed upon between the King and the country must be left for the future." Yet, the eventuality of a restoration seemed to be imminent,

when a fresh letter of the Count de Chambord, under date of October 27th, 1873, completely destroyed any such hopes. This letter, which may be characterized as the political will of its over-loyal author, commenced by stating that he would never consent to be the Legitimate King of the Revolution, and that, in requesting of him this, the sacrifice of his honor was demanded; that he could never abandon the flag of Algiers and Ivry, and it added: "The exactions required to-day show what will be those of to-morrow, and I cannot consent to inaugurate a reparative and strong reign by an act of weakness. My person is nothing, my principle is everything. France will see the end of her trials whenever she is willing to understand this. I am the necessary pilot, alone capable of steering the ship into port; because I have both a mission and an authority for the undertaking. When God decides to save a people he is careful that the sceptre of justice is placed only in hands strong enough to bear it."

The haughty and rather mystical tone of this letter left no longer any hope to the monarchical coalition. Count de Paris's organ inserted it "with pain," and all the other monarchical papers did not conceal their displeasure over this new display of Henry V.'s inflexible and uncompromising will. M. de Broglie, Marshal MacMahon's prime minister, although he had allowed the Monarchists a free field, at once concluded that the times were ripe to secure a prolongation of the Marshal's government, and on the 20th November, 1873, the Septennate, or seven years' term, was voted. Not only did the Count de Chambord advise his parliamentary partisans against this measure, but he entered France under a strict *incognito*, in order to prevent its enactment, if possible, by his personal persuasions. As soon as the law was passed by the National Assembly he returned to Austria.

In the following June one of his partisans, Duke Rochefoucauld, offered a bill, in the name of sixty-five of his colleagues in the Assembly, for the restoration of royalty in France. It was not regarded with any favor in or out of the legislative halls. A few days afterward the Legitimist organ at Paris published a pressing and almost threatening letter from the Count de Chambord. After professing his astonishment over the obstinacy of France in not understanding the necessity of a restoration, he added: "France has need of royalty. My birth has made me its King." He stated, moreover, that the Legitimate monarchy was limited, though having nothing to borrow from haphazard systems of government which promise the golden age and lead directly to destruction; that it would readily accept two houses of parliament, one elected by the people, the other appointed by the King, and finished by hoping that the loyal and sincere reconciliation of the House of France might be the signal for his recall to the throne.

The Monarchists alone were surprised and dissatisfied with this last manifesto, which was regarded with indifference by the bulk of the nation. The formal organization of the departments under the Septennate was then voted by the National Assembly. Since 1874, various letters, constantly reiterating his firm convictions and unswerving principles, have been published by the Count de Chambord; but the succession of events under the Republican *régime* of Messrs. Grévy and Gambetta have of late years given him no further opportunity of intervening personally in the arena of politics in France, though his cause there is really as strong as it ever was, if not stronger, in view of a probable "slopping over" on the part of the Communists and Nihilists. All of the Count de Chambord's letters and manifestoes have been religiously preserved by the Legitimist party in France, forming a code by which its policy is governed.

The Castle of Chambord is twelve miles distant from Blois, on the River Loire, midway between Orleans and Tours. The forest surrounding the castle is strictly preserved—that is, its stock of game is not allowed to be hunted, nor are any other depredations permitted within its inclosure; few fine trees now remain in the forest, which displays little sylvan beauty. Chambord was the Versailles of La Tourraine until Louis XIV. deserted that beautiful province to fix the royal residence close to the metropolis. It has no beauty of site to recommend it, being placed in the midst of a sandy flat, surrounded by a park twenty-one miles in circumference. The chateau itself, though somewhat fantastic, is, on the whole, a grand edifice, surmounted by a vast group of turrets, minarets, and cones, which arise conspicuous at a distance from a solid basement, the chief features of which are six prodigious round towers, sixty feet in diameter, which seem the types of all those which characterize French castles. Its architecture marks the transition between the fortified castle and the Italian palace, and is a fine specimen of the age and taste of Francis I., who built it, after his return from captivity in Spain, on the site of a favorite hunting-lodge of the Counts of Blois. He laid the foundations of it in 1526, and employed eighteen hundred men constantly on its construction until his death. It was afterward continued, though with less zeal, by Henry II. and Charles IX.; and even Louis XIV. added the low screen at the back, which, though Mansard's design, is ugly, and, of course, inappropriate to the style of the original. Though it has been owned by the Count de Chambord during his whole life, he has never lived in it, one excellent reason of this being his long enforced exile from France. His possession of it has always been regarded as good at law, as it was the gift to him by a national subscription. The other estates of the Bourbons were forfeited under the Empire of Napoleon III. The four hundred and forty rooms of the castle, though uninhabited, are in good style and taste; the rental of the estate, amounting to about $15,000 a year, is entirely applied by its present owner to its restoration.

Inclosed within the building a central tower arises above the rest, called "Lanterne," or tower of the Lily-Flower, from the lily in stone which surmounts it. After having escaped the hammer which defaced all its minor brethren, so profusely scattered over the building, at the first revolution, this monster lily was destined to fall at the second; it has since been replaced.

In the interior of this tower is a very beautiful double spiral staircase, so contrived that parties may pass up or down at the same time without meeting, scarcely even seeing each other. It opens on each floor upon four vaulted corridors, branching from it like the arms of a cross. The compartments of their roof are filled with the Salamander and "F" of Francis I. One of these *salles* was converted under Louis XIV. into a theatre for the first performance of Molière's "Bourgois Gentilhomme," in which play Molière and his troop performed before the King for the first time, in 1670.

The device of Henry II., the "H" entwined with the crescent, are distributed over the parts begun by that sovereign, but left unfinished. The details of the building, its solid masonry ornaments, with morsels of black slate cut into the shape of lozenges, crescents, etc., may be best examined by an ascent to the terrace and top of the tower. Its rich niches, its classic chimneys converted into ornaments instead of being eyesores, its balustrades and flying buttresses, are all curious specimens of the

Renaissance style. The roof is like the hull of a ship, and suggests that a forest of timber has been expended on it. From the top of the tower a magnificent view is had of the surrounding wild park threaded with avenues.

Since the commencement of the recent restorations, the labyrinth of rooms, though showing no traces of the paintings with which they were decorated by Jean Cousin, exhibit some very curious works of art. The visitor can, drawing on imagination, repeople the halls and corridors with the brilliancy and beauty of the Courts of Francis I. and Henry II., recalling the time when Charles V. was entertained in them on his passage through France, in 1539, by his generous rival, or that when Mademoiselle de Montpensier lost her heart to the unprincipled Lauzun.

Among the occupants of the castle, after its desertion by its royal owners, was Marshal Saxe, that veteran of a hundred fights, to whom it was given by Louis XIV. He brought with him six cannon, taken from the enemy in battle, and a regiment of lancers, whom he reviewed daily from the terrace, although with one foot already in the grave. He died in the castle in 1750. It afterward became the asylum of Stanislas, King of Poland, and of his daughter, Maria Leczinska, Queen of Louis XV., whose portrait by Wanlau is particularly noticeable on the wall of the principal room. It was plundered and dismantled by the mob in 1792, and sold as national property. Napoleon I. bestowed it, in 1809, upon Marshal Berthier, from whose widow it was purchased, in 1821, for the sum of 1,542,000 francs, raised by a national subscription, and presented to the Count de Chambord.

During the late war some very bloody work took place within its stately old rooms—work performed by surgeons on the poor wounded soldiers of the French army. Having been given up by its owner for that patriotic purpose, it was one vast hospital, occupied by doctors, stewards and Sisters of Charity, together with their patients.

A distinguished French artist gives an account of a recent visit to Frohsdorf. He was taken at once to the chamberlain, who showed him to the room he was to occupy, and explained to him that when monseigneur had attended the service of "the holy Mass," he would be happy to receive him. He never saw any one before this pious duty was accomplished.

"At what time does Mass take place?" asked the newcomer.

"In ten minutes."

"Would it be permissible to join the worshipers?"

"*Comment!* Permissible? You will be, in going, a cause of the greatest happiness to monseigneur. He never invites any one who is not of the household to listen to the holy Mass. But it gives him a heartfelt joy whenever a strange Frenchman is moved spontaneously to attend a service in the chapel. Come down to the gallery leading to monseigneur's tribune. When he has entered you can pass in to the seats down-stairs."

Both chamberlain and visitor descended. Frohsdorf has the stern, prosaic air of a prison. It is built of dark-bluish stone, which was so gloomy-looking that monseigneur had it whitewashed with lime within and without. As the walls sweat dreadfully in Winter, it is out of the question to decorate them. Besides, the idea of the tenants is that there they have no fixed tenure. The passages and galleries have the temperature of a cellar. At the end of a long gallery monseigneur and madame were seen advancing. Said the chamberlain:

"It is against etiquette for any one to cross their path when they are going to their devotions. Come aside into this room until they pass.

This was done. The visitor was taken to the body of the chapel, where the chamberlain quitted him. When the office began, the guest heard a superb voice behind and above him uttering the responses. It was a full, mellifluous one, and seemed to roll round the chapel. Very devout women only whisper them. The artist looked round, and saw that the voice he had admired could only issue from the royal mouth.

At the end of the service the painter found the chamberlain awaiting him. They proceeded to the drawing-room, where the Comte and Comtesse de Chambord were surrounded by their gentlemen and ladies, and a large number of visitors. Madame was a head and shoulders taller than any one present. She had a powerfully-outlined face, and seemed to live entirely within herself. Her deafness and ascetic habits explained her abstraction. She addressed, as if mechanically, and in a bass voice, a few words of greeting to each courtier. There was no sign of luxurious taste anywhere, but there were evidences of wealth. Family pictures hung on the whitewashed walls. Madame was in black silk of a dull shade. It was made in a fashion of thirty years ago, and plain as a nun's robe.

CURIOUS WALKING-STICKS.

THE time is gone by when "the nice conduct of a clouded cane" was part of the education of every gentleman; and to a considerable extent the rage for walking-sticks of grotesque appearance has subsided, and only the articles themselves remain, some specimens of which we engrave. It is true that in steady-going England the flunkeys still elevate their long wands over the roofs of carriages, or bear them solemnly after their mistresses, as in the annexed sketch. Beadledom, too, that sublimely ridiculous English institution, could not exist without its staff. Many a stranger would be puzzled to divine its use, as the man in office always carries a small cane, for the purpose of chastising any urchin who will not be awed into subjection by the sight of the great staff.

But, alas! for these degenerate days, beadledom is rapidly dying out, and in a few more years the species will be extinct, and the staff which erst while spread terror amongst the juvenile population of the neighborhood will peacefully repose in some dusty corner, and be numbered amongst the things which have been.

GEORGE ELIOT was the most careful and accurate of authors. In an article in "Blackwood," where her first reputation was made, and with whose editor she had the most cordial personal associations, it is mentioned that "her beautifully written manuscript, free from blur or erasure, and with every letter delicately finished, was only the outward and visible sign of the inward labor which she had taken to work out her ideas. She had rarely much to correct in her proofsheets. Her grasp of business was not less striking than her literary power; and her shrewdness and foresight were such as are seldom to be met with."

THE Elector of Bavaria, who died in 1726, left several natural children, one of whom was a daughter named Maximilia de Leithorst. Her parents seem to have been neglectful of her, but the girl's character was resolute. She dressed as a man, calling herself Baron de Halden. Afterward she went to Vienna, and enlisted as a soldier in the Imperial army. She served seven years, and only during a sickness was her sex discovered. She became a lieutenant, and was dismissed from the service with a life-pension. She dressed in male attire until her death in 1748.

NASMYTH AND THE CANDLESTICKS.

THE inventor of the steam-hammer—that marvelous application of steam-power which has played so important a part in our mechanical and engineering enterprises—has recently related some anecdotes of his early labors, which are in the highest degree instructive and interesting.

Mr. Nasmyth, who was the son of Alexander Nasmyth, the Scottish landscape painter, owed his original fondness for mechanical experiments to his father, who, when not engaged in painting, delighted to amuse himself with lathe-turning, or making mechanical models; but his chief good fortune was in having for a school-companion the son of a small iron-founder. In company with this lad, James Nasmyth, when only twelve years old, delighted to spend his half-holidays in the little foundry at Edinburgh; and here, by intently watching the workmen at their labors, he quickly learned to turn out a number of ingenious articles in wood, brass, iron and steel. In working the latter material, he tells us that at the early age of eleven or twelve he had already acquired considerable proficiency. At fifteen he made his first essay at constructing a miniature steam-engine. It had a cylinder of only one inch and three-quarters diameter, but it was really a working steam-engine, and performed useful service in grinding up the oil-colors which the elder Nasmyth used in his painting. Subsequently he made other such working models for sale, and with the proceeds was enabled to pay the price of tickets of admission to the lectures on Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, delivered in the University of Edinburgh.

It was not until 1834, and when twenty-six years of age, that Mr. Nasmyth was enabled to start in business for himself in an humble way in Manchester—the city which has now so good reason to be proud of his name. All his engineering-tools for commencing business were constructed by himself in Edinburgh, where his father was too poor to give him much assistance. It is related that on one occasion, being altogether without the means of obtaining material for making a brass wheel for a planing-machine, he cast his eye upon a glistening row of antique candlesticks made of this metal, which stood in orderly arrangement upon the mantelpiece of the kitchen in his father's house. They were of good metal, and were just the thing for his purpose; but to hint at melting them down was to propose a sort of sacrilege, for Alexander Nasmyth had had, as he said, "many a crack" with the poet Burns while these family candlesticks had stood upon the table. At the mother's request, however, the sacrifice was consented to; the candlesticks were carried off at once to the little workshop, and recast into the wheel of the planing-machine, which was recently still to be seen in one of the workshops of Mr. Nasmyth, in Manchaster.

NASMYTH AND THE CANDLESTICKS.

AN English writer pertinently puts the question, "Would not the world be much wiser and happier if we were to lay it down as a general rule that performance is inversely proportioned to pretension?" Certainly, to be convinced of this, and to know that others also were convinced of it, would be a most salutary lesson to those who now waste so much of their energy and life in trying to appear what they are not. Insincerity of this kind is not only wrong, it is also so foolish, so impotent, so short-sighted a policy that we wonder how any reasonable and intelligent man or woman can adopt it. It deceives very few, and those few only for a short time. It prejudices persons against those who practice it.

A DRINK BY THE WAY.

LEONIE: EMPRESS OF THE AIR.

By GERALD CARLTON,

Author of "Eileen Aroon," "Jasper Delaney," "Adam Ferguson," "Mark Mereton's Money," etc., etc.

Chapter XXXII.—"Snatched from Death."

The assassination of Dick Tomkins produced, as might be expected, a considerable amount of excitement; and for the unfortunate prisoners, it was a most calamitous event. It infuriated the public mind against them, and destroyed every possible chance of their pardon.

After a little the fever-heated pulse of public opinion cooled. It was shown clearly enough that the murderer was, without doubt, a young man who had become infatuated with Eloise Gaythorne, and who was driven mad with despair at her condemnation.

Some letters addressed to an influential journal, and signed "Edmund Sinclair," pointed out, with no small energy, how ridiculous it was to lay this second crime at the door of the man and woman now in the Tombs. It was fatal to their chance of escape, and it injured them in a thousand ways. He insisted earnestly that this untoward fatality should not influence the Governor in his consideration of mercy.

As to Herbert's guilt, there was a doubt in the minds of many. The medical journals, for the most part, insisted that he was mad, and the public generally clamored for his respite.

Not a single soul, however, urged a word in favor of Eloise. The verdict in her case was accepted as a perfectly just one.

The day for the execution rapidly drew near, still the Governor made no sign in either case.

Eloise bears up peculiarly well, considering. The officials notice that her cheeks grow thinner, and her eyes more lustrous as the fatal day approaches. It is observed also that she rarely utters a word, and though she listens to the exhortations of her spiritual adviser, he is compelled to confess that, attentive as she seems, her mind is either dead or far away.

Herbert Gaythorne presents even a more distressing appearance. He passes the time in moaning, in protesting his innocence, and in imploring for mercy. Indeed, his terror renders him utterly helpless; under the supreme misfortune of the hour he collapses completely.

However great the misery experienced by the prisoners,

it is nothing to the intense agony endured by the little family of the condemned man. No words can give an adequate idea of their sufferings, intensified a thousand times by their doctor's opinion, broken gently, that Mr. Gaythorne will not survive the shock. The girls are no longer able to conceal from their mother the awful distress which tortures them. It comes as a death-warrant to the poor invalid; for when she realizes the full extent of the disgrace which has fallen upon them, she sobs bitterly, and never speaks again.

And then comes the last interview between the condemned man and his sisters. A very terrible interview it is, ending as it does in the poor girls being carried out of the Tombs insensible, followed by a shriek from their wretched brother to save him.

They do not go near Eloise; the one meeting is too much for them; no one visits her, and this causes her many bitter reflections.

And so the time passes until the prisoners hear the clank of hammers and the sawing of wood, and they know that their scaffold is being erected.

Each clang sends a thrill of abject terror through the man; the woman shudders, but makes no other sign. Evening deepens into night, and there is still the monotonous clank.

It ceases suddenly, and they know that the work is finished.

For the first time Eloise turns giddy; she swoons. For the first time her husband ceases to cry; he is paralyzed with fear.

A few short hours and all will be over! A few short hours and the earth to them will for ever pass away! A few short hours and they will stand before an enraged God!

Quite gently Eloise realizes the fact that the clergyman's kindly face is bending over hers, and through the mist and the doubt and the dream his mellow voice seems to float, and she thinks she can hear him ask her if she can bear good news.

Good news it indeed is.

The execution is postponed!

Eloise receives the tidings with strange calmness, and when a week later they led her into the street, a free woman, she utters no exclamation, but seems like one in a dream.

Not so Herbert Gaythorne. Mad with joy at his release, he gets, a few hours after leaving the Tombs, outrageously drunk.

The day before that fixed for their execution, a notary public and their counsel, Mr. Graham, followed Edmund Sinclair into a loathsome den off Chatham Street, to take the deposition of a dying man.

A sickly form, filthy in appearance, and savage in expression, was stretched upon the floor, covered only by a piece of tattered sacking.

"I've run in my chips, gentlemen," said this wretched-looking being, in a faint, hoarse voice, "and it aren't no good now going back on my conscience—not a bit. The game's up, and I mean making a clean breast of it. Shouldn't ha' done it, mind yer," he continued, "if it hadn't a-been for the sake of the gal. Oh, but she's a good 'un, and no mistake! When I was in the country she strapped my leg up for me; she did it just proper, I can tell yer. I told her I should never forget her, and blank me if I do. Well, about that 'ar murder? Just ha' patience, and I'll tell yer all about it. One day I was loafing about Burkett's Court, and I looked inter old Isaac's store, and I sees this little gal and another feller turning out some bags o' shiners. 'Hello, me jewels,' sez I to myself, 'I means having you,' and means having them I did. I got into the store one morning from the back. I was bound, yer see, to wait till morning, 'cause there was an easy access from the back, which wasn't open at night. As I was removing the boards, old Isaacs collared me. We had a rare tussle, and then I settled him with a crowbar; he was a tough 'un, and no mistake. I settled him myself, gentlemen, and that 'ar gal's as innocent as you are. It's right what I'm a-telling you, and if it aren't blank me. I'll tell yer what'll prove it. You could never find the weapon that smashed in his head, could you? Well, I'll tell you where I put it—up the chimney. It's there, so help me God! Tell her I did the right thing, won't yer, 'cause I said I'd never forget her?"

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"I congratulate you, sir," said Counselor Graham, shaking Sinclair's hand heartily. "The unfortunate prisoners owe you much; you have literally snatched them from death!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"LETS THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG."

A FORTNIGHT after the release of Eloise Gaythorne and her husband, Edmund Sinclair is seated in Mr. Ketcham's private office, conversing very seriously with that gentleman.

"I envy you, sir," the lawyer goes on; "you are quite a hero. If you had never done any other good action in your life, this one alone was worth existing for. It was a difficult task, too, that you set yourself to work out."

"I owe much to chance," the artist modestly returns; "it was purely by accident that I heard the conversation I alluded to. One of the fellows said to the other that he knew Bummer Ben, as they called him, had broken into the store after she had left, and had murdered old Isaacs. I determined to find this man. It was evident that he was keeping out of the way, and that looked suspicious. As it turned out, I was right; but I only got him just in time. He was very obstinate; indeed, if she had not rendered him the service he thought so much of at Woodbine, he would never have opened his mouth. The day she bound that ruffian's leg up was a fortunate one, indeed, for her. I am heartily glad that the family are saved the disgrace of having two of its members executed.

"And executed they would have been," the lawyer rejoins, solemnly, "for the Governor was dead set against them. I wonder if they will ever find that young fool, Van Buren? He left the office of the New York and Havana the day they were sentenced, and he has never been heard of since. Tomkins was going altogether the bad road, but, poor fellow, I did not wish to see him meet with so horrible a death. What has become of his sister?"

"She is still hanging after Gaythorne," Sinclair answers. "It is a very, very sad thing," he adds, almost mournfully; "for she appears to me to be a well-disposed girl, with this exception—she is mad after another woman's husband. Perhaps when we get him away she will see her folly. Have you made any arrangements?"

"Yes; I have taken two passages in the *City of New York*, which leaves here for Venezuela next week. By all accounts a very good country to go to, and the quicker we get them away from here the better."

"I don't know about the 'good country,'" Sinclair

rejoins; "but have you not heard that Eloise flatly refuses to go?"

"Refuses? Good gracious me, no!" exclaims the lawyer. "*Her* refusing to go is simply preposterous after what has happened. It's a good thing, I think, for her to have the chance."

"She refuses, however, and most determinedly. I urged what was due to the family, and she retorted that she owed the family nothing—not one of them. She declared bitterly that they had never come to see her during the anxious time that the false charge was hanging over her. She said that she had been treated with the grossest cruelty, and she wished to hold no further communication with them. Her husband might go if he liked—those were her words—and stay there, for all she cared; but under no consideration or conditions whatsoever would she leave the States."

"This is very annoying"—reddening, angrily—"very annoying. What can we do?"

"We can do nothing. Judging from her manner, I do not think she will ever trouble the family again. Herbert, however, appears anxious to go. It may change him, and make a different man of him."

"But how does this woman propose to live?"

"That I don't know. She has some money, it seems, in the New York and Havana Bank."

"And when that is exhausted she will worry those poor girls to death. I wish to heaven we could get her away, Sinclair; she is a most dangerous creature."

"Do not let that trouble you," says the artist. "When she hears of their poverty she will not go near them. Does Mr. Gaythorne know yet how poor he is?"

"No. The fact of his poverty has been concealed from him. Those two dear girls, bless them! have labored night and day to provide their invalid parents with luxuries, and to conceal their loss. Maggie does a lot of dressmaking. A d——d scoundrel, that fellow Delmar, to leave her as he did," Mr. Ketcham adds, flaring up.

"And I have heard how nobly you have acted," says Sinclair. "I half believe the lessons in painting are only a ruse on your part to delicately render them assistance."

The lawyer turns red as he thinks of the real consideration which had led him to adopt this plan for bringing Ada and his nephew together.

"Oh, it's nothing," he says, confusedly; "you know we lawyers always have a sinister motive at the bottom of our hearts."

"If they want any money for any special purpose cannot you lend it to them? I suppose that they will have at least something under their uncle's will?"

"Their uncle's will," returns Mr. Ketcham, confidentially, "is a very strange will, indeed. Everything depends upon their fulfilling a certain condition, which has to be kept secret. It is very cruel—very. They will be immensely rich or they will have nothing."

"And the——"

"My friend, my lips are sealed."

"I beg your pardon."

"It is hard to keep silent—very hard," the lawyer continues. "I can only tell you this—I wish that one of them, at least, would marry."

A curious expression passes over Edmund's face.

"Would it materially benefit them?" he asks.

"Materially. It would benefit them more than I dare say—indeed, it is absolutely essential."

"You have said enough—more than enough," cries Sinclair, seizing the lawyer's hand. A satisfied smile overspreads his face at the same time, which Mr. Ketcham is at a loss to explain.

"You've broken it off with Ada," the lawyer observes; "but if you could only get Maggie to like you it would be their salvation. Try, my boy; I take great interest in them."

Edmund Sinclair laughs very strangely as he declares that he fears this is impossible.

"Nothing will bring back the roses to her cheeks, or the life to her heart, but the love of Edward Delmar. Her heart is closed against all other influences," he rejoins.

Supposing his nephew married Ada, the advice the lawyer had given Sinclair was against his interests, since were only one of the girls to marry, she succeeded to the whole of the money. Ketcham was not quite so grasping as this; if his nephew's wife obtained her share that would be sufficient for him. It was better to have two strings to his bow. If his nephew failed, and if neither of them married, the entire wealth fell to Herbert. He shuddered as he thought of this actually occurring. The whole business, he knew, would pass out of his hands, for Eloise hated the firm.

"I wonder why she insists on remaining in New York. She must have some purpose for it," the lawyer communes. "I am very doubtful about her—very."

Some days later Herbert Gaythorne is placed on board the *City of New York* by Edmund Sinclair, who remains with him until the moment of starting. Herbert is in good spirits, and looks forward with pleasure to the voyage.

"It's a funny thing," mutters Edmund, as he leaves the pier, "that Ann isn't here. I certainly thought *she* would see him off."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"ANOTHER WEEK, AND RALPH COURTLANDT'S WEALTH IS MINE."

TIME rolled on, and many months have passed since the events related in the previous chapter. It had brought, in its course, small comfort to the Gaythorne family. The father, it is true, had, in spite of the doctors, partially recovered his health; but, on the other hand, they had lost their beloved mother. She had passed away very quietly, and there was a sweet smile of resignation on her face, very pleasant to look upon.

Mr. Gaythorne, at his best, is a thoroughly broken-down man now, weary of the world and all belonging to it. He sighs for the quiet and rest of the grave, and as he gradually recovers it becomes impossible to hide from him the true condition of his affairs. It is found that there remains out of the wreck of his little fortune nearly a thousand dollars. Still the two girls work as bravely as before, very solicitous not to touch a dollar of this sum.

When the old gentleman hears who it was that had saved his son from the gallows he becomes greatly depressed, and for many days he does not converse with any one. It is noticed, too, that he refrains speaking discouragingly of art, which had formerly been almost a mania with him.

Maggie, too, had lost all her old spirit and energy, and she moves about mechanically, as one in a dream.

"Poor darling," Ada says, compassionately, to her one day, "you have suffered very, very cruelly."

"And so have you, darling," Maggie returns, with the faintest suggestion of a smile upon her weary face. "Oh, why did you not beg papa to let Edmund come?"

These two girls are a great help and consolation to each other. Alone they could never have passed through the ordeal they had passed through; it would have utterly crushed them.

One day after Ada had left the house of Mr. Ketcham

(this gentleman had insisted on her continuing her lessons), he called his nephew before him, and something like the following conversation ensued:

"Well, sir, has the lady named the happy day?"

"I haven't asked her yet, uncle," replied the youth, who was much inclined to bashfulness.

"Haven't asked her? Gracious me! where's your courage, sir? Do you know, sir, when I was your age I married my wife after two interviews? A runaway match, my boy, and her guardians tearing after us like mad. Where's your spirit?"

"I didn't think that there was any hurry, uncle."

"Hurry! there's always hurry with a woman. When you think you're most certain of her, then's the time she slips you. Look here, my boy, if you don't marry her before the expiration of two months, it will be impossible to marry her at all. Do you hear that? Before eight weeks, sir. Dear me." Mr. Ketcham continued, to himself, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "I had no idea the time was so close at hand. He'll miss her, after all, if he isn't careful. If I was his age, by Jove, I'd win her in a week."

Eloise Gaythorne had withdrawn her money from the New York and Havana Bank. No obstacle was suggested by Mr. Stimson. He had some time before become acquainted with the fact that Mrs. Carados and Eloise Gaythorne were the same, and with the infatuation and madness of Tom Van Buren haunting him day and night, and wringing his heart, he was very glad to get rid of her.

Her sufferings and her extraordinary escape had not softened Eloise in the least. She saw how cruel the world was, and how eager to crush even an innocent woman; so after the first shock of her sudden change from death to life, she became morose, implacable, and vengeful.

Against the two Miss Gaythornes she cherishes a bitter enmity. She sometimes trembles as she thinks how much she hated them.

After treating her as a sister, and pretending to entertain for her the highest regard, in the hour of her need they repudiated and deserted her. When they found that through her marriage she really had some claim upon them, they abandoned her to a cruel and awful fate.

Her suspicious and vindictive mind can find no explanation for Ada and Maggie's apparent neglect. They should have visited her often, she thought, in her dreary prison, and endeavored to console her. They did not do this; therefore Eloise nurses, with some satisfaction, her deadly rancor.

She had not suffered for nothing—oh, no! The ordeal had been a frightful one, but it had effectually parted Maggie from her lover. From what she could gather, she believed that it was simply through the charge which hung over her head that Edward had broken off the engagement with Maggie Gaythorne. However this might be, the fact remained that Maggie was left alone, and there was no chance of Ada ever marrying.

After all the anguish and all the weary waiting, the prize would still be hers.

As the time named for the reading of the will drew near, Eloise's heart swelled with exultation. She could see the expression on their detestable faces when it was shown that *her* husband inherited the whole of the wealth. This, indeed, would be a triumph. They were poor now; she thought of it with a savage sort of satisfaction; her victory would be the sweeter in consequence.

Heaven knows that time passed quickly enough to some, but Eloise thought the wished-for day would never come.

She laid down many plans for the spending of her wealth. She enjoyed in anticipation many luxuries and much ostentation.

It was an actual ecstasy to dwell upon the disappointment of the Gaythornes.

And had she no thought then for the man who had so miraculously saved her? Did she think of Edmund Sinclair? Yes. When she was in possession of her wealth, and the fortune was hers, he should have five hundred dollars!

And he should paint her portrait!

He had certainly rendered her a great service. Still for the man himself she had a great dislike. With a woman's quick instinct she felt that he despised her—he avoided her when they met, and he treated her with a distant coolness.

Upon her release from the Tombs some apartments had been taken for Eloise, not a great distance from the house of the Gaythornes. These she determined to retain. It was above all things necessary now that she should live openly, and observe the strictest propriety. It was, she thought, very likely when the family discovered to whom Ralph Courtlandt's money was going that they would be very anxious to be, if possible, rid of her.

This evening Eloise is seated alone in her little room, and the evening sky is just fringed by the coming night, when there came a tap at the door.

"Please, mum, a gentleman from the New York and Havana Bank."

A man with large, carroty whiskers, closely muffled, enters.

He throws off the false hair, and falls on his knees before her.

Tom Van Buren, pale and haggard, with bloodshot eyes, kisses the hem of her dress, and looks pleadingly into her face.

Eloise starts back in horror and amazement.

"How dare you," she cries, indignantly—"how dare you come near me? Leave this room at once, or I will call the police. There is blood upon your hands! Go, I say—go!"

"Eloise, Eloise!" implores the man, piteously, "for God's sake, don't talk like that! Remember all I've done for you—remember what you promised me. Oh, Eloise, a little love—a little mercy, in heaven's name!"

He clutches her dress convulsively as he grovels at her feet.

"Do not repulse me," he continues, frantically. "I shall go mad if you turn from me. One look—one little look—only one. For you I have sacrificed all my prospects; for love of you I am hunted—an outcast in the world. Eloise, my love—my darling Eloise, one drop of comfort—one word—one smile."

The poor wretch regards her with an intense and eager longing, as one famishing for love.

She turns from him coldly.

"Tom Van Buren," she says, decisively, "my duty is to hand you over to justice. I give you one chance to escape. Leave this room in two minutes, or I will pull this bell, and the police will secure you."

He looks at her for a moment in amazement. Then he slowly rises, and carefully adjusts his disguise. He bends over her, and when his face is near hers it scorches her like a red-hot iron.

"We shall meet again," he says, significantly, and he leaves the house.

"It is well I am rid of him," Eloise muses. "Surely he will not dare to come again. He is too dangerous a companion for me. Another week, and Ralph Courtlandt's wealth is mine."

CHAPTER XXXV.

"KISS ME, MY DARLING; I CAN NOW DIE HAPPILY."

ONLY a week to the reading of the will.

Eloise can scarcely realize the fact that she is so near the prize—so near to her emancipation, and so near to the end of all her trouble.

She had made Herbert, on the day of her marriage, settle everything he might receive under his uncle's will upon herself. The deed had been well paid for, and rapidly prepared, and it is now very pleasant for her to reflect upon the consternation its production will occasion the lawyers and the Gaythornes.

ROSA, A GYPSY GIRL.—FROM A DRAWING BY J. F. PORTAELS.

The unexpected appearance of Tom Van Buren had occasioned her much uneasiness. It would never do for her to be seen with him, as he might, by some means, endeavor to implicate her in his crime; and she was sorry now that she had not handed him over to justice, as, she reasoned, she ought to have done.

But as she had let the opportunity slip, what was the use of her grieving over it?

Since the departure of her husband, Eloise had received no tidings whatever of him. The agents acknowledged that the *City of New York* might have met with bad weather, and though she was considerably overdue, they entertained no fear of her ultimate safety.

Eloise experienced little anxiety upon this point; dead or alive, Herbert Gaythorne was of little consequence to her; and she felt small disinclination to wear the widow's weeds whenever the occasion should demand it. The excitement of the coming change in her position—the thoughts of which made her heart beat fast and her brain swing—rendered her restless, excited and unsettled.

She could not remain in her house, and every day she took long, purposeless walks.

Usually she chose the quiet streets and suburban roads of Harlem. Sometimes she ventured among the life and bustle of Broadway, and other busy thoroughfares, and one night she visited Rice's, for she wanted recreation, and she wanted, too, to see Leonie.

"Ah," thought Eloise, as she watched this powerful woman spring from trapeze to trapeze, "some months ago I longed to see you, miss. To-day I am only amused, and can laugh at you; now the prize is mine."

Four days before the expiration of the time named by Ralph Courtlandt, Eloise is seized by an irresistible desire to see, if only for a moment, the Gaythornes. She knows the name of the street in which they live, but she had never been to their house. It is one of those strange impulses which occasionally seize upon us all, and it is impossible to explain it.

Upon her release Eloise had declined to meet the girls, and she had not seen them since the night of her arrest at the parsonage.

"I will put a thick vail on and pass the house," she says; "and if they do see me I do not care."

Some way from the house, and before she has drawn the thick covering over her face, a man taps her on the shoulder, and Mr. Edward Delmar stands before her.

"Mrs. Carados—or, rather, Mrs. Gaythorne," he says, addressing her, "can you tell me the name of the street in which Mr. Gaythorne lives? I was told that it was somewhere near Fiftieth Street and Fourth Avenue, but I could not get any more definite direction."

"I thought that you were in Havana!" she falters. "I did not think to meet you here."

"I came back as I went," he returns, "very unexpectedly. I find that a letter which I thought had been delivered to Miss Gaythorne never reached her, and she is under the impression that I left her for a reason I need not pain you by mentioning. In fact, we have been playing at cross purposes with each other; and I want Mrs. Gaythorne to offer her an explanation, and to try once more to win her heart."

"I do not know her address. Surely you are aware——?"

"Aware of what?"

"That she is either engaged to be, or is, married."

"Good heavens! can this be true?"

"Why not?" Eloise asks. "You left her—she was free."

"Do not heap coals of fire upon my head. I have been a fool, and must pay the penalty of my folly. Good-afternoon."

"That man," Eloise muses, as she watches the well-knit, retreating figure, "will break his heart if he does not marry that colorless chit—what idiots men are! It is fortunate that I met him. He will, of course, find her, and know the truth, and he may know it, and he may marry her if he likes," she cries, triumphantly, "in four days' time, when all is mine."

She reaches the street, and walks quietly toward the house occupied by her father-in-law. It happens that the one next to it is vacant. It had been lately repapered and painted, and the windows and doors are left wide open. This has been evidently done to dry the house, and to permit intending tenants to view it.

The old gentleman and his daughters are very likely, Eloise thinks, in the garden, which is situated at the back of the building.

She enters the empty house. From the windows at the rear she can command a view of the adjoining grounds, and can, unseen, watch any one who may be in them.

Eloise finds the little garden, however, deserted. She watches it for a few minutes, then wanders listlessly from room to room.

At length, feeling tired, she sits upon the floor by the open window of the drawing-room, and looks upon the street. As she sits there thinking—now pondering over the dreary past, now dreaming of her brilliant future—she hears voices in the adjoining room of the next house. Two people have taken their chairs by the window, and are conversing with much earnestness.

One voice is rich, sweet, and musical, and belongs to Ada Gaythorne; the other is the mild, uncertain tone of a young man, which Eloise fails to recognize.

"I am sure it is very good of you"—it is Ada who is speaking—"and I do not know how to sufficiently thank you for all your kindness. I assure you that if I *could*, I would say 'Yes' out of very gratitude, but it is impossible. I do hope you won't be annoyed, for I should be sorry to give you pain. It never struck me that it would end like this. I do so wish that I had never entered your dear uncle's house, for I have only brought unhappiness there."

"Don't say that, Miss Gaythorne."

"I am sure I have—I feel I have. But, oh, Mr. Walter! do let me tell you that I appreciate you as highly as any woman can appreciate a man. If you would not think that I was mocking you I would ask you to love me as a sister—I will be such a good one to you. Do, there's a dear Mr. Walter; forget that you ever wished me to be anything else. Give me your hand, and promise me that you will not dwell upon your foolish fancy."

Eloise listens with much satisfaction.

"I never feared any danger from that quarter," she mutters; "she loves Sinclair too much to listen to anybody else for a long time to come. Perhaps if she knew how much she was losing by her refusal she would not be quite so anxious to throw away this offer. She *doesn't* know, and it will all be mine."

So thinks Herbert Gaythorne's wife, and a cruel smile plays round her mouth.

"I would wait any time," pleads the youth, forgetful in his utter wretchedness of his uncle's words, that the marriage must be at once, "and anything you wanted me to do I would do, for I really love you very much, and I can never forget you. Oh, Miss Gaythorne, don't discard me altogether. I am sure no one will ever love you as I have loved you."

"My poor boy," Ada says, "you must believe me when I tell you that it is impossible that I can ever be your wife."

"Whilst you are alive and single it cannot be impossible," Walter retorts, mournfully; "I will wait, and I will never despair of one day gaining your love."

"He's as big a fool as Tom Van Buren," soliloquizes Eloise; "if he had the money it would be of no use to him."

"For your sake, then, I must tell you the secret," is Ada Gaythorne's reply. "I wished to hide it from the world until the time came for divulging it; it is better that you know, however; and to save you needless trouble, I will relate to you my unhappy history. I tell it you in confidence."

She speaks with some hesitation, and very sadly.

"She is going to tell him of her love for the artist," reflects Eloise, sagaciously. "These girls are awful milksops."

"I met, some time ago, a gentleman named Edmund Sinclair. You must know him—he is an artist." Ada's voice is tremulous, and her bosom heaves as she speaks. "He told me that he loved me, and I returned his affection passionately."

Walter sighs.

"We loved each other," Ada continues, "with a love that knew no reason and would brook no control. My father, I knew, looked with contempt upon all paintings, but I had no conception that he regarded artists with the horror he did. When Edmund asked his permission to our marriage, and when I on my bended knees joined my lover in the petition, I saw such an expression of anguish, and terror, and despair upon my father's face that I knew I must be careful. I felt that to persist in our desire would be to kill him. I was tortured and torn by a thousand conflicting emotions. I loved my father very dearly, and my own heart should be broken rather than his life should be destroyed. I had not the slightest idea of any such opposition. I cannot tell you the agony I endured, and I knew not what to do. It was not that my father was angry—I should have been less miserable if he had been enraged. It was the picture of his intense horror and suffering which unnerved me. I felt that I was the most wicked wretch under the sun, *for in a mad moment I had secretly married Edmund!*"

Eloise Gaythorne gasps for breath, and a moment later falls senseless upon the floor.

"How I bore my load of sin," Ada continues, "I know not. I implored my husband to still keep our marriage concealed. I begged him not to again see me until my father died. He is a good, honorable man, and he has kept his word. It has been weary waiting, but I am thankful that the strength and courage has been given me to wait."

"Will you please let me go," says Walter, in a hollow voice. "I feel rather faint, and would rather go, please."

"Poor boy!" Ada sighs, as the youth leaves her. "I am very, very sorry for him."

"Ada!"

It is the quiet voice of her father, and she notices for the first time that he is lying on a sofa near the window, the heavy curtains of which are down, and which have prevented her from before seeing him.

"Ada," old Mr. Gaythorne says, in a sweet, soft voice, "send for your husband."

She trembles very much as she slowly rises her head and meets his gaze. There is a terrified, wistful look upon her face. She is about to burst into a torrent of wild entreaties for pardon, when he continues:

"When I heard who it was that had saved my son from the scaffold I prayed to God to pardon me for my cruelty in parting you. I would then have called him to us, but I feared it was too late—too late for your own independence. Since then it has been my one desire, my one ambition to see you wedded to the man you love. God, in His infinite mercy, has turned your sin into a blessing. Kiss me, my darling; I can now die happily."

* * * * * * *

"What do you think, Ada?" her sister breathlessly cries, as she bursts into the room, her eyes swollen from weeping? "I have seen Edward; "I met him in the street. He would not notice me. Oh, it is too cruel—too cruel!"

"The villain!" Ada thinks. "If he is in New York he will have to answer to *me* for his baseness.

A little later, a female form totters from the empty house to the street.

"So near, so near, so near!" she moans. She sways from side to side like a drunken person. Her face is covered with a cold perspiration, and her eyes are red and heavy. "How ill I feel!—I cannot walk—I must get a carriage somewhere. My head, my head! So near, too—so near!"

In the evening papers there is a long and graphic account of the total wreck of the good ship *City of New York*, obtained from the only survivor, the second mate.

This does not now interest Eloise much. She has lost something that is infinitely more precious to her than a husband.

As her landlady is preparing a cup of tea for her she again becomes senseless. They send for a doctor, and he very carefully examines her. They must exercise great caution with her, he says; and, above all, her mind must be kept free from worry. Any sudden shock might kill her.

Eloise hears this advice, and she laughs bitterly. *Her* mind free from worry!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"IT IS RIGHT!—IT IS THE WILL!"

ELOISE rose in the morning, and told her landlady that she was going out. She appeared calm, but the expression of her face was very strange; her features, too, looked, as the servant remarked, as though they had been pulled into all manner of shapes, and her once piercing eyes were dull and expressionless.

She was urged to stay at home, or, at least, to wait until the doctor had seen her. But she thanked them coldly for their caution and solicitude, and hurriedly left the house.

Eloise thought she had provided for everything—that Ada should be married was beside her wildest fancy. That she should have been married even while Eloise was plotting at the parsonage was galling in the extreme. She ground her teeth as she considered how this quiet, reserved girl had deceived them all, and shattered all her plans; and like many more whose morality is of the lightest possible description, Eloise regarded with much acridity in others any deviation from the truth. It seemed to annoy her that any one else should practice the arts she so much relied upon.

"The deceitful cat," she muttered, "and she is to have this wealth. Oh, if I could only think of some plan! She must not, she shall not have it."

It was easier to say this, and to grit her teeth, and to clinch her hands, than to see her way clear to stopping this money from going to Ada.

When she was at Woodbine there were many things in the behavior of this dark girl that puzzled her; she understood it all now, and she cursed her own folly in not earlier probing Ada's secret. It would at least have saved her much useless scheming, and she could have borne the disappointment better then than now.

Eloise notices that her ideas come with much incoherence, and that she cannot long pursue one train of thought. She trembles when she thinks that her reason may be impaired.

"No, no," she says to herself, "I must be strong and clear-headed; there may be yet some means of conquering this cruel fate, which seems so persistently to oppose me."

This strange woman now examined every contingency likely and unlikely. She considered everything that she could do, possible and impossible; she reviewed the situation, as far as her mind would allow her, from every aspect; and she saw no loophole, no hope, no chance. Were they both dead she did not know that she would benefit, and, reckless as she was, she would not entertain so wild a project as a double murder.

Supposing—and Eloise supposed everything—there had been no will? Then her husband would surely share with the rest. Eloise did not know much about the law in these matters, but it seemed to her that if Ralph died intestate, his nephew, being his nearest relation, must benefit. Were the will destroyed would the same result follow? Undoubtedly, she argued, it would be as though it had never existed. Was it possible to destroy it? Who could tell? She had only two days, but she would try.

No sooner did Eloise conceive the notion of destroying the will than, with a madman's tenacity of purpose, she determined to make the attempt.

From the nature of the will, and the absolute necessity of secrecy as to its provisions, Eloise felt convinced that it was deposited in the office of Messrs. Ketcham & Cheetam.

This was something—it limited her field of action. She remembered that on her release from the Tombs she was taken to Mr. Ketcham's private room. Here, let into the wall, was a sort of immense iron cupboard—it could scarcely be called a safe—with heavy, great metal doors, studded with bolts. These doors were open, and inside she saw a number of cases and rows of drawers. These all bore a name, and upon one of them was the name of Courtlandt.

Eloise had no doubt that this drawer contained the will.

"When the lawyer is working in his office, no doubt the iron doors are kept open, for he must have frequent occasion to consult the papers in his strong room," Eloise argues; "and if I could only get him to leave me alone for one moment I might secure the paper."

Straightway she makes for the office of Messrs. Ketcham & Cheetam.

Mr. Ketcham, she is informed, will not be there until the morrow.

She bites her lip with vexation, and walks away.

More waiting, and another sleepless night.

The next morning—the last morning before the reading of Ralph Courtlandt's testament—Eloise, with beating heart and her brain on fire, again enters the lawyer's office, and a moment later is seated in Mr. Ketcham's private room.

As she had expected, the huge safe-doors are open, and Mr. Ketcham is writing at his desk.

Eloise wants an excuse for calling, so she tells him that she had seen Tom Van Buren, and begs his advice as to how she should act in case he visited her again.

Suddenly she says, in a weak voice:

"I feel so faint; can you oblige me with a glass of water?"

The lawyer does not start from his chair and rush out of the room, as she had expected, but quietly touching a bell, he desires a clerk to bring her what she requires.

In her rage, Eloise could have dashed the glass at his head.

Chance, however, helped her when art failed.

As they are talking, and she is racking her brain for another ruse by which to get the lawyer out of the room, the same clerk who had brought her the water taps at the door, and asks whether Mr. Ketcham had any instructions for Barret before he left.

"One moment," the lawyer says to Eloise; "I will not detain you a moment;" and he goes into the outer office.

Quick as lightning Eloise opens the little drawer. Upon the very first paper she catches the words "Last Will" and "Courtlandt." The parchment is crunched into her hand and forced into her pocket.

Almost at the exact instant Mr. Ketcham returns.

They have some further conversation, and then he says, as she is leaving:

"We read the will to-morrow at Mr. Gaythorne's instead of at the Surrogate's Court. I rather expect you are interested in it."

"He doesn't know that she is married," Eloise soliloquized, as she reached the street; "and he thinks that it is all coming to Herbert. How will they look when they find there is no will at all?"

She jumps into a carriage, and hastily examines the paper in her pocket.

"It is right!—it is the will!" she cries, exultingly, as she tears it into a hundred pieces. Some of these she chewed, and some she scattered to the winds as she drove along, crying, wildly: "Now we shall see who will have the old man's money!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONCLUSION.

It was a bright, clear morning, as a pleasant party assembled in the dining-room of Mr. Gaythorne's house to hear the reading of the will.

Ada had called upon Edward Delmar, and instead of finding, as she expected, a hardened breaker of ladies' hearts, she met a disconsolate, love-sick swain, who declaimed loudly against the fickleness of women, and who asserted his intention of abandoning the entire sex for ever.

They both saw the hand of an enemy in the unfortunate misunderstanding that existed, and when they remembered that Eloise was at the Parsonage at the time Edward received the old love-letter, written by Maggie years before, and that it was Eloise who told him that his love was married, they could not doubt but that it was to her they owed their unhappiness.

Edward Delmar returned with Ada, nor was it long ere the lovers, who had been separated for so many weary months, renewed their vows, and in their great felicity forgot the distressing past.

Mr. Delmar is at the Gaythorne's this bright, clear morning, and so is Edmund Sinclair. The latter's wife, as may be imagined, lost no time in acquainting him with her father's changed views, and within a few hours after mailing the letter, the artist had in person received the old man's blessing.

With him came Rebecca, the old servant of the late Ralph Courtlandt, as it was deemed but right that she should be present at the reading of the will.

Sinclair had likewise invited Leonie. There were strong objections at first to this redoubtable lady appearing upon the scene, but Edmund insisted that he had his reasons, and no one cared to further oppose a man who had shown such sagacity in the management of their affairs. Leonie, however, declined to be present. She wrote him a very kind note, and sent him a handsome ring.

The clouds which had for so long cast their gloomy shadows over the Gaythorne household were beginning to disperse; but it seemed as though their joys were never to be unalloyed, for even now the news of the wreck of the *City of New York* came to dispirit them.

They awaited anxiously the arrival of the lawyer and Eloise. They did not know whether the latter would come or not, but they conceived it highly probable that she would.

THE LOOKED-FOR SUMMER DAYS.

"So all search for the child of Ralph Courtlandt has proved unavailing," Mr. Gaythorne says, opening a

conversation which, a few minutes before, had been interrupted.

"Yes," Sinclair replies. "I have not met with any success as yet. After she ran away from this good woman there is no trace of her. It would be satisfactory, indeed, to know whether she be alive or dead."

"You may think what you like, but she is not dead," Rebecca stoutly affirms. "No, no; I shall see her once again before I die."

"I told you, I think," the artist resumes, "that in the locket which I obtained from Leonie I found, at the back of some hair, a thin scrap of paper. On it was written, 'My child has a small mole behind her left ear.' It was signed 'Marian Brentford'; and if ever a claimant does turn up, this may help us to identify her."

"I wish she were found," declares Ada. "It seems so very awful that the poor old man's dream should never be realized."

"Do you think I've come all the way from Courtlandt Cliffs to hear wills read?" almost shrieks Rebecca. "No, no! I saw a vision last night, and, mark my words, great things will happen to-day. Woe is Courtlandt, and woe is me!"

"Hush!" cries the artist, endeavoring to pacify her. "You will frighten these ladies by saying such things."

Edmund notices that both Ada and Maggie turn pale at the beldame's ominous words, spoken as they were with a deep significance, and in a weird, croaking voice.

"I tell you," screams Rebecca again, in shriller tones, "that there'll be a deathknell once more ere the sun will shine on Courtlandt Cliffs."

It would be absurd to say that the Gaythornes are not all exceedingly anxious to learn how Ralph Courtlandt bequeathed his wealth. Perhaps, though, there never were two girls, who, under similar circumstances, thought less of themselves than Maggie and Ada.

They would have been rejoiced to see the daughter of Marian Brentford in possession of her own. It was well known to them all that in the event of this lady ever satisfactorily establishing her identity, almost the whole of the dead man's property became hers.

They had been waiting for some time when Eloise at last enters the room. Two bright-red spots upon her cheeks, and a glitter in her strange, starting eyes speak of fever.

She bows distantly to those assembled, and sinks upon a chair.

At first Rebecca does not notice her; but when she looks at her face, she utters a wild, startling cry, and bounds toward her.

"Ha, ha, and I've found you at last, have I?" comes from the lips of this strange old woman. "You know who I am, eh?"

"I know you!" Eloise returns, disdainfully.

"Hear her," shrieks the hag—"hear her, in her falrials, her silks and her satins. She knows me well enough. When your gown was in tatters, and you had never a shoe to your foot, who feasted you, you baggage?"

"You beat me, and you starved me, but you never feasted me," is Eloise's contemptuous reply.

"Listen to her—listen to her. Did you ever hear the like?" and the old woman's voice rises to a shriller key.

They all hear this strange recognition in astonishment and silence; only Edmund Sinclair has the slightest suspicion what this curious scene is to lead to.

Eloise, without appearing much concerned, eyes the old crone with disgust.

"Is this a friend of yours?" she asks Ada, with some insolence.

"No; a very particular friend of *mine*," is the quick retort flung at her by Edmund Sinclair.

"Hear her, hear her," vociferates Rebecca. "Hearken to the jade. Didn't they catch you from the flood, and didn't we keep you as our own?"

"Such a keep as it was," retorts Eloise, with biting sarcasm.

"Great heavens!" Sinclair cries, suddenly. "You, then, must be the child cast by D'Albo into the river!"

"She is the one my husband plucked from the waters."

"Is this true?" demands the artist, in a tone of intense excitement.

They all wait breathlessly for her answer.

"I don't know," Eloise returns, indifferently; "and I don't see how my history can interest you. All I remember is, that I lived with this woman until I ran away. I ran away with my present husband, and he deserted me."

This is said in a tone of bold defiance, as though she wishes to shock them.

"Allow me, one moment," Sinclair requests, impetuously, as he examines her ear. "See!" he cries. "It is here—the mole is here!"

They crowd round her with anxious, eager faces, and they excitedly ask her question after question.

"Are you all mad?" Eloise demands, regarding them with amazement.

"Do you know who you are?" Sinclair asks.

"My husband's wife, I suppose," with a bitter smile.

"You are," the artist continues, "the daughter of Marian Brentford."

"The daughter of Ralph Courtlandt," says Ada.

"And our cousin," adds Maggie.

"By the last will of your father," resumes Sinclair, "you are entitled to every dollar of his wealth!"

Upon hearing this Eloise's jaw drops, and the two bright spots on her cheeks vanish.

"Daughter of Ralph Courtlandt?" she gasps. "I his daughter—his wealth mine—left me in his will—his last will—oh, heavens! No, no! it cannot be—say it was not in the will. Who read it? Who saw it?" she demands, fiercely. "We'll have the law. I'll prove it. What though it be destroyed, the gold is mine—I tell you the will is scattered to the winds—there is no will. Heavens! this is hard to bear—oh! oh! oh! if I had only waited! Not one of you shall keep it from me. Not one, I tell you—I will have it all—I will——"

There is a struggle, and a gurgle in her throat. She clinches her hands, and the blood, bright and sparkling, spurts from her mouth. It glitters in the noonday sun, and a dancing sunbeam plays and fondles with her fixed, pallid features. She utters no further word, nor cry, but falls back dead, a strange victim to an uncontrollable cupidity.

She had verified the doctor's prediction; another shock, he said, would kill her.

A physician was immediately sent for, and very tenderly they lifted the slight form from the ground, and gently arranged it on the sofa.

The moans, cries, and shrieks of Rebecca were so shrill and constant that they were compelled to remove her from the room; and even when she was placed in a distant apartment her howlings were distinctly audible.

Very soon after the awful death of Eloise, Mr. Ketcham arrives with his clerk.

He looks at the cold, stiff figure on the sofa, and slowly shakes his head.

"I am afraid," he observes, sadly, "that she——"

"Do not say a word against her," Ada pleads. "She is dead, and she was Courtlandt's daughter."

The strange discovery is fully explained to Mr. Ketcham.

"Extraordinary — very extraordinary," he declares. "The will was ordered to be read at twelve o'clock. It is now half-past eleven; had she lived one hour later she would have been the possessor of great wealth; for good or evil, only God can tell."

"In her ravings," Sinclair remarks, "she said something about the will being destroyed."

"The will destroyed—the will destroyed!" Mr. Ketcham muses. "By Jove, I've got it. I discovered this morning that I had lost my copy of it, I always kept in my room. She was there yesterday, and, no doubt, she destroyed it, thinking it was the original. Foolish woman! as if we should leave the original as open as that."

"Of course," he goes on, "notwithstanding the finding of his daughter under the circumstances, the provisions of the instrument remain unaltered. I dare say, ladies, you would prefer me to postpone the reading of this document; it seems almost a mockery to rehearse it with the dead body of his daughter in the house, but I have no alternative. To-day is the day appointed, and to-day it shall be read.

"I congratulate you, Miss Ada," he says, when he had finished; "it all goes to you, as you are the only one married."

"It will make no difference, Mr. Ketcham," rejoins Ada, sweetly; "there is half for me, and half for Maggie. That is how we will manage it—isn't it, Edmund?"

"Certainly, my darling; we did not dream of keeping it ourselves."

"There is nothing more now," Mr. Ketcham resumes, "to cloud your happiness—nothing."

"You forget," says Maggie, sadly, "the death of our brother."

"That need not trouble you, for I saw him scarcely an hour ago. He tried to avoid me, but I overtook him. It appears that the rascal got off the vessel after we left him. He never wished to go to Venezuela; his only desire was to avoid his wife, of whom he seems to be in mortal fear. It was a waste, certainly, of money, but as it's turned out, it's all for the best. I expect, too, that there was another lady in the case."

Herbert Gaythorne was saved—snatched a second time from death! but his relations never saw him again; they read, some long time after, that he had married Ann Tomkins, and they heard that the pair had taken a store in Newark, New Jersey, and were flourishing. For some reason or other he had ceased all communications with his father and his sisters.

* * * * * *

Nothing more was heard of Tom Van Buren. Abel Stimson about this time retired from the bank; he went to Cuba. Some one met him in Havana, and he was then accompanied by a fine, handsome fellow whom he called his son. This surprised his New York friends, for they knew he had no child.

Of course, Maggie Gaythorne became the wife of Edward Delmar, as the reader will have anticipated already.

Leonie still flourishes. She is not by many years so young as she was when we introduced her, but she is as daring and as popular as ever.

And now a few parting words to those unsophisticated people who believe everything they read in novels to be impossible, and we drop the pen.

Nearly every incident herein related has not only actually occurred, but has come directly under the notice of the author.

It may interest some to know that a will containing the provisions here described was actually made.

[THE END.]

LOVE IN A STEEPLE.

By Elizabeth Bigelow.

I REGRET to say that her name was Dolly. It would seem about as appropriate to call the Mediœan Venus Nellie. And it was, moreover, Smith. The Dolly was but a feeble evidence of the malignity of Fate. But we—her friends at Mrs. Rawley's—seldom called her anything but Saint Cecilia. If her name had been Dorothea, or even Dorothy, we might, perhaps, have been able to call her by it—but Dolly!

It was somewhat disenchanting to know that her name was Dolly Smith; but still is not Dolly Smith, with remarkable, saint-like loveliness, more interesting than Arabella Montesquieu Montmorenci, with a pug nose and freckles? When she first made her appearance in our "refined and select circle" (*vide* Mrs. Rawley's circulars), we were all as much on the *qui vive* as such extremely well-bred people could be to discover her past history.

Each newcomer was wont to be heralded with a great flourish of trumpets. Mrs. Rawley always announced the more or less exalted position in life of the new arrival with unassailable evidence on the subject of grandfathers. We had not more confidence in our soups and mayonnaises than in the grandfathers of our fellow-boarders. But when we came down one morning and found this lovely young woman calmly sipping her chocolate at Mrs. Rawley's right hand, in a morning costume of ciel-blue, we were all in a state of densest ignorance concerning her. Not a single trumpet-tone had announced her coming.

What could it mean? And yet she had so queenly a presence that I don't think the dreadful suspicion thrilled any of our nerves that we might be sheltering a grandfatherless person in our midst.

Mrs. Ashburton, our *grande dame*, raised her eyeglass, and scrutinized her from the yellow locks, arranged with classical simplicity, to the sweeping folds of the ciel-blue robe; and then she beamed blandly upon her.

Mrs. Rawley seized the auspicious moment, and presented Miss Smith to Mrs. Ashburton. There was no prefix or affix to the Miss Smith—nothing to afford any enlightenment as to who Miss Smith might be. But it suited Mrs. Ashburton's whim to be gracious, and henceforth, so far as that house was concerned, Miss Smith's position was assured.

But she was engaged in breaking her eggshell with as much nonchalance as if she were not being weighed in the balance.

Rose Carmichael gave her little *retroussé* nose an extra tilt, and Sarah Winthrop tossed her head and curled her lips, but of course everybody knew that was only envy and jealousy.

Mrs. Devereux murmured something about an extraordinary proceeding on Mrs. Rawley's part, and a "person" whom nobody knew, and looked as if she meditated gathering her three daughters under her wing and taking them out of harm's way, but she contented herself with

giving them energetic directions with regard to their conduct toward the newcomer, in a tone which was only moderately low.

Miss Laurie, who is of uncertain age, lame and ailing, and devoted to worsted-work and gossip, remarked, *sotto voce*, to Colonel Jefferds:

"She looks like an actress. Don't you think, from her looks, that she must be an actress? Don't you feel sure, now, that you have seen her on the stage, only you have forgotten just where?"

"Never should have forgotten it if I had seen her, ma'am—never!" responded the gallant old colonel, promptly.

And Miss Laurie turned for consolation to her neighbor on the other hand. It was just then that it struck me that her face was exactly like the picture of Saint Cecilia.

Mr. Cronninshield seemed to take it for granted that she was a proper person to be admitted to our circle.

With the exception of Mrs. Ashburton and Mrs. Cronninshield, I am afraid, all the ladies looked at her with suspicion. With the gentlemen, of course, it was different.

Little Jack Norton, whose mind was supposed to be centred upon his very little hands and feet, and his very large and luxuriant mustache, murmured "By Jove!" under his breath, and stared at her quite as long as good breeding allowed. Mr. Townsend, the young college professor, seemed to find it very difficult to fix his mind on the derivation of some word from the Greek, which he was explaining to Kitty Devereux, and kept casting furtive glances at the new divinity.

"Deucedly handsome, isn't she?" I heard Mr. Devereux remark, in an undertone, to his spouse.

"Mr. Devereux, I am surprised at you!" the wife of his bosom replied.

Young Doctor Ahlborn, who was reserved to the last degree, sat beside the newcomer, and picked up her napkin when she dropped it, and lifted his eyes to her face as he presented it with a look of interest, which I had never seen him bestow on any other body. I saw Rose Carmichael give Saint Cecilia a look which, I was sure, meant war to the knife after that, for Doctor Ahlborn was a rising man in his profession, came of a good old family, and was, moreover, rich.

Reverend Arthur Kingsford, "Saint Cupid," as we called him, the most charming and eligible young man, did not seem to be especially attracted by the newcomer. He merely bestowed on her the sweet and dreamy glance with which he favored all women, ugly or beautiful, and apparently forgot her. He was so flattering, so devoted in his manner, that each of the adoring young ladies had at first fondly believed herself the happy object of his affections, but now that a year had passed, and he was still devoted to each and every one with as much impartiality as it was possible to exercise, they were beginning to believe that he had no affections, and the slippers and dressing-cases were growing beautifully less in number.

But to return to Miss Dolly Smith. She responded sweetly but somewhat coldly to Mrs. Ashburton's suave speeches. Whether Miss Smith was "somebody" or "nobody," she evidently had no mind to be patronized. When she had finished her breakfast, she looked at her watch with the air of a woman of business, and sailed out of the room.

Several of the gentlemen had disappeared by this time, but on the face of every woman present was stamped the unconquerable determination to unravel this mystery before she suffered Mrs. Rawley to escape from her sight.

Mrs. Devereux began, as soon as the door closed on the young lady.

"Mrs. Rawley, I think you owe us some explanation," she said, in her severest tone. "Who *is* Miss Smith?"

Mrs. Rawley's sallow face flushed, and, sitting beside her, I could see that she trembled. But she spoke up, bravely.

"Perhaps I ought to have spoken about her, but I thought her appearance was so distinguished that nobody could——"

"Her appearance!" ejaculated Miss Laurie, in her most vinegary tone.

"I am obliged to confess that her position is not precisely what I could wish in introducing her into this select circle—in fact, she has been reduced by unfortunate circumstances to the humble station of a teacher of music."

"A music-teacher!" repeated Mrs. Devereux, in a tone of horror.

"I hope that we all recognize the fact that a lady of family and position is not disgraced when she is forced to honest labor," said Mrs. Ashburton, with a glance that was a challenge, leveled at Mrs. Devereux.

"Thank you, Mrs. Ashburton," said Mrs. Rawley, meekly. "I am so glad that you feel so. But I may as well confess that I allowed myself to be somewhat influenced by personal feeling in regard to Miss Smith. Her father once did a great kindness to my husband; and she is all alone in the world, and I knew that I could look after her comfort as a stranger wouldn't, and I couldn't refuse to take her."

Mrs. Rawley's eyes filled with genuine tears. I think we were all a little touched by this proof of real feeling in our mercenary, worldly-minded little hostess, and the council of war ended abruptly. Miss Smith might not find herself on a bed of roses in our "select circle," but she would be allowed to remain.

I went up-stairs just in time to see the young lady sailing off, in a decidedly stylish walking costume, with a music-roll under her arm. Evidently she was not the down-trodden music-teacher dear to novel-writers, clad perpetually in a shabby alpaca dress and draggled shawl.

On this very day of her first appearance, Kitty Devereux came to me in great excitement, to tell me of a discovery she had made.

"She is soprano at St. Jude's; think of that! And, of course, she came here because *he* is here."

I understood, of course, that "she" meant Miss Smith, and "he" Saint Cupid, but I thought Miss Kitty was jumping at conclusions at a marvelous rate.

"I don't think she even knew that he boarded here. She evidently wasn't acquainted with him, as she did not recognize him; and it is not to be supposed that every young lady falls in love with Saint Cupid at first sight."

That *was* rather hard, for it was a fact patent to all observers that Kitty's heart had succumbed to Saint Cupid's spell on their very first meeting. From that time she had turned the cold shoulder upon all her admirers, and devoted herself assiduously to church-work and slipper-embroidering.

Kitty colored furiously, and looked as if she could annihilate me; but then Kitty and I were always at sword's point.

"I know she is an artful, designing thing, Mrs. Rawley ought to be made to turn her away," said Kitty, hotly.

"Oh, the envy and jealousy of the female mind!" said I, provokingly. "Just because she happens to be as beautiful as Saint Cecilia.

"Saint Cecilia, indeed! She will turn out to be a regular adventuress! Now remember what I say!" And Kitty took herself off in a rage.

She did not appear at lunch on that first day; that was

the meal at which comments on our neighbors were very free and unrestrained, as there were seldom any gentlemen present to come down sharp upon their little stories, and sift their facts to the bottom.

On that day, Jack Norton and the Reverend Mr. Kingsford made their appearance at lunch, contrary to custom, while the gossip, with Saint Cecilia for its subject, was in full tide. Mrs. Devereux had made inquiries, and became convinced that Miss Smith had come to the house for the express purpose of laying siege to the rector. She had

SHARPENING THE REAPING-HOOK.

discovered that, instead of being reduced from wealth and station, she was now in a state of much greater prosperity than ever before, her father having been a third-class musician, and her mother a dressmaker.

Mrs. Ashburton, however, declared that Miss Smith's highbred look and bearing were sufficient to refute such base charges.

Mrs. Cronninshield ventured to remark that even if it were so—— But she was instantly cried down, and, in the midst of the excitement, Mrs. Rawley in tears, Mrs. Devereux all a quiver with wrath, Mrs. Ashburton dignified but pale, and the young ladies all talking together, Saint Cupid's benign face beamed upon us, and Jack Norton followed, looking eagerly round the table.

Jack was proverbial for falling in love with every pretty face, and I felt sure that Saint Cecilia's was the magnet which had drawn him two miles uptown in the busiest part of the day. But what had drawn Saint Cupid, who was supposed by the young ladies to live through the day on something more ethereal than the ordinary food of mortals. Mrs. Devereux pounced upon him at once.

"Mr. Kingsford, is it true that Miss Smith is a member of your church choir, and have you ever met her before she came here?—and what do you think of her?"

"I think she does sing in our choir. I remember her face. No, I have never met her," responded Saint Cupid, with the utmost composure.

"But you haven't answered all Mrs. Devereux's questions," said Mrs. Ashburton.

"What do I think of her? Oh, I think her beautiful and charming, of course—are not all ladies so?"

"She is awfully handsome, and she walks like a queen.

I heard she was going to sing in the concert at Orpheus Hall, Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the Samaritan Society, and I went straightway and bought tickets. If her voice is anything like her face, you know——"

This was Jack Norton.

Mr. Kingsford gracefully changed the subject, evidently not wishing to discuss Miss Smith. Indeed, he could seldom be inveigled into expressing his opinion of any woman, thinking, no doubt, that he showed his wisdom thereby.

"Sing at a concert! Fancy having a public character like that in the house!" I heard Mrs. Devereux say, in a tone of horror, to Miss Laurie as we were going up-stairs. "I shall feel it to be my duty to take my girls away at once."

But Mrs. Devereux was always threatening, and I don't think anybody felt that we were in the least danger of losing the society of the Devereux.

We prided ourselves upon having a good deal of talent amongst us, in one way or another, and, with readings and music and theatricals, we certainly succeeded in getting up a thoroughly enjoyable *soirée* once in a while. Mrs. Ashburton and Mrs. Devereux were the managers.

"I am going to ask Miss Smith to sing to-night," said Mrs. Ashburton to me, "if only for the sake of teasing those spiteful women, who are jealous of her beauty. They say she has a magnificent voice. Won't Mamma Devereux be furious to have Marie's feeble warbling eclipsed?"

Mrs. Devereux said to her friend and ally, Miss Laurie:

"Mrs. Ashburton means to ask Miss Smith to sing to-night, just on purpose to cast my girls into the shade; but I'll outwit her, you see if I don't. That girl sha'n't sing."

Accordingly, at the dinner-table that night, almost as we were seated, Mrs. Devereux proclaimed, in a tone which could not fail to be audible to everybody at the table:

"There is one mistake in the arrangements for to-night for which I am sorry. We are to have entirely too much singing. I think I shall have my Marie withdraw, though the Churchills, who are coming, were so anxious to hear her render 'Robert toi que j'aime.'"

"On the contrary, my dear Mrs. Devereux, I am sure we have not enough singing, and I was just requesting Miss Smith to favor us."

"Oh, if you have enough, pray excuse me," said Cecilia, as, of course, Mrs. Devereux's remark had made it incumbent on her to say. "If I could do anything that would really be of service, I should be very glad. I can read a little."

Now, I thought this was very sweetly and modestly said, as if she really wished to be of use; but Mrs. Devereux said, in a tone of horror, which only just failed to be audible at Saint Cecilia's end of the table:

"Who ever heard of such boldness!"

"That will be the very thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashburton. "I am sorry to say that we haven't much dramatic talent amongst us" (Mrs. Devereux and the oldest daughter, Anne, had been most prominent as readers), "and, besides, to hear a new and fresh style will be delightful."

And Mrs. Ashburton cast a glance of triumph upon her discomfited foe.

Saint Cecilia modestly disclaimed the possession of especial dramatic talent, but would be "very happy to oblige."

"She only wants to make herself conspicuous," said Mrs. Devereux to me, as we were going up-stairs. "She'll make a vulgar toilet, and she will make a wretched failure of her reading. You will see."

We were all there to see. Not one of the gentlemen had a "pressing engagement," as, I regret to say, some of them were in the habit of doing when we had these little displays of "home talent."

Even Doctor Ahlborn, who seldom had an evening to spare, settled himself in an obscure corner, where escape would be impossible until the entertainment was over.

Anne Devereux and Rose Carmichael played a duet. This was so urgently encored that it was repeated. Then Marie Devereux sang "Robert, Robert, toi que j'aime," with great expression and languishing glances, and her voice was sweet and pleasing, though rather thin, and the little ballad which she sang for an *encore* was enjoyable.

Afterward Mr. Kingsford read "Doctor Marigold," and one or two other short selections from Dickens. He had been wont to read pathetic little love-songs, but now he eschewed everything of that kind, and devoted himself to the comic.

Kitty Devereux whispered me, with great concern, that he must have heard that we called him St. Cupid, and that we must do so no more.

After that Mr. Devereux read "The Charge of the Light Brigade," but the effect was rather comical than otherwise. Then came more music, which it is not worth while to describe; and then appeared St. Cecilia.

Mrs. Devereux's prophecy of a vulgar toilet was not fulfilled. She wore a very simple-made black silk, with some fine old lace at throat and wrist, and a set of pearls.

She read that intensely dramatic poem of Dante Rosseti's, "Sister Helen," and she read it with a passion and fire, which, on or off the stage, I had never heard equaled.

There was a dead hush when she finished, which was much more flattering than applause.

After we had sufficiently recovered, we all did applaud wildly. But nothing would induce Miss Smith to repeat "Sister Helen," or to read anything else. Indeed, she looked too much exhausted.

Little Jack Norton was really making himself ridiculous by his boisterous applause and excitement. Even Papa Devereux was so carried away by his enthusiasm as to be oblivious of the frowns and fierce looks of his spouse.

"Oh, it ith really thoul-thirring, but thtill a trifle—jutht a trifle—too tragic for a drawing-room; don't you think tho?" lisped Kitty Devereux to Doctor Ahlborn.

I looked at the doctor. His dark and somewhat stern face was actually pale and agitated; or was it only the dim light of the corner where he sat?

Miss Smith did not stay to enjoy her ovation; she slipped quietly away, and Doctor Ahlborn left almost immediately after.

I suppose I had not sufficient reason for such a fancy, but I did fancy from that night that our Saint Cecilia and Doctor Ahlborn had met before.

One would not, perhaps, have guessed it from the frigid and stately little bow which she gave him when Mrs. Ashburton presented him, in due form, the next day; but still, its contrast with the manner in which she beamed upon Mr. Kingsford was striking. And I noticed that Doctor Ahlborn turned away from her at once, with a bitter little smile curling his lip.

Here was a mystery, I felt sure; and truly there is nothing so dear to the female soul, especially if there be a hint of romance about it.

Mrs. Ashburton and I went to the Samaritan Society concert expressly to hear Saint Cecilia sing, and Colonel Jefferds went with us; the old colonel was so completely carried away with her, that I did not know but that he would go to the length of offering himself and his millions to her at once.

I scarcely expected to see anybody else from our house, but there was Saint Cupid, conspicuous in a front seat, although that evening there were services in his church. Of course, little Jack Norton was to the fore, in an extraordinary necktie, and with an amazingly graceful curl to mustache.

I looked about for Doctor Ahlborn, and discovered his handsome, dark face in an obscure corner.

Saint Cecilia sang like an angel, and looked like one, too, in her white robes; but what did that mysterious Doctor Ahlborn do but get up and stride out in the midst of one of her songs; and she noticed him; I saw her face change. How did she espy him in that dim corner?

A few days after she came to Mrs. Rawley's. A tiny locket dropped from her chain, and opened as it fell. As I picked it up I recognized the face as that of an old schoolmate and very dear friend.

Laura Wallis!" I exclaimed, and my eyes filled with tears; she had been dead for many years, but I had not forgotten her.

"Did you really know her?" said Miss Smith. "She was my half-sister."

I remembered to have heard that Laura Wallis's mother had married a Mr. Smith; but if I had not forgotten it, of course the name was too common for me to think of associating with her our Saint Cecilia.

So the little locket formed a bond of sympathy between us, for she had loved her sister very much as a child, and delighted to talk of her.

Mr. Arthur Kingsford began at once to devote himself to her; but, then, that was no more than he had done to a great many other young ladies.

Saint Cecilia and Doctor Ahlborn seldom exchanged a word; but I noticed that he haunted the drawing-room when she was there, and his eyes followed her every movement with a haughty and scornful expression: but once or twice I saw a wistful, tender look, which seemed to have crept into his face against his will.

She was standing in the hall one day, talking to Arthur Kingsford; he had stopped her as she was coming upstairs, and some gay badinage was passing, when Doctor Ahlborn passed them. A moment afterward Saint Cecilia came rushing into my room, and dropped her head on the arm of a sofa in a passion of tears.

"I can't stay in the house with—with that Doctor Ahlborn! His scornful way is perfectly intolerable! What right has he to sneer at me? Why doesn't he let me alone? I won't leave here, because he will know I am running away from him, but if I had known that he was here, I would have died before I would have come here!"

"Dear me, child, do be calm," said I; "and tell me what the matter is. Had you ever met Doctor Ahlborn before?"

"Yes; I spent a Summer with him at Lake George, three years ago. I may as well tell you the whole story—I have never told anybody—and perhaps it may make me feel better. He devoted himself to me, and I—I am not a bit susceptible. I never thought I should care for anybody, but I fell in love with him. In love!—it was a perfect infatuation. I envied the very ground because his foot touched it. I would have died to save him from the least pain. I don't know how such a feeling ever came to me. I had it all at once, and I couldn't get rid of it. The worst—the maddening part of it—is that I haven't got rid of it yet! Well, he told me that he loved me one evening; that he never had loved any woman but me, and he should love me for ever—that's what they all say, you know"—and here Cecilia heaved a weary little sigh—"and I went straight up to the seventh heaven. I didn't come down again until the next morning, when I found that he had departed, leaving a little note for me, in which he said that he had been mistaken in me, and I should never see him again. I never have seen him since until I met him here."

"Doctor Ahlborn? I could have sworn that he was the soul of honor. There must be some dreadful mistake," I exclaimed.

"There is no mistake. His aunt, who is expected to leave him her fortune, evidently did not approve of me. He thought that he had gone as far as prudence would allow him to go, and his only safety was in flight."

"Isn't it possible that some falsehood had been told him——"

"If that had been so, wouldn't he have taken some time to investigate it, if he had cared for me? He looked upon it as only an amusing little flirtation. I was poor and friendless, and he dared to treat me as he would not have dared to treat a girl of his own station."

"You think this of him, and yet you——"

"Love him? Yes. I used to think that respect must necessarily go with love. I have found out that it is not so. But I have pride—plenty of it; I wouldn't marry him if he went down on his knees to me. And I can't endure to have him think I care for him now. I want him to think I am utterly indifferent to him; if it were not for that I would go away from here. He shall not think that I care for his scornful looks. He passed me just now, when I was talking with Mr. Kingsford, and such a look as he gave me! What is it to him whom I talk with?"

"I am bound as a friend to tell you," said I, "that you have a very coquettish way with you. There is every appearance of a desperate flirtation between you and Saint Cupid."

"Is it anything to him if I choose to flirt with with Mr. Kingsford?" she demanded, with a scorn which nearly annihilated me.

"Certainly not; only that it seemed to me possible that that way of yours may have had something to do with his strange behavior," said I. "Did you flirt with nobody at Lake George?"

"How could anything like that have come over him so suddenly?" she asked, without committing herself, I observed, as to whether she had or had not flirted. "Did he know anything more about my flirtations the next morning before daylight than he did that night? And I didn't flirt, either, not at all; there were gentlemen there who were civil to me, and I didn't turn my back on them; but I hadn't a thought, really, for any man in the world but him. It is horribly humiliating to have told you this, but I felt as if I must tell somebody or die. I never felt so before. And now I'll tell you what I am going to do. I am going to marry the first man who asks me—just to show him that I don't care."

"My dear, don't let your wicked, foolish pride run away with you like that!" I said, severely. "Would you better matters by making yourself miserable for life?"

But it was of no use to talk to the girl in her present mood, and I was sorely puzzled.

Doctor Ahlborn had such a good face, though it was a trifle stern and haughty; it was hard to believe that he had ever committed a mean or dishonorable act.

I could not help thinking that he loved her. I had seen his face soften so, once or twice, when he looked at her.

I was sure it was a misunderstanding which had made him treat her so cruelly, but could only reflect upon "how easily things go wrong," and leave the result to time and Providence.

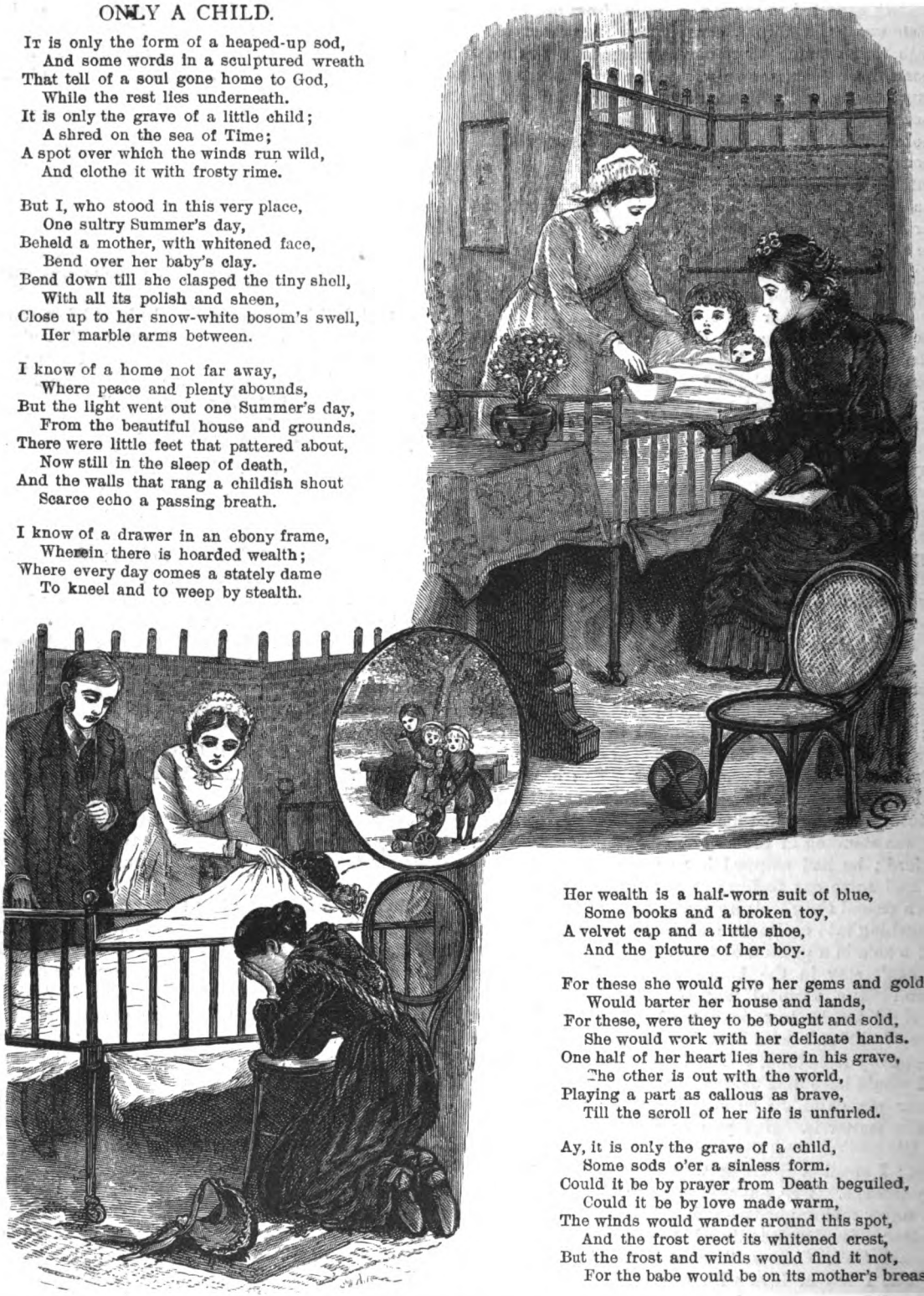
ONLY A CHILD.

It is only the form of a heaped-up sod,
And some words in a sculptured wreath
That tell of a soul gone home to God,
While the rest lies underneath.
It is only the grave of a little child;
A shred on the sea of Time;
A spot over which the winds run wild,
And clothe it with frosty rime.

But I, who stood in this very place,
One sultry Summer's day,
Beheld a mother, with whitened face,
Bend over her baby's clay.
Bend down till she clasped the tiny shell,
With all its polish and sheen,
Close up to her snow-white bosom's swell,
Her marble arms between.

I know of a home not far away,
Where peace and plenty abounds,
But the light went out one Summer's day,
From the beautiful house and grounds.
There were little feet that pattered about,
Now still in the sleep of death,
And the walls that rang a childish shout
Scarce echo a passing breath.

I know of a drawer in an ebony frame,
Wherein there is hoarded wealth;
Where every day comes a stately dame
To kneel and to weep by stealth.



Her wealth is a half-worn suit of blue,
Some books and a broken toy,
A velvet cap and a little shoe,
And the picture of her boy.

For these she would give her gems and gold,
Would barter her house and lands,
For these, were they to be bought and sold,
She would work with her delicate hands.
One half of her heart lies here in his grave,
The other is out with the world,
Playing a part as callous as brave,
Till the scroll of her life is unfurled.

Ay, it is only the grave of a child,
Some sods o'er a sinless form.
Could it be by prayer from Death beguiled,
Could it be by love made warm,
The winds would wander around this spot,
And the frost erect its whitened crest,
But the frost and winds would find it not,
For the babe would be on its mother's breast.

In the meantime her flirtation with Arthur Kingsford seemed to be growing serious. I was afraid that she meant to marry him.

Doctor Ahlborn looked more and more stern and gloomy, but he seemed unable to keep away from Saint Cecilia. He seemed to like nothing better than to be in some corner where he could gaze at her without attracting attention.

I was sure that they loved each other, and I came to the conclusion at length that I could look on calmly no longer and see "things go wrong."

One day Saint Cecilia was ill; it was only a slight feverish attack; not at all serious, but sufficient to confine her to her room. As I was going down-stairs I met Doctor Ahlborn coming in with a great bunch of fresh violets. A sudden, audacious thought struck me.

LOVE IN A STEEPLE.—"SHE UTTERED A SHRIEK OF TERROR, STRETCHED HER HANDS OUT, AND I SAW HER SWAY. DOCTOR AHLBORN DREW HER IN THROUGH THE WINDOW, WHITE AND SENSELESS."— SEE PAGE 459.

"Oh, how lovely! I wish poor Saint Cecilia had some of those!"

It was dreadfully awkward, of course, and how angry she would have been! But I always knew that match-making was not my *forte*.

"May I ask why Miss Smith should have that adjective applied to her? The last one that I should think of using in connection with her."

"She is ill to-day; but I called her poor because she is unhappy."

"She dissembles her feelings with great success," he remarked, in hatefully sarcastic tones.

"One can't go about weeping and wringing one's hands. She is not in any way deceitful; she is as true and frank as sunlight."

My conscience did give me a little twinge as I thought of the way the girl was carrying on with Saint Cupid.

He smiled in that disagreeble, scornful way again. But he looked at me steadily, inquiringly.

"I did not know that you had such a distrust of womankind," I said.

"Not of womankind—only of some women; bitter experience has taught me."

"Doctor Ahlborn, you misunderstand and misjudge her," I said, earnestly.

"I would give my life to be able to believe so," he said, with his voice full of passion.

He was gone, but he had left the violets in my hands. I gave them to Saint Cecilia, but I did not dare to tell her where they came from.

About a week after, Saint Cecilia came to me one afternoon, and asked me to congratulate her.

"You don't mean to tell me that you are engaged to Arthur Kingsford?" I said.

"Not exactly; but he asked me to marry him, and I am to give him my answer to-night, and I have decided to say 'Yes.'"

I must say that I felt inclined then to leave the girl to her own destruction, but I did venture a few words of remonstrance, which were entirely unheeded; she would not even listen, but took herself off, saying she was going to the church to play herself into a better mood. An organ was a great solace to her; she always went to St. Jude's when she felt especially dispirited.

As soon as she had gone, I put on my wrappings, thinking I would go the church and hear the music, as I had often done without her knowledge.

I met Doctor Ahlborn in the hall just going out. An unaccountable impulse—certainly I had no design in it then—impelled me to ask him to go also.

"She really plays beautifully, and she need not know that she has an audience," I added, reading in his face that he wished to go, but his pride prevented him.

He assented, like one who yields against his will, and we walked to St. Jude's together.

I talked to him about Saint Cecilia, with a desperate hope arising within me that it might not yet be quite too late to bring these two, who loved each other, together, and prevent the girl from flinging away her life's happiness.

He scarcely replied to me, as I set forth St. Cecilia's perfections with as guileless a manner as I could assume; but at length he burst out, to my great surprise, for I had always found him a very reserved man.

"Don't ask me to believe in her! You don't know her as I do. You are surprised, of course, but we were betrothed lovers once. I loved her as I believe no woman was ever loved before. I trusted her utterly. My faith in God was not more perfect than my faith in her truth and purity. Not an hour after she had told me that she had given me all her heart; that she had never had a thought for any other man, and had promised to be my wife, I saw a letter which she had written to a friend of mine, who was staying in the same hotel, professing the same love which she had declared belonged to me alone—such a touching outburst of undying love and confidence as I never read before or since! I went away the next morning, and I never saw her again until she came to Mrs. Rawley's."

"Wasn't it possible that there was some mistake! Did you never say anything to her about it—ask any explanation?"

"Was any explanation possible? I saw the letter with my own eyes; her name was signed to it. I had observed her coquettish way with him, but I was a blinded, infatuated fool, and I thought it was only a natural and artless wish to please. I ought to have seen that she was a heartless flirt, but I didn't."

I must acknowledge that I was a little bewildered at first, but my faith in Saint Cecilia arose triumphant from the test.

"I don't know how it was, but I know there was some wretched mistake about it," I said, stubbornly. "That girl, whatever her faults may be, is as true as steel; and you owed it to her to ask for an explanation."

We entered the church by the little side-door, which Saint Cecilia always left open behind her. A Bach *fugue* was pealing solemnly and grandly down from the organ-loft. Then came an uncanny, ghostly thing that made me shiver.

How the girl did play! It became intolerable at length the wild, weird sobbings and wailings, as of a soul in torment, that she drew from the organ.

"Let us go. I don't like her playing to-day," I said.

Doctor Ahlborn arose, but he seemed loath to go.

"Have you ever been up in the tower? The view is said to be very fine," he said.

"No. I should like to go. Can we?"

"I think so. The door is usually unlocked, I am sure."

As we went by the gallery-door I looked in. Saint Cecilia's hat was off, and a ray of sunlight, streaming through a stained window, fell on her head, forming a perfect halo. I motioned to Doctor Ahlborn.

"Look! Saint Cecilia!" I said. "Did you ever see anything more beautiful?"

He looked, with his heart in his eyes. However he might despise her, he could not help loving her. He turned away abruptly, and started up the stairs. I don't know whether it was my good genius at my elbow or only the spirit of audacity that made me do what I did.

I stepped in beside the organ and asked Saint Cecilia if she did not want to go up in the tower. I startled her, of course; she was completely absorbed in her music, and had fancied herself alone; but she did want to go.

"It is the very thing!" she said, enthusiastically. "I have wanted for a long time to go up there, and I want to be lifted above the world to-day, especially"—laughing, but with a weary little sigh.

She had not the slightest suspicion that she was to have any companion but me, and certainly Doctor Ahlborn did not expect any addition to the party.

Doctor Ahlborn was waiting for me at the first landing, where the darkness made it impossible to distinguish an object until you had come close upon it. Saint Cecilia recognized him with a little start of surprise and dismay. He lifted his hat to her without a word. I saw that her first impulse was to turn back, but she saw in an instant that that would be too marked, and calmly resigned her-

self to the situation. I was forced to talk for the whole party, the other two being embarrassingly silent, and as the steep ascent had a painful effect upon my breath, I felt that I was reaping, in some measure, the punishment due to manœuvres. And it was evident that my manœuvring was of no avail if they would not speak to each other!

We reached the top at last, just as I was beginning to despair. We were "above the world," indeed. The city at our feet looked like a toy-village. We stood there until the sunset light faded and the twilight's darkness and hush began to fall around us; there were very few words spoken, but I could see that the little leaven which I had been able to drop into Doctor Ahlborn's mind was working.

Saint Cecilia, too, seemed in a softened mood; whether it was the result of being "lifted above the world," or of some other influence, I could not tell. Doctor Ahlborn replied to some slight general remark that she made, and she did not "wither him with a glance of scorn," nor relapse at once into silence, as I expected. I was congratulating myself upon having achieved a small amount of success, when I was startled by hearing, in the distance, the clicking of a key in its lock.

It flashed across me that the sexton was making his rounds for the night, and had locked the door which led to the steeple. Of course, my plain duty was to make my suspicions known at once, while the sexton might still be within hearing, but I felt as if I were chained and tongue-tied by some unseen power.

Saint Cecilia and Doctor Ahlborn were sitting at the same window, and in rather close proximity, as they were obliged to sit in order to look out. Outside each window there was a narrow platform, surrounded by a low railing. People of steady nerves, who were proof against giddiness, went out on this platform. Doctor Ahlborn had done so, but Saint Cecilia and I had remained inside. I did not feel as if I could disturb them at this juncture—and Arthur Kingsford surely could not get his answer to-night, if his inamorata was locked up in the church-steeple.

That young lady arose to her feet suddenly, and exclaimed:

"Do you see how dark it is growing? We must go; but first I must go out on the platform—just for one moment. I have an irresistible desire to go, and I don't think I shall be dizzy."

I tried to dissuade her from going, and I knew by the expression of Doctor Ahlborn's face that he would much rather she would not, but he offered no remonstrance; he merely said, in an exceedingly dignified way:

"I must insist upon going with you, if you go. It is not safe for you to go alone."

"I shall certainly go alone; I am not in the least timid," she said, haughtily, and he drew back with a very cold bow.

But after she had gone out he put his foot up on the window-sill, and leaned out where he could reach her. She had scarcely stood there a moment when she uttered a shriek of terror, stretched her hands out, and I saw her sway. I covered my face with my hands. But I knew that a strong arm was stretched out to save her. He drew her in through the window, white and senseless. He showered kisses on her face and hands, and called her his "love" and his "darling," and other nonsensical names, which I thought it discreet not to hear.

Indeed, when I discovered that she had only fainted, I thought it discreet to retire to a reasonable distance. I did not wonder that she had fainted; her nerves had been overstrained for a long time, and this last excitement had been more than she could bear. I could not very well get out of hearing, it was so dark as I went down the stairs, and I had a dreadful suspicion that the place was haunted by owls and bats.

I heard Saint Cecilia's first remarks; the tones were as dignified as could be expected from a young woman recovering from a dead faint. Then I heard Doctor Ahlborn say, in tender, impassioned tones:

"Dolly, my darling, don't turn from me in that disdainful way! There is—there must be some dreadful mistake!"

At that point I heroically put my fingers in my ears. I knew that it would be all right, and the conversation was not intended for my ears. I think it must have been nearly an hour before those two awoke to the realities of life sufficiently to realize that they ought to go home. I think I was more than half asleep; they awoke me by stumbling over me on the stairs.

"Do you know, we really ought to be going?" said Saint Cecilia, in a voice of saint-like calmness and sweetness. "It is growing quite dark."

Growing dark, indeed! As if it had not been "pitch dark" for fully an hour!

"We can't go," I replied, with a calmness which rivaled her own. "We are locked in."

Doctor Ahlborn would not believe it until he had gone to the foot of the stairs and tried the door. Finding it was locked, he shouted frantically from the tower, until one would have thought the city would be aroused; but the church was a considerable distance from the street, and the steeple was very high.

"We may as well resign ourselves to the situation, and be thankful it is no worse," said Doctor Ahlborn, at last.

And, indeed, I thought those two young people resigned themselves to the situation with great cheerfulness.

They sat very close together, she sheltered by his overcoat, and her head in very close proximity to his shoulder. And I slept the sleep of the just.

We succeeded in attracting the attention of a passer in the gray of the early morning, and we were released from our confinement.

Mrs. Devereux was peeping out from behind her blinds as we went up the door-steps. Miss Laurie's head, regardless even of the lack of teeth and false front, was thrust out of her window. I drew St. Cecilia into my room before I let her go to her own.

"I know it is all right now; you needn't tell that," I said; "but I want to know how it ever happened to go wrong!"

"Ned Vialle, who pretended to be a friend of his, was my cousin Dolly's lover. He persecuted me continually, but I treated him as he deserved. In revenge he showed Carl—Doctor Ahlborn, I mean—a letter which Dolly had written him, and pretended that it came from me. That is the whole simple, dreadful mistake! I would not have believed that Carl would doubt me so easily, still it was a plausible thing, and—I have forgiven him! But it never would have come right if it had not been for you, and that delightful old steeple. I will be married nowhere but in St. Jude's Church!"

"With Saint Cupid to officiate?" said I.

She made a ridiculous little *moue*—the heartless thing!—and then ran off.

They were married at St. Jude's, but not by Arthur Kingsford; he is still St. Cupid, with many a string to his bow. They do not live at our boarding-house, but in a delightful little establishment of their own just around the corner. Mrs. Devereux is never tired of talking of her "charming friend, Mrs. Doctor Ahlborn."

AT A WELL IN THE KABYLE COUNTRY.

THE LAND OF THE KABYLES; Or, MOUNTAIN LIFE IN ALGERIA.

By Edgar Barclay.

From the City of Algiers, looking eastward across the bay, is seen a snow-covered mass towering above lower ranges of mountains. It is to the country lying immediately beneath those snow-clad peaks, inhabited by a people of entirely different race and speech to the Arabs, and known as Kabyles, that the following pages relate.

In former days, when the Kabyles were self-governing, immemorial custom, religion, and tribal laws, rigidly enforced hospitality. Special funds were put aside by the Jemaa, or village Commune, for the entertainment of travelers; it held itself responsible for the safety of the stranger and for that of his luggage, and each householder was in his turn called upon to play the host.

POOR KABYLES ON THE MARCH.

At present, under French rule, it is obligatory for the Amine, or headman, to entertain a stranger for one night. If it were not for this law, it is clear that, as there are no inns, a European journeying through the country might, by the caprice of the natives, be forced to pass the night without shelter on the mountain side.

The Amine refuses the money offered him in requital, but some one can always be found to accept a suitable payment.

The house where the traveler may be entertained will probably be constructed in somewhat the following fashion: A series of rooms is built round an open courtyard, which has a single entrance, and within which cattle, sheep, and goats

PREPARING A BRIDE—A SCENE IN A RICH KABYLE HOUSE.

are driven for protection at night. The building is of blocks of stone roughly plastered together, and whitewashed over. The beams and rafters of the roof are apparent, and upon them is spread a thick layer of canes, the crannies between being filled up with earth; above is a covering of tiles, and on these again heavy stones help by their weight to keep the whole in its place. The eaves are broad, and sometimes project so far over the

courtyard that they are supported by wooden columns, and thus form a rude corridor, which affords shelter for the beasts from the weather.

In some parts of the country large flattened slabs of cork are substituted for tiles, and are laid overlapping in the manner of slates; a layer of earth is beaten down on the top, which soon becomes overgrown with moss and weeds. These roofs are much flatter than the tiled ones, being just sufficiently inclined to throw off water when it rains heavily; they thus form terraces useful for various purposes, such as drying fruit. The rooms are lighted chiefly from their doorways, which lead from the courtyard, but in the outer walls are a few windows just large enough to permit a person's head being protruded. Rooms are set apart for the women and children of the household, and on one side of the courtyard is the guest-chamber. On entering this, the stranger is struck by finding it resemble a barn rather than an ordinary room at an inn. The roof is supported by columns and beams made from the roughly trimmed trunks of trees, and the floor is of beaten plaster. At one end of the room is a wall about five feet in height, supporting a broad platform or stage, on which are placed gigantic earthenware jars, square in plan, and five or six feet in height. These contain a provision of dried figs and grain, which is thus secured from damp and the attacks of rats. The platform is the roof of a stable for the accommodation of mules and cows. The room has only one door, which serves also as a passage to this stable. The beasts entering, turn, and are driven down an inclined plane, which opens between the outer wall of the building and the wall supporting the platform, and find themselves in their stalls. The floor of the stable is three or four feet lower than where the guest reclines, who is startled at seeing the heads of the beasts appear at large square openings, on a level with and facing him. This singular arrangement has, at any rate, the merit of allowing the traveler to observe whether his animals are properly cared for, since literally they sup at the sideboard.

In one corner is a small hole made in the floor, where live embers are placed if the weather be cold, the smoke finding its exit as best it can through a hole above. Rugs are spread on the floor, and in due time the evening meal is brought, which will include a Kouskous, the characteristic dish of the country, answering to the macaroni of Southern Italy.

The Amine and some of his friends sit by while the guest eats; but they do not partake themselves; their *rôle* is to enliven the stranger with their conversation, to serve him, and to encourage him to eat as much as he can. When he has finished they retire.

Before relating my story, it will not be out of place to mention a few facts relating to the country, which, in my estimation, render it interesting for an artist.

Firstly, the landscape combines great beauty with an imposing grandeur. There is a luxuriance of vegetation which more than rivals that of Southern Italy; and the glorious mountain masses, with their scarped precipices, cannot be easily matched for their form and color.

The land is highly cultivated, and of a happy and cheerful aspect.

It is thickly populated, and the outdoor life of the people, both as regards their agricultural and pastoral occupations, is picturesque. Not that these are strange in their character; on the contrary, they have the charm of being simple world-wide performances, common to all time.

The women, although Mohammedans, expose their faces with the same freedom as Europeans.

The dress of the men consists of a tunic and burnoose. The artistic merit of this loose and extremely simple dress is not in the actual clothes, but in the manner of wearing them, which is varied. From the arrangements of folds into which these garments fall being ever changing, the artistic sense of the observer is always kept alive. A man thus simply dressed may by some chance movement fling his cloak about his person, so that its masses and folds assume a dignity and interest worthy of permanence in sculpture. Such harmonies unfold themselves suddenly, and are fleeting, but they are an incentive to endeavor to record them.

I believe this is the only corner of the world where the dress of the women is still the same as the Greek dress of antiquity. Though the Romans dominated North Africa, there is no reason to suppose that it was introduced by them; because, in a certain condition of society, it is the dress which common sense dictates.

Setting out for the land of the Kabyles, we approached the Aïth Ménguelleth, where some French priests have a mission-house, at which we were hospitably welcomed.

After resting here we started on a walk of exploration, first directing our steps toward the highest point, at the back of the schoolhouse, where there are two villages, separated by a small open piece of flat land. These are named Ouarzin and Taourirt en Taïdith, meaning the Ogre, and the Mount of the Dog. They are of the usual quaint character, narrow alleys, running irregularly up and down, innocent of paving, though rich in stones; in wet weather almost impassably muddy. The stone walls of the houses, on either side of these alleys, are only pierced here and there with the smallest of windows, and the entrances. The wooden doors are often ornamented with rough notchings and carvings.

In walking through these villages attention is chiefly occupied in looking out for dogs, which are apt to come dashing out of the houses, barking in a most vicious manner, looking very much as if they would relish a piece out of one's leg. Taourirt boasts of a Jamâ, or Mosque. Its tower crowns the highest point of the mountain, and forms an effective feature in the landscape, though it is a modest structure both in size and style; moreover, the building is greatly out of repair and falling to pieces, being but little used, for the Kayles are not a mosque-going people; in this, as in other respects, their character presents a strong contrast to that of the bigoted Arabs.

I once asked a Kayble why their mosques were abandoned. He replied that, before they were conquered by the French, they used to attend them very regularly, and that if Allah had cared about their conduct, and paid attention to it, He would not have allowed them to receive the kicks and cuffs of a too hard fate, such as they had been subject to ever since.

Each village has usually three or four outlets, where there are covered resting-places, called Jamâs. These, like the houses, are of rough blocks of stone, and have tiled roofs; they are thirty or forty feet in length, and some twenty feet in breadth. The gangway passes through the centre, and on each side are broad stone benches, where people can sit or recline at ease in the cool shade. Men are always to be found at these places, chatting, smoking, sleeping, or maybe stitching; for the men do all the tailoring, even to sewing together lengths of cotton stuff, to make dresses for their wives; the women weave, but do not use the needle. These covered resting-places may be considered as the centres of village politics, for every village is divided into different parties, each anxious to elect the Amine, or chief, who has power to inflict fines up to a certain amount.

The word Jamâ, the Arabic for Mosque, means simply the place of assembly. Friday is el Jemaa, the day of assembly, the Mohammedan Sunday. The Aïth Ménguellath market is called Souk-el-Jemaa, Friday's market.

The village chief is still chosen by the majority of votes of the heads of families met together in council. He is responsible to the Kaïd, or President of the tribe, for the orderly conduct of the village, and the President again is responsible to the Bureau Arabe, stationed at Fort National. The administration of the country is on the point of being changed from the military to civilians, a vexed question about which I have nothing to say. There is no police of any sort among the tribes. On asking a native what happens should a disturbance occur at night, or should a robbery take place, he replied:

"All the men of the neighborhood turn out of their houses to assist in quieting matters and in securing the suspected party; the following day there is a general talk and investigation into the matter before the Amine."

At the season when the figs are ripening, men keep watch in their fields by night. Constructions of cane in the trees, looking like huge nests, are to be seen, where men at that season pass the night in guarding the fruit.

In some parts of the country daring robbers, over whom the Amine has no control, invade the plantations—Barbary apes, which live among the high cliffs.

There are no shops in the villages. Were a man to open one, I take it the Kabyles are too suspicious of being overcharged to go in and buy. All the business of the country is done at the markets, where there is a lively competition, and everything is open and discussable. Husbands, when at work, have the satisfaction of knowing that their wives cannot squander their money in riotous shopping; at any rate, they like their system of doing things, and mean to stick by it. Though the markets be distant, they like the walk to them, the company, the talk by the way, the concourse of many tribesmen, the news from distant quarters, the eager bargaining, the comparing of notes, the greetings of friends, the disputes with enemies. Is it not all lively and amusing? Above these merits in my eyes, is it not extremely picturesque?

On this open ground, just mentioned, are four or five mills for crushing olives. These are very simple in construction. A basin about twelve feet in diameter and three feet high is built of masonry, into this the olives are poured. A heavy cross-beam, supported at its extremities by two others fixed vertically in the ground, passes over the centre of the basin, and its object is to keep the grindstone in its place, which is accomplished in the following manner: The stone, in an upright position, works like a wheel round a pole placed in the centre of the basin; this pole revolves, turning in a socket at its lower extremity, and in another above, attached to the overhanging beam. To the centre of the grindstone a long handle is fixed, men and women pushing and pulling at this, run round and round the basin, and making the stone roll in the trough, which is lined with flat slabs; it crushes the olives which are placed in its way. It is about a foot in thickness, with the edge slightly beveled, to cause it to roll easily. One of the mills had its stone dislodged and lying on its side. This, of a reddish tinge tipped with bright light, looked like a mass of porphyry against the amethyst color of the mountain shadows.

When the olives are plentiful the gathering lasts for several months, beginning in October nor ending till February, and it is a charmingly picturesque sight. Men standing round a tree beat down the fruit with long wands, then they climb up to beat and shake the branches, till all the berries have fallen.

Meanwhile the women are busy, working side by side, picking up the fallen fruit and putting it into baskets, which are emptied on to cloths spread on the ground. At close of day the heaped berries are poured into sacks, and carried up to the villages on mules.

The olive is the chief wealth of Kabylia; it grows in the greatest luxuriance. The lower slopes of the mountains are covered with it, and some miles distant from Borj Boghni, at the foot of the Jurjura, there is an especially grand old forest. The berries are left lying in a heap for some days, during which time they undergo a certain amount of fermentation. They are next poured into round shallow depressions in the ground, made in an exposed spot; sometimes they are placed on the roofs of the houses. Here the sun ripens and softens them to the uttermost, extracting by evaporation water contained in them, and allowing the pulpy part to be easily disengaged from the kernel. They now look all shiny with oil, are of the deepest purple color, and ready to be carried to the mill, where they are crushed in the manner I have described:

"Then olives, ground in mills, their fatness boast."

The oil is extracted from the mass by pressure. A square block of masonry, about a yard in height, contains a stone basin at the top of it, and a hole at the bottom of the basin allows the oil running out to be collected. Flat bags of alfa grass, filled with the crushed olives, are piled high in the basin, a heavy, flat piece of wood placed on the top, and pressure is brought to bear by means of a wooden screw, which passes through a strong cross-beam, supported by two stout upright poles. The remains of the pressed mass are carried to some stream, where holes about three feet deep are arranged so that water from the stream can enter and afterward be allowed to run off. When the holes are filled the remains of the olives are thrown in, the women tuck up their dresses and jump in, too, beating and knocking the mass about, and the refuse dirty water is allowed to escape.

Soap is manufactured from the oily residue, by mixture with wood ashes.

But to return from this digression. We went from Taourirt to Tamjoot, about a mile distant and somewhat lower, on one of the arms of the mountain. The rocky pathway passed through a little open cemetery, where a beautiful group of cork and ash formed a leafy bower above. In the background, the little village appeared perched on a prominence, and the picture was completed by the magnificent outline and precipices of the mountains.

Each mountain has its tribe—Qabîla is the Arabic word for tribe, Qabaïli, a tribesman—and the villages are all built on the crests. The reason for this is apparent from a mere glance at the country, the slopes are so extremely steep that there is no other place where they could easily be built, and the gorges are occupied only by he stony beds of torrents; the springs also are found, generally not far from the summits.

The area of country inclosed between the sea and the Jurjura is about 3,850 square miles. The number of armed men at the time of the conquest has been estimated at 95,000. Reckoning a little less than three times as many women and children, gives a total of 350,000 souls, or the high rate of ninety per square mile.

No village shows any signs of fortifications, or preparations for defense. The deep gulf fixed between the mountains practically keeps the different groups of villages far more separated from each other than if they were built on islands.

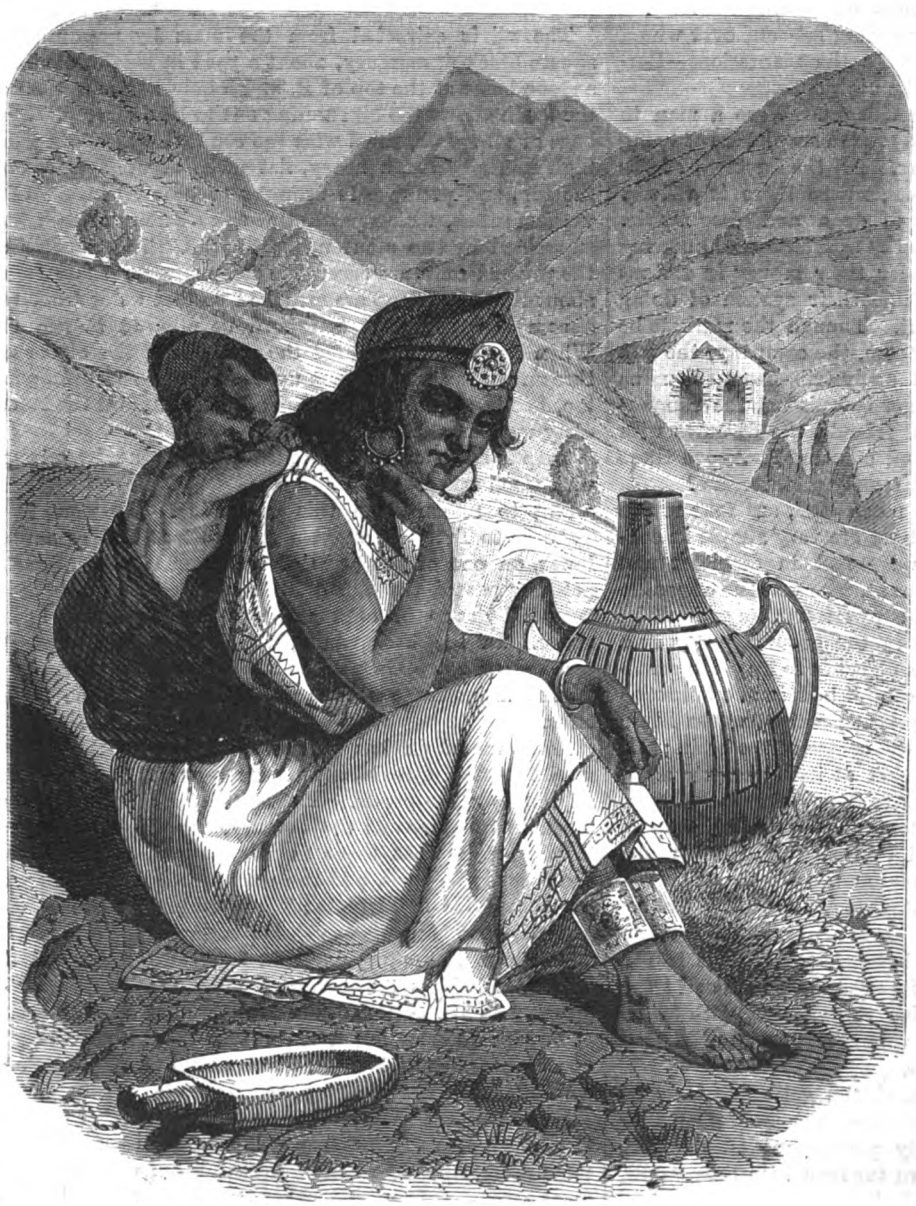
Though each mountain extends over a large area, the summit is very limited; this is especially the case in the tribe of the Aïth Ménguellath. In the afternoon we took a walk of exploration down the backbone of our mountain; we had gone but a few minutes when we faced an eminence covered with clustered houses, and a short distance beyond was a second village-crowned knoll.

A curious effect was caused by the shadows of trees cast in straight lines downward upon the corn-covered slope, looking like reflections in a liquid sea of green; the extraordinary freshness of the coloring was heightened by the deep-blue ranges beyond. Further, we came upon an open space covered with tombs and evergreens.

At one end of this cemetery was a little white Kouba, or chapel, built over the tomb of a celebrated marabout, with colored tiles round the doorway. It was shaded by a group of oaks, while on one side we caught a peep of the village set on the hill; one of these trees, which overhangs the path, has a quantity of little dirty bits of rag tied to the branches by women. It is not uncommon to come across some insignificant-looking bush covered with tatters. Sometimes alongside is a niche made for a lamp, where simple offerings, such as a few handfuls of figs, are left. Certainly the bits of rag cannot be called offerings; they are left in recognition of the holy man buried there, equivalent to leaving a card in passing—an act at which no offense can possibly be taken, and which perchance may be regarded by the deceased as a pleasing attention. Hard by lives a marabout, known to the people as Uncle Zaïd, an old man who looks after the chapel, and does a great deal of praying.

We now found ourselves upon a grassy space, where shepherds pasturing their flocks were sitting under the shades of ilexes. Before us rose a steep ascent, crowded with a mass of lichened tombstones, of a beautiful warm gray; and growing among them were ilexes, corks and figs, trained into leafy canopies above the graves, and pomegranates with budding leaves. The hill was crowned by Thililit.

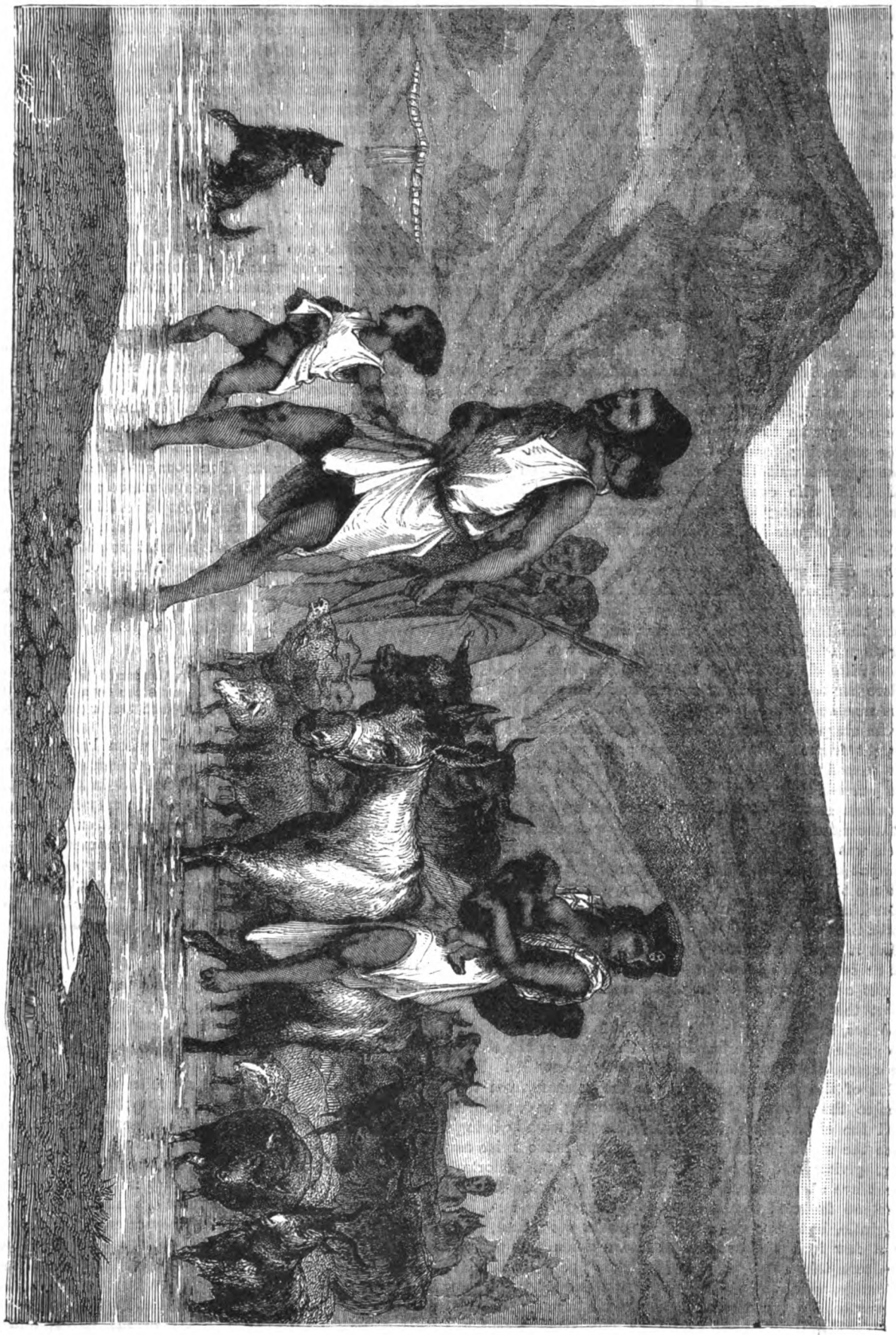
Skirting the cemetery was a path among rocks, up and down which charming groups of women and girls, with pitchers on their heads, passed to and fro from the fountain. Unfortunately, they were timid as deer, and on seeing us fled in a scared way behind the shelter of the trees, from which they peeped out, spying till we had passed.



KABYLE MOTHER AND CHILD.

In Kabyle society the social unit is the family. The possessions of a family are held in common, and are administered by the father. At his death, by the son deemed to be the most capable to manage affairs. The gains of each member of the family are joined in a common fund. The exclusion of women to inheritance is the consequence of this organization, for if the daughters inherited like their brothers the division of goods would bring about the dispersal of the family.

Polygamy is lawful, but unusual, for the Kabyles as a rule are too poor to be able to afford more than one wife. The women all marry as soon as they arrive at the age of puberty. There is no written contract at marriage. A Taleb — that is to say, a man knowing how to read—recites the first and fourth chapters of the Koran—there is no other religious ceremony. Before parting with his daughter the father receives a certain sum, which varies according to her age, beauty, and her qualifications for making



A KABYLE FAMILY FORDING A STREAM.

a good housewife, and according to the means of her intended husband. Sometimes part of the price is given in a provision of corn and figs. The father gives his daughter as a marriage portion a girdle of jewelry; these become her personal property, which no man can take from her. If the father has received the price of his daughter, and she should happen to die before the consummation of marriage, he retains the money. If the husband die, leaving his widow childless, she returns to her father, who marries her again as he pleases. If she have children, her father cannot give her in marriage without her consent; and if she pay him an equivalent to what he would expect to receive from a man desiring marriage with her, she becomes free from all paternal restraint. This money is kept in trust for her children. If she marry, her husband, who has had nothing to pay, engages to take care of the children, who remain in the house with their mother. If a woman refuse to live with her husband, she returns to the paternal roof, when she becomes known as a "rebel." The husband still has rights, and can forbid her marrying any one else. He may allow her to do so, provided the father consent, in which case the latter receives the supplementary sum to be paid. A widow can only remarry after mourning four months and ten days. A divorced woman must wait three months. A man having repudiated his wife cannot take her back without paying again, and having the marriage ceremony re-performed. In case of separation, the children are brought up by the father.

One day I spoke to a woman, who rose from her seat behind a loom; she went out and brought in milk and figs; resuming her work, the busy fingers were alone distinct, the threads of the loom forming a thin vail before her figure. This humble-minded artist was weaving a dress with elaborate patterns; yet she had no design before her to help, and, moreover, had to manufacture her own machine and arrange the threads. I was astonished at the simplicity of the loom; the warp was fixed in an upright frame made out of canes; she used no shuttle, but passed the woof from side to side with her fingers, and jammed it home tight with a metal handcomb, a most laborious method of weaving. But because the mechanical means were rude, let not the reader imagine that the work was so, for exactly the reverse is the truth. She brought an old dress made some years before, much used, but most beautiful in workmanship, design and color—indeed, as a piece of color, it excelled all other woven cloths that we saw in that part of the country.

Let it be here remarked, that the women's dresses are not dresses at all in the sense of being garments made up, or cut out; they are simply pieces of drapery disposed about the body, fastened beneath the shoulders with brooches, and confined at the waist with a girdle; but for the girdle and the overlapping of the edges of the cloth, the wearer's person would be disclosed on one side. The width of the loom is the same as the measure from the chin to the ground. This given, weaving is continued until the cloth is completed; the length usually being twice the width; but sometimes they are made twice as long, giving a double thickness when worn. Shorter pieces are also woven, an extra protection for the back; these are fastened to the shoulder-pins, and confined by the girdle, but show the underdress about the bosom, and for a few inches above the ankles. When the wearer sits down this extra piece is seen enveloping the thighs and knees, while the underdress droops through below, in the way so often represented in Greek statues and bas-reliefs. Formerly I used to regard this arrangement as simply an agreeable artistic device, for allowing the folds of the outer garment to contrast with those below; it was not until I visited Kabylia that I perceived that its true *raison d'être* was protection for the back.

Before returning we went to watch the women draw water at the fountain. There were groups of fine women, showing well-rounded arms and necks, as they walked in a stately way with Greek-looking vases on their heads.

Their hair is always of a raven black; I imagine they sometimes add that which they think nature lacks, because the men are not all dark-haired. The color that warms the cheeks of these brunette beauties is also sometimes due to feminine art.

The men have good-shaped heads and marked features; before middle age they are strongly bronzed, furrowed and rugged; most wear black mustaches and beards; now and then one will be found with red hair.

Provisions are cheap, twelve fresh eggs for nine sous, for two sous more dried figs than can be piled in the hands. Every morning a lad brought us a freshly-baked wheaten loaf, unleavened, in the form of a round flat cake; we found this sweet and good, and ate it with honey. The more general bread of the people is made of barley-flour, but the sweet acorn of the ilex is also much used, and the natives think this as good as barley-flour, and pay as much for it. The poor are often reduced to a dinner of herbs; every day we saw women washing salads; one in particular we noticed, that looked like celery, but which really was the midrib of the leaf of a thistle.

The fig plantations yield a most important harvest, dried figs being one of the staple foods of the country. The trees were in their most charming state, the beautiful mystery of silver-tangled stems not obscured, but enhanced by the golden sprinkling of opening leaves.

> "In spring, when the first crow
> Imprinting, with light step, the sands below,
> So many thinly scatter'd leaves are seen
> To clothe the fig-tree's top with tender green."

The first-formed fruit drops off when half grown, to make place for that which is to arrive at maturity.

Kabyle paths are abrupt and rugged in the extreme; now running up over masses of rock, a very knife-edge of the mountain; now in steps passing between deep banks overgrown with ferns and flowers; one moment darkened by overhanging trees, an instant after they open upon a grand panorama, to twist again suddenly into some romantic bower. As we approached our tent at dusk, there by the side of it was a second one, an army bell-tent, our friends having arrived during our absence.

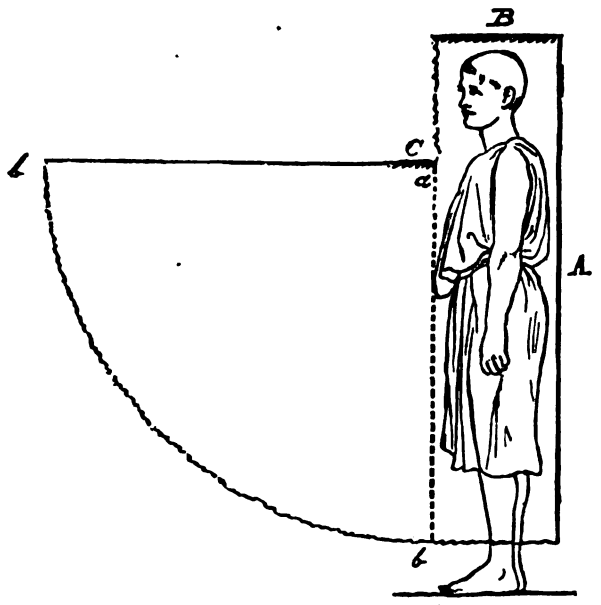
During these days the Kabyles came in numbers to the tents, bringing dresses and jewelry for sale; there was lively bargaining, and we made many purchases.

Before the French came, there were no cotton dresses; these have now become common, but the native woolen cloth is still usually worn.

The men's dress consists of a woolen tunic, confined at the waist with a belt and a burnoose; on the head is a close-fitting skull-cap, much like those worn by monks; added to this, in the Summer-time, is a plaited grass hat, very high in the crown, and with a huge brim, which falls into picturesque lines when the hat is old and battered; sandals complete the costume, though men often go barefoot as well as bare-headed. They crop the hair short, for Kabyles are not so careful about shaving as the Arabs.

The burnoose is a white woolen cloth with a hood; it is closely woven, is durable, and impervious to heat and cold; an admirable piece of dress, designed with thorough good sense, and suited perfectly to the habits and requirements of the people. Its make is shown in the dia-

gram, which supposes the cloak doubled and laid out flat on the ground. It then forms a quarter of a circle, of which the radius is the length from the neck to the ankle of the wearer, *a*, *b*. The width of an ample hood is added along one side, and the hood itself forms a square in addition. The three strongly-marked lines, A, B, C, show where it is closed. At A the cloth is doubled; at B and C it is sewn together. From this it will be understood that it is a garment woven all in one piece; no stuff has to be cut off, and thus no labor is wasted in its manufacture.



The tunic, or shirt, if doubled and laid out in the same way, forms simply an oblong figure, with holes for the head and arms, and open below.

The burnoose is worn in a multitude of ways. One of the ends hanging down in front is thrown across the breast and over the shoulder; or both sides are shortened by being thrown up on the shoulders; or the cloak, suspended from one shoulder is passed round the back, across the breast, and tucked under the armpit. Sometimes the hood muffles the head, sometimes it is thrown back, or the seam beneath the chin is put back to the nape of the neck, while the elbow rests in the hood, which then plays the part of a deep pocket. The burnoose may also be shortened by hitching it up under the arms, or the corners, knotted together, are slipped up to the chin, or arranged to come at the back of the neck. Indeed, it is twisted about according to fancy and convenience. The Kabyles have one dodge for tucking it up when plowing; another for making it into a sort of sack to carry forage. When it is hot they wear it one way, another when it is cold.

As it is impossible to follow these arrangements by simply watching the people, I got a Kabyle to come for an afternoon and give me a regular lesson. I took notes, twisted a burnoose about my person in every conceivable fashion, and felt much impressed with the knottiness of the subject.

The dress of the women is simpler than that of the men; and being adjusted to the wearer's person in a definite manner, it is, luckily for comprehension, not so confusing as the burnoose.

These dresses are called Aabans, and are strong and warm. Some are plain, others have ornamental borders, or broad bands of divers colors worked in geometric patterns; others again are covered all over with such patterns; some an indigo-blue.

The dress, hanging very loosely about the arms, which are bare for convenience, is sometimes kept closer to the figure by a red band which passes in a loop over each shoulder, and crosses at the back, where it is ornamented with little red tassels. This is called an Asfifi, and is a pretty feature. When the arms are raised the loose drapery hanging through the loops has much the appearance of the full sleeve of the Italian peasant.

Shoulder-pins, called Ifizimen, are made of silver, often enriched with coral and enamels; the fastening is just an Irish brooch. They have in addition triangular ornamented plates of metal attached to the lower end of the fastening. These pins are sometimes connected with a chain, to the centre of which is suspended a little metal box, enameled, and containing scent.

The girdle, which is called an Argooz, effective in appearance, consists of a quantity of woolen plaits, the prevailing hue red, bound together at points about eighteen inches apart, with cross bindings of bright colors. These ties are sometimes of silk, and the girdles are from fifteen to twenty feet in length.

On the head is worn a little peaked bonnet, like the French cap of liberty. This is called a Timhárent. It is made by doubling in half, lengthways, a broad silk band, and sewing up one side. It is kept in its place by a second kerchief, bound round, and knotted behind. These silk Timhárents come from Tunis. Many women allow their hair to wave free, or confine it simply with a fillet.

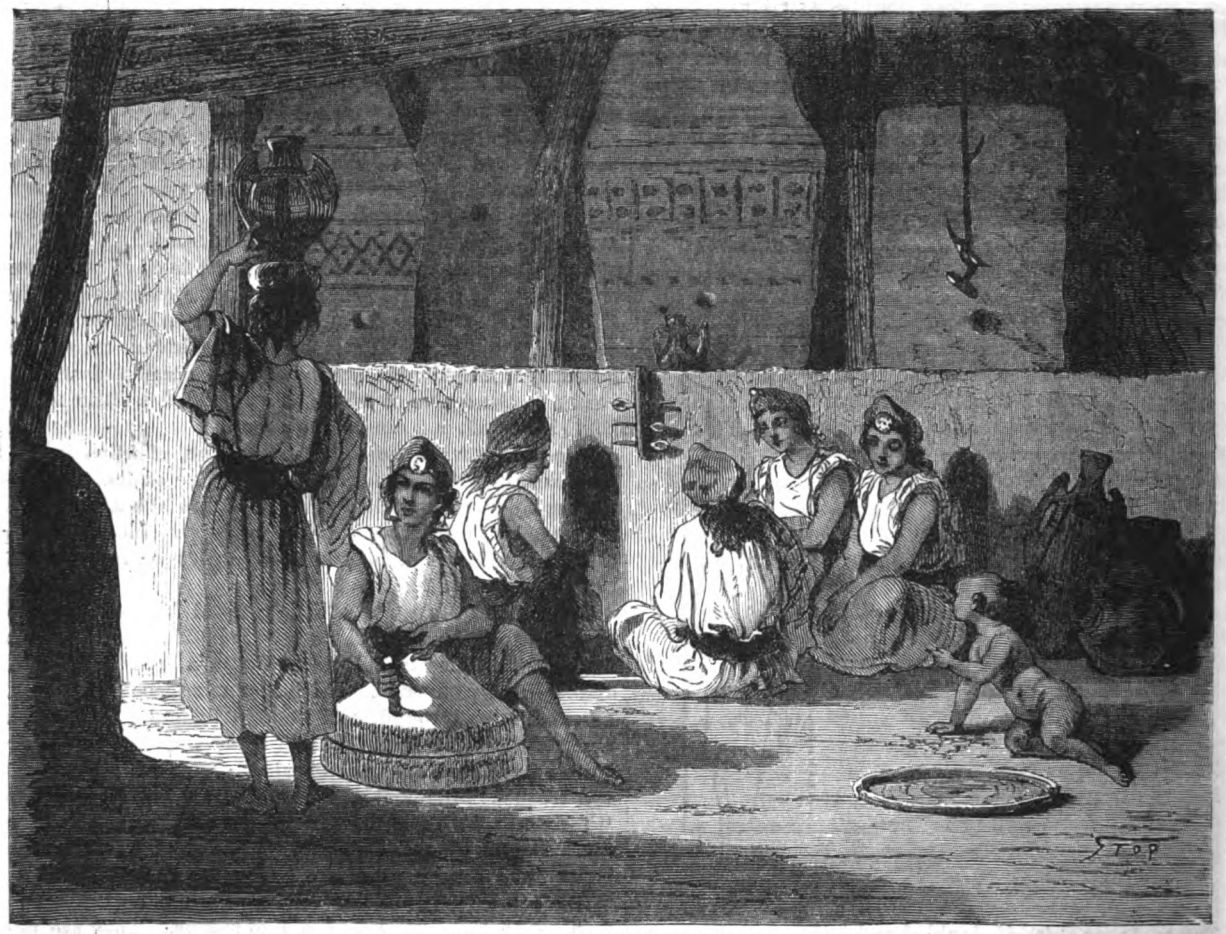
A frequent ornament is a round silver brooch called a "Táfizimth," with an opening in the centre crossed by a pin. Bosses of coral, as well as knobs of silver, which latter have a very pearl-like effect, are dotted about it. These are effective pieces of jewelry, and with the sun shining on them they glisten like moons. They are not adopted till a woman becomes a mother. On the birth of a girl the Táfizimth is worn between the breasts; on the birth of a boy it is raised, and gleams above the forehead. Remarking that many of these brooches offered for sale were damaged, a Kabyle gave a frank explanation, which was: "When a man's wife was disobedient, and got beaten, her custom was to undo the Táfizimth and dash it to the ground at his feet."

There is another head-ornament, handsomer than this. It is called a "Taasubth," and consists of a central silver brooch over the forehead, and side-brooches above the temples, enriched in the same style, and with rows of silver gleaming semispheres completely encircling the head, and forms a glittering tiara fit for a princess. The *repoussé* semispheres are about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. I have seen this same ornament in Pompeian jewelry.

Bracelets of *repoussé* work, and sometimes silver anklets, are worn. Necklaces are made of beads and coral, and also of cloves and sweet-smelling paste; but a handsomer and more characteristic sort, called a "Theslegth," is a row of square silver boxes, containing scents, strung together with pieces of coral.

History does not deign to speak much about the Kabyles. These mountaineers appear to have remained generally untouched by the political movements that distracted North Africa.

Ebn Khaldoun, himself a Berber, and the historian of the race, wrote toward the end of the fourteenth century. He speaks of the confederation of the Zouáoua, and gives the names of tribes, many of which still exist. It is to the Zouáoua that the word Zouave owes its origin. The Kabyles were then less exclusively confined to the



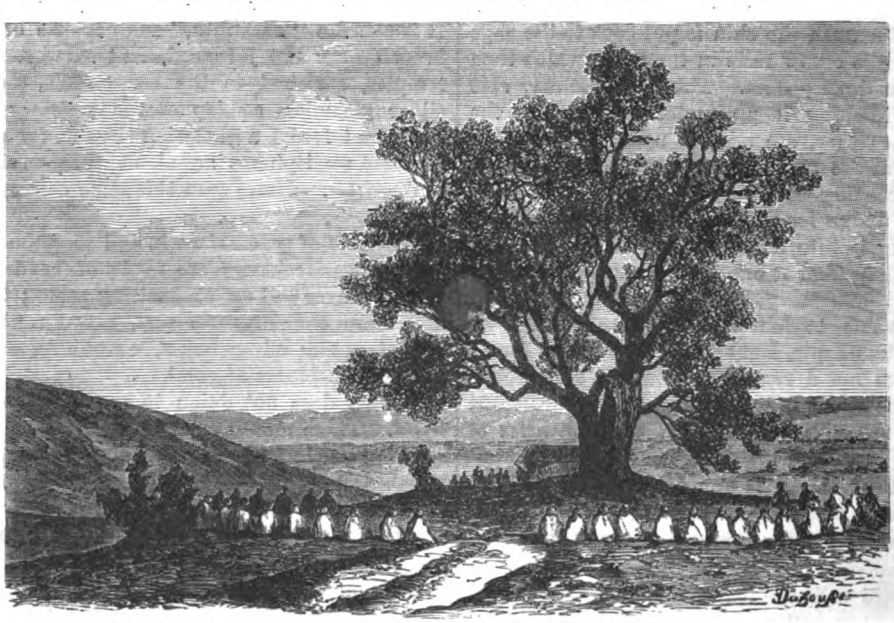
WOMEN AT THEIR HOUSEHOLD CARES.

mountains, and many led a nomadic life in the adjoining plains. They were dressed in striped garments, one end of which, thrown over the shoulder, floated behind; they also had heavy burnooses—black, and of a tawny-brown color, and went generally bareheaded, only shaving from time to time.

Throughout the long dominion of the Romans, the Berbers were continually breaking the peace, and were rather hemmed in and overawed than assimilated to the higher civilization surrounding them.

The Romans, on going to North Africa, found native Berber kingdoms, Numidia, Gætulia, Lybia, and Mauretania The inhabitants of these kingdoms were all of one race, and spoke dialects of the same language, usually known as Berber, but the native name for it is Tamazirght or Amazirgh.

In all the more inaccessible places of North Africa their direct descendants are to be found; they speak varieties of the old language, and have the same character and institutions. Berber belongs to a class of languages named Hamitic, which comprises ancient Egyptian, Coptic and Ethiopian languages. An obvious peculiarity which strikes an Englishman, is the prevalence of Th sounds, both hard and soft, as in the English words "the" and "thin." T is often softened into Th, and S into Z. But natives of the same village do not always



KABYLES ELECTING A CHIEF.

COUNTERFEITERS AT WORK IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KABYLE.

pronounce words alike. For instance, one would say Aït Ménguellat, another the Aïth Ménguellath. Other peculiarities there are, upon which I need scarcely enter.

The French marched a column to Souk-es-Sebt in 1854; but three years after the tribes rose. General MacMahon carried their villages by storm, and the French now hold the country with a firm hand. But in 1870 they were obliged to withdraw from Algeria most of their troops, in order to fight the Germans.

Incited by ill-judging men, the native tribes unhappily thought the moment to strike for independence had come; they rose, and committed barbarous and frightful excesses; though, to be just toward them, the cruelties they had themselves suffered from must be borne in mind. The Franco-German war over, the troops returned and put down the revolt. The French, full of the bitterest feelings, confiscated the rich wheat-growing lands, and imposed a crushing war tribute, that it took the Kabyles five years to pay.

The most interesting relic of an ancient custom that I have met with in the country was at a marriage festival at Aïn Soltan, in the neighborhood of Borj Boghni.

The bridegroom had gone to fetch his bride, and I waited, with many others, beside a stream that passed at the foot of the village, for his return. Suddenly we heard the sound of pipes, and saw the marriage procession streaming from the summit of a neighboring hill, and then lose itself among the trees; a few minutes later it issued from an avenue near us, and ascended a slope toward the bridegroom's house. First came the pipers, then the bride, muffled up in a vail, riding a mule led by her lover. As well as I could judge, she was very young, almost a child. Then came a bevy of gorgeously dressed damsels, sparkling with silver ornaments, followed by a crowd of other friends, and Kabyle Dick and Harry. In front of the bridegroom's house the procession stopped; the girl's friends lined both sides of the pathway and crowded about the door. The pipers marched off on one side, while the bridegroom lifted the girl from the mule and held her in his arms. The girl's friends thereupon threw earth at him, when he hurried forward, and carried her over the threshold, those about the door beating him all the time with olive branches, amid much laughter. This throwing of earth, this mock opposition and good-natured scourging, appeared to be a symbolized relic of marriage by capture, and was a living explanation of the ancient Roman custom of carrying the bride over the threshold of her lover's house.

In the evening, on such occasions, the pipers and drummers are called in, and the women dance, two at a time, facing each other; nor does a couple desist until, panting and exhausted, they step aside to make room for another. The dance has great energy of movement, though the steps are small and changes of position slight, the dancers only circling round occasionally. But they swing their bodies about with an astonishing energy and suppleness.

The bride was brought home in procession, accompanied by the singing of a song and playing on the flute; she was carried over the threshold, and in the evening there was a marriage feast. This habit of carrying the bride was accounted for in various ways.

Concerning the bride, they do not allow her to step over the threshold of the house, but people sent forward carry her over, perhaps because they in the old time seized upon women and compelled them in this manner.

To enumerate the settlements of the Beni Ienni contained in a circle within a radius of a mile, will show how thickly inhabited is Kabylia.

On the precipitous brow nearest to the fort is Aït el Hassan, with a population of 1,500 souls. A large cemetery, and a rise on which the Jesuit schoolhouse is built, separate it from Aït l'Arba, with a population of 900. A little further is Taourirt Mimoun, a place of equal size. The ridge again descends to the flat piece of ground where I was. A quarter of a mile off is Taourirt el Hadjadj, somewhat smaller. Near Taourirt Mimoun, on a southern arm, is the fifth village, Agouni Hameth; a little below is the sixth, Thisgirth by name.

The nests of the Kabyles, like those of the eagles, are built on high, in healthy mountain air. They are thus exposed fully to all the vicissitudes of the circling seasons. They first receive the white mantle that Winter spreads, they first feel the gusty puffs of coming sirocco, and are earliest enveloped in the chill mist that the north wind sweeps from the Mediterranean. In the brightness of Spring mornings they sparkle in sunshine, while white mists cover the profound valleys, like the waters of a lake. Later on the sun stirs this sea of cloud, and lets through the day; then fleecy messengers surround the villages, hastening upward to sail in silvery brightness through the sky, bearing afar glad promises of refreshment and abundance.

The Kabyles are abstemious, tough and wiry; a fat, unwieldy Kabyle is not to be found. Their sobriety, praise be to Mohammed, is absolute; they drink nothing stronger than coffee.

The Kabyles are sociable, with unassuming manners. Acquaintances on meeting do not shake hands, but lightly touch them, then raise their fingers to their lips and kiss them; then follows a string of expressions, such as "Peace be upon thee," "Mayest thou abound," "Good be with thee." A chief is saluted with greater deference; he bows to be kissed in return above the forehead.

Compared with Arabs, Kabyles are industrious; compared with us, very lazy. A man will work hard, but likes to do it at his own time; he does not appreciate the merit of slaving as hard as he can, when engaged by the day for others. I have watched them at road-making; as soon as the inspector's back was turned they would sit down for a quiet chat, or roll themselves up in their cloaks to take a nap, or squat and complacently watch a neighbor toil with all his force at plowing his own land.

One remarkable feature of Kabylia is the fertility even of the high ridges. In the tribe of the Beni Ienni there are fields of wheat and tobacco on the top of the mountain, both crops requiring deep soil. The plow is of the simplest description, and is carried out to the fields on the shoulder of the plowman, who drives a couple of active oxen before him. The yoke is very long, in order to give freedom of action to the beasts when turning on difficult ground.

The Kabyle begins operations by storing grain in his folded burnoose; this he sows broadcast over the land; he next proceeds to plow in. The oxen scramble up and down, and in and out, among silvery-stemmed fig-trees; the driver urging them with a long rod, and with constant exhortations to work properly.

The blacksmiths at their forges were busy making cutlery. The shape of the knives is always pleasing, and they have sometimes inlaid work. The cheap knives in carved wooden sheaths that are hawked about Algiers come from here. In former days they used also to manufacture guns with long barrels and highly ornamented stocks. These forges are tempting, warm nooks in the Winter time.

The turning of wooden bowls and dishes is another industry. The piece to be turned is fixed to a chuck revolving backward and forward, instead of continually in one

direction, as in our lathes. The action is given by a thong lapped round the chuck, attached at one end to a pliable stake fixed in the ground, and at the other to a treadle worked by the foot of the turner. The action is thus of the same nature as that of a drill worked with a bow.

The women are the only potters, and their amphoræ are made by them in the following manner: A store of clay, cleaned and properly tempered, is kept at hand in the shade. A rough saucer of clay is first placed on the ground in a sunny spot. On this a woman begins to model a vase; starting with the solid pointed end, she carries the body up a certain height and leaves it. A second is then begun, and carried to the same point of completion, and so on till half a dozen are growing up. Returning to the first, which meanwhile has been drying in the sun, she continues to form the body, bending over and stepping round and round; with one hand inside she supports the clay as it is added, and with the other smooths, shapes and moistens it as required. The sunlight playing on the wet yellow clay has a pretty effect, and when half formed the vases have almost the appearance of strange gigantic crocuses. In spite of the rudeness of the method the vases come quickly to completion, and are wonderfully true in shape. The bodies and the spouts with curled-over lips finished, she sits on the ground and models the handles. Before the close of the day she will have carried half a dozen large amphoræ into the courtyard of her house, where they are left to dry. As they harden they are rubbed with a smooth piece of wood, laid in the sun, rubbed again, and so on, till they look quite polished. When in this state I have seen them glisten to such a degree that I was under the impression they were waxed. In this I was mistaken, for the wife of the Amine of Taourirt el Hadjadj, a good potter, assured me the polish was produced simply by rubbings as described.

The point is interesting, because other wares are found polished instead of glazed. To complete her work, the potter again sits down, and holding a vessel, paints different parts with red ochre, and a variety of patterns drawn in black lines with peroxide of manganese. A number of vases, having been wrought to this state, are put into an open kiln or firepan in the ground, packed with a quantity of wood, which is ignited, and they are thus baked. Often a final vegetable varnish is passed over them.

Lamps are curiously constructed, consisting of two or three rows of little cups to hold oil, one above another; each cup is connected by a small hole, with an indented projection in front, which serves to hold the wick. Beneath is a basin to catch the drip, and the whole is supported on a strong round base.

OUR HOME TRAGEDY.

"The worm will turn," and with the sudden desperation of a long down-trodden housekeeper, I had dismissed, in the self-same hour, both tyrant cook and aggravating housemaid. My little Rosie, three years old, and I stood alone on the domestic hearthstone, Rosie loudly demanding an airing in the Park for a nondescript woolly toy that she was fondling to shreds, and I puzzling over the dampers of the kitchen-range.

"I dess Bridget putted the fire out 'fore she went away," remarked the little woman, astutely.

Half an hour later we were coming out of an intelligence-office. Even with the gray vision of a cold kitchen and drafty parlor at home, I had turned away in disgust from the row of faces, not one of which struck me as pleasant or trustworthy.

Rosie was impatient, and, tugging very hard at my hand, she shot her small voice up to C in alt with the repeated question:

"Mamma, why don't we dit to the P-a-r-k?"

Suddenly she stumbled, swinging from my grasp on her wrist, almost falling, and sending out a wild wail after "My tittten! oh, my titten!"

It seems the woolly thing had struck her imagination as a kitten, and in the stumble it had slipped from the faithful little arm that hugged it close.

Hunting the kitten over and under and near the steps of the building, I had for an instant turned my back on Rosie, when suddenly her screaming gave place to a quivering whimper, and I saw she had the lost treasure, and was kissing its ragged wool.

It had evidently been restored by the stranger, who, half-kneeling on the steps before Rosie, presented to me a side-face so regular that I marked it, involuntarily, before saying:

"Thank you; you are very kind."

The figure straightened to a commanding height, and the regular features turned full upon me. It was the face, certainly, of a very handsome woman. A large, firm, well-closed mouth, gray eyes, with strong dark brows, and nut-brown hair brought down straight and plain on the temples.

In spite of the common cloth cloak, reaching from head to foot, and a quaint bonnet, almost a hood, I said, instinctively:

"Rosie, thank the lady for her kindness."

"I dot my titten," was Rosie's ungrateful rejoinder.

Whereupon in some polite phrase I apologized for the child.

"It's naething, leddy—naething. The bairnie is only a bairnie. But, excuse me, leddy—will ye tell me if this is the place where the sairvants are hired?"

I fairly started to find a comely Scotch workingwoman betrayed by the speech and manner of the person who, in the first moment, had given me so strong an impression of refinement.

"Yes, it is," I answered. "Are you——"

I hesitated, overcome again by the feeling of addressing an equal.

"I'm nae lang ower, leddy. I coom only yesterday in the shep, an' I'm lookin' for a daicent place, an' they say there's a mon in here as kens where a body can find ane."

She made a movement as if to pass on, when a sudden thought struck me.

"Stay," I said. "Are you a good servant?"

"Weel, leddy, I dinna ken ef I'm a gude sairvant here. I was a guide sairvant in Scotland. I hae somethin' here frae the minister o' the kirk as will tell ye that."

I read an excellent paper of recommendation. The Reverend Joseph Moire, Allan House, employed Ann McKenzie for five years. She was honest, sober and capable, and took the Reverend Joseph Moir's best wishes with her to the new country. A neat, scholarly look about the writing spoke the man of culture—a quaint, hearty simplicity in the diction betrayed the provincial and the religionist. If there could be any doubt about the paper, a letter to Mr. Moir's address, I thought, could soon settle it. "And here," I reasoned, rapidly, "is an unspoiled servant—respectable, neat, innocent of 'privileges,'" and, as I soon found out by a little further conversation, happily destitute of even "second cousins."

"Ann," I said, "would you like to come with me as housemaid?"

"Hev ye anither sairvant, then, leddy?"

"Not now; but I must have a cook."

"I dinna wush to disobleege ye when ye offer sae freely an' fairly, but I canna' bide wi' a strange sairvant lass. I'll tak the place, but I'll nae bide wi' ony ithers. I'll learn to sairve ye weel, and though I'm a wee bit whitish wi' the seasickness, I'm strong an' healthy."

I began to think it was her clear, fine skin that gave me that first notion of a certain superiority about her.

I hesitated in meeting the conditions, remembering how lately I had found three women in the house necessary to our daily portion of discomfort, when Rosie hastened the decision by whining once more about the "P-a-r-k."

I realized that with the care of this small elephant on my hands I must have some one to do the housework at once. So I said: "Ann, we need two women, so I can't engage to keep you, but you may come for a few days, if you like."

"An' will I be by mysel'?"

"For that time—yes."

"An' ef I do the work weel?"

"Why, you may stay. What wages do you expect?"

HOSTILE KABYLES SURPRISED BY THE FRENCH.—SEE PAGE 468.

OUR HOME TRAGEDY.—"SOMETHING GLEAMED IN ANN'S HAND, THERE WAS A LOUD REPORT, AND THEN GRAPPIT REACHED AFTER HER WRISTS, AND TRIED TO PINION THEM."— SEE PAGE 479.

"What will ye gi'e?" with a touch of Scotch shrewdness.

"Say thirteen dollars a month, or at that rate."

"Varra weel."

"But your clothes?"

"I've only a wee boondle. "I'll gang for it, an' be wi' ye in an 'oor."

She took the address I wrote, and listened intelligently about the way to reach the house.

"You can read, Ann?"

"I can baith read an' write a mickle."

She went off down the street with a free, elastic walk that was good to see.

Though Rosie was getting unbearable about the "titten" and the "Park," I did stop for a moment to consider what my husband, Steve, would say to a servant venture of this wild sort. I made ready with plenty of keen remarks on the wildness of stockjobbing (Steve was a member of the board), and the imprudence of some of Steve's own speculations, as weapons to parry his thrusts; and then took Rosie home to wail at leisure, and finally to comfort herself with the kitten's woolly charms.

Duly, in an hour, came Ann, carrying a bundle tied in a shawl. She took off the cloak and stood in a dark print-dress, white apron and clean collar. She seemed about thirty years old—a singularly shapely woman, large, tall, lithe, long-waisted and full-chested; and when she rolled up her sleeves, as we proceeded to the mysteries of the kitchen-range, showed an arm as hard and white as ivory, while her hand was delicate as my own.

"That's the sea-sickness as mad' me sae white," she said, apologetically.

She seemed, at first, to know nothing about the range.

"We've nae goot sic things in Scotland, i' the country," she explained; but she laid her glossy brown head on the floor and peered up under the grate, lifted the covers, "dumped" the ashes and had a bright fire in a few minutes. I told her about the furnace in the cellar. She tucked up her dress, went down there, and had soon started the fire and mastered the dampers.

The dinner was simple that day, but it was perfectly served. Ann was neat-handed, silent and quick. Steve sat down to his soup, but a change in the domestic arrangements being common, and not knowing how recklessly I had picked up our new attendant, he wasn't interested enough to glance at her. He began carving the beef with the mechanical manner of one thoroughly used to being not quite satisfied, when suddenly he exclaimed:

"Jove, that's the first perfectly cooked joint we've ever had!" And as Ann came in with the vegetables he looked at her. The moment she passed out he turned to me with:

"Fanny, where on earth did you find that woman?"

"Never mind, Steve; only I hope she'll do things to satisfy your lordship."

"But she is—she is—Good heavens! do you know what that woman looks like?"

"Like an honest, respectable Scotchwoman, as I've no doubt she is," I answered, sharply, a little conscious about my lack of prudence. "Now, Steve, eat your dinner, since it suits you, and don't find fault."

"Fault! I've no fault, only it seems to me your servant looks like——"

"Please, Steve, don't grumble. She looks very well."

"I should think so," he said; "she looks like a Juno—that's all."

Steve wasn't given to remarks about the maid-servants; but I thought of my own first impressions, and forgave him.

"She is good-looking, but she's a braw Scot, with such an accent!" I said. "At any rate, pray don't observe her, but let her do her work—and well, if she will."

"Observe her! *I* won't observe her, my dear; but think of the milkman and butcher and baker. Why, your kitchen will be a sort of Third Estate *salon*. That woman will get married."

"Nonsense, Steve! For pity's sake, if we have a good servant, let us not borrow trouble."

"A good servant!" laughed Steve. "Impossible. Our institutions, my dear, as I have often explained——"

"Yes, yes, I know. I ought to know by this time. You've said it often enough. The lower classes in a republic are cursed——"

"And *blessed*, my dear, with the possibility of rising—a day-laborer becomes President; some of our feminine leaders of society may be traced back to a father's grocery or a mother's millinery! The lower classes see these changes, and build on them hopes, aspirations, ambitions and——"

"Oh, Steve, I know. I've heard all that a hundred times. Do eat your dinner!" I answered, tartly; but, by way of indirect apology, complained of the worst headache I ever felt.

In fact, my head was aching strangely, and then, too, Rosie was uneasy and fretful.

"N—o," she whined; "I won't have bread. Want ice-crea—m!" with a prolonged whimpering stress.

"Steve," said I, "what can ail this child? She's been just so troublesome all day."

"Why don't you keep a nurse for her?"

"Nurse! Didn't we keep nurses for over two years?"

"Well?"

"It wasn't *well*—it was ill; and that's just the point. I have to take care of her myself, or let her be made irritable and disobedient by some ignorant, low-lived woman."

I soon discovered the child was feverish and ill. She grew rapidly worse, and in a few hours the doctor pronounced the case a malignant diphtheria. I remember watching all that night and part of the next day; then there followed a blank, and they told me that it was a week later when I came to consciousness again.

It was just sunset time, for the light was vivid and rich, and streamed over what seemed to my disordered fancy the picture of a woman, with a child sleeping on her bosom.

It was beautiful, and I stared idly, until I saw tears coursing down the woman's face, and heard a strange voice say:

"Thank God, she's sleeping. The danger's over."

I had understanding enough to ask:

"Who is it? What child is that?"

It was Ann McKenzie that answered, and I realized the picture was only Ann, holding my own Rosie.

"Yis, yer ain bairn, leddy. She's oot o' danger, an' ye're to bide quiet, and ye'll soon be weel. I've lookit after the bairn. See, she's sleepin'."

Through a tedious convalescence no hand touched me but the Scotchwoman's. Even Steve's well-meant efforts were clumsy and tiresome beside her strength and deftness. Rosie for weeks literally lived in her arms; and, at last, when we were both of us well, the child clung to the woman with a love that could only spring to meet a true mother tenderness, such as beamed in Ann's very eyes whenever they rested on Rosie's little face, now getting bright and pink and round again.

There would be shrieking and wailing at the bare hint of staying long up-stairs; but with Ann in the basement or trotting at her heels in the work through the house, the little girl was perfectly tractable and pleasant. In short, our pretty house was neat, the cooking perfect, headaches things of the past, and home life had taken on brighter hues, all through having one excellent servant. As to writing the Reverend Joseph Moir—I forgot all about it.

After living along so easily and pleasantly some six months, I attacked Steve on the notion about the impossibility of good domestic service in a republic.

"This woman is a puzzler," was Steve's remark.

"Why?" said I. "Isn't she excellent?"

"Yes, oh, yes."

"And does she seem looking forward to making an American lady of herself?"

"N-o, I can't say she does," said Steve; "and as to her affection for Rosie, I never saw anything like it. By-the-way, has she visitors?"

"Not one."

"Does she talk to other servants in the neighborhood?"

"Never speaks to them."

"Does she go out?"

"Scarcely ever."

"Strange. The time must come, though. A husband or a lover or something will turn up."

Steve's assured and provoking manner gave me uneasiness, which was soon set at rest, as, passing a door ajar, I saw Ann's tall figure bending over Rosie's bed, an expression of loving tenderness in the very constraint of the shoulders as she tucked the clothes in, softly and cautiously, singing meanwhile, in a peculiar contralto voice,

the Scotch lullaby that Rosie loved, "My wee, wee, bairnie, cuddle doon."

I set about getting better acquainted with our treasure, winning her confidence. Tact was thrown away. Loving as she and Rosie were, Ann seldom talked with me. If questioned, she would answer politely, then fall into a respectful silence—not surly, but only showing how thoroughly she knew her place. All she asked, more than any other servant, was the daily paper in the evening and a few books. These she took at will from the library; and once, as I expressed astonishment at her elevated taste in the choice, she laughed, and said:

"I canna' jist mak it a' oot, but a guid beuk is aye braw to look at."

As to the tradesmen and their delicate attentions, I made a discovery. We had a giant iceman, a tall Yankee, who bestowed gallantries in the kitchens to which his daily rounds carried him. Smith was his name—"Big Smith" we called him. One morning, as I came down the basement stairs, the stamp of a man's boots sounded out toward the kitchen; then came Ann's broad dialect:

"Gang awa' wi' ye, gang awa', or I'll gi'e ye what ye'll understan' this time. I'll nae speak ye fair—look oot."

Then the noise of a resounding slap, and "Big Smith's" voice cried:

"Jimminy! what a tartar you be!"

"Gang awa' wi' ye, then. Gang awa'!"

"Say, jist give a feller one kiss—won't yer?"

"Nay, but I'll gi'e ye anither crack—an' a better ane this time."

Big Smith gave a long, sharp whistle, and strode out through the front basement-door very briskly. I drew back, and a moment later, entering the kitchen, found Ann just as placid and comely as usual.

Steve often brought friends to dinner, and now and then, if the people were new, Ann would ask a few discreet and respectful questions.

Steve was proud of our little table—dragged, in a covert way—he said to his male friends, that one might drop in upon us any day, and always find the excellent soup, the small fish, the perfect roast, the salad smooth and fair, a dainty dessert, and unexceptional coffee. He had had quite a discussion with a man called Denby, a rich English speculator, who lounged about Wall Street. Denby had argued for the superiority of the English middle-class home over what he was pleased to call the "New York *house*." "For you know, my dear, fellow," he said, "you have only houses in this country—not homes." Steve told him the particulars of our life—all about our comfort, our freedom from care, and our Scotch treasure, but Denby was incredulous. "So," said Steve, "I've invited him up to judge for himself. You'll like him, Fan; he's the most genial, open-hearted fellow in the world."

Every day there was something said about Denby. Steve spent evenings with him, Denby was in stocks in Steve's office. Denby told a capital story, was free with his money, and had the highest social qualities. In fact, he became my husband's closest friend before he had ever seen or been at our house.

"Don't make any formal appointment," he had said. "Let me just drop in upon Mrs. Travers suddenly; it will be so much jollier."

Sure enough, one afternoon late, as I was dressing for dinner, and Steve's latch-key rattled in the front door, there was a strange voice; then Steve, running up-stairs, said: "It's Denby, Fan."

Glad to let Denby see I had no fears for my kitchen or dining-room, I went directly to the parlor, and staid there until dinner time.

Rosie mortified us by taking, from the first moment, a deadly hate against our visitor.

"Rosie, speak to the gentleman," Steve urged.

"Don't like him," responded Rosie, promptly.

"I thought you were a good child, and liked everybody?" this persuasively.

"I like Ann," she answered, bending a pair of lowering blue eyes on the stranger. "I *love* Ann," with the intonation of a challenge.

"And who is this fortunate Ann?" inquired Mr. Denby, good-naturedly.

"Our servant," said Steve. "You know I told you about her."

"Ah, yes. I remember—the model servant. Rosie is a nice child. Come, give me a kiss, and I'll show you something pretty out of my pocket."

"No-o!" scowling and fortifying herself behind my dress.

"I'm very fond of little children. Come and get acquainted," and Mr. Denby tried to draw her toward him.

"No-o! no-o!" she shrieked, with a flood of tears, and a very unsightly burst of temper.

"Rosie," said her father, sternly—"Rosie, child, what has got into you?"

"I hate him—I hate him!" she yelled, with such a display of viciousness as would have brought a consequence not agreeable to Miss Rosie, if it hadn't been just dinner-time.

Our nice table was as usual—we always had an extra plate laid; the soup was already on. Mr. Denby was charming, and though Rosie glowered at him, he was quite hearty and at ease.

Ann made her appearance with the fish, hesitating a little on noticing a strange person. While the plates were changed Mr. Denby kept stooping toward Rosie, who eyed his amiable face with no favor, and shrank away, sliding and cringing on her chair.

When Ann set the fish on Mr. Denby again stooped, this time to pick up his napkin, which had slid from his knees. Then Ann put a dish down at the side of the table directly opposite him. He looked up keenly.

I didn't wonder, for the servant and what she did for our comfort had been part of the discussion between Steve and him. I did wonder, though, that Ann should stare so rudely, for her manners were generally irreproachable. She looked steadily, searchingly for a moment, and then proceeded quietly to leave the room, as if for some part of the service.

Denby kept his eye on her still, and as she was about to go leisurely out he sprang from his chair, shut the door and stood with his back against it, while Ann faced him, pale, her fine head erect, her eyes flashing fire, like some wild thing at bay.

I was too astonished for words, but Steve found breath to ask:

"What does this mean?"

Denby never looked at Steve, but only at the woman, who, in her turn, looked and glared, as Denby addressed her with:

"Come, come, now; you see I know you, and I have you."

"Mr. Denby," said Steve, "I must know what this means?"

"It means," still never glancing at us, "that I've at last tracked down a woman who belongs in an English prison. Don't stir!" as Ann's arm moved; "don't stir, or you'll be sorry. She's the boldest and cleverest forger, and, let me say, the handsomest woman known to the London police."

Ann made a movement, as if seeking escape, and gazed round wildly.

"Now, don't stir; you'll get in worse trouble. She did a rare piece of work—forged Bank of England notes; no man had been so handy for a long time. I followed her close to this conntry, and had almost found her, when,

"No use, my dear, no use. It's more sensible to be quiet. I lounged about the city, and, by chance, you gave me all the facts to fit that small clew. I was quite sure of my game, and here I am. Now, now, Miss Marian Graham, if you please," as he addressed Ann, and then, feeling in his pocket, reached out a card, but without

HER NEGLECTED PET.

presto! her rooms were empty. Only a servant-woman had passed out. As soon as I came up I saw the trick, and on this clew I've worked up the case. A bit of scorched paper lying under the grate with the words "Reverend Joseph Moir."

Ann walked backward a few steps.

looking at it or at us: "Here's my card. I'm Grappit—Giles Grappit—the London detective. Miss Graham, here, knows me well."

"But," I interposed, "Ann is a Scotch working-woman. You've only to hear her speech."

They watched each other now like two fencers.

"Marian Graham is a clever actress. She has as many dialects as you please. She's a wonderful woman, too—good at everything—intelligent, the hand of an artist, a cool head, and only sent wrong at the start. Why, she's——"

Ann seemed to make a gesture, touching her bosom. In the same instant there was confusion, a struggle, some chairs were knocked over. Ann was wrestling and breathing hard, and I faintly realized, in the sudden fright, the man was trying to hold her. I screamed, for there was Rosie in the fray, between the detective and the woman, fighting with her little fists and crying with all her might. Something gleamed in Ann's hand, there was a loud report, and then Grappit reached after her wrists and tried to pinion them. He failed, and I saw the gleam again.

Instantly Grappit snatched Rosie up in his arms and held her close to him, shouting:

"Take care, you'll shoot the child."

Ann wavered a moment, then the gleaming thing was pointed toward her own breast.

Grappit seized her shoulder, but her hand still struggled to turn inward, when Rosie, with a scream of terror, cried, "Ann, take me, take me!" and sprang wildly from Grappit's embrace.

Ann caught her with a fond, scared cry. In an instant the detective had the woman in a chair, his hand on her shoulder, while Rosie clung tight about her neck. Then Grappit tossed a pistol on the table, saying to Steve:

"All right!—all right! Just you take care of that!"

This passed so quickly, that not until it was over did Steve realize the danger, notice the child, and try to pluck her away. But Rosie clung to Ann, who, looking like a hunted lioness—the very embodiment of baffled, desperate rage—held the child as carefully as the lioness, in the heat of deadly conflict, protects her young.

"Don't be frightened, Mr. Travers," said Grappit. "It's over. The child's all right. I'm much obliged to the little one, too; she saved me my life and my prisoner. This woman has never been taken before. She's one of the desperate sort—quiet, but determined; proud, too—cool and cautious. Ah, ha, my beauty!" addressing Ann, and panting after his exertions, but still bearing on her shoulder; "so you thought you'd shoot, did you, and went armed in case of surprise? Armed night and day, I warrant you," turning to us as if she were a curious chattel to be remarked upon. "Here, I must use the bracelets, after all."

THE CAREER OF A REMARKABLE WOMAN.—"SHE BOLDLY WAITED FOR THE PROPER MOMENT, WHEN SHE RAISED HER WEAPON AND FIRED."—SEE PAGE 487.

THE CAREER OF A REMARKABLE WOMAN.—"FINALLY REACHING HER HUSBAND, SHE INFORMED HIM WHERE A SADDLED HORSE WOULD BE FOUND AT HIS DISPOSAL."

He rattled something in his pocket, and again Steve tried to draw Rosie away, and brought, as a consequence, a series of screams.

The woman hushed her, and Rosie, exhausted after the fierce excitement, buried her little face and was still, while Ann, for the first time, spoke:

"You needn't fear for the child. I've lost myself lest I should hurt her. She'll come to no harm."

It was the very voice and inflection I had heard for a moment as I became conscious after the fever; it was a little higher pitched than Ann's Scotch speech—a voice that had, at that time of peculiar sensibility, so fixed itself in my ear and memory that I knew it instantly.

"Give me the child," insisted Steve.

"She won't go—see!"

At the mere action of slightly holding her off, Rosie kissed her face and clung the tighter.

"Ann, Ann!" said I, for, somehow, though I had seen the desperate woman nearly do a murder, I was not afraid for my child, understanding so well the sort of love that protected her—"Ann, have you nothing to say?"

With a lifting of the brows and a curl of her lip, in scorn, as it seemed, rather of herself than me, she asked, in the cool, *dilettante* way of one satisfying curiosity on an æsthetic point:

"Have I been a good servant?"

"A perfect servant," I responded, heartily.

"I'll be bound," said Grappit. "She's good at everything. Leads a ball like a duchess, and throws money about like an empress. Lord Harry Morton says so, and he ought to know, poor fellow! She spent his fortune."

"Oh, Steve!" I exclaimed, with a sudden recoil of sympathy, "take the child away."

"The child is safe," the woman said, looking with a hopeless, desperate passion on the little head buried on her bosom. "Safe, safe," she repeated, piteously. "Let me put her to sleep—she's tired out—and then—then I'll go!"

The last word was given only with a motion of the lips, lest Rosie should take alarm.

"I'se tired," Rosie whispered. "Want to go seep.

Take the man away!" she called out, with a burst of indignation, as she caught sight of Grappit.

She was not at all disturbed by Ann's new speech, which she had evidently heard before. It was, by-the-way, very beautiful—clear, full and exact.

"The man shall go away—there. The mon shall gang awa'."

Rosie nestled down contentedly.

"Can you say nothing?" asked Steve. "We want to stand your friends. You've made our home a comfort to us."

She smiled half sarcastically.

"Yes; I had a strong motive for keeping my place and my *incognita*; and, meanwhile, it amused me to test the possibilities of domestic service. And—and"—faltering a little—"it was good for Rosie to have a cheerful, orderly home. I have nothing more to say."

"But," I asked, "are you not Scotch?"

"I've been in Scotland, and so caught the dialect."

"And the note from the Reverend Joseph Moir?"

"Bah!" said Grappit. "I told you—one of her neat forgeries. This was the first experiment"—taking out the bit of burned paper again.

The woman made a strange effect with the hard, indifferent, formal tone and look she used toward us, and then the face she bent on Rosie—a face of yearning love, of trembling, tender, hopeless grief.

"Can she be so false," I exclaimed, "and yet so good?"

"That isn't false," answered Grappit, with a tinge, of softness and respect in his manner. "She loves the child."

"Steve," I said, decisively, "Ann shall put Rosie to sleep, if she wishes."

She gave me one look of mute gratitude, and then ceased to notice any of us.

Grappit stood at her knee; Steve leaned on the back of her chair; I was crying somewhere in the room.

"Ann, I'se seepy. Sing—kissie me and sing!" Rosie half sobbed.

She kissed the little sunny head, and in the old Scotch way, asked, as quietly as if those irons were not rattling in Grappit's pocket:

"What shall I sing for my bairnie?"

"Sing 'Cuddle Doon,'" whispered Rosie.

Grippit looked on patiently and kept still. The doomed prisoner, with all her hard life behind her, her dreadful ordeal before her, resting on one sacred, unsoiled spot in her nature, held fate itself at bay with the great fidelity of her one truth.

Her terrors, her agony, her desperation made way before that grand instinct—that mother-love, that pure impulse of tenderness and protection toward a child—that makes the worst, the most hardened, the most castaway woman for a moment lovely, pure, honorable.

"My wee, wee bairnie, cuddle doon," she sang, but in a quavering voice.

Rosie lifted her heavy lids in surprise, and putting a little hand on the firm, handsome neck that bent above her, stroked it softly, and said:

"Sing pretty."

A moment Ann struggled; then burying her whole self, as it were, away from us, and fixing her heart, eyes, soul on the child, soft and clear came the quaint lullaby:

"My wee, wee bairnie, cuddle doon,
The wee, wee stars an' big roun' moon
Bid little lammies, warm an' white,
An' wee, sweet bairnies a' the night,
Saft cuddle doon till mornin' light,
My bairnie, cuddle doon!"

The song died and died away to a whispered rhythm, then there fell a silence. The face bent over Rosie's seemed to catch a reflection of calm and content.

Presently the child's soft, regular breathing could be heard. It made a peace more peaceful than repose—the peace of home, of love, babyhood, trust and innocence.

After a little, Grappit moved as if preparing to break the spell that had staid even the stern hand of justice. In that moment I believe I fairly hated him, in spite of reason, law—everything.

She gave him no time to speak. She gathered up the child, stepped softly, crooned again to quiet a restless movement, laid the little figure on the couch, kissed the parted baby lips that, even in sleep, returned the fond pressure; then, rising to her full height, gave one great dry sob, and clasped her hands over her head. Grappit tapped her on the shoulder. Instantly she faced him—erect, white, cold as marble.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes, ready."

"But," I said, "you must put something round you. Your clothes are up-stairs."

"Thanks; these's a carriage, probably," with a look at Grippit, who assented with:

"At the corner—yes."

"And," she added, "he has my wardrobe?"

"Certainly; six boxes—those you left in your room."

"At least take this shawl," I urged.

It was an old gray plaid that lay almost anywhere about the house, and if Rosie fell asleep, we wrapped her in it.

She shook her head, and then said, suddenly:

"Yes, I will take that shawl."

"Ann," I exclaimed, impulsively, "I'm so sorry!"

She smiled a sort of courteous acknowledgment; and seeing my proffered hand, seemed for an instant touched; but the cold look came back into her eyes, and she said, with a gesture as if putting a bar between us:

"No; we are too far apart—further even than as mistress and servant."

"Can we do nothing?" asked Steve.

"Yes, if you please," like a queen giving her last commands, and in the most perfectly round and true English I ever heard—"yes, if you please. Then, clinching her hands and setting her face as it began to quiver, "Let the child remember me, if she will, and let her think of me as I have seemed—not as I am. When she grows older, don't tell her—don't tell her anything—but how—how—I loved her!"—and the steady voice shot off into a broken whisper.

She gathered the shawl about her, moved swiftly to the door, never once looking round; Grappit followed close; and, while we stood, uncertain what to do or say, the front-door banged sharp behind them, and I threw myself into Steve's arms, crying as bitterly as Rosie herself could have done.

* * * * * * *

Next morning, Steve went down-town early to find Grappit and talk the matter over. Meanwhile, Rosie worked herself into a frenzy of grief at Ann's loss. Even a brand-new woolly kitten, such as her heart was set upon before its last and warmest devotion, was spurned away as a base and transparent attempt upon her loyalty.

Steve, as he told me in the evening, was too late in his pursuit. Grappit and his prisoner had sailed for England at eight o'clock.

The papers were full of the sensation. There were great double headings: "Arrest of a Female Criminal. Her Strange Life. Her Disguise. An Innocent Family

Swindled." Our names were suppressed—so much for Grappit's good nature.

The story of Marian Graham appalled me. Her adventures began in early girlhood, when she was thrown on the world with the guidance only of an infamous father—a gentleman swindler—who taught her every grace and every vice, and her life was the natural supplement of such a rearing.

In spite of all—in face of her violence and subtlety—I felt more shocked and grieved than angry, and kept thinking of her faithfulness with us, and dreaming and wondering over what she might have been if, as Grappit said, she hadn't been sent wrong at the start.

Steve even forgot or forbore to rehearse his theories on domestic service.

After some difficulty, we procured Grappit's address, and wrote to him in London.

Rosie's faithful little soul still yearned over her lost friend. At a whisper of Ann's name or the least reminder, the child would cry, sometimes for hours.

One night in March she kept us up until daylight, sobbing, calling out: "Ann, Ann!" and "Sing 'Cuddle Doon,'" and grieving so passionately that I feared for her very life.

As morning broke she quieted and slept. Steve thought it was over-excitement. We had had a party that evening to celebrate his birthday; but, strange to say, from that night she never cried for Ann again.

In April we received from Grappit a London paper of March 26th, with this paragraph marked:

"SUICIDE IN PRISON.

"Marian Graham, the noted woman about to be tried for forgery, has committed suicide by poisoning. Her body, but just dead, was found in her cell early this morning, wrapped, after all her fine toilets, only in an old gray plaid shawl at last."

And then followed more particulars. I called out, with a sob:

"Poor Ann! poor Ann!"

Rosie looked at me with wide eyes.

"The night of the 25th!" exclaimed Steve, taking the paper. "It was the night Rosie cried so, and at dawn she slept. It was the night after my birthday. 'Her body but just dead—early this morning,'" he read again. "If I were superstitious, Fanny, I'd say—but pshaw! what folly!"

I was aghast.

"Oh, Steve," I said, "and the old gray plaid—Rosie's old shawl. She must have wrapped herself in that. Could there be some mysterious power in such devoted love? Could Rosie have felt the woman's agony that night? Could she have quieted just as——"

I stopped, half scared by my own thought.

"Nonsense," answered Steve; "you're nervous. It was a coincidence—that's all."

"It was a mystery," said I; "and whatever the viciousness and contradiction in that woman's nature, she was capable of a pure and wonderful love, and that, in my thought, shall redeem her. It redeemed her like once before. And—oh! if such a love had come into her life earlier, who knows how different she might have been?"

"Well, well, Fan, don't cry"—Steve was crying himself—"she's out of all her troubles. The law can't touch her now."

With the unreasonableness of a woman, when her feelings are enlisted, I added, passionately:

"And while these hateful papers print their columns about Marian Graham, the adventuress, gambler, criminal, her schemes, her daring, her conquests, her jewels and toilets, I shall think of her only as I've seen her a thousand times, with me child clasped to her loving heart—Marian Graham—the *woman!* Rosie and I will remember her tenderly for what she might have been if she hadn't been sent wrong at the start—in spite of the law."

"There's no law against that, dear Fan," said Steve, trying to comfort me.

IN TWOS.

Somewhere in the world there hide,
Garden-gates that no one sees
Save they come in happy twos—
Not in ones, nor yet in threes.

But from every maiden's door
Leads a pathway straight and true,
Maps and surveys know it not;
He who finds, finds room for two.

Then they see the garden-gates!
Never skies so blue as theirs,
Never flowers so many sweet
As for those who come in pairs.

Round and round the alleys wind,
Now a cradle bars their way,
Now a little mound, behind—
So the two go through the day.

When no nook in all the lanes
But has heard a song or sigh,
Lo! another garden-gate
Opens as the two go by!

In they wander, knowing not;
"Five-and-Twenty!" fills the air
With a silvery echo low,
All about the startled pair.

Happier yet these garden-walks;
Closer, heart to heart, they lean;
Stiller, softer falls the light:
Few the twos, and far between.

Till, at last, as on they pass
Down the paths so well they know
Once again at hidden gates
Stand the two: they enter slow.

Golden Gates of Fifty Years,
May our two your latchet press!
Garden of the Sunset Land,
Hold their dearest happiness.

Then a quiet walk again;
Then a wicket in the wall;
Then one, stepping on alone—
Then two at the Heart of All!

THE CAREER OF A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

By T. B. Thorpe.

The early days of California exhibit a frontier heroine who will in future time be remembered for her remarkable natural powers of mind, and success in overcoming what should have been insurmountable difficulties. Yet, by some strange fatality, her history up to this time has failed of any deserved recognition.

In the birth, life and death of Lizzie Bingham was displayed the most romantic interest. She appeared under the humblest circumstances, and was throughout her earthly pilgrimage forced to exhibit the most heroic elements of a naturally exalted character, yet in a field so rude in its surroundings that victory itself was not a triumph.

THE CAREER OF A REMARKABLE WOMAN.—"CARELESSLY RAISING THE COVER OF ONE OF THE BASKETS, HE STEPPED BACK WITH ASTONISHMENT AS HE BEHELD AN INFANT."

Lizzie's father was a private soldier in the United States Army, engaged in the Seminole War. Her childhood was passed amid the hardships of frontier life, made more than ordinarily desperate by the wiles of the hostile savage. She knew nothing of the traditional tenderness of childhood, had no advantages of education; her whole mind was absorbed in the selfish problem of what appeared to be a hopeless existence.

Lizzie received some attention from the soldiers, but their influence was to make her fearless of danger, to repress sympathy, to be bold and daring. It is, therefore, not surprising to learn that some ingenious artisan of the camp constructed for her a miniature gun, which, at the age of ten years, she used with skill upon the smaller game of the woods. This accomplishment proved of great advantage. On one occasion she was engaged in her favorite sport, when she saw a Seminole stealthily approach her, crawling through the underbrush. Without thinking of retreat, she boldly waited for the proper moment, when she raised her tiny weapon and fired, severely wounding the red man; the next instant, with the elasticity of a young fawn, she ran toward her friends, giving the alarm. A prompt pursuit followed; the Indian was overtaken, suffering from a severe wound. He proved, on examination, to be an expert spy under command of Billy Bowlegs.

A medal he wore was presented to Lizzie in admiration of her courage, and her reputation spread far and wide through the everglades as a youthful heroine.

When the Mexican War broke out, Lizzie accompanied her father, whose regiment was ordered to the Rio Grande to serve under General Taylor. She was then in the perfection of her beauty, and useful in helping her mother as an assistant hospital nurse.

In this capacity she displayed great courage and tenderness, winning golden opinions for her self-sacrificing spirit, her good nature and untiring energy. Many young officers—then lieutenants, but subsequently full-fledged generals in the Rebellion—were indebted to Lizzie for comforts rarely dispensed by the hands of the notably despised camp-followers.

At this time she attracted the attention of a handsome orderly attached to General Taylor's staff, to whom the young heroine became engaged in marriage, much to the disgust of more pretentious suitors, some of whom were decorated with a shoulder-strap.

The wedding, which soon followed, was celebrated on the evening that proved to be the preliminary opening of the battle of Buena Vista, and the rollicking customary in a camp on such occasions must have been heard by the advance guard of Santa Anna's troops.

In the confusion that preceded the clash of arms, young Bingham, Lizzie's husband, was dispatched with important orders, deliverable to Colonel Jeff. Davis. The duty was dangerous, for the young bridegroom was discovered and surrounded by a party of guerrillas.

He had time to destroy his dispatches, when he was taken a prisoner and borne in triumph to the town of Encarnacion.

General Taylor deeply sympathized with the distracted bride, and offered every possible assistance to learn the fate of the dashing orderly. Finally, the wife of a *ranchero*, who had been befriended by the newly married wife, informed her of the capture of her husband, his imprisonment, and, further, that he was to be shot, in retaliation for some outrage committed by Texas irregulars.

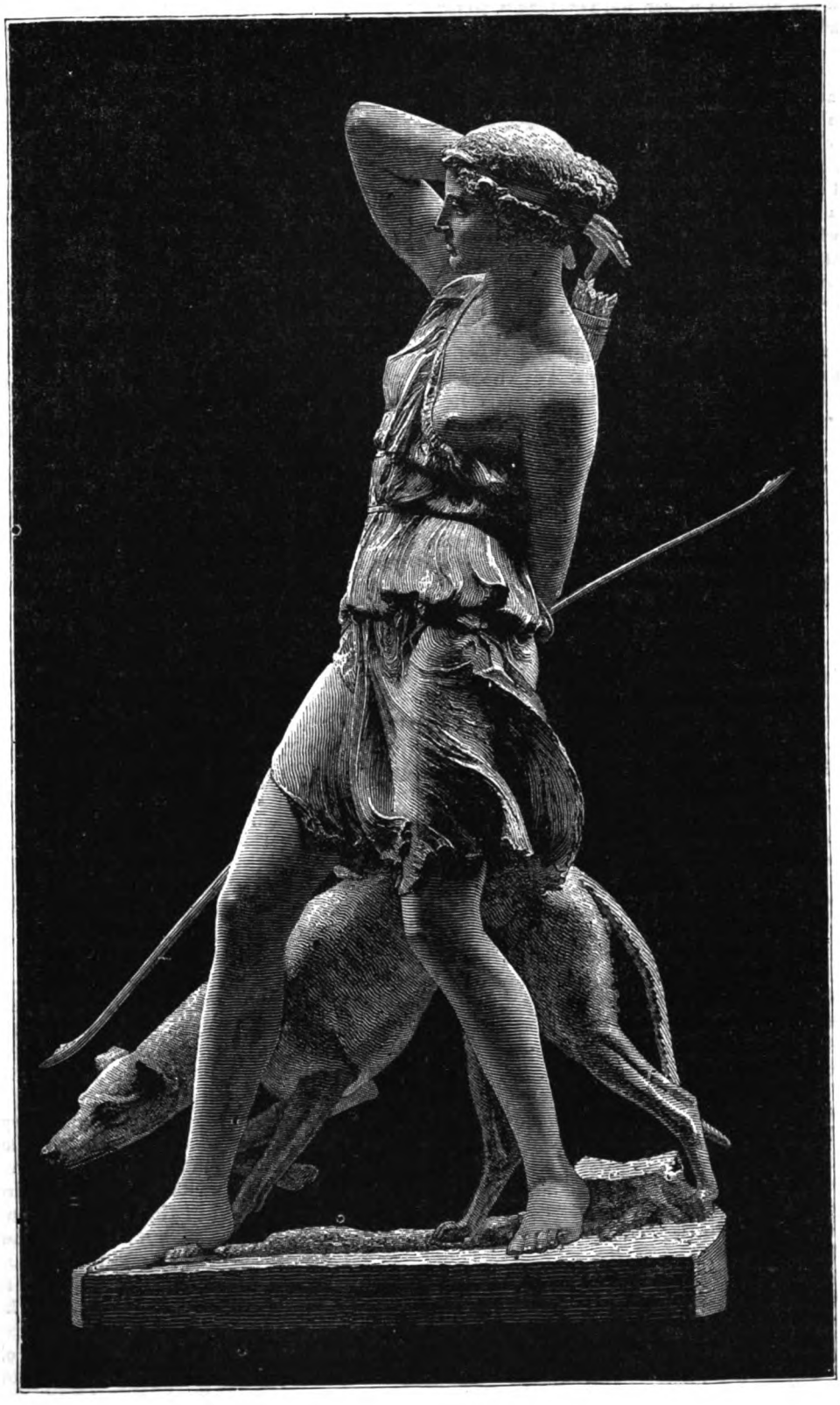
At this information, Lizzie donned the picturesque costume of the Spanish peasantry, and, speaking their language fluently, her transformation was complete.

Thus prepared, she mounted a mule, and started with the blessing of all the "sojer boys" for the camp of the enemy, which she penetrated as a vender of fruit. On her appearance, she was at once arrested and brought before the commanding officer, who was, at first, disposed to punish her for impertinent intrusion, never doubting she was a native of the country.

The officer, however, was finally struck with her beauty of face and coquettish ways, and commenced what he intended to be a flirtation. Lizzie played her part so well, that she became almost lawless in her strolls, and finally reached her husband, and informed him where a saddled thoroughbred horse would be found at his disposal.

One night Sergeant Bingham stole away from his guard, who was stupefied by drink or bribed by silver. At the last picket he was challenged, but he put his horse at full speed, followed by excited pursuers, who kept up the chase until within sight of the American pickets. Lizzie, totally unsuspected, took a circuitous route, and reached

THE CAREER OF A REMARKABLE WOMAN.—"SHE WOULD ASTONISH THE SIMPLE-HEARTED NUNS BY RECITING ELOQUENT PASSAGES FROM THE MANY TRAGEDIES SHE KNEW."



DIANA.— STATUE BY H. THORNYCROFT.

her destination safely, receiving congratulations for her bravery from the whole army, her appearance being greeted by tumultuous cheers.

The personation of a Mexican girl, and her successful coquetry with the Mexican officer, were evidences, to close observers, that Lizzie possessed great dramatic talent. This idea was encouraged by her husband, who had once been an *attaché* of a New Orleans theatre.

To while away the time following the occupation of Monterey, an amateur company was organized, and our heroine was offered a permanent position, which she declined, because, as she said, she knew nothing about the business, and *could not read.*

So enthusiastic were her friends, that they were not discouraged at what seemed impossible difficulties. A young officer, a great admirer of the drama, essayed the pleasant task of reading the dialogue of a play to Lizzie, when it was discovered that her memory was of most remarkable tenacity.

Nothing could exceed the rapid transitions of her face, as the plot and sentiments of the play dawned upon her naturally bright mind. It was like putting celestial light into a dark place, opening up new thoughts, which filled her with electrical sentiment. It was, indeed, an intellectual miracle to behold how readily she comprehended the most novel situations and worked out their natural results.

Her progress was rapid. This simple woman, in spite of her early disadvantages and rude surroundings was soon able to play acceptably before refined people the "Lady of Lyons," and *Mariana* in "The Wife." Parts that require a month of preparation with trained professionals she mastered in half that time.

The consequence was she became the idol of the company. Her good nature was invincible, her manners almost childlike. Her studies, her rehearsals, her self-constructed costumes, her triumphs before the footlights, were achieved without materially interfering with her domestic duties, or her strong desire to be a nurse to the very sick in the hospitals.

At the end of the Mexican War, the second regiment of dragoons was ordered to the Pacific Coast, and Lizzie was the only woman that was permitted to take part in that long and terrible journey across the Continent, the command arriving at Los Angelos in the Winter of '47 and '48.

In this town was stationed a company of Colonel Stevenson's regiment of New York Volunteers. Some of its members were amateurs and other theatrically disposed people. A company of strolling comedians also arrived, an event which was hailed with enthusiasm by the quiet people of the old Pueblo.

A hide and tallow warehouse was transformed into a theatre. Plays were presented, sometimes from necessity, with young men performing the female parts.

This theatrical stimulant roused in the heart of Lizzie for the first time the possibility of making a profession of a pursuit she had taken up for amusement. She listened with the keenest interest to the tales she heard of the triumphs of the profession, and of the magnificence of the temples of Thespis.

She maintained her self-possession, and undertook the parts assigned to her with a gravity and strict attention to business that would have been natural to the most experienced actress.

The unexpected breaking-out of the gold excitement in California caused the volunteers to desert almost in a body, and the remnant of the theatrical corps to which Lizzie had attached herself moved to Monterey, where the English drama, with some regard to appointments, was for the first time regularly established, Lizzie being the pioneer actress of California. In the enterprise, her husband and a number of well-known citizens donning the "sock and buskin," assisted the company while it remained in its newly-established quarters.

No written description can give any idea of the difficult work performed by these pioneers of the drama. It was seldom they had a room adapted for any proper representation, rarely ever any serious attempt at scenery. Often their drop-curtain was made up of bed-clothing. Their rehearsals at the miners' camp took place under the trees and by the light of a bonfire.

The wardrobes were such as every actor could invent with his limited resources. The whole thing was a travesty; but the gold was a fact, and the finding of it a substantial reward.

The miners, in their "devil-may-care" costumes, in their talks, frolics, quarrels, poverty, wealth, reckless generosity and apparent indifference to the future presented a drama of life which was never before performed under the sun, and in contrast with which the quirks and quiddities of the Thespians appeared very absurd, and paled into insignificance.

The miners paid liberally, however, to witness the theatrical display, and the artificial life went on—a strange contrast to the real that surrounded it. There was one sight often presented—of the company, with their wardrobe under their arm in a bundle, awaiting in the dining-room of the hotel for the boarders to finish their dinner, and give way to the actors for their performance.

On one occasion an old miner had come late. He was hungry, and took his time. The hour for the curtain to rise had passed. The audience was outside, broken into complaining groups, but the miner refused to comply with the solicitations of the landlord to "hurry up," and treated the feeling appeal of the "heavy man" of the company with contempt. In fact, getting annoyed, he pulled out his revolver and placed it beside his plate, observing he would "settle" any one who again interfered with his personal comfort.

The worthy then began to eat after the style of the grizzly bear, gnawing his bones with threatening eye, and bidding defiance to his enemies who dared to interfere.

A crisis was at hand when Lizzie, who was ignorant of the cause of the delay of the performance, happened to look into the dining-room.

The old man caught a glimpse of her face, and instantly his own was transformed into a portrayal of profound astonishment and delight. Said he, with almost bated breath:

"Was that a *real* woman, or only one of those theatrical fellows fixed up to look like one?"

"It was a real woman!" was the quick response.

"If that's the case," said the miner, choking in his utterance as if he had the asthma, "and she will come in here and tell me she wants the room, I'll give it her."

Lizzie was informed of the proposition, who, assuming one of her blandest smiles, without the least hesitation put out her hand, at the same time accompanying the action with the request that he would allow the play to go on, promising him, at the same time, a free seat from which to witness the performance.

"Why, God bless your heart!" said the old miner, his eyes filling with tears, "you shall have the room all to yourself for a month if you want it, and at my expense!"

Then, putting up his revolver, and encouraged by the cheers of the crowd, he allowed Lizzie to lead him away.

Often in these strange times the theatrical company would, in accordance to previously made arrangements,

proceed to a miners' camp to give an exhibition, when it would be discovered that the entire population had moved the previous night to a more promising field of labor. But the actors followed the miners; they were always welcome. They afforded the only harmless amusement they had. The miners in town were liberal, and very often paid in uncoined gold, newly dug from the mines.

Gradually theatrical matters assumed a more civilized character, and rude play-houses, with some attention to scenery and wardrobes, made their appearance.

The company with which Lizzie was associated grew more compact and better disciplined, and she consequently enlarged her range of characters; not confining herself to two or three legitimate plays, but passing rapidly from the gentle Juliet to the imperious Lady Macbeth, down through the long roll of jolly *soubrettes* and singing chambermaids; committing to memory long tragedies by hearing them read once or twice, and never depending on the prompter for support.

Her face was always welcome on the streets; the miner greeted her with a respectful smile; even the "digger" Indian would bestow a blessing on "La Americana Bonita."

But she never trusted wholly to man's instinctive respect for protection. In accordance with the spirit of her surroundings, she knew the value of the pistol and how to use it, and it was well understood that in the folds of her dress was concealed a weapon that would be appealed to if insulted by a word or look from the reckless of the opposite sex. With fear she was unacquainted; but it is certain that her faultless conduct was the true armor of her protection, instead of any show of force.

For five long years Lizzie Bingham pursued this tumultuous and adventurous life. She occasionally had her triumphs, and they were peculiar and characteristic.

On one occasion the citizens of a large and prosperous town, who had built a theatre, sent a formal invitation to Lizzie's theatrical company to make them a visit. This was a new feature, and the "principal comedian" was sent forward to announce the proposed arrival of the company. Owing to the sudden rise in the rivers, this messenger was two days in reaching his place of destination, when, under favorable circumstances, he would have accomplished the task in two hours. In his difficult progress he was chased by a grizzly bear, and repeatedly shot at by hostile Indians. The company finally reached the town, and a committee of citizens was appointed to meet its members at the "ford," and escort the ladies of the troupe.

This honor was accorded to them from the fact that, with the exception of the wives of some emigrants—and they not very prepossessing—there was not a woman living in the country many miles around. Many of the most respectable miners had not seen one since they, years previously, left their New England homes.

When the company arrived the men, in their joyous exuberance, greeted Lizzie with three long cheers. A sturdy old miner approached her, and, with great natural gallantry, assisted her from her mule's back, then delicately kissed the tips of her fingers, exclaiming:

"Glory be to God! now I feel like a man, not a savage."

Lizzie returned these demonstrations gracefully, and, desiring to please her humble admirer, said:

"Sir, would you be so kind as to do me a favor?"

"Madam, I would die to serve you!" was the response. "I left a little woman home just your size. I think I see her now standing before me."

"Then," continued Lizzie, "take charge and be careful of those two champagne-baskets, which were slung over a mule's back after the fashion of a panier. "I want to intrust them to a sturdy, honest man like you."

"Certainly," said the miner, who went over to his new charge, and, carelessly raising the cover of one of the baskets, he stepped back with astonishment, as he beheld an infant and heard its plaintive cry. But his amazement grew more profound when he heard the infantile voice from the other basket. He had discovered and seen the twin babies, Lilly and Rose, children of Lizzie Bingham, as attractive little ones as ever blessed a mother's eyes.

The conduct of the old miner at this revelation could not be described. His breast heaved, his lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears. He finally took up the little ones in his brawny arms, and kissed them over and over again; then, with unsurpassed tenderness, he asked as a favor that he might be allowed to carry them at the head of the procession that now started into town.

The cavalcade moved, stepping to the inspiring strains of a popular song. The population of the entire village received the players. The news of the arrival of the charming actress and her twin babies spread up and down the north and south fork of the Yuba, and the shanty especially assigned to the mother was for days besieged by anxious persons desiring to see the twins.

The opening night of the theatre at last arrived. Never was Lizzie more at ease, or more thoroughly happy. The principal play was "The Wife," followed by the farce of "Mr. and Mrs. White." When the injured father brought on, as is usual in all theatres, a rag baby, the miners demanded, with vociferous earnestness, that one of Lizzie's babies must appear and take the rag baby's part. This suggestion was promptly acceded to. Then rose a babel of shouts that both babies must appear; the delighted audience now reached a climax of hilarious enthusiasm. For three consecutive weeks the theatrical engagement, each night concluded with "Mr. and Mrs. White," newly christened "The Twins."

The season having closed, the miners agreed to give the younglings a complimentary benefit. "The Babes of the Woods" on the occasion behaved splendidly. They laughed and crowed, and kept their rude but good-hearted friends in a state of innocent enjoyment. The tiny presents in gold made to the beneficiaries filled a large goblet.

However great may be the influence of a newly-arrived baby in the refined household, it was none the less humanizing among the rudest miners of California.

The most desperate, who would cheerfully face the Indian in a deadly fight, or look into the enraged eyes of the grizzly bear—men who would indulge in a murderous fight among themselves, and do these things with a blooded stoicism of perfect insensibility—would melt into second childhood at the sight of an infant, and overflow with the tenderest feelings that affect the human heart.

After many years of the roughest gypsy life, Lizzie at last reached Marysville, which had, while she wandered, grown into a thriving village. Here she indulged the hope that now a peaceful life awaited her, and that she could have a settled home in which to bring up her promising daughters. But this was not to be.

In an evil hour for her happiness, her husband met with General Walker, who was then raising recruits for his Nicaragua expedition. His seductive eloquence won over to his mad scheme the once handsome orderly of General Taylor's staff, and his noble wife, though heart-broken at the idea of leaving her children, determined to accompany him.

He arrived in Central America just in time to be shut up in the besieged fortress in Grenada, which was threatened on all sides by upward of fifteen thousand soldiers of the

ZEB HARDACRE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.— ZEB SUMMONED TO THE FAIRY COURT.

combined Republics of Costa Rica, Honduras, Guatamala and San Salvador—an army determined to capture, at any cost of life, the little force of two hundred American "filibusters," under General Henningsen.

The siege was kept up for weeks, until the little band was reduced not only in numbers, but to absolute starvation. The hospital was filled, the ammunition was quite exhausted, yet the defense was maintained—defeat meant death.

Lizzie's husband, who had charge of one of the guns, finally broke down, from exhaustion, and was consigned to his cot. Again her early experiences made her invaluable as a nurse, varying her sad duties by occasionally taking the place of her husband at his deserted gun.

The veterans of Henningsen were often fired with new resolution as they beheld this second "Maid of Saragossa," and uttered new covenants, never, while alive, to surrender.

But nature finally gave way, and the decimated force, accorded for their courage the honors of war, capitulated, asking but one favor, that Lizzie and her husband be treated with the most merciful attention. The pledge was kept, for they were tenderly removed to the Hospital St. Vincent, where the Sisters were requested to indulge their patients with every alleviating luxury that money could command. But this merciful consideration came too late. Lizzie Bingham hovered for days between life and death.

One delightful morning she was carried out on the broad piazza of the hospital that overlooked the Lake Nicaragua. She tossed madly about on her narrow couch, and in her delirium called for her children by their names. Then rising up, she would, with unearthly look, astonish the simple-hearted nuns by reciting eloquent and appropriate passages from the many tragedies she knew so well by heart—passages that described her feelings and situation.

Thus she unquietly passed on until the close of day, and it was not until the setting sun cast its last rays upon the Twin Mountains that sent their lengthening shadows over the lake, that her troubled spirit was at rest.

Thus closed the life of a remarkable woman—one upon whom Nature had put the stamp of a superiority misfortune could not efface.

No marble monument marks her resting-place. Among the fastnesses of the mountains of California there still linger old miners, grizzly with age and disappointments, who occasionally enliven their log firesides with details of Lizzie's eventful life and the beauty of her twin babies.

Lizzie will, nevertheless, soon be forgotten; but as time wears on, and the theatres of California grow in importance and become rich in traditionary lore, the antiquarian will search out the pioneers of the profession, and the name of Lizzie Bingham will assume its true and proper recognition—as the pioneer English-speaking actress of California.

ZEB HARDACRE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

"I SAY, Zeb, why don't you answer me?"

Zeb, who was kneeling upon the great kitchen hearth, engaged in bringing his Sunday boots to an almost miraculous point of polish, looked up at the little figure perched upon the corner of the wide settee, and exclaimed, in no very flattering tone of voice:

"Oh! there you be, be you? I thought you was abed and asleep two hours ago; reckon you would be, if Mrs. Morris was to come along, in short metre!"

"Well, Zeb," replied the person addressed, "the fact is, I was put to bed some time ago, and I suppose ma thinks I am there still—that is, if any one who is snoring, as she is at present, can think of anything."

"Wall, you air a nice young man for a small tea-party," said Zeb, "What in thunder did you get up again for?"

"I want to ask you whether it is really true that fairies and goblins, and all manner of little folks, are abroad on Christmas Eve, and whether the cattle really do kneel at twelve o'clock?"

"Wall," he said, "I have been a good deal among critters in my time, but I reckon mine were not of the pious sort."

"Then you don't believe it?" queried the child.

"Can't say I du," replied Zeb; "at any rate, I never saw none of it myself."

"Would you like to go out to-night and try if we could see them, Zeb?" he said, peering sharply into his face.

Zeb jumped up as though he had been shot, and taking the candle in one hand, and the boots which were to do such execution on the heart of Sally Slocum on the morrow in the other, marshaled little Ned Morris to the door of his sleeping-apartment, and sought his own pillow in the room above.

The old clock in the kitchen beneath was just on the stroke of twelve when Zeb's eye's closed for the first time. A drowsy lull crept through his mind, a warmth and comfort overspread his frame. With his long limbs drawn up nearly to his chin, and his head enveloped in the coverlet, the outline of his form resembled very nearly that of some gigantic squab-pigeon, whom some one had very kindly put to bed. In fact, Zeb going to sleep presented a very singular appearance.

Some one on the sloping roof of the shed without the window thought so, too. A queer, weird laugh struck on Zeb's ear, and its shrill cadence thoroughly aroused him. The peak formed by Zeb's knees in the bedclothes disappeared. Zeb assumed an upright position, and ejaculated:

"Tarnation and thunder, what's a-comin' now?"

It was time to ask, for the window, heavy and unwieldy as it was, was raised quickly from without, and a face which had been peering through the panes for the last ten minutes was thrust through the aperture, followed by a light form, which leaped noiselessly upon the carpetless floor, and advanced trippingly to the bedside.

The garb this figure wore was strange and elf-like. A coarse red cloak, with hanging sleeves, fell half way to the knees, and a peaked cap was perched upon the head; but the full red lips and sparkling coal-black eyes were those of little Ned Morris.

Nowise disconcerted, this personage seated himself upon the bedside, and continued:

"I shall wait here until you are dressed, Zeb, for come you must; you can't help yourself, my boy, and you know that as well as I do."

Zeb's unwilling hands were forced to perform the office of clothing his ponderous limbs, drawing on his boots, and even covering his straw-colored locks with something which was once a hat.

"Here, I be ready," he muttered, as the last article was added; "but if you calkilate on mischief, you'd better remember that I kin lay you across my thumb-nail and crack you like as if you was a flea, you consarned mite of humanity you!"

The child stepped out of the open window into the moonlight which lay upon the roof, and beckoned Zeb to follow.

Down the sloping shed, through the dead branches of the wintry vines, over the frozen furrows of the field beyond. On he went—on, on, on, Zeb following, while the little form before him flitted away, crooning a low, elfish melody as he went.

They had reached the margin of a little stream, within whose frozen breast the moon was mirrored, when the elf paused.

"Did you ever see me skate, Zeb?" he said. "Look—see me now, if you never have before."

Poised upon one foot, the little being shot from the bank upon the polished sheet of ice. Away across the stream, back again, along the bank, up and down, across, around in a maze of evolutions never yet surpassed, flitted the little creature, his red cloak fluttering behind him, and seeming, wing-like, to bear him up.

"I can cut your name," he said; "or, stay, you shall help me—skating is glorious sport."

He was on shore again, and had seized Zeb's long coat-tails in either hand as he spoke.

"Now, hands off, you tarnation critter!" cried Zeb. "You kin conglomerate a feller's knowledge-box so's to make him get up when he'd orter be abed. But it's more than you kin do to make him drown hisself without showing fight. So lem me alone, or you'll repent it, I warn you."

It was no use. With Zeb's coat-tails grasped tightly in his hands, the elf was off again over the ice, his laughter drowning the ejaculations of his victim.

"Z is a hard letter to cut, my fine fellow," he cried. "First we go this way, and then we go that way, and then we go across again. Ha! ha! ha! Zebulon is a fine skater."

"Ha! ha! ha! Zebulon is a fine skater," was echoed by a thousand voices from the opposite bank; and the

ZEB RESCUES SALLY FROM THE FAIRIES.

affrighted Zeb, who had closed his eyes as he whirled dizzily round, opened them to see standing upon the frosty slope a myriad of little forms, clapping their hands and tossing their bodies to and fro, as though convulsed with merriment, and closed them again in terror, while shrieks of unearthly laughter pealed through the air, mingled with mocking repetitions of "Zebulon is a fine skater."

Suddenly a lull fell upon the strange assembly. Zeb's tormentor's paused and Zeb himself stood once more upon firm ground. A faint sound like the echo of a trumpet-blast stole from the woods beyond, then a beating of drums, a wail as of the melancholy flute, the sobbing of the violin, and from the shadow came ambling on an elfin cavalcade, the nodding of snowy plumes and the tread of silver-shod feet keeping time to the weird cadence of the music.

Foremost among them rode a fair, golden-haired youth, bearing as a trumpet a lily formed of pearl.

"Hasten on—oh! ye people," he cried; "your king awaits you."

With a whirl like that the wind makes among the dried leaves of the Autumn forest path, the whole concourse turned with one accord and swept toward the woodland, bearing Zeb with them.

They were descending into a deep valley; the moonlight shone on the trees above, but the valley, deep and hemmed in with rocks, was as dark as midnight. As they reached the bottom of this spot, a brilliant light flashed upon them suddenly from an aperture in the ground, and through this entrance poured the whole elfin concourse, treading in unison with the music which went before, and beckoning Zeb to follow.

They stood within a hall of gorgeous splendor, odorous with fragrant perfumes. Rainbow-hued forms flitted to and fro beneath the lustrous light which fell from a huge crystal globe, filled with a glittering fluid, which floated midway in the air; and upon a throne of marble, covered with a trellis-work of flowers, formed of rubies, emeralds and sapphires, was seated a tiny creature clad in a robe of purple, with a coronet of starlight radiance upon his brow, before whom every head was bent in reverence, while a clamor of music, song and vociferated cheers filled the hall with echoes.

Amidst the tumult, Zeb felt some one twitch his sleeve, and looking down, saw Ned Morris standing beside him.

Zeb caught the little creature's arm.

"Who are you?" he said. "You must tell me what you are—devil, imp, or human being—out with it!"

"Hush!" whispered the child. "We must not be seen speaking with each other; I am the fairy king's own son; I was changed in the cradle for little Ned Morris."

"I knowed it," said Zeb, loosening his hold as he spoke; "I've heard tell of changerlings. I don't want nothin' more to say to you, you impostor. Go away with you. Go."

But a few moments had elapsed ere two fairies, with white wands in their hands, approached the spot where Zeb stood.

"Mortal," they said, as they passed before him, "the king would speak with you."

Zeb followed them until he stood in the presence of the monarch. His majesty smiled graciously, and held out his hand, which Zeb took with his thumb and finger.

"Mortal," said the king, "be seated; I have a favor to ask of you."

"Thank you kindly, mister," replied Zeb, with a low bow. "But if you'd just as lieve, I'm afraid I'd squash the throne all to flinders, and I'd ruther stand."

"As you please," acquiesced his majesty, "so that you listen to the request I have to make. Know, then, oh, mortal, that for reasons concerning which you must make no inquiry, it is my will that a fire must be kindled in the midst of the valley through which you were just now conducted; and as it is one of our most stringent laws that no fairy shall touch or meddle with a fire, it becomes necessary that it should be kindled by a mortal. This, then, is the favor I require of you, and your reward shall be this purse filled with diamonds, and the goodwill of the fairy people for evermore. What say you?"

And with these words the elfin monarch held aloft a purse woven of golden wire drawn to a thread more delicate than that of which the spider weaves his web, and revealed, glittering among its silken meshes, jewels of inestimable value.

Zeb had never seen anything like it in all his life before; but he was too 'cute to say so, for be it known that Zeb prided himself on being a rare hand at a bargain, and the first principle of such business transactions is to depreciate the value of the goods offered; so, although Zeb thought to himself, "A fellow might stock a farm and start housekeepin', quite forehanded, with them diamonds," he did not utter his thoughts aloud, but merely said:

"Wall, seein' it's yeou, mister, ef you'll throw in that gold thingumbob round your waist, to give Sally Slocum for a bracelet, I don't mind sayin' it's a trade."

"It is yours," said the king, unbinding the girdle from his waist. "Now, come with me, and obey without a question.

Zeb put the purse leisurely into one pocket and placed Sally Slocum's bracelet as deliberately into the other, buttoned his jacket very carefully, and followed at his ease. In less time than it takes to mention it, they stood once more in the darkness of the valley.

Laboring with all the power of his muscular frame and brawny arms, Zeb hewed down sapling after sapling, tree after tree, and brought them to the spot indicated by the fairy king's tiny finger; then, after some search for dry combustibles, he drew a match from his pocket and set fire to the pile. It kindled finely, and in a few moments the long tongues of flame were licking the brown sides of the uppermost logs.

The king approached, and beckoned to a little black creature at no great distance.

"Attend this mortal to the entrance of the valley," he said; then turning to Zeb with a move of the hand, continued, "You have done your duty—be silent and faithful and you shall never repent. Farewell!"

And Zeb, led by his dusty conductor, departed.

At the top of the rising ground the little creature paused.

"Yonder is your homeward path," he said. "Do not linger upon it. Adieu."

And with one leap like that of a squirrel, he dropped down the declivity, and was soon hidden among the bushes.

"I wonder if those fellows are up to any devilment," he said; "I've a mind to go back and take a peep, anyhow," and acting upon his resolution, he stole softly down again toward the valley, and ensconcing himself behind a tree, looked unseen upon the odd assembly. From some hidden spot the fairies had brought forth an image, partly beautiful and partly hideous, which they had placed upon a pedestal before the fire. In regular procession, one before the other, they advanced, each, as he came, suspending some article of value upon the neck or arms of the image, and chanting what sounded like a prayer.

"Lor', du tell ef they ain't idolatrous heathen pagans,"

whispered Zeb from his place of concealment. "I only wish there was time to run and tell Parson Potter—wouldn't he distribit tracts among 'em!"

But in a moment another throng of elves entered the opening of the valley, bearing amidst them a woman faint with terror, and apparently insensible.

As they dragged the unresisting form toward the blazing pile, the light fell upon the horror-stricken face, and revealed to the terrified and astonished Zeb the features of his lady-love, Sally Slocum.

"Throw her in, throw her in! offer the mortal maiden to the great and mighty Almulasah," chorused the voices.

"No you don't by a long chalk!" cried Zeb, dashing from his hiding-place, and snatching a blazing branch from the fire with one hand, he caught the fainting Sally in his other arm, and sped away with her, followed by the whole band of impish beings.

He saw the Slocums' farmhouse in the distance. If he could but gain the doorway they were safe. At this thought Zeb redoubled his speed, and reached the step in two bounds. The door stood open. He rushed in, and placing his still insensible burden upon a great armchair near at hand, stood panting for breath with one foot against the door.

The noise of pursuit had ceased, and as Zeb's terror passed away, his curiosity overpowered him. He opened the door and peeped out. On the grass beyond lay one of the elfin crew, motionless as a statue.

"The feller is dead to a certainty," said Zeb. "Ef I kin pick him up I'll do it, ef it's only to show suthin for the horrid night I've been through. Yes, I'm darned ef I won't pick him up, and have him stuffed and put him in a glass case to put on the mantling-shelf in our parlor."

As he spoke he advanced softly to the prostrate form, but, with a shriek of laughter, it sprang to its feet as he touched it, and made after him. Again Zeb sped along the road scarcely daring to look back, but hearing the pattering steps close, close, closer yet behind him.

He gained the shed below his window. The imp was after him. He flung his hat, and in his terror the purse of diamonds and the golden girdle, at the round black head which shone so glossily in the moonlight below him; but the act produced only a succession of diabolical cachinnations; and with a shudder Zeb leaped in at the window. The imp leaped in behind him.

Zeb flung himself upon the bed, hiding amid the coverlets, and the imp perched himself upon his breast beating upon it with a golden hammer which he held in his claw-like fingers. Zeb shouted with pain and terror, yet still the elf remained perched upon his bosom, with its long, black, pliant limbs twisted round his neck, and still the blows rang from the golden hammer upon his breast with a regular and hollow sound.

Mad with rage, Zeb by a strong effort tore the pillow from beneath his head, and crushed it with all the force that he could muster down upon the toadlike head and black, mocking face of his assailant. The blows ceased, and the imp fell backward beneath the smothering softness.

* * * * * *

Zeb was sitting upright in bed, crushing the pillow down upon his feet; the morning sun glittered upon the window, and the elf was gone, but at the foot of the bed stood little Ned Morris.

"What is the matter, Zeb," he said, "and why don't you get up this morning?"

"Matter," groaned Zeb, "matter—you ask me what is the matter, du you? I don't believe there's a hull bone in my body, you changerling you."

"Why, Zeb," laughed the child, "what have you been dreaming? Do you know where you are? It is Christmas morning."

"I know whar I was Christmas Eve, and that is enough for me, you consarned imp!" cried Zeb, springing out of bed. "I ain't to be took in no more, you idolotrator you, you woman-roaster, you changerling! Git out; don't show your face to me; and tell that fairy dad of yours I'll settle his hash for him next time I come across him. Clar out!"

And Zeb banged the door to and bolted it.

When the sun sank behind the blue hills that bounded the prospect from Farmer Morris's homestead, its last rays fell upon Zeb Hardacre as he passed through the gate, with his "traps" in a bundle upon his shoulders.

"For sleep another night under the roof with that changerling," said Zeb, "I couldn't for no money."

A FIERY TRIAL.

By Jennie Davis Burton.

A BLAZING day. Between the brassy splendor of a cloudless sky and the glaring surface of the lake, Marcia could find no coolness anywhere.

True, she had given one longing glance toward the majestic rank and file of the woods on the mainland, but to reach it would have required a long walk over a shingly neck, where the heat must be intolerable, or the still greater exertion of rowing there from the point.

She had chosen to remain at the house as the least of the evils. She sat in a cane rocker upon the veranda, a little drift of filmy lacework in her lap, and an open book on the stand at her side; but even the double occupation thus afforded her was not sufficient to still her restlessness.

How she had used to envy Luella the faculty of folding her hands in utter idleness, and looking away into distance, as if oblivious to everything but the dreams she saw there!

Probably Marcia lost herself for a moment in the train of reflections which the thought of Luella called up. At any rate, the consciousness that a woman had approached the veranda came upon her like a sudden shock.

This house had the strip of barren headland all to itself, and visitors were rare there; but it was not so much mere surprise as the sensation she might have felt had she invoked a phantom and it had appeared before her, which weighed upon Marcia then.

In another moment she had sprung forward and caught a flesh-and-blood image by both hands.

"I thought it was surely your wraith, Luella. I haven't had such a chill of holy horror since Fay heard the ghost walking overhead that stormy night, and we discovered it in the pan aunt had set in the attic to catch the drip. What nonsense did we not experience in those days, I wonder! You never came alone?"

"Yes, alone. Let me go in, Marcia. Who is here?"

"No one. It's a blessing that Aunt Linn is tied to her room with influenza. Think of any one having cold in the head weather like this?"

The great startled eyes that had been wandering about in a searching glance, now fixed themselves upon Marcia.

"Have you heard anything about me?" she demanded. "I have done no wrong."

This was strange talk for Luella. The other saw with concern her wild, pale looks—noted the cold, clammy touch of her hands.

"I want you to believe I have done no wrong," impatiently.

"I do. Any one who has known you must. What is the matter, Luella?"

"That I am hungry, first, I suppose, or ought to be. I had no dinner."

"Dinner! And you have been traveling. That means you have had no breakfast, either, and you have walked through this glare from the station—enough to kill you! Come, you shall eat and sleep, both before you speak a word of your trouble."

That there was trouble it required no words to tell.

Marcia led the way to the dining-room, and tried to forget her own wonder in dispensing the rites of hospitality. Luella's brows knit with swift pain as she observed her surroundings.

"How little you change here!" she said. "Two years, but I can almost believe I have been in a dream and sat here yesterday! Why, those white roses in the vase might be the very ones it held that morning——"

"When Leo upset your boat, and gave us all such a fright."

To herself, Marcia was grieving over the lines drawn by the drama of the world in which she took so little part. The softness and brightness had gone out of the lovely face, which bore now the stamp of utter weariness.

"Yes. What a pity we did not drown together that morning, Leo and I," said Luella, not recklessly, not bitterly, but with a set conviction which was worse than either.

When she had eaten, and drank a great shell-cup of bitter Mocha, she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes like a tired child.

Marcia put her elbow on the table and her chin in her hand, recalling that past, while she kept utter quietude.

Aunt Linn had enticed her here by opening the house to a very select party. There were the twins, Fay and Grace, the Murray boys, who were in their train, Leo and Jerome, and Luella herself.

With the old house full of life, and the days all golden, the time slipped on into midsummer before Marcia discovered that the thread of purpose was being woven into the web of life through the woof of their idle pleasures.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

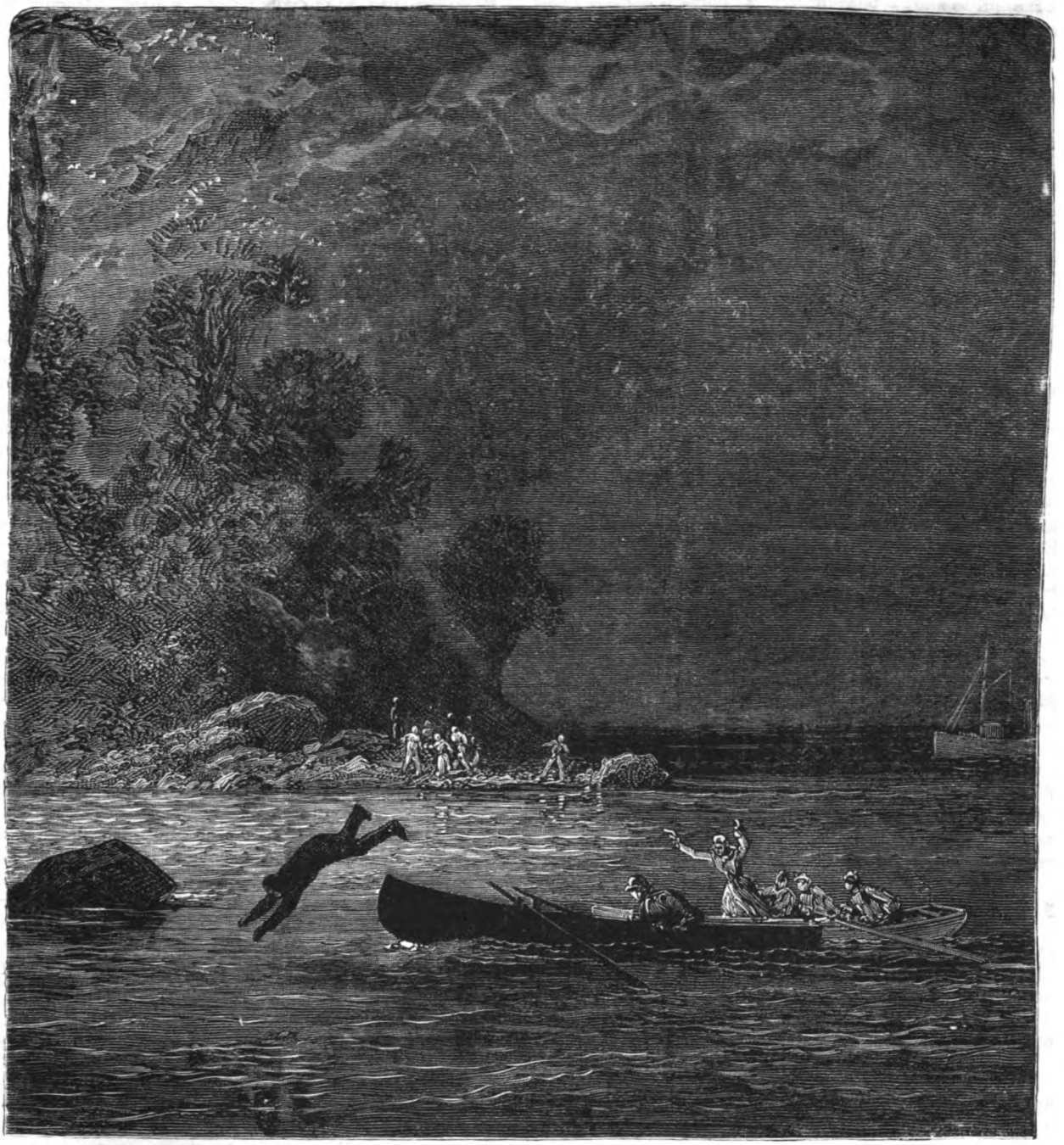
BEAU—"*What the deuce is that, Effie?*"
EFFIE (tired of waiting)—"*Oh! that! Well, I didn't want to forget what to say, so I wrote it down.*"

She was on her knees one morning, picking the dead leaves from Aunt Linn's geraniums. Luella sat upon the steps—a fair, cool picture, brightened by the scarlet fuchsia dropping down from her hair.

She looked to her friend's adoring eyes like a being apart from the passions of ordinary life—"whom love hath not touched nor sorrow dimmed."

"Let her learn the lesson of me," said Jerome, with reference to half the quotation only, when Marcia put her fancy into words. The fiery motes of sunshine dazzled before her eyes. The marbled head of a rose-and-white cluster came off under her ruthless hands. Jerome gave a flirt of the watering-pot he had been wielding, which deluged her with a miniature shower.

"Tame work, Miss Marcia. I'm off if you're done with me;" and without awaiting the permission, he dashed into the house, from which he emerged with dog and gun; and later, the music of the discharge and the faint wreaths of



A FIERY TRIAL.—"'MY GOD! LEO!' CRIED JEROME, AND INSTANTLY DIVED AFTER HIM."—SEE PAGE 495.

smoke curling up from the marshy grounds marked his course through the day.

It was that impetuous and energetic nature—the capacity for vigorous action and the conscious power which had exerted its influence over Marcia. What more natural than that the calm strength to be found in Luella should have attracted such a man? One sharp little struggle with Self, and Marcia was ready to stand aside and watch the drift which should carry them together, though not without misgivings.

Two such intense individualities as theirs were not apt to fuse gently into one. Leo, with his greater beauty and weaker will, seemed to her more capable of the unquestioning adoration which should belong to Luella by right.

The next day they were all picnicking among the hills on the mainland. A few miles back an army of axmen were leveling the tall crests of the giant woods, but here they towered in crowded ranks that bred perpetual twilight.

There was an opening where a feathery cascade tumbled down over mineral rocks that scintillated with rainbow hues.

"The place affords a glorious opportunity for getting lost," announced Leo. "Miss Mayn," to Luella, "shall not we try our luck in the matter?"

No one gave any heed as they sauntered away together, save that Marcia sent a glance of compassion in answer to Jerome's disappointment, and saw something which told her that it was the last time Leo would be left foremost in the field. But when they collected on the lake shore at sunset, the two had not returned.

"Go home and get ready for us. I am going to the top

of the hill to start a beacon fire," announced Jerome; and soon the ruddy glare shot up from the surface of a bald crag, with such prompt effect that early moonlight saw the trio sculling homeward over the dimpling ripples of the lake.

Leo was sullen and silent on the way. There had been nothing romantic in the situation. They had verified his jest most unpleasantly, and it had not been even left to his efficiency to get out of their dilemma.

A little breeze sent the waves lapping the sands as their boat grounded. Jerome gave an impulsive start.

"Good God! What a fool I have been! That fire! The wind is rising, and the woods are like tinder. Leo, do you want to go back along and see that no harm is done?"

"Nonsense! No fear of it."

So the boat shot out over the quivering moonlit space with Jerome alone. It was daybreak before he was back, begrimed, with torn shirt-sleeves and blistered hands.

"It was only a trifle, after all," he said.

Marcia and Luella exchanged glances. They had seen more than he guessed through the glass in the observatory; had seen the trail of low flame creeping through the underbrush, which he had fought single-handed, and knew the patience with which he had followed up his first victory, watching and waiting and stamping out the bursting blaze which came now and then from the scattered embers.

That night's work seemed to give him a right which he was not long in asserting.

Leo carried the stamp of jealous misery in his face, but he did nothing—nothing, that is, but break out with one or two bitter protestations to Marcia, who was every one's confidant.

"I don't have any chance; it seems to me Jerome is first, last, and everything in our enterprise nowadays. I can't plan a sail or a walk with her but he is at our elbow, and the worst of it all is, she don't resent his interference."

"One would naturally suppose she would leave that for you to do."

"So I would if I had the least encouragement; so I will if you can give me a hope," with his hungry eyes so imploring that Marcia's indignation at his faint-heartedness melted into pity.

"Leo, Leo! Do you expect a girl like Luella to hang out her heart like a sign?"

"But you are her friend; you might know."

"Well, then, I don't, and I doubt if she knows herself," Marcia declared, impatiently; and looking back, that doubt seemed to resolve itself into the certainty of a great mistake committed afterward.

She did not like to think of the interval which had witnessed Luella's wedding, and clouded it with an unexpected shadow.

Those two young men who were rivals in love were partners in business, also; and while Jerome's honeymoon was in its first, sweetest stage, the news reached him that Leo was a fugitive and a defaulter.

The depth of wonder which had never been able to reconcile that fact with Leo's life was shadowed in Marcia's face again, when the closed eyes opposite flew suddenly open and fixed upon hers.

"It has all been explained. I had a letter from Leo; he did it out of revenge, not from any desire for gain. Do you understand me, Marcia?"

"I hear—I scarcely understand."

"Let me tell you how it happened, and why I am here. It necessitates the unwifely confession that there have been discords between Jerome and me. He was immersed in business, and I took the admiration I no longer received at my husband's hands from other men."

"Luella!"

"Well, what have you to say to that?"

"You were never a coquette. I do not believe it."

A grateful light broke over the face which it pained Marcia to see in its bitter change.

"Then you can still believe in me? Not without reason, for that accusation—I had it from his lips—was most unjust." She paused, and turned her face away, then went on: "He accused me, too, of regretting Leo. The ill feeling which resulted was still at its height when that letter came to me, smuggled in by my maid. Marcia, Leo did not fly to Canada, as we supposed. He has been in hiding. He wrote to implore my intervention in his behalf. He wants to return the stolen funds—stolen, he claims, and, I believe, when his mind was unsettled through brooding and wretchedness—and in token of his good faith he inclosed the largest bond. I stood with the letter folded again in my hand. At any other time what he asked would have been easy; now I knew it would be fuel to Jerome's flame of suspicion. I had not heard him approach, but all at once he stood before me, demanding to see my secret missive. I refused to show it. Next moment he had snatched the sheet with its inclosure from my hand, drawn it over the gas-jet, and flung it blazing to the floor; then turned away, saying, 'What you dare not show, your husband refuses to read!'"

"Oh, Luella, what did you do?"

"I could do nothing. I had no proof left to substantiate my word. Now, why I came to you. Leo is hidden within three miles of this place, in a miserable cabin in the marshes, so preyed upon by remorse that he is ready for any desperate act. We must go to him, if only to keep him from rashly betraying himself. Go alone, and at once."

Half dazed, Marcia made her hasty preparations. A heavier sultriness than before seemed to pervade the air as they entered the light skiff which lay rocking at the little pier, and a thin haze had spread itself over the clear Summer sky. Luella's slim, strongly-nerved hands were on the oars.

"How strange things seem," said she. "I am afraid there will be a storm."

"Had we not better wait?"

"Wait! I would smother. Time enough to sit down and look my fate in the face when there is nothing left for me to do."

Marcia's heart-strings quivered under that thrill of despair; but she believed in the panacea of action, too, and taking the tiller, directed the boat's course toward the marshes.

That indistinct film dropped lower, gradually vailing the distant scene. The sulphurous stillness, which seemed charged with dread portent, was broken first by the merest quiver, until the forces of air gathered strength, and concentrated in a shudder that went sweeping across the agitated waters and lost itself in the whispering forest. A black cloud lowered over the distant tree-tops—a cloud that unrolled and spread until, as they rounded a curve of the shore-line, the breeze met them, tainted with the odor of smoke.

Down dropped the oars from Luella's hands.

"The woods are on fire, Marcia; the woods are on fire!"

An almost breathless cry, and then the eyes of the two women were caught and held by the fearful scene spreading out before them. The billows of smoke drove on, and close after came the crackling red line of pursuing flame.

The green leaves of the forest shriveled under that devouring breath; the swift-coming flash and roar caught them and swept on, leaving, far away in their wake, only the blackened skeleton trunks to hold their seared and smoldering branches heavenward, like so many arms imploring that infinite mercy which alone can save.

Drifts of red-hot flinders swept continuously over and around the little boat, but Marcia drenched it thoroughly and turned further from the shore.

After their first stupefaction, the power to think and act had returned, and changing places, they bore onward again toward their original goal. Not the thought of one human being in peril now appealed to them, but of hundreds.

The two or three villages of the lumbermen that dotted the banks of the river, which spread into a waste of swampland at its mouth, were inevitably in the track of the devastating element.

It was well that others were upon the lake who had caught earlier sight of that widespread conflagration, and were beforehand in rendering efficient aid.

A great steamer had turned from its course and anchored a quarter of a mile distant, sending off its boats to take up the sufferers.

These, joined by a few small fishing-craft, ran a fiery gantlet through the tracery of creeks and inlets, where the rank growth of reeds and marsh-grass went down before the light flame that leaped from point to point, a new menace in the face of the despairing villagers, who had been driven to the river to escape the burning forest—to be shut in, as it were, by a burning stream.

But in its scorching track came the brave-hearted rescuers. Drafts like the breath of the simoom to threaten them, lungs choked until every respiration was pain; skin starting and peeling at every exposed point, but daring all danger, not the least that of thrusting themselves among the panic-stricken mass of struggling beings, four-fifths of whom must have escaped death from fire only to meet death by drowning, but for the relief providentially so near at hand.

Back at the river-mouth, the two women felt their utter helplessness, but could only wait and pray in torturing suspense.

Then, at last, came the return of the boats with their precious freight.

Two of these, emerging from opposite inlets at the same moment, were rowed slowly past them, side by side.

"Dead, did you say?" from the great-hearted captain of the steamer, himself a leader in the work. "The brave fellow was one of my passengers. How did it happen?"

Some one in the second boat explained:

"The other poor, starved-looking devil had been working like a tiger, bringing off the women and children; but just as it came his turn to be taken in, he stared up at one of our men—him, sir—then fell back with an awful look, and sank like lead. This one gave a mutter, 'My God! Leo!' and instantly dived after. He got a hold, it appears, but was dragged away from the spot where we looked for 'em, and came up to strike against a float, as you see!"

Side by side in the bottom of the boat lay the two men—rescued and rescuer—their equally death-like faces exposed to view, the one with a great wound running down to his temple in a gaping, ghastly line.

The involuntary groan which escaped the lips of the observers was cut through by a woman's wild shriek. Luella stood upright in the swaying skiff, with arms outstretched.

"He is mine, he is mine. Give him to me!" Then on her knees, when some pitying hand lifted him to her side, with her face bowed down to the blood-dabbled hair, sobbing out: "Jerome, oh, Jerome! I love you!"

Through the pitiful estrangement which had been between them the truth broke clear at last. Now, into the deaf ears was poured the passionate assurance, which, uttered sooner, might have swept misunderstandings aside and given them the perfect rest which is known to perfect love—now when it was too late.

So thought Marcia, but heaven was merciful.

Both Jerome and Leo drifted back to life in the old house on the point. It was weeks after those three terrible days and nights during which the fire raged before the gathering clouds opened and the blessed rain came down, when two shadowy men joined hands in a new bond of friendship that would prove more enduring than the old. It was as if they had gone through the fiery furnace of affliction, to be cleared of the dross of unworthy passions, and to thoroughly realize the change.

Then came one peaceful evening, when the round sun went down, flooding the broad lake with its crimson glow, and Marcia stood in the background watching two figures outlined against the light—Luella and Jerome, her head laid against her husband's shoulder, her eyes looking up into his, and in a low voice, the watcher repeated to herself:

"All strife have I in spirit overcome;
All envy, grief, or bitterness;
Yet is the time when this lance reacheth home—
The pity of my loneliness."

"For yourself or for me, Marcia?" Though she had not known it before, Leo stood beside her. "Ah, quiet little soul!" taking one of her unresisting hands in his tremulous touch. "I could ask no other to believe in me or to give me 'pity for my loneliness.' This is not a delirious fever like the old dream, Marcia. It is a hope I would like to cherish while I work out my atonement for the sin that it led me into."

A strange new tenderness came creeping into Marcia's heart. How shall we judge one another? In the old time Leo could have gained no chance beside Jerome; but now, tried, fallen, learning his bitter lesson and developing a better and stronger manhood through the miseries which had beset him, he was finding also a compensating good for the evil he had overcome.

They stood together while the red glow faded out, and then, breaking athwart the shadows that were left, followed the white radiance of the moonlight, and so ran Marcia's fancy, after the fervid heat of their undisciplined passions was coming to them all the time of rest.

GIRL DRIVERS IN SCANDINAVIA.—"In Finland," says a sojourner in "the land of the midnight sun," "I had a young girl for a driver at every station; and these children of the North seemed not in the least afraid of me. My first driver's name was Ida Catherina; she gave me a silver ring, and was delighted when she saw it on my finger. I promised to bring her a gold one on the following Winter, and I kept my word. She was glad, indeed, when at the end of the drive, after paying, I gave her a silver piece. Another of these girl drivers was named Ida Carolina. The tire of one of our wheels became loose, but she was equal to the emergency; she alighted, blocked the wheels with a stone, went to a farmhouse and borrowed a few nails and a hammer, and with the help of a farmer made everything right in a few minutes. She did not seem in the least put out by the accident. She was a little beauty, with large blue eyes, thick fair hair, and rosy cheeks.

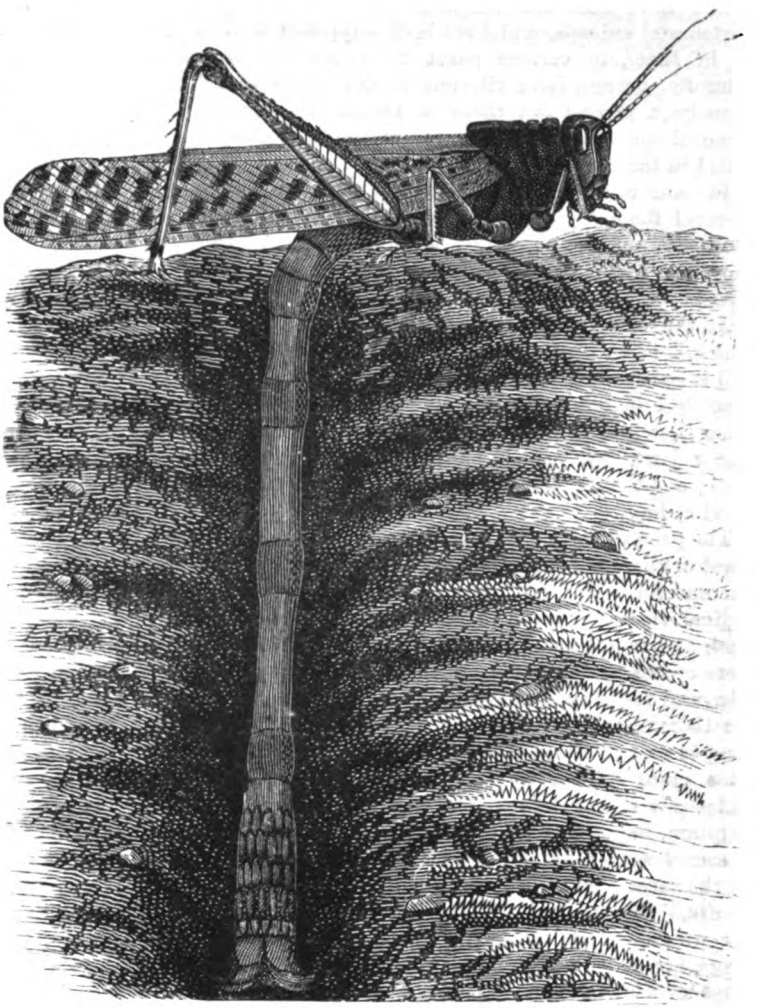
A JAPANESE GRASSHOPPER SCREEN.

LOCUSTS AND GRASSHOPPERS.

By F. Buchanan White, M.D.

There is an ancient Arabian legend which expresses pithily and forcibly the estimation in which "the locust" is held by the unfortunate people subject to its visitations. "We are the army of the great God," said a locust, addressing Mohammed; "we produce ninety-nine eggs; if the hundred were completed we should consume the whole earth, and all that is in it." To those who fortunately live in climes to which the locust rarely penetrates, this may seem Eastern exaggeration, and it is no doubt figurative; but to those who have seen "the land as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness," it will scarcely appear too strong. Consequently, from a very early period in the world's history the locust has attracted to itself more attention than perhaps any other insect, and not the least in the present day, when all the skill of science has been brought to bear against the dreaded ravager.

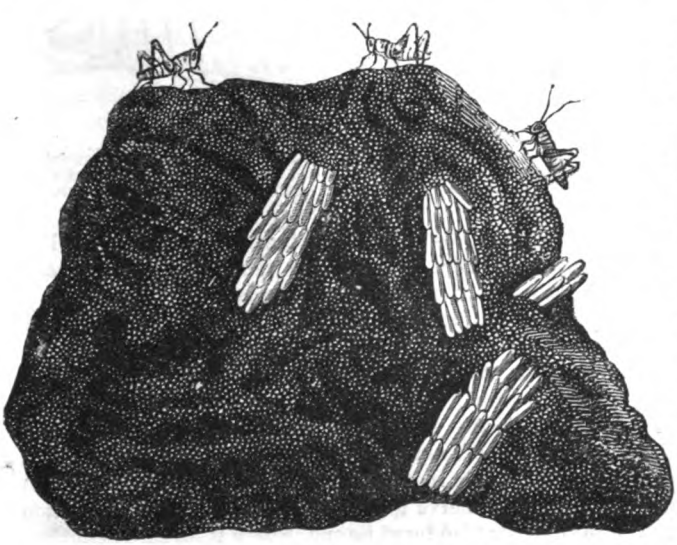
In reality, there is no single insect which ought to be termed, more than some others, *the* locust. Unfortunately, there are several which have earned for themselves the hatred and dread of mankind by the fearful devastation that they have committed, and still continue to commit; but all agree in this, that they are near relatives of the grasshoppers, whose merry chirpings make resonant the Summer meadows. If, therefore, we capture a common grasshopper, and study his structure, we will have learnt all the essential details of the anatomy of the terrible locust.



THE LOCUST DEPOSITING HER EGGS.

Though resembling in many respects the cockroach, and belonging to the same order of insects, the general appearance of the grasshopper is very different. Its body, instead of being flattened, is more or less compressed laterally, and consequently the wing-cases and wings, when not in use, present an almost perpendicular instead of a horizontal surface. Another striking point of difference is in the hind legs, which, being fitted for jumping, are much larger and stouter than the anterior two pairs.

The head is usually large, and often somewhat globose in shape, the face, or part seen from a front view, being either perpendicular or sloping backward from above downward. On each side are the rather large compound eyes usually found in insects. Without entering into lengthy details, the structure of these eyes may be briefly described. The horny skin, or external skeleton of insects, is composed of a material termed chitine. At the place where the eye is situated this chitinous cuticle is somewhat thickened, and becomes transparent, to form the cornea, which is furthermore divided into a number of six-sided facets. Between the inner surface of each of these facets and the end of the optic nerve is a transparent, elongated body enveloped in a sheath, which is supplied with pigment. These elongated bodies consist of two parts, of which the inner one, or that which is in contact with the optic nerve, is called the *prismatic rod*, while the outer one is termed the *crystalline cone*. The broad end of the latter touches the inner surface of the cornea, and its narrow end is continuous with the prismatic rod. In addition to these *compound eyes*, many grasshoppers are provided with three *simple eyes*, situated more or less in front of the head, two being above, between the compound eyes, and the third a little lower down, and in the middle. These simple eyes (or *ocelli*, as they are technically



EGGS AND YOUNG OF THE LOCUST.

called) have been likened to the eyes of the higher (or vertebrate) animals, and have been supposed to be made, as in them, of various parts, to which the names of sclerotic, cornea, lens, vitreous humor and choroid coat have been given; but there is reason to suppose that some of these do not exactly correspond to the parts so called in the vertebrate eye.

In front of the head, between the compound eyes, are situated the *antennæ*, not longer than half the length of the body, and composed of a number of joints. In shape they are frequently thread-like, but in some kinds of grasshoppers they are sword or club-shaped.

At the lowest part of the head is situated the mouth, which, like that of the cockroach, is formed for biting, and is constructed after the same plan, and so need not be described in detail. The upper lip, or labrum, is sometimes notched at the front margin; the mandibles, or upper jaws, are very strong, and provided with many teeth, and the labium, or lower lip, has only two lobes instead of four.

The pronotum, or upper surface of the first ring of the chest or thorax, is somewhat variable in shape in the various species. In some it is provided with a central longitudinal ridge or crest, or with less conspicuous lateral ones, and in others it is much prolonged backward in a more or less broad spine-like process, overlying the abdomen, and sometimes as long as it. The other two rings of the thorax are not visible from above, except when the wing-cases and wings are expanded, and even then are in some cases hidden by the prolonged pronotum. The under-side of the thorax does not require particular description, beyond mentioning the fact that occasionally it is armed with a spine situated between the front legs. To the second and third wings of the thorax are attached (as usual) the organs of flight. These consist of the anterior wings—which, as serving mostly as covers to the wings, are called wing-cases, or tegmina—and of the hind wings or wings proper. The wing-cases are somewhat leathery in texture, more or less long, and narrow in shape, and strengthened by numerous thicker veins. Occasionally they are very short, especially in those species which have a prolonged pronotum, which serves to protect the wings. The true wings vary in size, but are often large. In texture they are membraneous, and are also provided with longitudinal veins (often connected by finer transverse ones), by which they are expanded. When not in use they are folded longitudinally, and stowed away under the wing-cases. The latter are usually dull in color, frequently brown or gray, and banded and spotted with darker or lighter shades. The wings, on the other hand, are either clear and colorless or tinged with some bright hue, as red, blue or yellow, and occasionally banded with black. Sometimes both wing-cases and wings are wanting, or only partly developed.

The anterior two pairs of legs are moderate in size, the last joint, or tarsus, being formed of three smaller pieces, the first of which has on the under side three spongy or leathery cushions, and the second, one. These two pairs of legs are fitted for running, the well-known jump of the grasshopper being performed by means of the third pair, which consequently are adapted thereto, and demand more attention. These hind legs are not only much longer than the two anterior pairs, but have the femora, or thighs, much stouter and thicker, as it is in them that the powerful muscles, by which the grasshopper can take his enormous —in comparison with the size of the insect—leaps, are contained.

The hinder edge of the thigh is channeled, so as to partly contain the tibia (or next joint of the leg) when at rest. The upper side of the tibia, especially toward the tip, is furnished with numerous strong spines, which, by offering resistance to the surface from which the insect jumps, help it considerably in making its leap. The tarsus of the hind leg is constructed as in the front legs.

In addition to serving as organs of progression, the legs and wings (or rather portions of them) of the grasshopper are used as vocal organs. It is by means of his hind legs and his wing-cases that the well-known song of the grasshopper is produced, a fact which every one may observe for himself by watching the insect when at work. The sound is produced thus: The insect stands on his four front legs, and lifting, either together or alternately, his hind legs, rubs the rough inner edge of the thigh against the wing-case. The latter is provided (as mentioned above) with thickened veins, and according to the degree in which these veins are thickened and elevated above the surface of the wing-case so is the noise which results.

Some grasshoppers do not seem to be able to make any sound, and others, though they go through the action, produce no sound audible to human ears, though it seems probable that it is heard by their companions. By catching a grasshopper and rubbing its hind legs in the manner mentioned, any one can see for himself that the sound is produced in the manner described. It is only the males that make an audible sound, and the object seems to be chiefly to attract and captivate the females. In other words, it is a love-song.

In most insects, if a special organ of hearing exists, it is difficult of detection; but in the grasshoppers, in whom the sense of hearing seems to be very acute, there is a well-developed ear, or its equivalent. This is situated on either side of the first segment of the abdomen, near the articulation of the hind legs to the third ring of the thorax, and consists of a round, crescent-shaped, or linear opening,

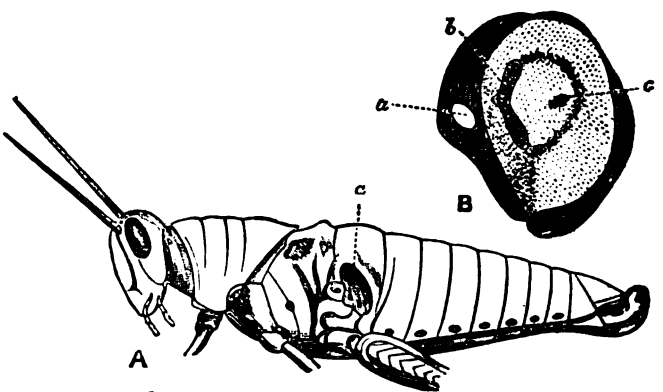


FIG. 1.—AUDITORY APPARATUS OF GRASSHOPPER.
A, Figure showing position of Apparatus; *a*, Tympanum. B, External surface of Apparatus (left outer ear); *a*, Opening of the Stigma in the raised rim of the Tympanum; *b*, the large horny projection seen through the semi-transparent Tympanum; *c*, the smaller horny projection.

inside which is stretched an oval membrane surrounded by a raised rim (Fig. 1, A, *a*). On the inside of the membrane are two horny (chitinous) projections (Fig. 1, B, *b*, *c*), the larger of which ends in a delicate bladder (filled with clear fluid), which sends off a small arm to the smaller horny projection. A nerve (derived from the "metathoracic ganglion") goes to the centre of the membrane, and there dilates into a ganglion (depot of nerve-force), the side of which nearest to the membrane is covered with numerous glassy rods in contact with the membrane. A branch of the nerve goes also along the horny projection to the delicate bladder at its end, where it forms a ganglion, from which several nerve-fibres spread over the bladder.

If a grasshopper is watched when chirping it will be seen that when his "song" is ended he lowers one or both legs, and keeps his wing-cases a little raised, in order, apparently, to hear if any other male will answer his challenge. On the other hand, if he is chirping to please the female, he places himself in such a position that the sound will fall on her ear, which she may be seen to be keeping exposed for the purpose.

The abdomen is rather compressed and keeled above and almost convex below, tapering from the base to the end in the female, but somewhat inflated at the end in the male, in which sex also it is more slender. In each sex there are nine distinct segments, or rings, in addition to the organs connected with reproduction, which are conspicuous at the end of the abdomen. Of the latter, the most interesting is the ovipositor, or apparatus by which the female makes holes in the ground for the deposition of the eggs. The method of using this apparatus, which consists of four hook-like valves, the two upper curved upward, and the two lower curved downward, will be described presently.

The internal structure of grasshoppers and locusts, though formed on the same plan as the cockroach's, differs in some particulars. The alimentary canal is the same length as the body, and is extended in a straight line, and not convoluted, as in the cockroach. The tongue is larger than in any other of the families of the Orthoptera. The gullet is short, and soon widens out into the crop, at whose base are situated six membraneous, muscular, bag-like appendages, called the *bursæ ventriculares*. There is no gizzard in this family, the crop opening directly into the ventriculus, at whose junction with the crop is another series of six bag-like appendages—the *bursæ accessoriæ*. Following the ventriculus is the intestine proper, consisting of the slender intestine and the rectum. At the junction of the ventriculus and the intestine are inserted a large number of slender tubes—the Malpighian glands. In texture and substance, the various parts of the alimentary canal are thus composed. The crop is strong and muscular, and is, on its internal surface, provided with many somewhat cartilaginous striations, transverse near the gullet, but longitudinal in other parts, interrupted, and hence rough. On the lower side there is, anteriorly, an oblong oval space without the cartilaginous striation, but surrounded by a hardened and thickened margin. At the junction of the crop and the ventriculus is a valve (the *valvula conoidea*), consisting of six thickened and somewhat hardened eminences, which, when the whole crop is contracted, come together, and close it at the base.

Some authors have considered that this valve represents the gizzard. The ventriculus is soft, and is also capable of expansion. The slender intestine has externally six longitudinal muscular narrow bands, starting from its junction with the ventriculus, but not extending to the end. Internally, these form fleshy elevations. The rectum has also six longitudinal muscular bands. Between the ventriculus and the slender intestine, and between the latter and the rectum, are kinds of valves by which they can be closed.

The salivary glands, which open into the gullet, are much smaller and more delicately branched than in the cockroach, and are not provided with salivary receptacles.

The breathing system has some peculiarities, inasmuch as, in addition to the usual elastic tubes, or tracheæ, there are membraneous tubes widening into large air-bags, which greatly assist the flying powers of many of the species.

The blood circulatory system and the nervous system do not require special description, though the latter is, if anything, more developed than in the cockroaches, and there is, as mentioned above, a special nerve for the auditory apparatus.

In magnitude, grasshoppers vary considerably. Some species are not a quarter of an inch in length, while others are amongst the largest insects known, and measure nearly a foot across the expanded wings.

The animals commonly known as grasshoppers and locusts belong to the order, or division, of insects called Orthoptera. The particular family to which they belong is the Acridiodea, the members of which may, by an uninstructed eye, be confounded with those of another family—the Locustina—whose component members are also sometimes called grasshoppers, though for the most part frequenting trees. Insects belonging to the Locustina may be distinguished from the Acridiodea by their thread-like antennæ, usually much longer than the body, by their tarsi having four joints instead of three, but not (usually) being provided with single eyes *(ocilli)*, by the much longer and exserted ovipositor of the females, and by the different position of the sound-producing apparatus of the males, as well as in some other particulars into which we need not enter at present.

The "great green grasshopper" *(Locusta viridissima)* is a good example of this family, and also of the unfortunate, but now unavoidable, use of the word "Locusta" as a scientific name for insects not belonging to the family of the true locusts. The Acridiodea may also, but not so readily, be confounded with another family of the Orthoptera—the Gryllodea, which include the house and field crickets; but these may be distinguished by their long and slender antennæ, and by their wing-covers being, partly at least, horizontal when at rest.

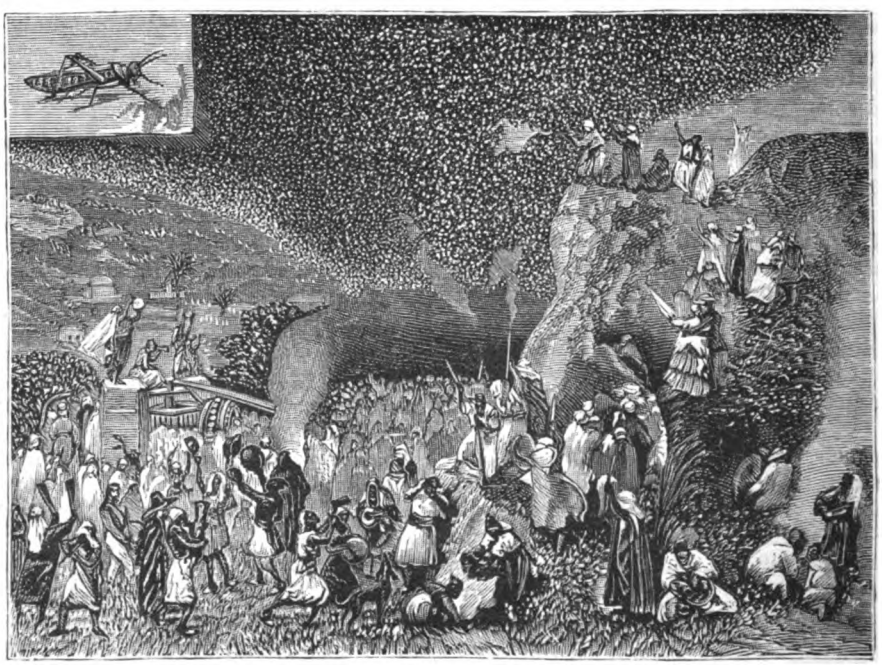
From the great ravages committed by them, locusts have, as it were, compelled the attention of man, and hence their mode of living and metamorphoses have been often and carefully studied. As the metamorphoses and habits of many of the species are not very dissimilar, we will select for description a species whose history has been carefully worked out of late years, in consequence of the havoc it has committed in some parts of North America. This is the Rocky Mountain locust *(Caloptenus spretus)*, a species not much bigger than many of our common grasshoppers.

When a female wishes to lay eggs, she selects, by preference, a bare, dry, sandy place, where the ground is firm, and not loose. Recently plowed land is avoided, and so is damp ground, but a field or pasture where the vegetation is sufficiently short is often chosen. Having selected the place, the grasshopper closes the hook-like valves already described as situated at the end of her abdomen, and forcing them into the ground by curving her body, she then, by alternately opening and closing them, and by a series of muscular efforts, drills a hole sufficiently large to hold nearly the whole of her abdomen. During this operation she stands upon her first and second pair of legs, and hoists the longer third pair above her back. The hole then made is always more or less oblique, and generally a little curved, and narrower at the mouth, and is made in a few minutes, the time varying according to the hardness of the soil. When engaged in drilling the hole, the insect is so intent on her work that she may be closely approached if care is taken not to alarm her. Having completed the hole, she next proceeds to lay her eggs in it. First of all, she fills the bottom of the hole with a frothy mucous or glutinous matter which is produced by a pair of special sponge-like organs at the end of the abdomen. Then the hook-like valves are brought close together, and between them an egg slips down from the

FRIGHTENING LOCUSTS IN SYRIA.

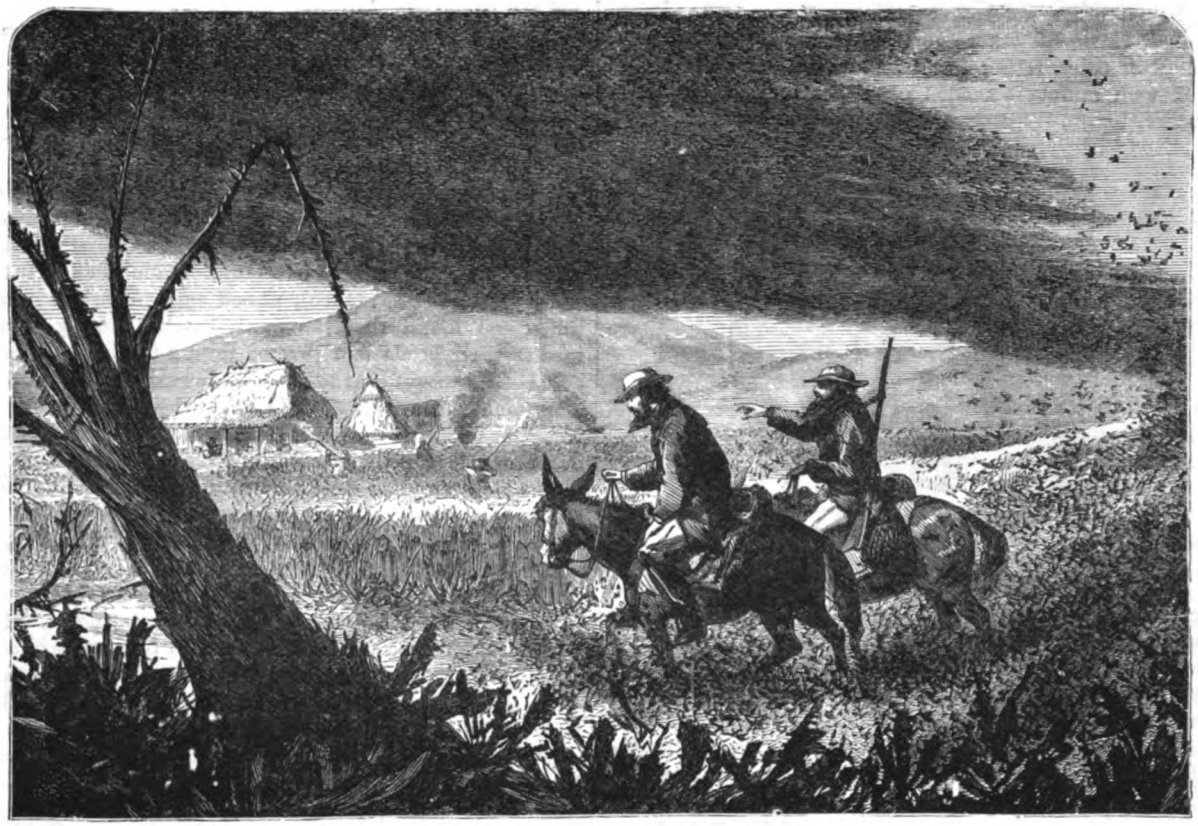
oviduct, and is placed amongst the frothy matter. Again, by a series of convulsions, more of the frothy matter is produced, and then another egg is laid, and so on till the whole number has been deposited, after which the narrow mouth of the hole is filled up with a compact mass of the frothy mucous matter.

The use of this froth-like matter is to protect the eggs, especially from water, to which it is more or less impervious, and also to keep all the eggs in their places, as it forms a spongy or membraneous packing. Through this packing the young insect can easily force its way.

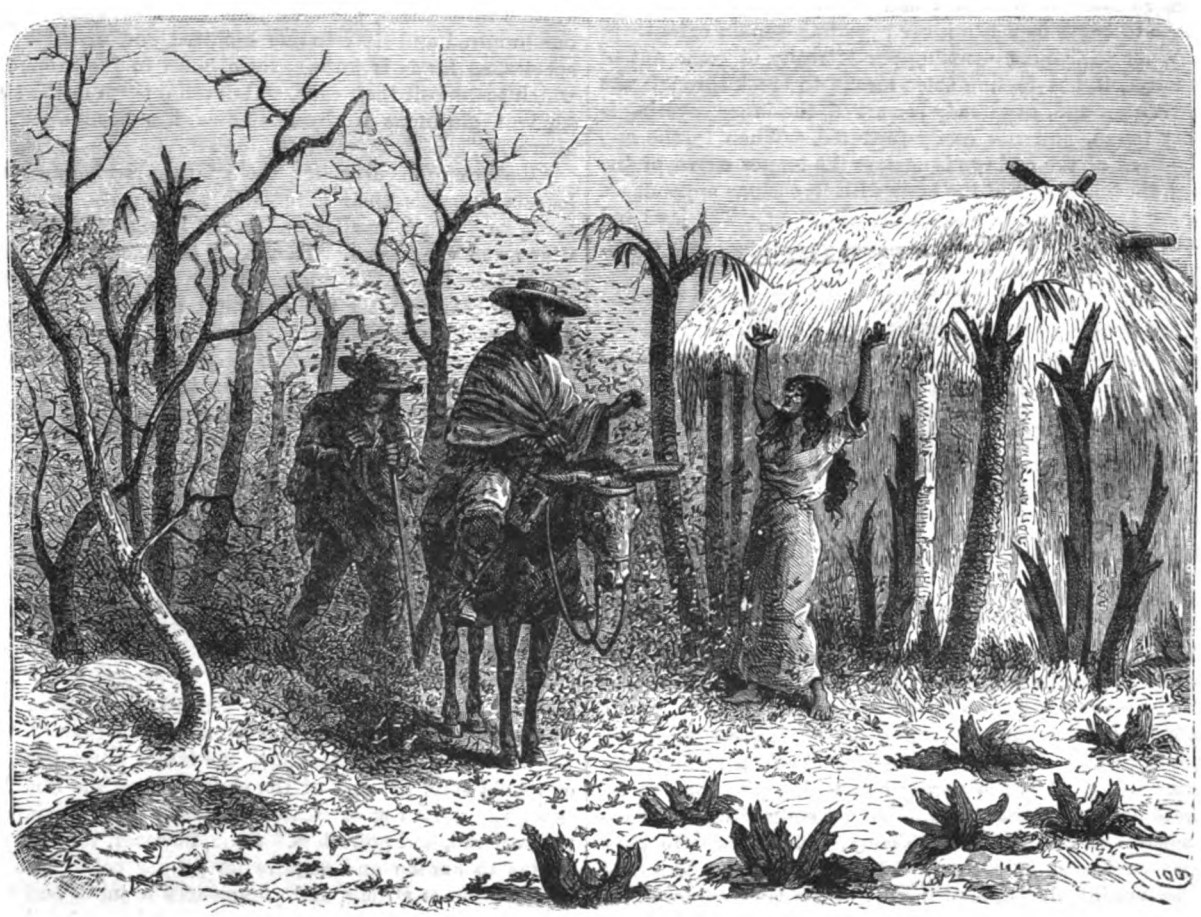


ALGERIANS ENDEAVORING, BY NOISES, TO PREVENT THE INVASION OF GRASSHOPPERS.

The egg (Fig. 2, page 506) is somewhat oval-oblong in form, with a



THE CHAPULIN OR CENTRAL-AMERICAN LOCUST DARKENING THE AIR.



DISTRICT WASTED AND DESTROYED BY CHAPULINS.

slight curvature, and rather narrower at one end. It has two coverings, the outer one thin, semi-opaque, and pale-yellow in color, rather fragile, and with the surface covered with minute six-sided pits; the inner covering is thicker, tough, transparent and smooth. The number of

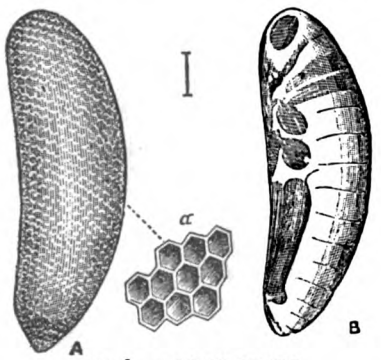


FIG. 2.— EGG OF LOCUST.

A, Outer Shell, showing Sculpture; a, Same, very highly magnified; B, Inner Shell, just before Hatching.

eggs varies from twenty to thirty-five, but is generally twenty-eight, and they are laid in four rows of seven each, very carefully arranged with the narrow end downward (Fig. 3), and so placed that along the upper surface of the mass is a kind of irregular channel by which the first-hatched young ones can escape without disturbing the other eggs. This is very necessary, because it is generally the first-laid eggs that hatch first, and as they are at the bottom of the hole the arrangement of the mass would otherwise be necessarily disturbed. As the eggs when deposited are somewhat soft and plastic, the outer rows are made to curve over the inner rows to a certain extent.

When the young grasshopper is ready to come out of the egg, it has to find some means to break through the coverings, and, as already remarked, the inner covering is very tough, and not easily ruptured. When in the egg the back of the embryo is against the longer curve of the egg, the under side of the body with its various appendages being against the shorter curve (Fig. 3, B). The jaws and other parts of the mouth are bent down upon the chest,

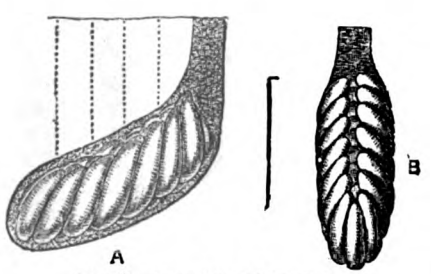


FIG. 3.— EGG MASS OF LOCUST.

A, From the side, within Burrow; B, From above—enlarged. The Dotted Lines show the Direction often taken by the young Insect to reach the surface of the earth.

the sharp end of the jaws pressing against the wall of the egg. The legs are doubled up, the tibiæ of the hind legs fitting into the groove of the thighs, and the spines, which have been mentioned as arming the tibiæ, pressing against the egg-wall. The tarsi claws also are in a similar position. Now, when the young one is ready to come forth, there begins a series of undulating contractions and expansions of the joints of the body, which results in pressure on the shorter curve of the shell, and at the same time continued friction of the tips of the jaws, spines of the hind tibiæ, and claws of all the legs, till at last the skin splits, the split is extended by the swelling of the head, and the young grasshopper wriggles itself out of the egg-shell. It then makes its way to the surface of the earth, either by forcing a passage through the spongy matter, or else directly through the soil, if that is not too compact. When pushing to the surface, the antennæ and two anterior pairs of legs are generally closely applied to the chest and the hind legs stretched out.

A remarkable fact is that the young insect never attempts to go in any direction but upward. The members of the United States Entomological Commission (from whose "Bulletin" much of the information relating to the egg-laying has been taken), placed eggs in earth in glass tubes, and found that the newly-hatched young always turned their heads and pushed toward the bottom whenever the tubes were turned mouth downward.

As soon as it arrives at the surface, the young grasshopper, after resting for a short time, proceeds to cast its skin, or rather a thin pellicle which completely envelops it. It does not attempt to do this before reaching the surface, and if by any means the pellicle should get rubbed off during the insect's exertions to get out of the earth, it seems unable to make further efforts to push its way through. The use, therefore, of this embryonic skin seems to be to protect it from injury during the struggle. The pellicle is burst on the back of the head by a series of contracting and expanding motions, and then, gradually working it off, the animal issues, pale and colorless, but becomes dark-gray in the course of half an hour or so.

The number of eggs laid by the Rocky Mountain locust is, as stated above, between twenty and thirty-five; but some other kinds lay a larger number. The true migratory locust (*Pachytylus migratorius*) lays from fifty to a hundred in each hole or nest, and as she usually deposits at least three times, the total number of eggs laid may be one hundred and sixty to one hundred and seventy. All species, so far as is known, form holes in the ground in which to deposit their eggs, and develop them in the same kind of glutinous frothy matter as has been described above.

Like young cockroaches, the young grasshoppers and locusts resemble their parents in all respects, except in being very much smaller and in not being provided with wings and wing-cases. They molt or change their skins about four times, the rudiments of the wing-cases and wings appearing after the first molt, and becoming larger during each subsequent one, till at the fourth or last molt the insect reaches the mature or perfect state, is able to reproduce its kind, and, except in the few species which are unprovided with these organs, acquires full-sized wing-cases and wings. The molting or changing of the skin is thus accomplished: When the insect feels that the time has come, it fixes itself by the claws of the hind legs to some suitable object, such as a grass stalk, usually with the head downward. Here it remains motionless for several hours, till the back of the thorax begins to visibly swell. Presently, the skin along the middle line of the head and thorax splits, and the soft white new skin of the insect protrudes from the opening. (If we were to take a specimen just about to molt, and to carefully cut open the skin, we would find that the whole animal was covered by the new skin lying ready formed below the old one.) Then by a series of wrigglings, the insect works itself out of its old skin, the end of the abdomen and the hind legs being the parts last extricated, and stands beside it, soft, pale-colored, and powerless. Soon, however, the new skin begins to harden and acquire its proper color, and the insect becomes strong, and commences to move and feed. Should it have been the last molt that has taken place, the wings and wing-cases will now have been acquired

These are at first crumpled and flabby, but soon straighten and expand, and are then folded away into their proper places, and perhaps in an hour afterward are ready for use. The time taken for the molting varies in different species, or at least according to different observers. In the migratory locust the molt is said to occupy sixteen minutes, and the expansion of the wings twenty or twenty-two minutes more. In most species it takes place during the hottest sunshine.

The eggs of most species are laid in late Summer or Autumn, and remain unhatched till the following Spring, and the insects arrive at the perfect state in Summer and die before Winter. Very few kinds live over the Winter, though a few do so.

These insects usually inhabit fields or meadows, or dry, rocky, or sandy uncultivated ground. A few live in damp fields, and some dwell amongst bushes and trees. They all jump well, and many are good fliers, though others seem but to take short flights, using their wings to assist their leaps. Some, if they fall into small pools or ditches of water, can swim sufficiently well to enable them to get to land again; a few exotic species seem to be semi-aquatic in their habits, remaining even for some time below the surface of the water. Almost all plants are eaten by these insects, but grasses seem their favorite food. They will, however, eat the leaves of trees, and even the bark, and sometimes the wood, if other food fails—at which times also straw, thatch, and woolen clothes have been devoured. They are not altogether free from cannibalistic propensities, as numbers of the Rocky Mountain locusts are said to be eaten when in the helpless condition of molting by their stronger brethren. The migratory locust is also guilty of a similar crime, and possibly all species are more or less given to it, at least under the pressure of starvation.

A few words must now be devoted to the particular habits of some of those species which have made the name of locust (or its equivalents in other languages) famous, or rather infamous, over a great part of the earth. It must not be thought that the word locust is given to one species only. It applies, as said already, equally to several kinds of grasshoppers which have made themselves notorious by the devastations caused by their almost indiscriminate voracity for vegetable substances. In the Old World, if there is one species (amongst several) which may be termed *par excellence* "the locust," it is *Pachytylus migratorius*. In North America, on the other hand, the locust is *Caloptenus spretus*, the Rocky Mountain locust.

If we trace the history of a band of the latter, we will be able to form some idea of how locusts commit such havoc amongst vegetation. After they are hatched, the young locusts begin to show their social or gregarious proclivities by congregating together in warm and sunny spots, feeding upon such plants as are most attractive to them. As they increase in size they require more food, and by their great numbers soon clear the ground of vegetation.

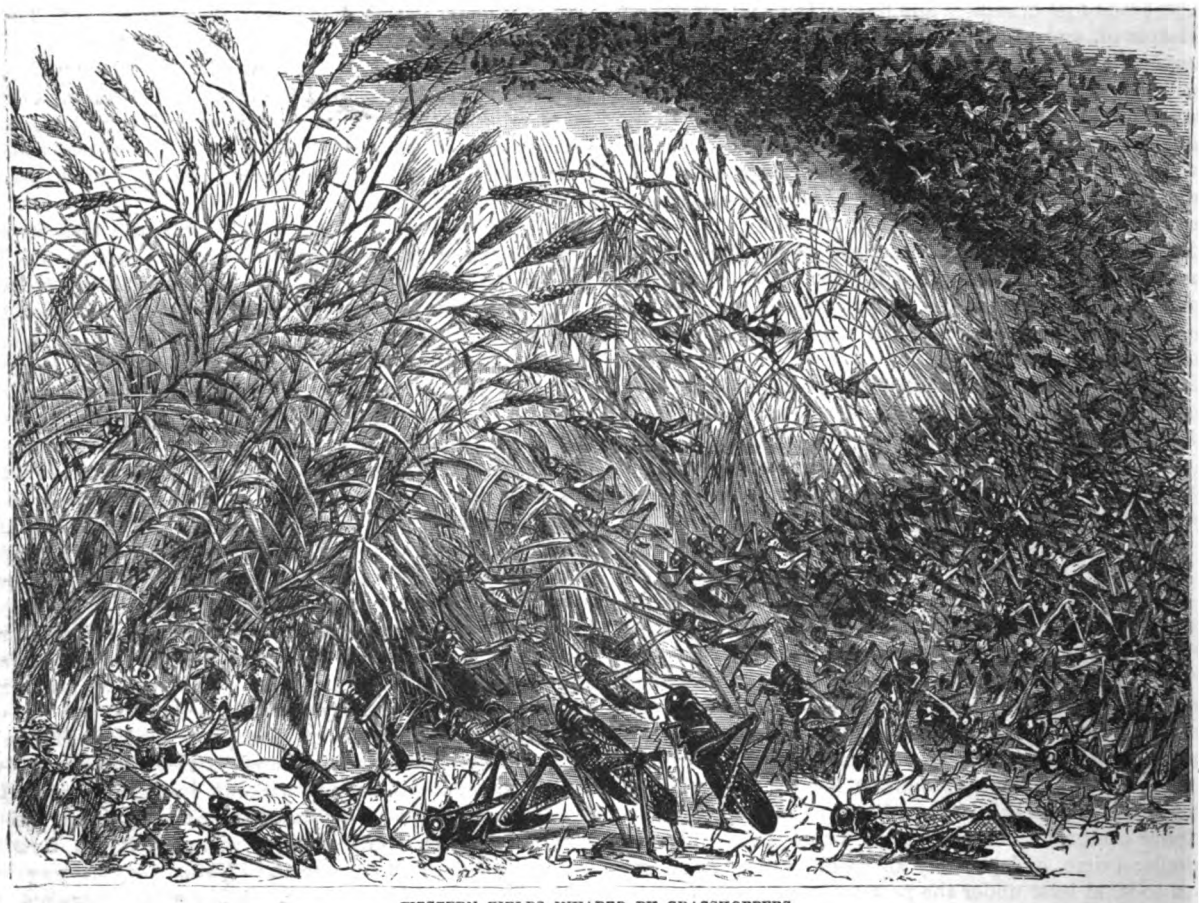
Till after the first molt (that is, the first true molt, not the casting of the pellicle that enveloped them when first hatched) they, however, do not commence to migrate. After that, having eaten up all the food in their vicinity, they are forced to set out on their travels in search of more food. They march, often in a swarm a mile wide, during the warmer hours of the day, clearing out everything eatable in their path. When they come to woods they first of all clear out the brushwood, and eat the dead leaves and bark. "A few succeed in climbing up into the rougher-barked trees, where they feed upon the foliage, and it is amusing to see with what avidity the famished individuals below scramble for any fallen leaf that the more fortunate mounted ones may chance to sever." They continue to increase in destructiveness till after the third molt, after which they begin to decrease in numbers, from starvation, disease and the attacks of enemies. Comparatively few attain the perfect or winged condition, and then return, so far as they are able, to the places where they were hatched, not many miles distant, and do comparatively little damage.

In many respects the life of the Old World locusts, especially the migratory locust (*Pachytylus migratorius*) is similar to the one just sketched. Like the Rocky Mountain locust, the migratory locust does not commence to migrate till after the first molt, and not to any great extent till after the second. Their time of marching is generally the morning and evening, and they also devour (as they did in the Summer of 1880 in Southern Russia) almost every green thing, leaving a wilderness behind them. When they attain the winged condition they do not cease from the work of destruction, and occasionally fly in immense swarms and to great distances. Multitudes of one kind of locust, *Acrydium peregrinum*, perhaps the species mentioned in the tenth chapter of Exodus, were once seen during a storm in the Atlantic 1,200 miles from land, and great swarms of the same species interrupted the march of a French army in Algeria. As a rule, however, it is supposed that they do not wander far from the districts in which they were hatched.

In the northern half of Europe (including Britain) locusts of several kinds occasionally appear, but generally only in small numbers, and without doing any mischief. South, however, of a line drawn from Spain, through the south of France, Switzerland, Pomerania, South Russia and South Siberia, to the north of China, they have again and again wrought dire havoc. A few of the more noted devastations may be mentioned. These devastations—where every plant is devoured—entail, of course, the starvation of men and beasts whose food supply has been thus taken from them. But the mischief does not cease with that. Pestilence usually follows, and is produced or aggravated by the effluvia from the decaying bodies of the dead locusts, especially when, as has been frequently the case, the insects have been blown into the sea, and afterward cast up on the shore by the waves.

On one occasion (about the end of last century) so many perished in the sea on part of the African coast, that a bank three or four feet high, and about fifty miles long, was formed on the shore by their dead bodies, and the stench of them was carried 150 miles by the wind. In another part of Africa, early in the Christian era, one plague of locusts is said to have caused the death of 800,000 persons; and in 591 nearly as bad a plague occurred in Italy. Again, in 1478, more than 30,000 persons perished in the Venetian territories from famine caused by locusts. Since that time there have been, unfortunately, too many records of locust-plagues, from which it would seem that the old stories are by no means exaggerated. In more than one account, and these comparatively recent, the swarms are described as so dense as to have actually eclipsed the sun, and this not for a few minutes, but for hours at a time, so that when the prophet Joel says that before them "the sun and moon shall be dark, and the stars withdraw their shining," he was speaking literally, and not metaphorically.

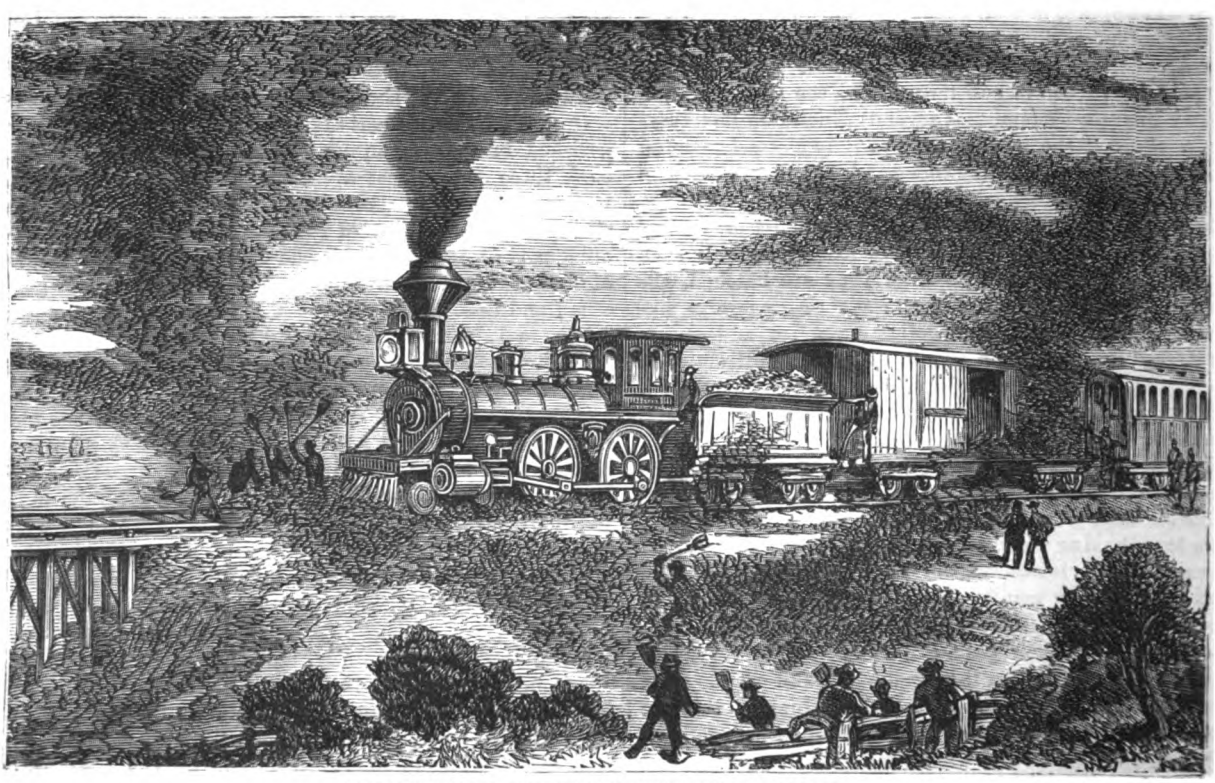
There have been, naturally, many attempts made either to prevent or to arrest the plagues of locusts, and some years ago the Government appointed an Entomological Commission to investigate and report on the best means of accomplishing these very desirable objects. As prevention is better than cure, it is evident that steps taken



WESTERN FIELDS INVADED BY GRASSHOPPERS.

to destroy the eggs or newly-hatched insects will prove most efficacious, a plan which was long (and may still be) in use in the south of France. In other places, to destroy the half or full grown insects, trenches are dug in the ground, into which they are driven, and then destroyed by being covered with earth.

From a very remote antiquity locusts have formed an article of food, not only in Africa and Asia, but even in



LOCOMOTIVES ARRESTED BY THE ARMIES OF GRASSHOPPERS.

ancient times in Europe. Sometimes they are smoked or salted, at others they are fried or ground or powdered and mixed with flour to make bread. This is not done only in times of famine, but also when there is no scarcity of other food, as the locusts are considered rather a delicacy than otherwise. A few years ago Mr. Riley, the well-known State Entomologist of Missouri, organized a banquet at St. Louis, where locusts in various forms were served up, and were pronounced excellent food. From time immemorial the Digger Indians, in the desert country west of the Rocky Mountains, have also used locusts as articles of food.

Like several other families of the Orthoptera, grasshoppers have a considerable antiquity, since a fossil species has been found in the coal measures of Saarbrück.

LOCUSTS AS FOOD—A SCENE AT MUSCAT, ARABIA.

THE EDITOR'S OPERA-GLASS.

PERHAPS the prettiest thing which has floated before the opera-glass for many a long year was the amateur "Patience" at Chickering Hall. As an illustration of Arthur Sullivan's famous remark that New York afforded a higher average of the amateur musical cultivation than London, Paris or Vienna, the performance was pre-eminently valuable; for while it is very easy for a number of young and beautiful society women of the highest class to look well, and (as we learn by Mrs. Langtry's suddenly valuable testimony), to *act* well, also, it is not so easy to *sing* well. That art requires natural talent and years of work. Yet from the first note to the last it was easy to see that these amateurs were also cultivated artists. The lady who assumed the amateur *rôle* of *Patience* sang it far better than any professional who has yet attempted the *rôle* in this country. The ladies *Angela* and *Saphir* were admirable artists, while the part of *Lady Jane* was sung by a young lady who, for voice, method and style, may almost challenge a comparison with that of Antoinette Sterling. The weak parts were also admirably performed, especially the part of the *Colonel*, and that of the æsthetic *Bunthorne*, played by a young gentleman who has heretofore shown himself to be an artist.

The æsthetic dresses, made of fabulously fine woolens, and trimmed with the rarest of lilies and sunflowers, were exquisitely beautiful, and the costumes of the Guards were fresh and well-fitting, revealing often what Queen Elizabeth so admired, a good leg. Altogether, it was a meritorious performance, evincing study and earnestness, and free from the triviality which so often disfigures the amateur stage. The proceeds were to be given to three popular charities, and that alone would have insured a good house, had not the fashion and beauty of the "twenty love-sick maidens" have proved also most attractive.

The result was one of those fearful crowds most dangerous to life and limb, and when, at the beginning of the last scene, a fire-engine passed Chickering Hall, the gallery presented the first features of a panic. Some cool gentlemen, pretending to be policemen, however, shut the doors and took command, silenced the noise and prevented a tragedy. Perhaps that was the best piece of acting in the house. The exits of Chickering Hall are not so ample as they should be. A fire there would, on such an occasion, rival the horrors of Vienna.

Fortunately, however, both occasions of the performance of the amateur "Patience" went off without any catastrophe, and on the 20th of February the troupe accepted an

invitation from Mrs. Thomas Morris, of Baltimore (one of the "seven beauties," as the once-famous daughters of Hon. Reverdy Johnson were called), and played there—to the enjoyment of the Monumental City—on Monday evening.

On the real stage, at Booth's, meantime, another miracle has been wrought. If amateurs can play like professionals, why should we stare that an epic in blank verse should succeed at that every-day histrionic temple, so long given up to the feeblest attempt to amuse the public? The success of Mr. Riddle in the noble Greek play should have taught us, however, that the public are ready for strong meat after burlesque gingerbread; yet, as we turned the opera-glass upon "Pendragon," it seemed impossible that it should "take," we feared—prolixity and stupidity. For the sad story of *Arthur* and of *Queen Guinvere* is a long way back into tradition, and the old, old myths are confused. "Launcelot of the Lake" is too magnificent a vision to be easily produced on the every-day stage. Blank verse is heavy, and an American play rarely succeeds.

The magnetic, virile and most spirited acting of Laurence Barrett, in spite of his short stature, which might have discouraged a less great man, in the attempt to give us the gigantic *Arthur*, did make "Pendragon" a success. The poetry of William Young, the author, is truly admirable. It had that extraordinary merit, "a local and contemporaneous interest." The woes of the beautiful and guilty *Queen*, the remorse of *Launcelot*, the rather halting excellence of other Knights of the Round Table, were all possible. No one was *great*, no one was properly dressed but the *King* (and perhaps *Vivien*, who had no right to be in attendance on the *Queen*), but the play was a *success*. The gods applauded, and that means victory. One exquisite criticism of Laurence Barrett says that, although he cannot well portray the love that loves, he is gifted in his rendering of the love that mourns. This was entirely affirmed by his acting in the great scene where, having surprised his *Queen* in the seclusion of the Abbey, he tells his love and grief in lines of surpassing beauty. The scenery was superb, but the archæology of the costumer was at fault. A thousand pities, since the early Saxon dress, with its use of skins and furs, offered such brilliant opportunities for a new bit of stage millinery.

We have lingered long over this play, for its successful production means much for American literature, for the dignity of the stage, and for the revival of the legitimate drama.

Three operatic companies sprang into existence at the beginning of Lent. Madame Etelka Gerster at Booth's, Madame Patti at the Germania, and Colonel Mapleson's troupe at the Academy. Society having been unusually gay, society can no longer be *piously* gay. So music is offered as a *pis aller* So far, there seems to be no doubt that there are people enough to support three operas if prices are reasonable. What a charming Utopia would that be if we had a Haroun al Raschid in New York who would put Patti, Gerster, Campanini, Miss Cary, Del Puente and Galassi in one company, and "bid them discourse" for the delectation of the editor and his opera glass, and the rest of mankind! Supposing Mr. Vanderbilt assumes the *rôle* of Haroun? St. Valentine's Day partook of the æstheticism of the period, and every gay person who was right-minded and well instructed went forth with a yellow flower in her belt. For yellow was the color of love in the good old Egyptian days, and the narcissus and daffodil are pretty, and are in the market. The florists are making a raid on the fields of Proserpine, and early Spring flowers, the daisy, the buttercup, the lily-of-the-valley, and the dandelion, the tulip, and the narcissus did bravely furnish forth three splendid weddings on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of February. Yellow birds were sent as valentines—canaries and goldfinches—and at the Bachelors' Ball, the second of the series at the Brunswick, the birds came to the fore again, and ostrich plumes, tied with ribbons, were distributed as favors. Æstheticism has crept into the valentine proper, many being made now of leather, with straw fastenings, a great change from the varnished darlings of the past. "Oh! for the touch of a varnished hand," said the heir of a recent play, but no one prays longer for a varnished valentine.

We sympathize with Mr. Oscar Wilde, and regret the rudeness which met him at Boston and at Rochester. That students, presumably gentlemen, and sons of gentlemen, should condescend to the folly, and stupid folly, of making game of a lecturer by imitating his dress, by making a noise which shall hinder him from speaking, seems to a looker-on to be a most feeble use of a manly prerogative. It would seem in the reading of recent outrages, such as the abduction of a number of freshmen, the *rows* at a neighboring college, the assaults upon Oscar Wilde by Cambridge students, that young men either were growing lamentably silly, or their presidents and professors lamentably weak. It has been observed, to the credit of fashionable society, that young men were behaving much better than they did at one time. There have been few, if any, breaches of the laws of hospitality around the supper-table or in the ball-room. If a man found that his appetite for drink had become uncontrollable, he has had the good sense not to go to balls; but it is a great pity that the reform does not extend to the student, who is a gentleman by the divine right of *belles-lettres* and philosophy.

While our own amateurs have been somewhat sharply criticised by the local press for singing for a charity, it is refreshing to observe that in the historic banqueting-hall of Berkeley Castle two concerts were given for the funds of the Cottage Hospital, the Marchioness of Waterford, the Viscountess of Folkestone, the Countess of Westmoreland, Lady Grace Fane, the Misses Hoskyns, etc., singing. Lady Folkestone, besides her eminent talent as a singer, contributed a composition, "It was a Thorn," well accompanied by Mr. Leslie on the violin. The piano was played by Lady Westmoreland, and the harmonium by Mrs. Palairet. The Duke of Edinburgh played also at a morning concert in London, his amateur violining causing even the artists to wonder and applaud. After this, who shall say that to exercise one's talents shows a low and vulgar taste?

The losses on the Bourse at Paris have reached New York, and more than one once successful and fashionable banker and broker has been obliged to succumb, to retrench. The public will deeply sympathize with Christine Nilsson, who, with that fatality peculiar to a gifted artist, has contrived to lose the hard-earned eighty thousand pounds upon which she might have retired. The death of her husband, M. Rouzeaud, is a pitiful addition to her grief, for they were said to be much attached. Madame Nilsson promises to come back, and to sing for New York next Winter, where she earned a large part of the eighty thousand lost pounds.

All refined people, all readers of poetry, all lovers of art, will hear with sorrow that Dante Rossetti has suffered from a paralysis of the right arm.

Those of our citizens who have sought for a better climate on the Riviera, at Nice, at Cannes, at Pau, have been disappointed. There is no doubt that it has been rainy and unhealthy at, certainly, the two latter places, and deaths from typhoid and scarlet fever have taken

place at both from, also, it is feared, defective sanitary arrangements. The Winter here has, also, had its sad accompaniments of diphtheria and scarlet fever, not to mention the dreadful illnesses which have followed vaccination; but the fine fall of snow, occurring twice in February, gave a new tone to the atmosphere, and the lovers of sleigh-riding had at least four days, exhilarating exercise. The scene in the Park, after the snow of a certain Monday, was Russian in its liveliness. There came that mysterious warm wind, known in Switzerland as the *Föhn*, which melted the snow, so that the streets became rivers; and again February, as if emulating the well-earned reputation of April, changed again to severe cold and snow—certainly a very vacillating February.

The death of Dr. Bellows has caused a gap in the social, intellectual and religious circles of New York which will not soon be filled. He was a man of men—noble, true, witty, accomplished, sympathetic, and full of philanthropy. Sidney Smith, Bishop Wilberforce, Whateley, Chalmers, Howard and Dean Stanley seemed to meet in him as he turned one or the other of his many-sided lanterns toward the world. His gay gifts at the dinner-table, his versatility, all seemed opposed to that sober common-sense, that pertinacity with which for forty-four years he held up the forlorn hope of Unitarianism in New York. He has left the most marked impression on his age and time. His services to the country at the time of the U. S. Sanitary Commission would entitle his wife and children to a pension, and we are glad to hear that it is proposed to raise $50,000 for them. The Doctor had not earned a fortune for himself, but he had earned many a million for the poor soldiers. He has left a memory fragrant with good deeds.

The President gave his first Diplomatic dinner on the 16th of February. Never, it is said, did the White House look so well. The mantels were banked with cut flowers; tall palms and ferns filled the corners of the rooms. The state dining-room was opened for the first time since the death of Garfield, the usual period of court mourning, six months, having been observed; the President has worn mourning, and sent out all his letters on black-edged paper, keeping, also, his servants in mourning liveries up to this period; an act of graceful respect for which the American people will ever love him. The guests included the whole Diplomatic circle and the Cabinet. Almost every lady was in full dress *décolleté*, and the diamonds were dazzling. The guests numbered thirty-seven, of whom twelve were ladies.

At Delmonico's two hunt balls—the men in pink and the ladies in white—the favors composed of horseshoes, whips, the head and tail of "poor puss," the inevitable "dear doggies," in sugar and in pastries; the whole table superbly garnished with flowers, and both balls ending in a German, fitly added their new features to one of the gayest carnivals on record.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Relative Hardness of Precious Stones.—The relative hardness of precious stones is determined by the power of one stone to make scratches on another. If a diamond is scratched with one of the points of a crystallized topaz, the topaz-point is blunted, and the mark which will be seen on the face of the diamond is only the dust of the topaz, which can be brushed off with the finger. But, if the topaz is scratched with the diamond, the latter is unaltered, and the surface of the former is marked with a scratch which can be removed only by further polishing down. It is on the base of this process of comparison that a scale of comparative hardness has been formed represented by ten substances, of which diamond is the highest and graphite the lowest in the scale. It is a curious fact that these two extremes of the scale, the brilliant and hard diamond and the soft black graphite, are both chemically the same substance—pure carbon.

Porcelain Manufacture.—Dynamo-electric machines are now being used in porcelain manufacture. The paste used for porcelain often contains ferruginous particles, which give the baked articles a color, or a minutely spotted appearance, where a pure white may have been desired. In this way ceramic products may lose as much as fifty per cent. of their value. The attempts hitherto made to remove these traces of iron with magnets have met poor success. Recently, however, at two important French works, the Faienclere of Creil and the establishment of MM. Pilivuyt & Co., of Mehun-sur-Yèvre, it was decided to set up powerful apparatus in which the electricity, instead of being supplied from batteries, was obtained by means of a small Gramme machine driven by a steam-engine. The arrangement, which is said to work well, comprises a strong horizontal electro-magnet, with the poles very near each other, and between them a thin box. The paste, very liquid, enters the upper part of this box, and is deflected toward the polar sides by a bent piece of zinc. As it flows down these sides the iron corpuscles are caught on them by the magnetic force. The apparatus is cleaned twice a day by means of a jet of water, the magnet being demagnetized for the time. About one gramme of iron particles is stopped in the passage of twelve kilogrammes of paste, and from five hundred to six hundred kilogrammes of paste may be passed through one apparatus in a day.

Cryolite is a snow-white mineral, partially transparent, of a vitreous lustre and of brittle texture. It is so named from its fusibility in the flames of a candle. It is a compound of sodium, fluorine and aluminum, and is used for the preparation of the metal aluminum. It occurs in veins in gneiss with pyrites and galena; and has been found in Western Greenland and at Miyask in the Ural. In the United States it is extensively employed in the manufacture of a white porcelain glass, and also in the preparation of caustic soda.

Magnetic Property of Meteoric Iron.—J. Lawrence Smith, in examining meteoric iron from Brazil, found that small fragments, weighing 0·1 to 0·2 grams were very weakly affected by a magnet; but on being flattened on a piece of steel with a steel hammer they became very sensitive to it. What is still more surprising is that when heated red-hot the particles were made to be still more easily attracted than by flattening. The meteoric iron contained 34 per cent. of nickel and 66 of iron.

Ball Holes in Glass.—Reviewing the evidence in the second trial of Jesse Billings, Dr. Lewis Balch, of Albany, N. Y., sets it down as established that a ball fired through glass may make a hole enough smaller than the full size of the ball before firing to prevent an unfired ball of like calibre passing. In an experiment with a baseball it was found that the hole made was too small by one-third to let the ball be passed through.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Advice to Wives.—Man is very much like an egg; keep him in hot water and he is bound to become hardened.

An eminent financier who had just performed a somewhat "risky" operation, on being told "That is very like taking money from other people's pockets," replied, "And from where, pray, would you wish me to take it?"

"Come," said one of a couple of lawyers, sauntering through the new law courts in Melbourne the other day, "Let's take a look at what is to be the new court." "Yes," said the other, "let's view the ground where we shall shortly lie."

A man in passing a country graveyard saw the sexton digging a grave, and inquired, "Who's dead?" *Sexton*—"Old Squire Bumblebee." *Man*—"What complaint?" *Sexton* (without looking up)—"No complaint; everybody satisfied."

The Rev. Philip Brooks, in one of his Yale lectures on "Preaching," tells a story of a backwoodsman who, after hearing an extemporaneous sermon from Bishop Meade, remarked: "He is the first one of them petticoat-fellers that I have ever seen that can shoot without a rest."

Affable Old Gentleman (who has half a minute to spare)—"I suppose now, my boy, you take a good sum of money during the day?" *Shoeblack*—"Yessur, 'cause lots o' gintlemen, when they want to ketch a train, gives me a sixpence." (Old gent finds the sixpence, but in thinking it over afterward couldn't see the connection.)

The Handsomest Letter.—A *parvenu*, who had set up his carriage in great state, went to a harness-maker to have "a silver letter" put on the blinker of his horses. "What letter shall I put on?" asked the harness-maker. "Well, I don't know exactly," replied the pompous patron. After hesitating a moment, however, he said: "Well, I guess W is about as handsome a letter as you can put on, isn't it?"

"We once staid," relates a contributor to a contemporary, "some time in Wales. The natives there are always hard up. One day we were at the house of a country friend when an interprising Jew called to see if he could pick up a bargain. "Have you anything to sell, sir?" said the Jew "Yes, I have," said our friend, and took him at once to the stable and showed him a well-known but not over-esteemed steeplechase horse of the period. "Oh, Father Jacob," said Moses, "I never buys anything wot eats!"—and the interview ended.

MIGNON.

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GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

FEW men have been judged more differently by different minds than General Garibaldi. Enthusiastic hero-worshipers clothe him with the virtues of infallibility; on the other hand, his opponents paint him in the vilest colors. Scarcely an event occurs in the whole of Garibaldi's career—a career in which one event succeeds another in startling rapidity—which is not keenly contested by friend or foe; eye-witnesses of the same scene will give diametrically opposite accounts according to the party-feeling which influences them.

BIRTHPLACE OF GARIBALDI AT NICE.

Giuseppe Garibaldi was the son of humble parents at Nice, born in 1807. The Garibaldi had been seafarers for generations, and hailed originally from the Genoese town of Chiavari. In fact, the name of Garibaldi is still, and has been for centuries, a common one in Genoa in all ranks of life, from the patrician whose name was inserted in the Golden Book of the old Republic, and who traced his origin from one Garibaldo, the bold in war, an almost mythical Duke of Bavaria in the seventh century, down to the humble fisherman, just one step lower on the ladder of society than the general's father.

The father and mother of our hero were an excellent, devout old couple, who brought up a numerous family in the strictest principles, whilst the sea, and their father's vessel, were the principal amusements that fell to the lot of these boys in childhood, for Garibaldi the older, like other merchants of his day, commanded his own ship. Want often knocked at the door of the "casa Garibaldi," and the young Giuseppe would not unfrequently be sent to earn his living on the fishermen's crafts along the Riviera. A very happy-go-lucky mode of life it was, owing to a certain want of thrift, which seems to have run through this family.

Old grandfather Garibaldi always managed to lose any money he made by speculating in doubtful securities, and the general inherited this casual disregard for the merits of a well-lined purse, for he left all his campaigns with an empty pocket, and would give away any money that chanced to be therein, and now Menotti and Ricciotti, his two eldest sons, are not unacquainted with the excitement of the gambling-table and its results.

Young Giuseppe, as was necessary for a future celebrity, was not as other boys. He kept more or less aloof from the games of his comrades; he loved to climb the lovely mountains around his home; he was contemplative and fond of solitude, just as the boy who was to turn into the recluse of Caprera should be. He had a certain poetic vein in him even as a child which led him to admire the beauties of nature before his time; and then he was fond of reading when a moment for study could be snatched. Garibaldi, in fact, is not that ignorant, uncultured being that many suppose him to be. He is conversant with many languages and many literatures; he is well versed in all branches of mathematics and geometry; and his works, teeming with classical allusions, prove that in these early days Garibaldi did more than run wild over the hills.

Of two masters he had, he speaks of one Father John, whom he could not endure, and from whom he would always run away when he could; whereas a second master, Signor Arena, was more fortunate in winning his pupil's affection, and to him he attributes his early taste for study.

"To the instructions of this man," writes Garibaldi, "and to the incitement given me by my eldest brother, Angelo, who wrote to me from America to study my native language, I am indebted for such knowledge as I possess of that most beautiful of languages."

For even then the young Nizzards were more conversant with French, and spoke but an Italian patois.

Giuseppe, moreover, was a wild youth, guilty of many an escapade. He loves even now at his supper-table at Caprera, which is the time he generally chooses for communications about his past life, to relate how he and some kindred spirits, grown tired of their sedentary routine, set off in a fishing-boat for Genoa, with the idea of embarking on some adventurous career in the East. Luckily, the truants were pursued, and brought back to their desks and lesson-books. When a boy he went with his father to Rome, of which city he speaks with a strange enthusiasm. Her monuments of past glory and the evidences of present decline left an indelible impression on his mind, which, joined with his subsequent intercourse with Greece, then in all the fervor of her dear-bought liberty, decided the bent of his principles.

Garibaldi's father destined him for a clerical career, trying all he could to discourage his passion for the sea; but the son early showed a disinclination for the profession against which all the energies of his future life were to be directed, and became all the more determined to embark on a life of adventure and danger from the fact that pressure was put upon him in the contrary direction.

Amongst other accomplishments not common to seafaring men, Garibaldi became an expert swimmer, and he relates how at the age of thirteen he gave his first instance of intrepidity by swimming in a rough sea to the relief of some of his companions who had been upset in a squall. A rumor current that, at the age of eight, he saved a washerwoman from drowning is, however, incredible, unless the good woman had only fallen into her tub.

When he was twenty-one he found himself on board the brig *Cortese*, second in command, and bound for the Black Sea. Three times, he tells us, during this voyage, they were attacked and plundered by Greek pirates. The first occasion was off Cape Matapan, when they were left with the barest necessities to sustain life.

The second and third captures left them more destitute still; sails, compasses, charts, everything was taken; every rag the sailors had on their backs, so that they were glad to cover themselves with some matting, which chanced to be left in the hold of the ship.

These voyages to the East were successful only in so far as they developed in our young hero an ability for fighting. Pirates always crossed his path; and then it occurred to him that a government which could not keep in check such lawlessness was rotten to the core. His letters and rude snatches of verses written about this time, show a kindling affection for national liberty, which his intercourse with the despotic nations of the East served to develop and mature. To no one circumstance in particular does Garibaldi attribute this growth of feeling for liberty—to no romantic intercourse, as Dumas relates, with some stray followers of St. Simon, but to an inward consciousness growing stronger the more he saw of the world.

After his Greek adventures he was ill for some time at Constantinople, where he was kindly received and nursed in the family of an Italian exile. A physician there was kind in attending to him, and obtained for him, on his recovery, a place as tutor to the three sons of the Widow Tanioni. Of these boys he grew very fond, and kept up a correspondence with them long after he left the Turkish capital. His leisure moments he spent in writing scraps of diary and so forth, from which we can gather the turn his mind was taking.

Having thus glanced at Garibaldi's early training, we shall the better be able to understand the ease with which he was, in 1834, induced to take a part in the great movement which was going on in Italy under the direction of Mazzini, the young advocate of Genoa.

Mazzini had instituted the society of "Young Italy," which, if it made overtures to crowned heads in the first instance, turned violently round when Charles Albert refused to listen to their terms, and waged war against the Piedmontese sovereign by ways and means which Mazzini knew so well how to organize. Several ill-timed insurrections were promptly put down, and in one of them, "the rash affair of St. Julien," Garibaldi took so active a part that he had to bid farewell to Italy and to Europe for many a year to come.

On January 31st, two conspirators, Mazzini and Ramorino, met at Geneva, and together concocted a plan for occupying the village of St. Julien, where Italian and French exiles could unite, and there set up the flag of revolt. This expedition miserably failed. It is said that Mazzini was betrayed by his colleague, Ramorino, who disclosed the plot to the government, and gave up the names. At all events, it failed, and Garibaldi, who had been intrusted with a delicate mission in this affair (namely, that of enlisting in the ship *Eurydice* as a common sailor, with some others of his persuasion, with a view to trying, by fair means or foul, to get possession of the ship for the Republican cause), was included in this list. When he heard of a proposed rising in Genoa, Garibaldi had left the ship conspiracy to his friends, and landed in that town. The plan had been to seize the barracks on the hill of Sarzano, by means, it is said, of explosive materials. However this may have been, young Garibaldi arrived on the spot only to find the plot discovered and himself in imminent peril of being arrested.

Disguised as a peasant, he succeeded in reaching Nice by circuitous mountain routes, after numerous adventures and privations, for he tells us that during this journey he lived for days on chestnuts; and then, after taking a hurried farewell of his mother, he went to Marseilles, where, for the first of many times, he saw his name in print on the list of those condemned to death for their complicity in Mazzini's rash enterprise.

For some little time after leaving Marseilles, Garibaldi continued to make voyages to and fro in the Mediterranean—to Odessa, Tunis and so forth—on board French merchant ships. On one occasion he saved a boy from drowning in the harbor at Marseilles, and then he tells us how he became a nurse in the cholera hospital there during the ravages of that disease, and he still prides himself on a quack medicine, which he affirms stood him in good stead on this and other occasions when brought into contact with the cholera.

Feeling at length the hopelessness, for the present at least, of renewing any struggle on behalf of his country, he embarked on board the brig *Nantonnier* of Nantes as second in command, bound for Rio Janeiro. At this town he found many of his fellow-countryman, exiles like himself for political intrigues, and with their assistance he was enabled to purchase a small trading-vessel, with which to start in life as a trader between that port and Cape Frio, an old friend of his from Genoa advancing the larger part of the sum, and persuading others to subscribe by recounting how Garibaldi had fought, or rather tried to fight, for the freedom of his country.

After nine months of this somewhat monotonous work, Garibaldi entered the service of the patriotic Don Gonzales, President of the Republic of Rio Grande, which he had organized and set up against the authority of the Emperor of Brazil.

By way of serving his newly-adopted country, Garibaldi turned privateer. He was entrusted with the command of a small ship, which for associations' sake he christened the *Mazzini*, and with only sixteen of his comrades on board, he set sail under the Republican flag of Rio Grande, to declare war against an empire.

Their first encounter with the enemy was most encouraging. They captured a ship bigger than their own, belonging to an Austrian merchant settled in Brazil, "which," says Garibaldi, "added a great relish to the capture, inasmuch as it belonged to one of the bitterest enemies of my country." Very proud of their conquest, they then went on to Montevideo, where poor Garibaldi nearly lost some of the jewels taken from the above-named Austrian; he had parted with them to a shopkeeper in the town who had not paid for them, knowing that the departure of the ship was imminent. But there was still an hour to spare, so Garibaldi strolled leisurely into the town, with his pistol in his belt, and pointed it at the terrified shopman. It is needless to say that Garibaldi walked off with the money without any further ado.

In an action with two Brazilian vessels the *Mazzini* got the worst of it, and Garibaldi, with his crew, were taken prisoners—our hero having been wounded in the neck.

The crew of the *Mazzini* and their apparently dying leader were consigned to a prison, where Garibaldi slowly recovered, thanks to the skill of a physician who attended him.

On giving his word of honor not to escape, Garibaldi was allowed to reside in a Spanish family, Andreas by name, for six months, and the Government of Gualeguay gave him five francs a day for the use of his ship. After two months' imprisonment he is allowed to go free.

After fighting a few land battles under the standard of Gonzales, Garibaldi again returned to his native element, the sea, and was entrusted with the command of a squadron of three vessels in company with a new friend he had made, an estimable American, by name John Griggs.

The struggle between the little Republic of Rio against the Imperial troops, almost hopeless, seemingly, at the outset, began now to declare rather in favor of the Republicans. Garibaldi, meanwhile, was fighting on; but the loss of two of his vessels by shipwreck, and the death of many of his bravest followers, began to tell rather heavily on his spirits.

Such seasons as these are not unfavorable to the development of domestic affections, and so it proved with Garibaldi. Though the Brazilian general was making a last and desperate effort to crush the rebellious inhabitants of Rio, though the town was blockaded, and Garibaldi, who was on his ship up a neighboring river, was close pressed by the enemy, he nevertheless managed to fall in love. One day he saw the far-famed Anita washing clothes, some say, at the riverside—Anita, who was to be his partner in life for many years to come. She was dauntless and daring as her husband. She loved the battlefield; any scene of danger was but a pleasing excitement to her. Anita was gifted with a strength equal to her masculine tastes. Anita was the wife for Garibaldi—there was but one drawback. She belonged to another! But in those remote districts of the earth, where society at its best is but primitive, in those days more so even than now, this obstacle was easily overcome; and Anita sailed away with Garibaldi to a honeymoon of war. "It is a pity," says Garibaldi, "that two hearts so united as ours should be the cause of sorrow to some poor innocent man."

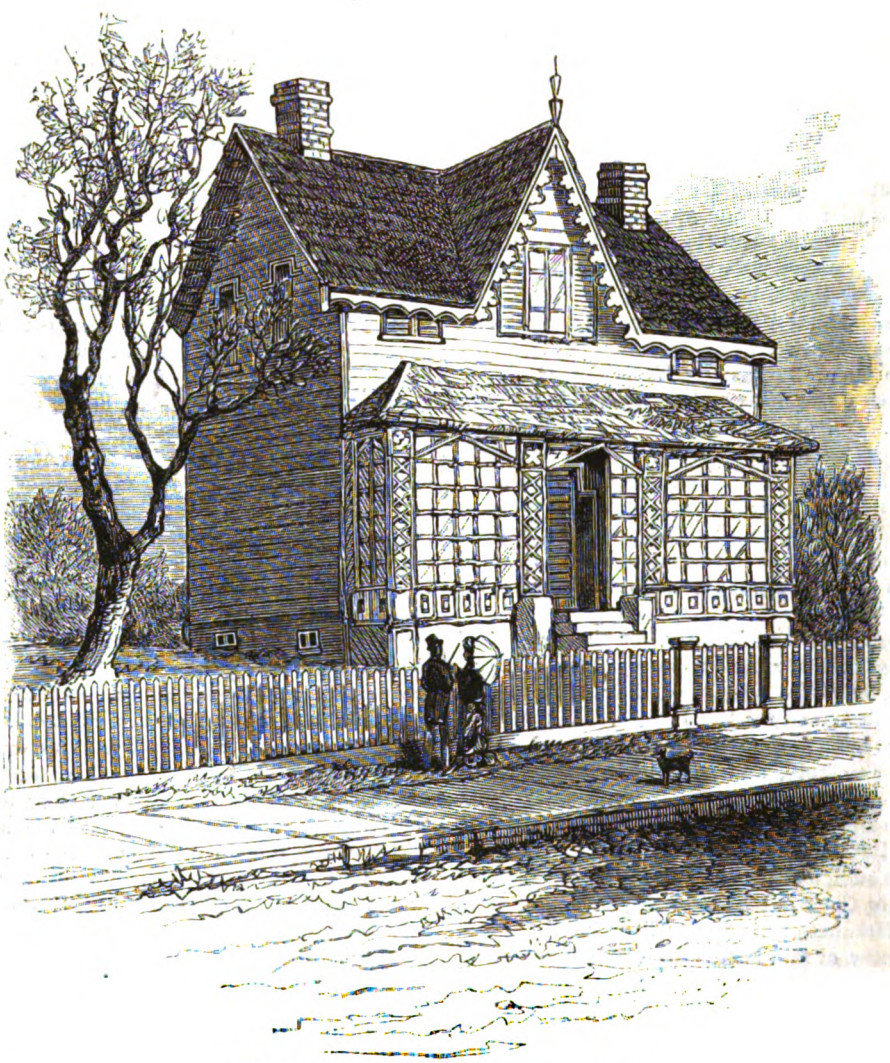
Anita had just presented Garibaldi, on September 16th, 1840, with his first-born son, called Menotti, after Ciro Menotti, the hero of Modena, when the enemy threatened an attack, yet she flinched not from her task. Sooner than fall into the enemy's hand, only twelve days after the birth of Menotti, she mounted her saddle, and with her babe across her lap, took refuge in the woods in a pitiless storm, riding through a country which was full of poisonous snakes. Whilst many of Garibaldi's men died of hunger and fever around her, Anita never gave way.

At Montevideo we find our hero acting the schoolmaster, teaching algebra and geometry in one of the principal schools of the city, and then varying the occupation by carrying round "samples of every kind from Italian paste to Roman silks" on behalf of a mercantile house. But these monotonous duties were not long to

detain him. For one craving for war opportunities were not long wanting in South America, and the Montevideans, about to engage in a struggle with Rosas, dictator of Buenos Ayres, were only too glad of his assistance.

Garibaldi instantly set to work, and formed an Italian legion, placing himself at the head of it.

Owing to crippled resources, the exploits of the Italian legion was not very marked at first. They occupied themselves with watching the blockading squadron, facilitating the entrance of ships, bringing supplies to the beleaguered city, and occasionally capturing some craft laden with stores for the besiegers; and then, when he had got his resources together, Garibaldi made an attack on the Buenos Ayrean fleet, which refused to come to close quarters, and sailed away, whilst all Montevideo was out on the balconies and terraces to witness the encounter, and all the foreign vessels in the harbor had their riggings crowded with eager beholders.



GARIBALDI'S RESIDENCE, STATEN ISLAND, IN 1853.

In the Autumn of this year the Montevideans made Garibaldi a general, an honor which he at first declined; but so eager were they to bestow some distinction on him that he was constrained to accept it, and henceforth was known on both sides of the Atlantic as General Giuseppe Garibaldi. Whilst at Montevideo Anita increased his family to four. Theresita, Ricciotti, and a daughter called Rosa, after Garibaldi's mother, were born there. The last child, however, met with a melancholy death. The nurse and the child were sleeping in a room with the door locked; by some mischance the bed caught fire, and they were both burned to death before the door could be opened. If a visitor goes now to stay at Caprera with the general and locks his-bedroom door, Garibaldi next morning will remark, in rather an angry tone, "What do you fear in the house of Garibaldi that makes you look your door?" It is the memory of this sad event in Montevideo which still haunts him, and about which he is loath to speak.

Every mail brought to Montevideo news of the great movement in Italy. Garibaldi's heart throbbed within him as he again saw a chance of wielding his sword for his country.

Resolving upon quitting Montevideo, he with his party sailed, and left the Montevideans to do as best they could without them. The voyage was uneventful. At Alicante Garibaldi went ashore to get a goat and some oranges for the invalid, Anzani, and there he learned how events had been proceeding in Italy—how events had crowded one on the other in rapid succession during the last few weeks; how Charles Albert had on February 7th, 1848, by royal proclamation made public his consent to the much-longed-for *Statuto*, and how the people of Turin, wild with joy, had run to the royal palace singing the hymn of "Pio Nono," then the national song.

Every ruler in Italy, except the new Pope Pius IX. and the King of Sardinia, was a mere viceroy of Austria; hence D'Azeglio's choice fell on Charles Albert as the man to lead his party and to perfect his scheme. All Italy was aroused.

Mazzini's party of Young Italy, however, was exceedingly hard to cope with, urging on the nation to acts of rashness before the time was ripe; for instance, in Rome they were anxious to get Pius to commit himself irretrievably to the Liberal party. Ciceruacchio was Mazzini's agent in Rome, always urging the people to applaud the Pope and to lead him on to further concessions by flattering his vanity; and, in very truth, Pius IX. ascended the Papal throne with noble aspirations for regenerating not the Roman states alone, but the whole of Italy, thus shining out brilliantly when contrasted with his narrow-minded predecessors.

D'Azeglio, however, did not believe in this wondrous

liberality of the new Pontiff. "The magic of Pio Nono will not last," he writes, and assuredly he regarded him as but a broken reed to trust in the coming struggle with Austria. Charles Albert, however, was now compromised beyond return, medals were struck, pamphlets were circulated against the German. When in 1847 Austria violated the Papal territories at Ferrara, Charles Albert made advances to Pope Pius; but the poor Pontiff vacillated fearfully. If one day he gave his consent, he withdrew it the next, saying that he really did not mean to make war, but only to protect his territory, whilst the King of Sardinia was straining every nerve for the coming struggle.

All Italy was thereat aroused. Lombardy and Venice were already in arms, and the Milanese, after their "glorious five days," had driven the Austrians out of their city on March 23d.

On leaving Alicante, Garibaldi set up aloft the Sardinian flag, constructed by Anita out of half a counterpane, a red shirt, and a bit of old green uniform they chanced to have on board, and on June 24th, 1848, with this tricolored banner floating in the air, the ship sailed gayly into the harbor of Nice, bringing our hero to his native town, after an absence of fourteen years.

THE CHILDREN OF PALERMO WELCOMING GARIBALDI.

But the din of war which he heard on his arrival left him but little time for domestic affairs; there was much more to learn which had not been known at Alicante. The King of Naples took as long to reach Lombardy with his army as if he had been going to the Holy Land; in fact, his forces never got beyond Bologna, where they received

orders to return home. The Lombards, too, after their five days' struggle became divided amongst themselves; and so did the Venetians.

But Charles Albert could not forget that Garibaldi had once boen a rebel against him; Garibaldi could not easily forget that it was Charles Albert who had sentenced him to death and sent him into exile.

Garibaldi was coldly received by the sovereign, but in no way daunted by the coldness of his reception, he hurried on to Milan, where he was welcomed with enthusiasm by the people—a welcome which contrasted favorably with the one he had received from the King. A few weeks later Garibaldi received a summons to protect Milan itself from the Austrians; for the army of Charles Albert, demoralized, outmanœuvred and defeated at every point by Radetzky, was under the necessity of falling back on Milan.

It may be interesting here to give a picture of Garibaldi as he first appeared on the battle-fields of Europe. Of middle stature, deep-chested and wide-shouldered, his frame was cast in an iron mold, combining agility with strength. There was something statuesque in the appearance of his head, with its broad brow, straight features, and long, flowing hair blending with a beard of the same golden hue. His countenance, expressive of resolution, gave character to his features, rather striking than handsome. In his dress he consulted the picturesque. He wore at that time a cap of scarlet cloth, ornamented with gold lace; a tunic, or blouse, of rich red; and, besides his sword, he carried a dagger in his belt. His staff and favored troops wore a dress in most respects like his. In his movements Garibaldi displayed ease and grace, mingled with that sober and stately dignity acquired by those who had exercised authority over the descendants of the Spaniards in the Western world.

The red shirt, about which we hear so much, what was it but the ordinary dress of an American sailor? Probably when Garibaldi took the command of a ship at Montevideo he invested in a couple, and finding them both cheap and comfortable, has stuck to them ever since.

At the close of the campaign he was attacked with a marsh-fever, which had proved fatal to so many of the Italian army. This soon turned to typhus, and, as he lay ill at Luino, his life was despaired of.

On his recovery, two hundred and fifty volunteers started with him for Venice; but at Ravenna news reached him from Rome—Rome, which had been the goal of Garibaldi's earliest days; so, abandoning his intention of proceeding to the city of the Lagunes, he bent his course toward the Eternal City, to swell with fifteen hundred men, who had meanwhile flocked to his standard, the number of the rebellious subjects.

Garibaldi represented the will of the Roman army, to which were now flocking crowds of volunteers from all parts of Italy. He had reached the capital at the close of the year, and was forthwith intrusted with the defense of the frontier menaced by the army of the King of Naples. He fortified and took up his position at Rieti, where two thousand volunteers joined him; and, though yet scarcely recovered from his recent illness, Garibaldi spent the Winter months exposed to cold and fatigue with dauntless energy.

When the new government was formed in Rome its object was to prepare for an efficient co-operation with Sardinia.

Then followed the disastrous three days' campaign, which ended in the defeat of Charles Albert's army at Novara, his abdication, and Victor Emmanuel's accession on March 23d.

The whole of Italy was thus placed at the feet of Austria.

Mazzini at this time firmly believed in the assistance of the French Republic, of which Louis Napoleon was now President.

When the real intentions of the French became known the Roman people arose with a courage worthy of their best days, and resolved to give the French a reception on which they had little counted.

The French were beaten on the first occasion.

When Garibaldi was on the point of a second attack General Oudinot sent to treat for an armistice. The Triumvirate in Rome accordingly sent orders forthwith to Garibaldi to withdraw, for Mazzini still clung to his hopes of assistance from the French democratical party, and did not wish to destroy all chance of this by inflicting on the French another defeat.

So Garibaldi was forced to withdraw into the city, and abide the result of fresh negotiations which were being set on foot. M. de Lesseps was dispatched from Paris with a special mission to Rome, and fresh troops meanwhile poured in from France to the assistance of General Oudinot.

Garibaldi, after several engagements with the Neapolitan troops, was preparing for an immediate attack on the capital, with every prospect of success, when he was summoned back to Rome again with all speed, where the final act in the drama of the short-lived Roman Republic was about to be played, and on May the 24th he re-entered the Eternal City, amidst the rejoicings of the people, who hailed him with the wildest enthusiasm.

Garibaldi failed twice in an attempt to blow up a bridge across the Tiber with a boatful of combustible materials, and also in an attempt to undermine the batteries which the French were raising, for Oudinot discovered his object, and let water into the mines, which made it ineffectual.

On the night of June 21st the French effected a breach in the city wall, and planted a battery thereon.

The French by this time had placed twelve pieces of cannon in their breach, and commanded therefrom the principal defenses of Rome.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 3d of July the cross-keyed banners of St. Peter once more floated from the castle of St. Angelo, and Rome was again under the rule of its Pope.

The servant now of no state, a lawless adventurer in the eyes of national law, nothing but the brave leader of a few brave men, Garibaldi started on his adventurous way through and across Central Italy, where all force that was not French was now Austrian. If song still lives in the Sabine Mountains, many a future lay ought to tell how the outlaw of Italian liberty left the conquered city, foiled his French pursuers, and gained the mountains, for ever making war support war. No legendary lay, no written or unwritten poem is richer in the elements of romance, courage and fortitude, than the modern story of Garibaldi's escape across the Apennines from Tivoli to Terni, from Terni to Arezzo, from Arezzo to the Republic of San Marino, and thence to the nameless cottage on the Adriatic where Anita died.

Arrived at San Marino, Archduke Ernest, the Austrian general, was obdurate on the subject of Garibaldi; he refused to allow him and his followers to escape, at the same time promising not to harm the inhabitants of the little republic. But at length he agreed to terms of the severest nature, which should oblige Garibaldi to embark for America. Our hero, however, had no such intentions just now. Whilst the Republic of San Marino was asleep, he contrived to effect his escape unobserved with Anita.

and a few followers. Striking the shores of the Adriatic, Anita, who had suffered fearfully during the voyage, was borne ashore in a dying state in the arms of her husband.

Garibaldi now carried Anita to the nearest cottage, where a bed was hastily prepared, and no sooner had she been placed thereon, than she expired leaning on Garibaldi's arm.

Stricken by so great a bereavement, caring not what his fate might be, Garibaldi could scarce be roused to the fact that the Austrians were close upon him.

Eventually, he was persuaded to retire from the Sardinian territory. Finding no hopes of a further rising in Italy, he went thence to Gibraltar, from which place he was requested to withdraw by the English governor, and during his twenty-four hours' stay there his movements were carefully watched. Thence he crossed over to Tangiers, where, after staying a few weeks, he met with a ship which took him to Liverpool, from which port he embarked for New York.

In the busy world of the American capital, Garibaldi found many friends, but he refused all monetary assistance from them, and the hero of Salto Sant' Antonio, and of the siege of Rome, determined to earn his own living in the mercantile world. In America, Garibaldi was not over popular amongst the inhabitants, for like Kossuth he did not seek ovations. American society offered him all its advantages if only he would consent to be lionized—a room in the City Hall, wherein to receive his friends, was put at his disposal, but he refused. Just at this time New York was the general asylum for disappointed revolutionists, who had made their own country too hot for them in the affairs of 1848–49. Ledru Rollin was a dock hand, Louis Blanc a dancing-master, Felix Pyat a scene-shifter, Lamartine a mendicant, whilst a member of the German Parliament was a barber, and another patriotic Frenchman was vending cabbages in the streets of New York.

Our hero Garibaldi was making tallow candles in a back street in Staten Island for eighteen months. We have not much to relate of this period of his existence; he will tell us, when asking for particulars, that tallow-making made him sick, and that work as hard as he could, he never was able to become an expert in the art. Nevertheless he was very popular among his companions, and improved considerably in his English, and got just a little bit more extreme in his views on republicanism in general. In after years, when settled at Caprera, he received a long thin box from his former employers in New York. It contained three gigantic candles, one of red, one of green, one of white, with the following note pinned to them: "A present for General Garibaldi, to make a tricolored illumination with on the Campidoglio when he gets to Rome."

After leaving New York the general betook himself to South America again, and at Lima entered into the service of Don Pedro di Negro, as captain of a merchant vessel plying between Hong Kong and Peru. This was, however, but an uneventful period of his career.

This life over, we again find Garibaldi at New York, but no longer in the tallow trade. He was appointed to the command of a small trading-vessel called the *Commonwealth*, which though carrying the American flag, belonged to an Italian owner, and the crew were all exiled Italians, many of them educated and high-born, awaiting a favorable turn in affairs to revisit their native country.

On board this ship Garibaldi touched at Newcastle-on-Tyne to take in coals, where he had an enthusiastic reception from his English admirers.

The year 1854 found Garibaldi again in Genoa, after four years of wandering. His mother was dead. "Curiously enough," says Garibaldi, "she died on my birthday."

After cruising about on the Mediterranean for a few months, Garibaldi found that he had amassed sufficient money to buy himself a portion of the much-coveted Island of Caprera.

Well, Caprera is but a small island, a speck on that inland sea close to the coast of Sardinia, being only fifteen miles in circumference, and five in length. Legends suppose St. Stephen to have been the first inhabitant, and state that the island took the form of this martyred saint, as he lay dead with the stones scattered all round him; authentic history, however, only attests to its having been inhabited by a certain Corsican outlaw, who fled thither and built the only hut which was upon it, just one hundred and fifty years before "the great bandit," as Pius IX termed Garibaldi, made his home thereon, and built a substantial house upon it.

Garibaldi is of opinion that the harbor of La Maddalena, to which Caprera is a considerable protection, if properly developed, would become one of the finest in the world. Lord Nelson thought the same, and so do the French, who would immensely like to add Sardinia to their other dominions for this very reason. Moreover, Caprera is rich in granite; the Pantheon, at Rome, was built of stone fetched from thence, and so was part of the Pisan Cathedral, and other celebrated buildings. In 1870 a contract was entered into for supplying Rome with some of it, for the improvements going on in the Eternal City. Ricciotti Garibaldi managed the affair, and put a little money into his pocket by the transaction.

Good roads have been made upon the island under the general's own supervision; he compels every one to work at them, and if, as of late years, too ill to assist himself, he will sit on a bit of rock, watching his family employed, for fear any of them should shirk their duty.

After casting a melancholy glance over this woe-stricken land, let us now descend from this eyrie crag and beard the "lion of Caprera" in his own den.

It is a neat, comely house that the general has built, of one story, whitewashed and flat-roofed, with green venetians, like most of the Italian houses of to-day. Originally it consisted of few rooms, but, like the owner, it has had a tendency to expand. When first he visited Caprera, Garibaldi had only a tumble-down hut to cover him; then he erected with his own hands a substantial log-hut, where he lived until his one-story mansion was completed, after the fashion of a South America villa. Then there grew up first one wing and then another; numerous outbuildings and an ever-increasing but unproductive garden, surround the whole.

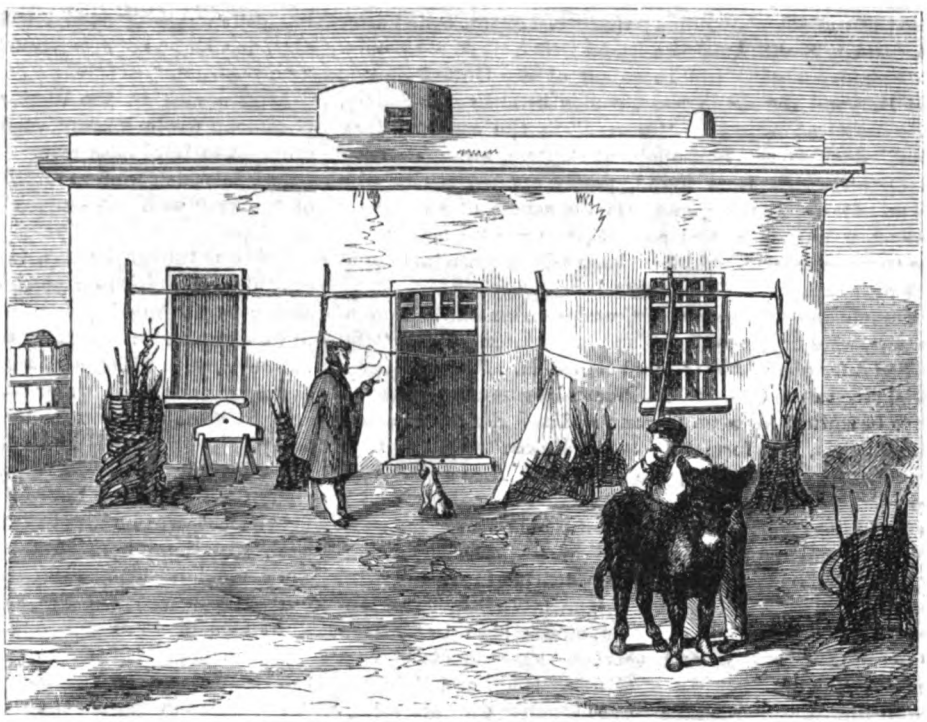
After residing on the island for two years, Garibaldi had completed his garden on the granite rock with only a thin coating of soil over it, held together by brambles and aromatic plants. Around this he built a mortarless stone-wall, like those we see in Tuscany; a nursery of cypresses, chestnuts, figs, etc., occupied one corner; then there was a piece set aside for vegetables and vines, nay, even for sugar-canes, and pools of water here and there to quicken vegetation.

Passing thence into the stables, we find a goodly array of animals. Shortly after the Sicilian campaign the general could boast of some very fair specimens of horse-flesh: Marsala, a charger sent to him by a Sicilian patriot; Said, by the Pasha of Egypt; and Borbone, the horse from whose back Menotti Garibaldi had pulled the rider at the siege of Reggio. There were several donkeys, too, in the yard, rejoicing in the grand names of Pio Nono, Francis Joseph and Louis Napoleon. One day poor Pio

GARIBALDI RECEIVING, AT PALERMO, THE NEAPOLITAN ENVOYS.

Nono strayed from the Garibaldian precincts, and had his tail bitten off by some wild cattle on the hill. Crestfallen and tailless, the Pope's namesake returned to his stall, and not a few were the jokes cracked on the occasion not complimentary to the high priest in the Vatican.

Cows, too, Garibaldi has in sufficient number for his family requirements, as well as sheep; but there is a noxious herb called *ferola* which grows amongst the herbage at Caprera, and proves fatal to the cattle, if the ailment produced thereby is not very skillfully treated; yet in the early Springtime there is no more delicious vegetable sent to table than this *ferola*, almost excelling asparagus in its flavor.



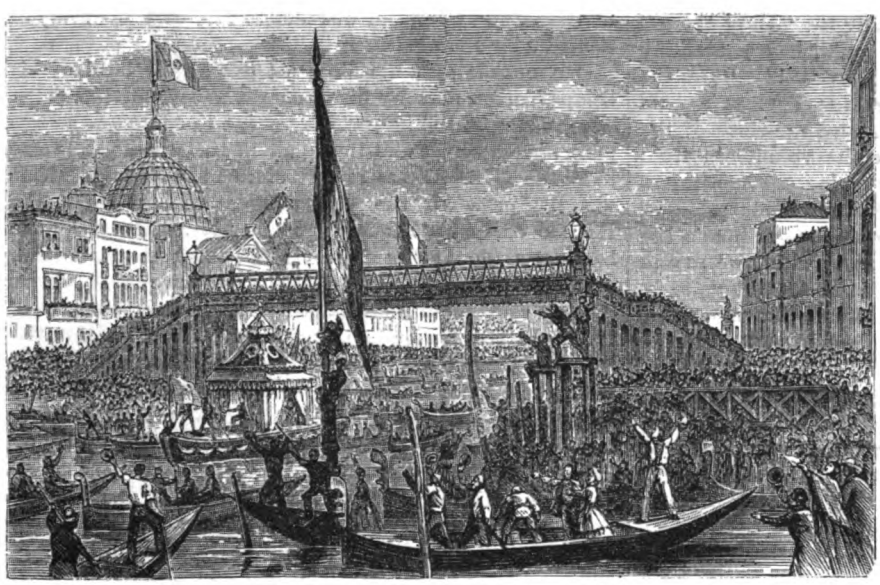
GARIBALDI'S HOUSE AT CAPRERA.

Garibaldi's potato-beds, however, are his pride. When he can get it, he likes nothing better than a dish of his own growth, baked on the embers with his own hands; but this treat is a rare one, for potatoes do not thrive as the planter could wish.

Garibaldi's house is now more than ever conspicuous for the presents he has from time to time received from English and other friends—chairs, tables, farming implements, and other things, amongst which we may mention a sword presented by his admirers in Melbourne, with an illuminated book containing the names of the subscribers. On the golden hilt is the figure of Italy arisen; her chains are broken loose, and she is brandishing aloft the sword of Spartacus and cleaving asunder the coils of a serpent; on the guard which protects the hand is a diamond star of Italy; the scabbard is of green velvet.

The aspect of Caprera has considerably changed, physically and socially, during late years. Theresita is married to Signor Canzio, who, when at his father-in-law's island home, rules supreme. By his instrumentality the old Deideris were requested no longer to superintend the general's household. Of a truth, Stephen Canzio rules everything and possesses everything, for Garibaldi can deny him nothing, for fear he should beat that dear, strapping daughter of his, who ought to be able to punish her husband severely if she wished. And then Theresita Garibaldi-Canzio had children in this island retreat, for whom a nurse had to be provided from Tuscany; for Theresita, at her husband's suggestion, declared herself too grand a lady to perform the offices of maternity; at which the general was terribly irate, and at first refused to have Francesca "*balia*" under his roof, and threw a book at anybody's head who suggested it. However, Theresita cried and Canzio argued until Francesca one day arrived from Tuscany under the recluse's roof, from which she was not destined to depart again in a hurry. Garibaldi by degrees began to like the nurse, and to be less irate with Theresita for her folly in introducing such a creature into the Garibaldian establishment; and if it had not been for that unfortunate affair up in the Lakes in 1859, Francesca would have been Signora Garibaldi many years before she could boast of that name.

All four of Theresita's children ought to turn out wonderful patriots if there is anything



GARIBALDI'S RECEPTION AT VENICE IN 1867.

in a name. There is Mamilie, called after a soldier-poet killed at the siege of Rome; there is Anzani, called after Garibaldi's South American friend; then there is Lincoln, whose name recalls the President of the United States; and last, and decidedly least, comes little Brown Canzio, called after an American "martyr" in the cause of freedom. Such is the household at Caprera, strange as the island on which it is found, partly savage, partly grotesque, of which the general is the centre of all things; and when he has passed away that romantic halo which has surrounded this wild Sardinian island since he bought half of it in 1855 will disappear.

French and Italian politics, under the manipulation of Cavour, were becoming more and more intertwined. "*Que peut-on faire pour l'Italie?*" said Napolean, after the Italian assistance in the Crimea. At Plombières this question was secretly settled between Cavour and the Emperor: a war with Austria, the formation of an Italian kingdom from the Alps to the Adriatic, the cession of Nice and Savoy, the marriage of Princess Clotilde to Prince Napoleon—these things formed the subjects of their discussion.

By the end of April Garibaldi found himself in command of no less than three fine regiments of infantry, with Cosenz, a Neapolitan, Medici, whom we first met in Montevideo, and Arduino, as their officers; to these were added a few guides and Genoese sharpshooters from amongst the best families of Genoa, Milan, and Bologna. Large additions were made to the number of these volunteers, as they entered Lombardy, by Milanese. Austria, meanwhile, lost temper at these armaments, and requested Cavour to dismiss them. This was just what the Italian minister wanted. He declined to do so, and Austria took the initiative in the war.

The peace of Villafranca fell like a blight on Italy and Cavour. Venice and Verona were still in Austrian hands. Napoleon had not freed Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic, but he gave out that in prospect of the heavy sieges in view—sieges instead of battles, with the Quadrilateral in front of them, and the Prussians showing signs of activity, he did not feel justified in continuing war.

Wherever Garibaldi went—to Florence, to Bologna, to Rimini—his reception was most enthusiastic; but Generals La Marmora and Fanti grew jealous of this unsettled spirit, and furthermore it was thought not unlikely that Garibaldi had some notion of collecting what forces he could, and crossing over into the Roman States, from whence the Papal Swiss were deserting the "Holy Army." To facilitate the plan, Garibaldi published a thrilling address to the "Noble Sons of Helvetia!" "Gallant Swiss," he said, "instead of marching against us, we expect you to join our ranks!" Toward the close of the year orders were sent to dismiss the volunteers from Central Italy to serve in their own provinces. As many as eighteen thousand of these passed through Modena.

A domestic event calls for our notice in our hero's life this year—his marriage to an Amazon, whom we saw in his camp at Varese, the daughter of the Marquis Raymondi, who brought letters intercepted from the Austrians. Discovering her dishonor at the threshold of the church at Como, he refused to see her again. Shortly afterward she was delivered of a son, the reputed father of which was one of Garibaldi's greatest friends, and to screen his friend he neglected to have the circumstances published in the "Gazette." It was not until Garibaldi's celebrated divorce case, several years later, that the truth really became known.

Garibaldi was returned as member for Nice just one week before the annexation was signed. Nice voted for him as representing their Italian interests, and in so doing entered a protest against being annexed to France. It was different with Savoy, where all their interests, manners, and language were French—they accepted the change with pleasure.

After a visit in the Winter of 1850-1 to Naples, Mr. Gladstone wrote his opinions upon the Neapolitan Government to Lord Aberdeen. This led to the Sicilian campaign, in which we find Garibaldi once more in the thick of the fray with his famous thousand—the Chasseurs of the Alps.

Dictator though he was, Garibaldi was everywhere successful, and after the capture of Palermo we find him residing in the royal palace, and waited upon by the viceroy's servants. He puzzled them by partaking of nothing but soup, vegetables, and a little meat once a day, washed down by pure plain water; he slept, too, on a hard bed, and frowned at them if they called him "Your Excellency."

The capture of the Castle of Reggio, in which the victorious Garibaldians "looted" twenty-six heavy guns and field-pieces, five hundred stand of arms, and a quantity of coal, provisions, horses and mules, was the great event of the campaign. The last acts in this campaign, the battles on the Volturno and the siege of Capua, are the best known incidents of it.

The drilling of his army and the arrangement of squadrons had not been one of the least of Garibaldi's cares. The Calabrian regiments were now 10,000 strong; the contingent from Basilicata amounted to 2,200, under Corte; from all parts troops and volunteers poured in, so that by the middle of September Garibaldi had an army of 37,000 to occupy the positions before Capua, whereas Francis II. had about 40,000 men and some cavalry encamped on the northern bank of the Volturno.

On October the 1st was fought the battle of the Volturno. It began early in the morning, and the Garibaldians, until the arrival of their leader, for whom Bixio had telegraphed in all haste, were driven back along the line. The advance guard of the Garibaldians consisted of only about 11,000 men, and the Neapolitans were now pressing on to the attack with over three times their number. For some hours they held their ground between San Tamaro and St. Angelo, until a reserve of 5,000 came up, when the Neapolitans were routed on all sides.

Such was the end of the last army which could resist the invaders. King Francis now fell back on his citadel of Gaeta, and Garibaldi was face to face with the army of King Victor Emmanuel.

One morning as the King set out at the head of his troops, surrounded by his generals, a body of horsemen were seen approaching, which proved to consist of a company of Red Shirts and their gallant leader, who had come to lay down the Dictatorship before his sovereign. This was the proudest, the best moment of Garibaldi's life. He had combated his feelings of ambition, he had done his duty without asking for a reward, and from the soldiers, regulars and volunteers alike, when these two great Italians clasped each other's hands, there arose hearty cheers of "*Viva Vittorio Emmanuele, rè d' Italia! Viva Garibaldi!*"

Victor Emmanuel, the newly chosen king, finally entered the City of Naples on November the 7th. It was a gloomy day, and the people cheered far more lustily for Garibaldi than they did for their king—it was not a happy augury for the future. They drove together to the cathedral to do their homage to the blood of St. Januarius in the same carriage, the king and the general, and whilst the sovereign knelt at the altar in pious contemplation of the sacred phial, Garibaldi, Farini and Pallavicini stood some steps behind.

Before his departure Garibaldi extracted a promise from the king that his Army of the South should be incorporated with the regulars, and on November 9th, having had to borrow a hundred dollars to pay his debts, and having barely four dollars in his pocket, he set off on his homeward journey.

Garibaldi's later history is disappointing, and leads us to reflect that, after all, the Sicilian campaign was not such as a far-thinking, rational man could ever have undertaken. It owed its brilliant success to the peculiar circumstances afforded by a rotten government and a demoralized army, and to the help of skillful diplomatists, who assisted it in every way.

Then came Garibaldi's appearance in the Chambers of Turin, and the angry session in which he played so conspicuous a part. He arrived early in April at the Piedmontese capital, but was too ill from rheumatic fever for some days to take his seat in the Assembly, and when he did so on the 18th, in his red shirt and American *poncho*, the excitement was terrible.

Meanwhile the general was more vehement than ever in his discourses to the Northern Italians about Rome. To the ladies of Rome he wrote a letter brimming with much ardor, but with little sense, in which he said: "The ashes of Rome, the ashes of her unhappy sons, have been buried, but these ashes are so impregnant with life as to be able to regenerate the world. Rome, the mother of Italian grandeur . . . . Rome! Rome! who is not urged by thy very name to take up arms for thy deliverence? who feels not thus has not deserved the tender embrace of a mother, or the ardent kiss of a lover. Such a one has only to restore a base heart to its original clay. Ladies, I am with you to death."

With such unrestrainable material to deal with, Ratazzi and the king had but one course to pursue—a course which by the light thrown upon the transaction by recent disclosures is now well known in Italy. Garibaldi was to be encouraged secretly to march on Rome—encouraged as he had been two years before by Cavour, during his Sicilian campaign; and then, when he had been led to compromise himself indirectly, he was to be taken prisoner as a rebel. Such is the secret of the story of Aspromonte.

Garibaldi set out on his Roman expedition with about 3,000 men, but he forced them to such laborious marches that he had only 1,500 with him when the event of the 29th of August happened. A few casual skirmishes convinced him that he had to do with a resolute resistance. In fact, here for the first time he realized that the Government intended really to oppose his progress; so he pitched his camp on the evening of the 28th, on the brow of the far-famed hill of Aspromonte, on a plateau overlooking the sea, with a wood behind, which connected it with a high ridge of the Apennines. While proceeding to manœuvre a division of his forces he was struck by two balls—one, a spent bullet, hit him in the thigh; the other in the right foot.

Succumbing to the effect of his wounds, Garibaldi fell, and his nearest friends rushing forward, placed him and his son Menotti, who was also wounded, under a tree. The sturdy hero of two worlds complacently pulled forth a cigar out of his pocket and smoked it, whilst he inquired of the surgeon who was dressing his wound if he thought amputation would be necessary.

Il Duca di Genova bore Garibaldi to his prison in the Gulf of Spezzia at the foot of Varignano. The room was damp, the paper hung in masses from the wall, no lint, no bandage was at hand; the commonest prisoner of a hostile nation would have had cause to complain if treated like the Italian patriot.

Doctors left their practice—amongst others Dr. Prandina of Chiavari, and Dr. Partridge of London—to come and attend upon him, fondly hoping that to cure Garibaldi would win for them world-wide fame. Hotel-keepers at Spezzia were radiant; they had not a room to spare all the time the general was a prisoner at Varignano. Having at length been liberated, during his stay at Pisa the ball was extracted from his foot, thanks to the combined skill of Dr. Nélaton from Paris, who discovered its locality, and of Dr. Zanetti, who, using the instrument provided by Dr. Nélaton, finally succeeded in drawing it out. This now almost historical bullet was handed about from friend to friend, and fondled as if it had been a new-born babe; in fact, the London *Times* tells us that a letter came to Dr. Nélaton from an Englishman offering thirty thousand francs for the same, but we have never been able to hear if it was handed over to this ambitious collector of curiosities.

Nothing more eventful disturbed the convalescence of the recluse at Caprera than from time to time a lament as to his inability to be active in the cause of Poland. "Would that I could actively display the great sympathy with which your holy cause inspires me," he wrote to a Polish prisoner in Russian hands; "but alas! I must remain inactive." Medical men and visitors of all descriptions went backward and forward to Caprera; the little town of La Maddalena perfectly swarmed with foreigners of all nations. And so this year passed by.

The next chapter in Garibaldi's life is his visit to England. Both politically and socially, Garibaldi's visit to England forms an interesting episode in contemporaneous history; politically, for the very heart and soul of the whole affair was political, the object being to excite additional interest in England for the cause of Italian Unity—the emancipation of Rome and Venice—firstly on the part of the Garibaldian party, who rightly considered that Garibaldi had lost prestige at Aspromonte, and therefore they urged their hero to go to England, where a good reception, it was thought, would set him up again; and, secondly, on Garibaldi's own part, to try if it were possible to arouse some feeling in favor of poor, crushed little Denmark, then writhing in her last dying agony. The effects, too, were political, as was evinced by the scare of the Government at the objection raised to his presence by the French Emperor; but the result, as far as Garibaldi and his friends were concerned, was a failure.

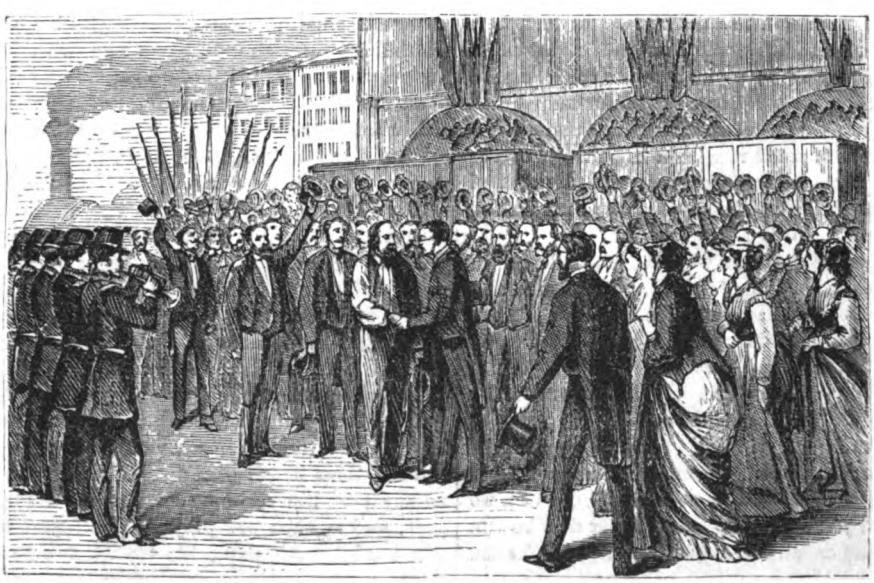
To enter into the details of plots and counterplots, angry correspondence and jealousies, which took place between Garibaldi's friends in England before it was finally settled how he should come and with whom he should lodge, would be of little interest.

It was a wretched, drizzling day, that Sunday, April the 3d, when Garibaldi steamed into the Solent. The Duke of Sutherland, Mr. Seely, M.P. for Lincoln, and a deputation from the Italian residents in England, headed by Signor Negretti, met him on the steamtug *Aid*. As the vessel approached the dock he ascended the paddle-box, that the dense concourse of people might have an opportunity of seeing their guest enveloped in his gray great-coat; and then the Mayor of Southampton, after the vessel had run alongside the pier, addressed him in a somewhat fulsome speech, which gratified all parties.

It required a strong man to go through the amount of handshaking our hero did the day he entered London. In vain did the police strive to deliver him from the demonstrations of his friends. Garibaldi, first of all, moved slowly past the various societies and their bands and banners, and as each was playing a different tune the discord was fearful. All along the road the same enthusiasm was kept up, the crowds thickening as the metropolis was reached, so that the sun was setting when the triumphal

GARIBALDI'S ARRIVAL AT SPEZZIA, IN 1862, AFTER THE AFFAIR AT ASPROMONTE.

procession reached Westminster Bridge. Twilight began to set in before the bridge was crossed, and people were almost exasperated who had been waiting all the afternoon to get a glance at the hero. It was all like some romantic dream of wild excitement, this entry into London. Nowhere but in London could the like have been seen; bells were clanging, people cheering and thronging, bunting flying, club windows crowded, as if every Briton was a Garibaldian.



GARIBALDI AT THE GENEVA PEACE CONGRESS, IN 1867.

Garibaldi would not receive a purse from his English friends. They wished to subscribe a sum of money, which, if invested, would secure him from want for the rest of his days. As yet his sons and his son-in-law were not so deeply involved as to oblige him to take it; but he gladly accepted the yacht *Osprey*, which they offered him, for the old general loved to skim along the blue waters of the inland sea, and there it lay for a while at Caprera, until, as is the fate with most

toys, the general got tired of it.

Next comes the campaign in the lakes. The theatre of his operations this year was covered by eight geographical square leagues situated between the Caffaro, Riva and the upper course of the Chiese. In this space he indeed contrived to fight —well, say twenty bloody battles, though none but Bizecca is worthy of the name, when such affairs as Sadowa and Königgrätz were going on in Germany, and doing far more for Italian unity than anything Garibaldi could achieve.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.— FROM A PORTRAIT TAKEN DURING HIS RESIDENCE IN AMERICA.

The war which was to decide whether Austria or Prussia should take the lead in Germany was imminent, and Italy, longing for her as yet "unredeemed" territory, was very importunate at the Court of Berlin. It was in vain that Austria sought to buy her neutrality by promising to cede the Lombardo-Venetian territory, if Italy would but allow her to contend with Prussia single-handed; and undoubtedly, if General La Marmora had had as much strength of mind on the battlefield as he had in the cabinet when he refused this offer, Italy would have had Trent and Trieste into the bargain; for had Victor Emmanuel done anything at all in the field, had he but won a single battle, or even covered his defeat at Custozza, his allies would have insisted on this. As it was, beaten by land and by sea, Italy may consider every penny she spent, and every life she lost on this war as wasted, for the same results could have been obtained by diplomacy without it.

Garibaldi got a polite request, whilst at Caprera, from the Minister of War, in May, to command the volunteers. Accordingly "the pirate of Caprera," as a Venetian paper, still favorable to kaiserism, called him, soon set off by way of Genoa to join his troops, who were gathering rapidly in Como, and people left the haunts of kaiserism, from the shores of the Adriatic, in boatloads to join him. Menotti and Ricciotti distinguished themselves, as sons worthy of their warlike father; but all this was of little avail. With the capture of Bizecca the active part of Garibaldi's campaign was at an end. For the few remaining days before the armistice he busied himself in occupying positions which would insure his advance on Riva, and, moreover, secure his not being attacked from the Chiese valley.

GARIBALDI'S TROOPS DISARMED AFTER DEFEAT AT MENTANA, IN 1867.

Garibaldi's organization was, as usual,

deplorable. However excellent he may have been in the field, actuated by a sort of inspiration, as some will have it, all this disappeared when he came to treat of other things than strategy. There was not an ambulance wagon, no bandages, no lint, no food, and many of the wounded received no assistance for hours. One or two ladies, not influenced by this party feeling, tore up their dresses, and the parish priest of Tiarno di Sotto, though no friend of Garibaldi's, set his parishioners to work to make lint and bandages for the sufferers, who strewed the pavement of his parish church.

The year 1867 was a busy one for General Garibaldi. In it he exercised all his energies, political and strategical, to accomplish the wish of his life, the annihilation of the temporal power of the Pope, and in this he failed. However we may admire the expediency of trying to make Rome the capital of Italy, we cannot forget that Garibaldi, in pursuing his desire, set at defiance the authority of his country and his king, disregarded the will of a Parliament elected by a suffrage well-nigh universal, and urged Italy to break her pledge with France, by which she had agreed to leave the Pope in possession of Rome, if France withdrew her troops as the convention of September 1864 required. Hence France was at liberty, in accordance with a clause in this convention, to return to Rome and protect the hierarchy from the attack of Garibaldi.

Still intent on Rome, he returned to Italy, and there at the villa Cairoli, in Belgirate, he called the Italians to arms, to march on Rome.

The ultra-Republican party tried to dissuade him from his undertaking; they thought the presence of a king in the Eternal City little better than that of a pope. The *Union* in Rome, the secret societies, all were for a repetition of 1849—namely, to leave the pope free as the head of the Church, whilst they established a republic which should spread its fangs over the rest of Italy from the fountain-head of Rome. Yet as Garibaldi's expedition became more imminent, the Roman *Union* became more amenable to his plans. On the 22d of September they issued an address which spoke of their willingness to acquiesce, if not actively to participate in it. Troops now began to collect from all sides as Garibaldi approached the Roman frontier.

Instead of healing the political difficulties, Garibaldi's arrest served only to make matters worse in the Roman question; the Giunta became more active, the volunteers assembled more rapidly, and from his prison at Caprera —for he was guarded there by four steamers and a frigate of the royal navy—Garibaldi managed to send them words of encouragement from time to time, asking them if Italy, terrified at the arrest of one man, would withdraw from its glorious mission, and concluding: "Italians, in every way possible you should prosecute the redemption of Rome."

The Pope was inexorable in his determination not to give way one step to popular feeling, and when the Romans presented him with a petition signed by twelve thousand citizens, entreating him to call Victor Emmanuel's army into Rome, not a word would he hear of it. With French aid the Pope was determined to hold his temporal power.

Garibaldi's escape from Caprera may certainly be counted as not least amongst the many exciting episodes in his life. He pretended to be ill for some days, appearing not even to the inmates of his house; and then, on October the 14th, taking advantage of a misty sky and dark night, he set off for the little bay of Stagnarello, with Fruscianti and another of his faithful friends.

Adverse winds kept them out at sea until the 19th, and then, at 7 P.M., they landed at Vado, by running the vessel into some reeds, only to find themselves in a hopeless swamp, through which they wandered in the dark for hours, until they met some inhabitants who were able to direct them to a neighboring village. Thence they took a carriage to Leghorn, a distance of eighteen miles, and then on, without delay, to Florence.

At the very same time that Garibaldi was leaving Florence by train for Terni, to join his son Menotti, the French frigate, the *Passepartout*, entered Civita Vecchia, with the first installment of assistance for the Pope.

On reaching Terni Garibaldi set about organizing his bands, and preparing them as best he could for marching direct on Passo Corese. They were divided in two columns: with one he took the high road, and the other he sent round by the hills; and they were both to meet before Monte Rotondo.

This town crowns a hill overlooking the Tiber valley. It is open on the east, but shut in on the west by a solid wall of rock; in the centre of the town is the palace of Prince Piombino, with a tower from which Rome and the valley form a delightful panorama. The possessor of Monte Rotondo commands both roads leading to Rome—the one over the Ponte Salario and the other over the Ponte Nomentano.

For twenty-seven hours the fight in Monte Rotondo lasted. Many Zouave prisoners were taken, and amongst them were discovered several priests, who had doffed the cassock to fight the battles of their cause.

About this time the people in Rome were anxiously expecting the arrival of Garibaldi amongst them; it was known that he was victorious, that the enemy were driven out of Monte Rotondo, that the gates of Rome were open, and yet he came not.

Yet there were several reasons for this delay. Firstly, the Pope's troops had blown up all the bridges except the Mentana one, which was strongly fortified and mined; and secondly, Garibaldi had his own plans for entering the city. Four thousand pounds was the price which the Pope's governor at the castle of St. Angelo placed on his honor, and four thousand pounds had been raised by the instrumentality of Garibaldi's English admirers; for this sum the key of Rome was to be handed over to the general.

On the very day that this was to take place, the governor was removed from his post, and the French marched up from Civiti Vecchia. Treachery was suspected.

Now when this opening was cut off, Garibaldi resolved to retreat from his position by the Mentana bridge—a retreat which seemed uncalled for to many of the volunteers, and no less than five thousand threw down their arms and deserted his cause. This retreat was an incident of evil augury in Garibaldi's career. It showed that his military prestige was gone. He had no longer that irresistible charm over his men which compelled them to do his bidding. Moreover, the Mazzinian party, who looked with disfavor on the expedition because their chief disliked it, began to spread sinister reports among the Garibaldian forces, urging them rather to hasten to Florence and assault the king in the Pitti Palace, and set up the Republican flag before going to dethrone the Pope.

With Italian troops behind, of whose plans he was unaware, with Papal troops before him, with a mysterious expectation of aid coming from France, with his own men more or less disaffected, Garibaldi felt that he must not delay at Monte Rotondo, much as he enjoyed the Prince of Piombino's palace and the lovely view over Michel Angelo's cupola, but that he must hasten to action if anything was to be done. He determined to set off at once for Tivoli.

A column consisting of four thousand seven hundred infantry, two field-guns, and two smaller guns, and one squadron of cavalry, commenced its march at 11 o'clock on November the 3d, on the road to Tivoli. When they had proceeded a mile beyond Mentana the vanguard was suddenly attacked, and had to fall back on Mentana, so as to form the battalions in line of battle.

Seeing, however, the hopelessness of the attack, and that there was no chance of ultimately winning the day, Garibaldi decided to withdraw his men from the field of battle, passing under the fire of the chassepots, and leaving behind him four hundred or five hudred men on the field, and about the same number of prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Two hours after Garibaldi's departure from Passo Corese, the French occupied Monte Rotondo without a blow.

It was on the morning of November the 4th, when the so lately victorious troops of Garibaldi, gloomy and silent, marched out of the gate of Monte Rotondo, still showing signs of the fire by which they had won it.

Two carabineers now lifted Garibaldi—one took him by the arms, the other by the feet, and he was arrested, and in this way conducted into the carriage destined to convey him to Spezzia, on his second journey to the fort of Varignano.

It was no longer a case in which Garibaldi could decide. His method of reaching Rome was proved to be a failure; his volunteers were disbanded, and if he could have presented himself on the frontier once more, scarcely a man would have been found foolish enough to follow him. So, after a little rest at Varignano, which was exceedingly good for his health—overwrought and over-excited as he had been for a man of his age—the King gave him permission to return to Caprera. As far as Italy and Rome were concerned, his star was now for ever set.

The 2d of October found Victor Emmanuel at the Quirinal; and the Recluse of Caprera had been restless all the Summer, at the sound of the din of arms, having in the previous September positively determined to buckle his sword once more on to his worn-out old body—worn out by frequent attacks of rheumatism, which had drawn and contorted the once stalwart frame.

In short, Garibaldi had now passed beyond the most glorious period of his life: he was no longer the moderate, high-minded man he had been; he was a rabid hater of anything which had government for its object.

After Sedan, and after the declaration of the French Republic, he was happy; his traditional enemy, Napoleon, was degraded from his high estate. At one time he determined to go to France to aid her dying struggles; at another time he resolved not to go, and took up his pen to address the world.

The poor old man could not rest content with his exertions for a world-wide Areopagus, but must needs, only a few days after writing this letter, embark for France, on martial deeds intent. Often must he have repented this foolish expedition. It was like those wild attempts on Rome, in defiance of everybody—for France was at this time almost at the feet of Prussia, fighting but for honor.

Of Garibaldi's campaign in the Vosges little may be said.

Gambetta summoned the "Grand Patriote," as he politely called him, and offered him the command of all the free bodies in the Vosges district, from Strasburg to Paris, and a brigade of the *Garde Mobile*.

Fortified with this permission, the general left Tours on October 13th, to establish his headquarters at Dôle, where he arrived on the 14th, just after General Cambriels had been defeated in the defile of the Vosges, and had retreated to Besançon with ten thousand men, thus abandoning the French Thermopylæ, so to speak.

And here began that system of pillaging the churches and desecrating everything they came across, which was the great disgrace of Garibaldi's troops in this campaign.

On January the 20th the Prussians arrived in sight of Dijon, and proceeded on the morrow to the attack, with 12,000 men, including some excellent Pomeranian troops. Garibaldi had from 15,000 to 18,000 volunteers in Dijon to oppose them. General Garibaldi himself was suffering much from rheumatism, and could not do more than get into his carriage and drive to the field of action, whilst he gave orders to his men. He staid there all that day, during which the combat raged furiously, the Prussians being obliged to retire. All the two following days the fight went on with unabated ardor; but at length Garibaldi remained master of the field, and the Prussians retreated.

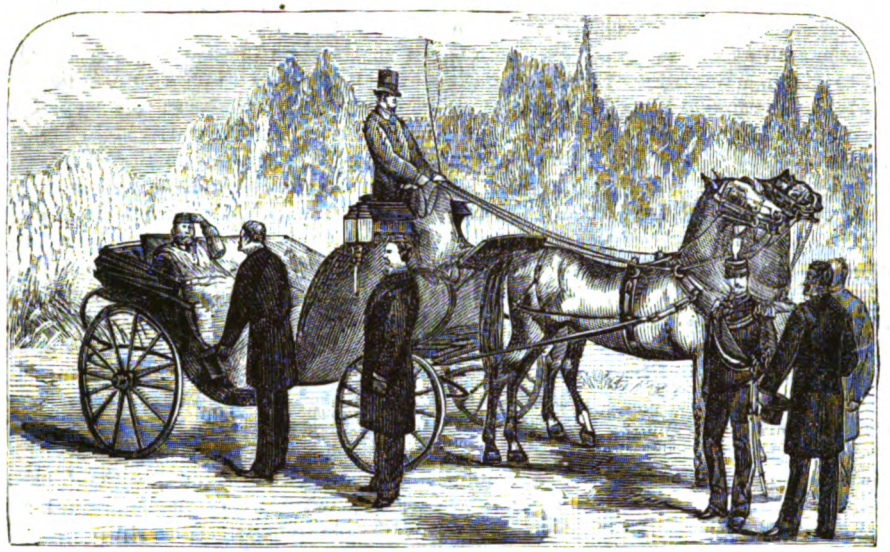
The mobilized troops had been somewhat timid, owing to their inferior arms, but some of the battalions conducted themselves like old soldiers. The Fourth Brigade, under Ricciotti Garibaldi, again distinguished itself by its valor, and possessed itself of a flag—"the first, the only one, alas! which was won from the enemy in this war."

For the hero of Marsala and Naples one would fain recount an old age of repose and honor. Every one would have forgiven General Garibaldi's errors of judgment at Aspromonte and Mentana had he been content to bury the violent sentiments of his latter days amongst the rocks of Caprera; but in proportion to his inability to fight with his sword, has increased his ardor for fighting with his pen; and with this latter weapon, for the last ten years, Garibaldi has tried hard to undo any good he may have done with the former, and to make himself a firebrand in his country.

We must now pay another visit to Caprera, and see the invalid at home once more, before his bones, or rather his ashes, are mingled with the island rocks; for Garibaldi is a warm advocate for cremation, as he tells us in a letter to Bizzoni not long ago.

The humble whitewashed cottage surrounded by desolate wildness is a myth. True enough, it is one-storied, but it covers a large space of ground. The rooms are fit for a nobleman, and are furnished with sufficient luxury for a modest-minded prince. In short, Garibaldi acts, and does far more than many a prince dare do; he receives far more homage than half the crowned heads of Europe, and if he affects to disregard such things, they are by no means unpleasing to his better-half, who shows off her possessions, and amongst them the old invalid, in quite a regal way, and yet if she thinks nobody is looking, Signora Francesca Garibaldi can run up an apple or a nut-tree in a manner highly undignified for the Queen of Caprera.

One day, early in 1879 Garibaldi, announced his intention of going to Rome, regardless of a sharp attack of illness from which he was suffering at the time, and regardless of a storm which was blowing; so he set off from Caprera, and reached the Eternal City. The young king greeted him, his friends greeted him; yet for a long time no one knew why Garibaldi had undertaken this voyage. But Alberto Mario knew; and so did the world, when Garibaldi's manifesto came out, and the "Democratic League," under his presidency, was noised abroad. This manifesto was a bold one to set up under the very eyes of the king, and no wonder gendarmes were employed to pull the notices down wherever they saw them. It was decidedly a relief to the Government when Garibaldi fell ill at Albano; and other domestic affairs, and the progress of his divorce,



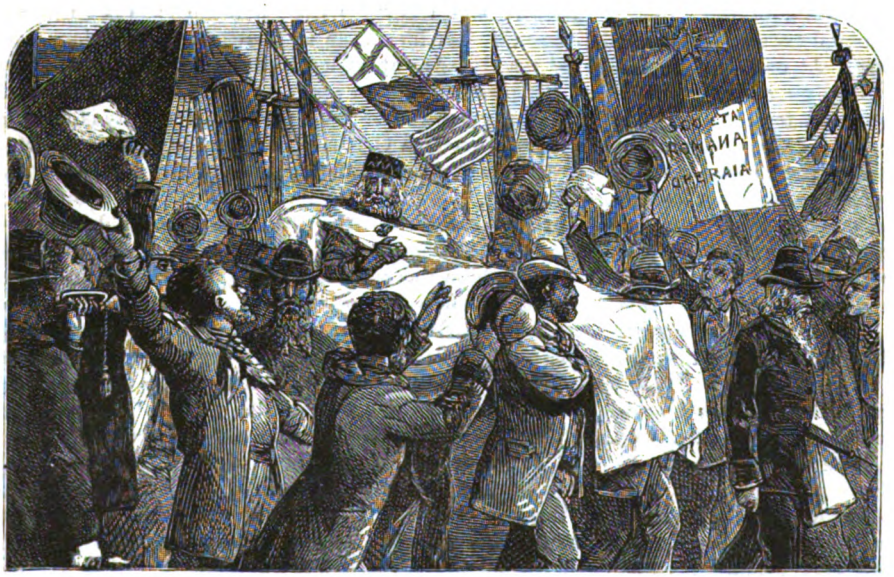
VISIT OF GARIBALDI TO THE KING, IN THE QUIRINAL GARDENS, ROME.

occupied his attention at this time not a little.

We have now reached the year 1880, and the latest episodes in the political career of our hero. At the Mazzini demonstrations in Genoa, Stefano Canzio, Garibaldi's son-in-law, had been seen very near a red flag, and some authorities even thought they had distinguished his voice in crying, "*Viva la Republica!*" At all events, no less a person than General Stefano Canzio found himself condemned to a three months' stay in the prison of S. Andrea.

On hearing this Garibaldi was furious, and determined, feeble as he was, once more to make the best of his way to the Continent, to oblige the Government to deliver his precious son-in-law from his durance vile, forgetting that Canzio had been found guilty by the law of his country for the breach of the same. After a somewhat uncomfortable voyage, Garibaldi reached Genoa on the evening of October the 3d, 1880, but the landing was postponed till morning, and an anxious night it was for the Genoese authorities. Luckily, however, there was no demonstration. In the morning the association of veterans, and a few other societies, carrying perhaps a dozen standards in all, went quietly down to the quay, and the procession, with Garibaldi on mattresses in a carriage,

GARIBALDI'S RESIDENCE, LE LIEUR VILLA, AT ALBANO, ITALY.



POPULAR OVATION TO GARIBALDI AT GENOA.

and Teresita Canzio, with her hair down her back and her child on her knee, made its way to Canzio's house in the Via Assarotti. The dreaded moment had arrived, but there was no frenzy of enthusiasm. The day for such things had passed by, and eye-witnesses described it as a reception of "comparative coolness."

Such, in brief, is the career of a man whose fanatical admirers have been his worst enemies; a career, indeed, more diversified in its coloring and events than any other of contemporary history. For Garibaldi is a man as George Sand expressed him: "Qui ne ressemble à personne, et il y a en lui une sorte de mystère, qui fait réfléchir."

THE BLACK VAIL.—"'DORA, WHO IS THAT?' ASKED LUCILLE, HER EYES FIXED ON THE PROUD, COMMANDING EYES IN THE PORTRAIT. 'IS IT THE LIKENESS OF A REAL PERSON?'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

ABSENCE.

BY MRS. BUTLER.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that low'rs
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Thro' these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

THE BLACK VAIL.

ROSLYN HALL, like the castle of the Sleeping Beauty, had waked into life this Summer, and was filled with Summer guests.

It was a sunny, languid afternoon, but through the Hall and the beautifully decorated grounds resounded the busy hum of preparation for the evening's festivities.

Erle Roslyn, *distingué*, handsome, "rich beyond his peers," had but lately returned from Europe, and the evening's *fête* and masquerade, besides amusing his guests, served as greeting to the country magnates.

A carriage rolled up the avenue containing the last installment of Summer guests—Mrs. Donald Sabyn and her daughter Lucille, a demoiselle of only sixteen years, but lovely as if sixteen hundred years had distilled the essence of loveliness and lavished it all on her.

Mrs. Donald Sabyn considered Lucille in purely a business light, and meant to buy with her beauty the richest son-in-law in the land—Erle Roslyn, if possible—and, like Napoleon, the word "impossible" was not in her dictionary.

So she entered Roslyn Hall, and allowed herself to be conducted to her apartments with the air of proprietress-in-chief.

"My dear," she exclaimed, as she passed a lady in the hall. "My dearest!" ejaculated the other lady, and both embraced with effusion, while a young lady nearly smothered Lucille with kisses and bore her away in triumph.

Mrs. Donald Sabyn and her dearest foe—they had long been society rivals—seated themselves comfortably and began to sip the tea the housekeeper had sent up to them.

"My dear Mrs. Estel, to think of meeting *you* here!" said Mrs. Sabyn, in tones of warmest affection, yet seeming to express—"to think of *your* gaining admittance to Roslyn Hall!"

"Yes, dearest; and may this prove as pleasant a Summer to us as last," returned Mrs. Estel, unflinchingly.

Mrs. Sabyn drank a deep draught of tea to cover her discomfiture. That pleasant Summer had witnessed a social triumph for Mrs. Estel, and almost a defeat for her own proud self. She placed the empty cup in its saucer, with an affectionate glance at her adversary.

"And Hortense is with you, I see," she said; "the dear girl! Beauty is of so little value compared with her many lovable traits."

"And many lovable dollars," laughed Mrs. Estel. "Yes, my dear friend, we shall find that to be true."

This was a positive menace, and Mrs. Sabyn felt it so, taking time to prepare another cup of tea before she answered:

"Speaking of dollars," she remarked, "how immensely wealthy Erle Roslyn is! Really, what any one else considered a fortune would seem almost nothing to him."

That touched the weak point in Mrs. Estel's armor, for money was all poor, thin little Hortense had to recommend her.

But, secure in the thought that Mrs. Sabyn would sell her very soul for Hortense's half million, she rose to leave her dearest friend to her beauty-sleep for the evening's ball.

Meantime Hortense, who did not possess a share in her mother's diplomacy, and who did possess a consuming envy of every hair's-breadth of Lucille's beauty, had only accompanied her as far as the door of her apartment.

There she gave her into the hands of her maid, the housekeeper's pretty little granddaughter, Dora, complacently thinking, as she hastened away, that Lucille's mother could never, never afford to buy her a masquerade costume as handsome as her own, not to mention her diamonds.

Dora admired her lovely young mistress most fervently at the first glance, and said, impulsively, "Oh, how glad I am they let me be your maid instead of Miss Hortense's!"

And Lucille smiled on her little admirer of just her own age, and was glad, too. She threw herself on a low couch, in obedience to her mother's strict commands to lie down at once and sleep till evening.

Her eyes wandered round the sumptuously furnished room, and finally fastened themselves, as if spellbound, on the portrait of a wonderfully handsome man.

"Dora, who is that?" she asked, her eyes fixed on the proud, commanding eyes in the portrait. "Is it the likeness of a real person?"

"Oh, Miss Lucille," said Dora, suspending her operations on the masses and billows of curling golden hair, "haven't you ever seen him? Don't you know that is Mr. Erle?"

Lucille still gazed like one fascinated.

"Is he really as handsome as that, Dora?" she asked, dreamily. "I suppose all the ladies just adore him?"

"Oh, Miss Lucille," said Dora, excitedly; "how I'd like to tell you; but your mamma said I was to brush your hair, and make you go to sleep."

"Never mind," said Lucille, regardless for once of her mamma's commands; "you'd like to tell me what?"

Dora began softly brushing out the golden tangles, but at great disadvantage, for Lucille persisted in turning her head to look at the portrait to listen eagerly.

"You know you asked, Miss Lucille, "didn't the young ladies adore him?' I've lived here four years—ever since I was twelve—and I know there's not a lady in all this county would dare adore him—would *dare* to," she repeated, impressively, while Lucille's fringed violets of eyes changed from darkest blue to black, with questioning interest.

'Why not?" she asked, gazing again into the haughty, handsome eyes, that seemed to hold hers if she tried to look away. "Perhaps he has taken a vow never to marry; or perhaps he loves some beautiful princess, and would never deign to notice other women."

"Oh, no, Miss Lucille," said Dora, "and there never

was a princess half so beautiful as you; but I scarcely dare tell you; my grandmother has forbidden."

"Oh, Dora, you must tell now," Lucille half-pleaded, half-demanded; "I'll never tell any one, and I want to know this very minute. Why don't they dare love him?"

"Well, then, Miss Lucille," said Dora, in a half-whisper, looking toward the picture, round which the shadows had gathered, till only the eyes seemed to live and glow, "they know something terrible will happen to them if they do. Before Mr. Erle went to Europe, five years ago, the Hall was full of visitors just as it is now, and one lady especially that Mr. Erle paid attention to, and who was desperately in love with him, any one could see. They all dared love him then, and they did, too, for he was just like a king, so handsome and grand. People do say that this lady and her relatives proposed to him, for he never seemed to care much for her, and in no hurry to fix the wedding-day; but it was fixed at last, and such preparation this county never saw. The week before there was to be a grand ball here, and she was to stay at the Hall. She seemed so happy at the ball, and so desperately in love, poor thing! People pitied her afterward when they remembered it. Well, the night after that ball everybody was tired, and went to bed early; but about midnight the guests in the west wing, where her rooms were, heard the most dreadful moaning, sobbing screams. Her door was fastened tight, and couldn't be opened till her father and Mr. Erle broke it down, and there the poor young lady lay, all tied down to the bed, with a stream of blood running from her shoulder. There was a little dagger lying near her with a paper fastened to it, and the window was opened, as if some one had escaped that way; and caught on the blind was a long black vail. They say Mr. Erle snatched the paper and dagger and kept them, and the vail, too. After the wound had been dressed (it was not dangerous, after all), he sent every one away except her folks, and they talked there till almost morning, but no one ever knew what about. The guests all left the next day, and right after that we heard the match was broken off, and the young lady had gone into a convent in spite of all her family could do or say. Then Mr. Erle went to Europe, and all sorts of stories began to get round. People remembered how, once before, a real rich, pretty young lady had been almost engaged to Mr. Erle, and something she never would explain made her refuse ever to see him again, though she grew pale and thin, and seemed perfectly broken-hearted; and then, when this new trouble came out, her mother told some things, and people half-guessed others, till a story flew round all through the county—the story that every one believes to this day."

The very last gleam of light came in through the darkened window, and once more the proud, commanding eyes met Lucille's, but the shadows had softened the command, and made it seem like entreaty.

The gleam of light faded, and made the corners of the room seem darker than before. Dora drew near the couch, half nervously, and went on in a whisper:

"There is something—a woman or a spirit, the village people say a spirit—that watches Mr. Erle wherever he is. It is tall, dressed in black, and its head always wrapped in a long, thick black vail. Mr. Erle may go where he pleases, and do what he likes among gentlemen, but whenever he pays the least attention to a lady, this Black Vail, as they call it, begins to be seen near him, and as the affair goes on, further and further, it is seen oftener and oftener, till——"

The sentence ended in a horrified little shriek, as the hall-door slowly creaked and opened.

It was the housekeeper, and as she came forward Lucille let go Dora's hand, which she had grasped in her sudden panic, and Dora began to brush the golden hair most assiduously.

"Dora," said she, sternly, "you have waked Miss Sabyn with your foolish screaming. Go down-stairs at once, and leave your mistress to finish her sleep."

Dora started to obey, but was called back when Lucille protested vehemently she could not sleep an instant if left there alone.

"Oh, Dora," she whispered, laughing nervously as the housekeeper went down the stairs, "if she had made you go I should have seen a ghost with a black vail on the very next minute. When she opened the door so slowly I was sure she was the real Black Vail herself—weren't you?"

But Dora, in dire fear of another and more trustworthy maid being appointed in her stead, coaxed and beguiled Lucille into shutting her eyes, and at least seeming to be asleep by the next time the housekeeper passed the door.

* * * * * *

By twelve that night the masked ball was at its height, and even by frequenters of the county family balls in previous days was pronounced a marked success.

All the county magnates were there in full force, and the rich, fantastic dresses made a brilliant show in the great decorated ballrooms.

Erle Roslyn, handsomer, more *distingué*, more lionized than ever, was conspicuous everywhere, his tall, splendid figure making all other men seem slender, weak and undeveloped beside him. Among the gayly tricked out maskers, he only seemed more grandly handsome in his simple, yet artistic costume, and the *jeunesse dorée* of the county ground their teeth as they noted how every fair mask seemed to have no eyes save for Richard Cœur de Lion.

And when, to the accompaniment of his harp, he sang the tender and loving ballad "in the language of oo and oi," his popularity knew no bounds. Poor little Hortense could only stand as near him as possible, staring at his magnificent and wonderful eyes.

Poor little Sultana! all the jewels on her thin brown shoulders and arms only made more painfully conspicuous the sharp elbows and collar-bones of little Miss Million, as she had already been dubbed.

Erle had good-naturedly danced with her twice, thus raising her to the seventh heaven of bliss, and causing Mrs. Estelle's heart to beat high with hope. Mrs. Donald Sabyn had not yet appeared. Finally, when the arrivals had long since ceased, and every one was ready for a fresh sensation, she was announced, Queen something or other, no one cared what—for, at her side stood such a vision of beauty, that all eyes were drawn to it. "Water Sprite," announced the usher, loudly, as she glided in.

Mrs. Estel shut her teeth tight and whispered in Erle's ear that that girl had not a cent to call her own, and must have begged or stolen the money to buy her dress.

But Erle heeded her not, gazing with half unwilling admiration at the rounded figure, which had a swaying grace and a lithe beauty all its own. Other women imagined, all at once, that their dresses seemed commonplace and old style. Where had she found that strangely-fashioned robe, so purely white, among all the other white dresses—and so filmy that it seemed like layer upon layer of soft cloud folded about her. Her arms and shoulders escaped from it in pearly softness and fairness, the white clouds only enhancing their beauty. In her hand she carried a little harp, twisted over with water-lilies, and her wonderful hair fell about her in most artistic carelessness, caught

here and there with pearls and coral. Erle Roslyn, thirty years old, cynical, *blasé*, and something more, found himself thinking he would like to kiss all those golden tendrils one by one.

But, uttering a French malediction at such folly under his breath, he calmly advanced to greet them as host, and as coolly requested the pleasure of a waltz with the Water Sprite, as if it had been poor little Hortense, thin and brown. But in spite of himself, waltzing with this spirit of grace and beauty thrilled him—the slow swell of blue waves, the light swaying of the flower on its stem, seemed embodied in her movements—the contrast strong, indeed, with the stereotyped swing of other waltzers. But Mrs. Donald Sabyn was an astute general, and had planned her campaign well.

That was the only waltz he had before the unmasking—and, after a certain resolve he had taken not to go near her again, it was at least rather singular he should find himself writing his name on her tablets for a waltz.

They were all in the conservatory as the waltz begun, and Lucille had not yet removed her mask. Two by two, the crowd danced away and left them — something ailed the fastening of the little mask, and when it dropped off, they were alone. She gave a half-shy glance upward and could not withdraw her eyes—his own, filled with wondering admiration, like the eyes in the portrait, seemed to draw and constrain hers.

She heard a slight rustle among the thick leaves, and started with a little shiver, fully expecting to see a black-vailed figure with a dagger—had she but known the rustling was caused by Mrs. Donald Sabyn as she heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

When she looked again at Erle, she was frightened at the pallor on his face, and the gravity with which he offered her his arm.

ABSENCE.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 530.

The waltz music began, wailing and sad like the plaint of a broken heart, till Lucille's eyes had tears in them, and Erle looked reckless and desperate, as if he would defy his fate.

They waltzed through the very last sobbing, sighing note of music, unconscious of time or place; and when the dancers crowded round them with a running fire of small talk, Lucille felt as if she had been in another world and come back to one infinitely inferior.

Mrs. Donald Sabyn, the astute generalissimo, appeared and bore off her lovely Water Sprite in the very flush of her triumph. Lucille had been the success of the evening, and after she had gone the ball seemed tame and wearisome to more than one of the gilded youth of the county.

Hortense went to her room, tore off her blazing, unsuitable diamonds, and flung them on the floor.

"I hate her!" she cried to her mother. "I'd give my whole half million to see her as ugly as I am."

The next morning the guests to the Hall strayed in, one after another, to a twelve o'clock breakfast. Erle was on hand betimes, witty and courteous to all his guests, pityingly attentive to poor little Hortense, who regarded him devouringly from the opposite side of the table, and who looked much better than when *en costume* as Sultana.

He found himself watching the door through which Lucille must enter, wishing, yet dreading, to see her. Determined to crush at once the feeling that would come into his heart for her, he hoped that to see her in pale, languid and drooping contrast to last night's bright beauty might make him his own indifferent self once more.

Finally, when he had given them up, the door opened, and the generalissimo appeared. Erle's hand trembled as he passed the olives to Hortense, and inwardly enraged at himself, he bowed calmly to the advancing generalissimo,

IN THE LIBRARY.—FROM THE PAINTING BY KIESEL.

and still more calmly to the bright young beauty at her side.

The fair, sweet morning itself was not more fair and sweet than she, with her starry, long-fringed eyes and delicate, changing color.

Erle looked at her, and looked and looked again, with an admiration he tried no longer to conceal. Why should he not admire her? he thought. She seemed so different from other girls, so much less susceptible and sentimental —really, she paid no more attention to him than to the other men!

Just for once, he resolved, he would indulge himself, and forget that he had better not. So he wandered out on the terrace with her, looked as much as he pleased into the sweet, wondering, girlish eyes, admired her beautiful hands as she played with the flowers, and even held one in his own to pluck out a cruel little thorn which had dared to lodge itself in the soft flesh.

His own hand trembled, but hers was cool and passive, and her lovely eyes met his unthinkingly, for, unconsciously, Lucille had some of the generalissimo's tact, and would not be as sentimental as Hortense when she saw how it disgusted him. But in her heart she adored him already with a girl's first love—a depth of feeling society belles may only remember and never experience.

Two days later a riding-party was formed at Erle's request, who no longer desired to become disenchanted with Lucille, and was already as proud of her beauty as before he had feared it.

But the severest critic must have been disarmed as she appeared in dark-blue velvet habit and snowy plumes, the very queen of equestriennes.

The party dashed on through the park avenues, and Erle and Lucille, riding more slowly, soon lost sight of them. They rode on in silence, neither speaking.

Erle loved Lucille most passionately by this time, and made no effort against it, but knowing as he did the inexorable hand which held him from her, a sadness too deep for words filled his heart. Lucille could not but see the pallor and repressed emotion of his face, and the sweet pity and unconscious love that shone in her eyes were almost more than he could bear.

Lucille had made some remark about the beautiful park in which they were riding, and which had belonged to the Roslyns through so many generations.

"Yes," assented Erle, half-abstractedly; "but when I die it passes to another family. I am and shall be the last of the name."

Lucille looked at him wonderingly.

He sprang from his saddle to arrange a refractory buckle, and, instead of remounting, walked restlessly to and fro. He threw his arm over her horse's neck and looked up into her face.

"Lucille," he said, "you are my own true little friend, I know—why should not I call you Lucille?"

"Yes, why not?" responded Lucille, faintly.

"Lucille," he began again, his voice low with intensity of repressed feeling, his dark, handsome face stormy with emotion, "if I loved a girl, the loveliest creature on this wide earth—so beautiful even the dumb brutes must worship her—if I loved her with a force and passion your girlish heart could never know, *as I do*, my darling!"—his face turned white and his eyes burned like the eyes in the portrait—"oh, my own little Lucille—I should pray God to kill her or kill me before she learned to love me!"

A slight stir in the low brush, and there stood close at Erle's side a tall figure wrapped from head to foot in black.

Lucille's horse reared, plunged, dashed frantically away, she knew not where. When she next became conscious of time or place, she was in her room, her mother bending over her, white and anxious, Dora weeping quietly at the foot of the bed, and the doctor looking grave as he felt her pulse.

Strange to say, she was scarcely hurt—one of her white wrists was sprained, but the shock to her nerves made her weak and ill.

"But poor Mr. Erle!" said Dora, pitifully, one day—"so white and still, and so sorry for you! The visitors have all gone, even Miss Hortense and her mamma, though those two staid until he almost sent them away, and now he has rooms in this same wing, and makes them tell him every hour if you are better."

Lucille hid her face in the pillow to cry for very happiness to think he cared so much, and sorrow that she must go away and never see him any more. She wished she might speak to him if she must leave him for ever. Surely it would not be wrong to see him only once more, and bid him good-by.

The next day she was carried down-stairs, and as she reclined in a great armchair, white and lovely as a snow-drop, Erle came and sat beside her.

"My poor little Lucille," said he, bending toward her, "do you hate me for having been the cause of all this?"

Hate him! Lucille looked up quickly, and before his dark, splendid eyes would let hers go, he seemed satisfied without an answer.

"Lucille," he whispered, presently, a cloud coming over his face, "what frightened the horses that day?"

"Oh, that terrible thing!" she cried, white and trembling. "What was it?"

"The villagers call it a spirit. I wish it were," said Erle, bitterly. "Lucille, that terrible thing is my wife!"

"Oh, Erle, Erle!" moaned Lucille, covering her face, "is it really true? Then I must not love you any more!"

"Not love me any more, my own darling?" said Erle, through his shut teeth. "No, do not love me; but I shall love you while I live."

And as the generalissimo entered, overflowing with smiles and sweet words, he rushed from the room, ready to kill himself or his black-vailed wife, he cared not which.

Lucille had not needed a nurse for several nights, and this night Dora insisted that she be allowed to take care of her beloved little mistress alone. Erle made objection immediately, but it was overruled, and the matter was thus arranged.

About midnight, Erle, watching breathlessly in the corridor near her door, heard a long, low scream, which almost stilled the blood in his veins. Others heard it, too, and in an instant the corridor was full.

Erle broke the door unaided with one mighty blow, and before the others had time to adjust their eyes to the new tableau, he was in the middle of the room in a desperate struggle with something long, lithe and black, that had the strength and suppleness of a panther, and its ferocity.

Two servants joined them before the strife had lasted ten seconds, and pinioned the struggling wild-cat to the floor.

The long black vail was twisted aside, disclosing to the servants a face familiar, though distorted and almost demoniac with passion—the face of a village girl who had disappeared ten years before and never been heard of since.

The servants loosed their hold in surprise. Quick as thought she stabbed Erle twice, inflicting what seemed mortal wounds, and then, with one fearful blow after another, drove the dagger into her throat and heart, and

died with a smile of exultation on her lips. Erle sprang up, bleeding and weak, in the endeavor to spare Lucille the sight of such horrors. He staggered and almost fell as he saw that her bed was empty.

"There, dear Mr. Erle—there she is, all safe," sobbed Dora, pointing to her own little couch. "She was so restless she would change beds with me, and that dreadful creature—oh, how thankful I am!—gave her the chloroform instead of me."

Gently and quietly the servants bore away the poor creature whose dreadful death moved them all to pity, and cleared the room of all traces of the terrible deed.

Some hours later Erle Roslyn, his arm in a sling, and Mrs. Donald Sabyn stood by the coffin, and looked down at the hard face, that seemed filled with hate even in death.

Mrs. Sabyn looked questioningly at Erle.

"She was my wife," he responded, laconically; "I married her twelve years ago, after her mother had given me drugged liquor. When she found I would never own her as my wife, she consented to keep the matter secret in consideration of all the money she wanted. She vowed if I ever loved any woman, she would kill her. Oh, Lucille!" he groaned, sinking on his knees and covering his face—"oh, my angel! if she had killed you!" and he gave a sob that seemed to tear his heart.

"There, Erle—there, my dear boy," said Mrs. Donald Sabyn, soothingly; "Lucille is safe, and she loves you. Come, we will go to her."

On that evening Erle told her, the happiest betrothed in all the land, the whole sad story. And instead of thinking of her own peril, she sobbed and shivered, and said, as he had said:

"Oh, my darling! if she had killed *you!*"

The dead woman was buried near the grave of her mother, who had lain there many years.

The county magnates foretold all manner of evil for Lucille as well as Erle. The servants had kept their master's secret faithfully, and not for many years was the true story of the Black Vail made known.

And those who had prophesied evil for the lovers were amazed and discomfited to find as time went on that Erle Roslyn could dare to love, marry, and be the happiest man in Christendom, without the slightest interference from the Black Vail.

INSIDE KAIRWAN.

THE march of 22,000 French soldiers on Kairwán is now a matter of history; but the motives for so much pomp of war being directed against a town, the sole defense of which was a few rusty cannons and an *enceinte* of crumbling battlements dating from the Middle Ages, constitute a mystery, for the solution of which we must probably await the autobiography of either M. Saint Hilaire or General Farre.

The story of the fall of Kairwán is a very simple one. On the 26th October, General Etienne and the Susa column appeared before it. A white flag floated on the Minár, which had witnessed so much Moslem prowess and so many Moslem victories. The Tunisian governor, Mourabat (of the Almoravides), came out to meet him. An hour afterward the tricolor floated alone on the citadel. The next day General Saussier and the Zaghonan column arrived. His soldiers entered the Tanners' Gate, marched out of the Bab el Tunis, and encamped beyond it. General Forgemol and the Tebessa column were only twelve hours behind General Saussier. His Turcos also crossed the city in triumph, and encamped outside it. On the 29th October, the whole *corps d'armée* encircled the ancient city. The next day the commander-in-chief decreed the entry of the officers of the French army into its mosques and *zaouias* (sanctuaries). The Mufti and Cadi of Kairwán had no alternative but to obey.

This order had only just been issued when I left Susa to explore the hitherto hidden treasures of Kairwán, to see sights till now hidden from Christian eyes, and to tread where Christian had never dared to enter before. My sole guide was the works of Messrs. Guérin, Pélissier and Rae; and a strong recommendation from General Lambert to General Etienne led me to hope that my voyage of discovery would not be altogether fruitless.

On the 5th of November I quitted the New Gate of Susa in early morning. It was as yet scarcely light, but during our passage across two lines of low hills covered with olive-trees, the scenes of the combats of the past five weeks were just visible. As day dawned we emerged from the olive-groves on to a wide-spreading, open plain. After two hours we began to skirt a shallow lake. This was the Sebkha Sidi el Hani—the Lake of Kairwán. Shortly afterward we came in sight of two stunted cupolas on a mound. These were the tombs of Sidi el Hani and his son. A small French camp surrounded them. A convoy had miscarried, and the soldiers made loud complaints. The wooden sarcophagi of the Moslem saints (or, perhaps, as M. Guérin terms them, *santons*) had served for firewood on the previous day. In the open plain below the tomb and the camp were nine wells, one of which at least contained drinkable water.

We pressed forward and passed a sandy ridge. Kairwán became visible in the far west; the city seemed a mere streak of white; but the Minár of Sidi Okhbah stood out in conspicuous relief against a background of purple hills. We came nearer, and countless smaller domes and minarets seemed to spring into existence. Crossing two dried-up water-courses, the principal of which is the Oued Beghla, we approached the city walls and then the Tanners' Gate (Bab el Djelladín). The governor's residence almost adjoins it.

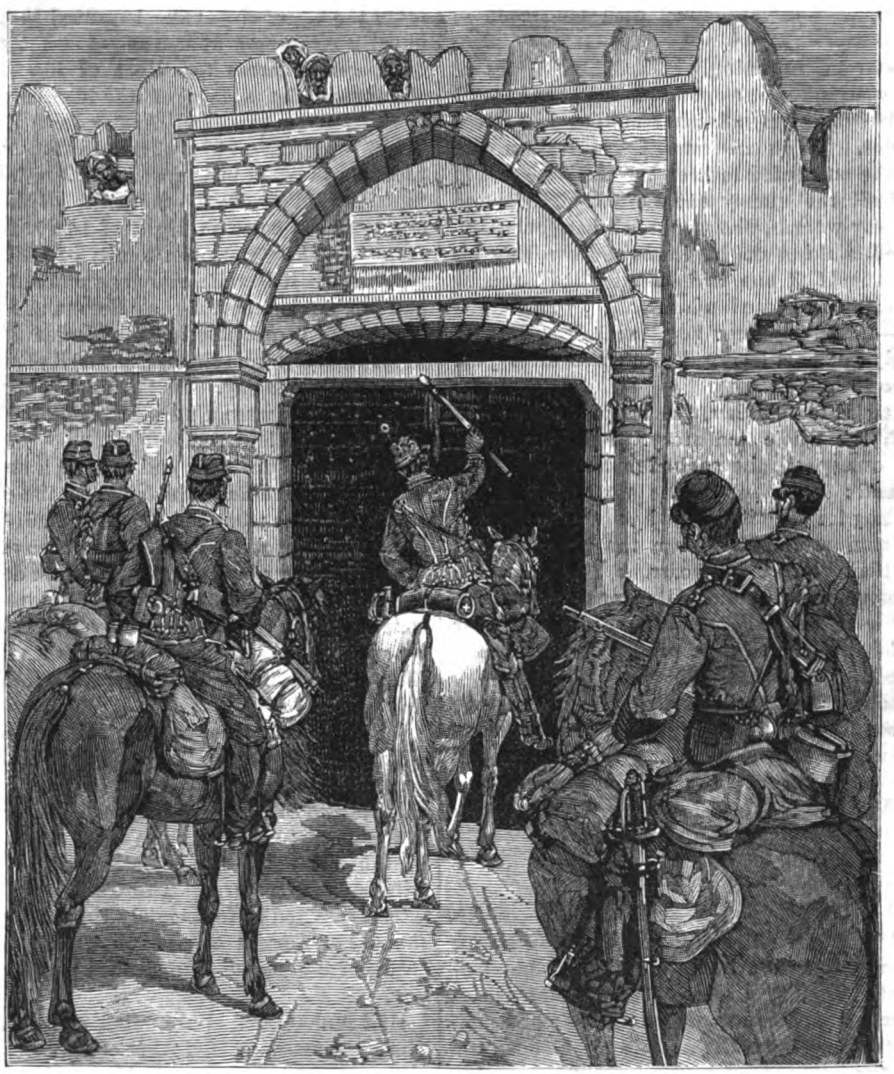
Within an hour of my arrival, Sy Amor Ben Yimes el Khaia offered me the hospitality of his house. Sy Amor was the *Khaia*, or military governor, of one of the divisions of the Slass clan, which had joined in the defense of the country; and during my stay he was chiefly engaged in the evidently uncongenial task of persuading his tribesmen to return. The Tunisian governor, whom I visited, seemed to feel acutely the humiliation of his position. His normal occupation gone, he was allowed the solace of a guard of Tunisian soldiers in receipt of French pay.

Sidi Muhammed el Mourabat comes of ancient lineage. His great ancestor, Sidi Abíd el Khiryáni, died five centuries ago, and he was of the Almoravides. The Mourabats have been guardians of his shrine ever since. Sidi Muhammed's father, Sidi Othmán, received Sir Grenville Temple in 1835. He told me, mournfully enough, that as the French had entered the mosques, he could not forbid my doing so; but he seemed exceedingly depressed. It afterward transpired that the shrine of Sidi Abíd had been that morning taken possession of to serve as the quarters for the *Commandant de la Place* and his staff.

During my six days' stay in the city the French authorities gave me every possible facility for the prosecution of my inquiries. Colonel Maulin—the occupant of the sanctuary of Sidi Abíd—procured me an authentic plan of Kairwán, just completed by the French Engineering Department; and both he and his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Walewski

(son of Count Walewski, French Ambassador at St. James's during the Empire), accompanied me in many of the visits I paid to the most noteworthy objects of interest in the last "intact Moslem town" in Africa.

The City of Kirwán has seven irregular sides, and is surrounded by a high brick wall, intersected by towers and bastions, and pierced by five principal gates and four posterns (now closed). The rampart is composed of very small, well-baked bricks, and terminates in round-headed crenellations, about a foot wide, with loopholes below for musketry. It varies in thickness from six to nine feet, and a terrace four or five feet from the top allows a line of combatants to pass along it. In some parts the *enceinte* is ruinous, in others it is in fairly good repair, and its complete circuit measures 3,125 French metres. Outside the walls are several mounds, which consist, probably, of the remains of its ancient suburbs. Three of these are now being fortified with earthworks and artillery. On every side of the town except one are large cisterns, in which a walled receptacle allows the rainwater to pass into covered vaults below. To the south of the town are its chief suburbs Kubliyeh and Jebliyeh, the latter having two gates and portions of a wall still standing. The population of the town does not exceed 14,000 souls.



LIEUT. ARTHUIS DEMANDING THE SURRENDER OF KAIRWAN.

Kairwán is technically divided into five quarters—an arrangement based apparently on a consideration of the Moslem confraternities, to which their inhabitants belong. Around the Great Mosque is the Haoumah, or Arbat Djama. Those who live there are generally followers of the religious school of Sidi Abd el Kádir el Ghiláni. In the quarters known as Chorfa, El Mahr, Jebliyeh and Kubliyeh, the inhabitants nearly all belong to the religious brotherhood of the Aïssaouia, except in the latter, where many adherents of Sidi Abdesselem are to be found. I shall have occasion to refer again to the powerful influence exercised by these great systems of semi-political, semi-religious Moslem freemasonry.

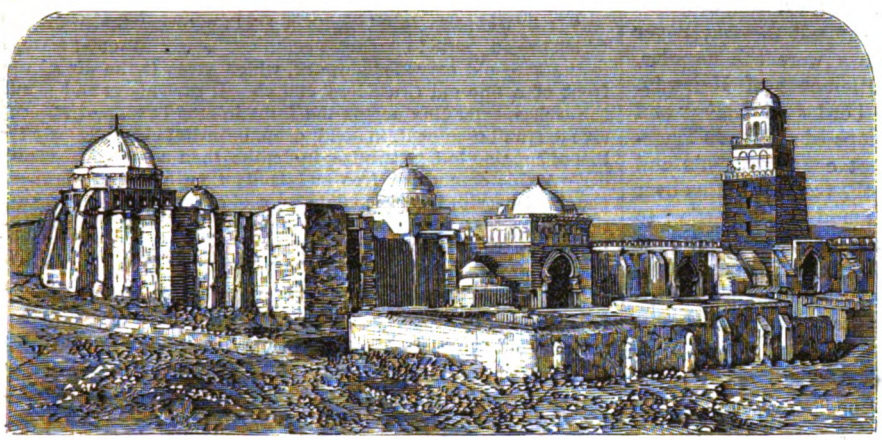
Inside the rampart runs a narrow street, but this is often traversed by the walls of inclosures adjoining the houses below. The main feature in the public and private buildings of Kairwán is the wholesale appropriation of Roman materials—Roman and Byzantine capitals, shafts and friezes meet the eye in all directions. If you draw water, the well is reached by a perforated Roman column; the very stones of the corn-mills have a similar origin, and many of the slabs now bearing Arabic inscriptions are probably reversed Roman tablets. Most of these stones are believed to have come from the neighboring ruins of Sabra, but the gorgeous pillars of the Great Mosque probably represent the architectural spoils of all North Africa. The streets of Kairwán are narrow, ill paved, and wholly devoid of any systematic arrangement. The principal thoroughfare crosses the southern portion of the city from the Tanners' Gate (Bab el Djelladín) to the Tunis Gate (Bab el Tunis), a distance of less than half a mile.

The northern quarter of Kairwán is almost wholly taken up by the Great Mosque, which is only approached by narrow lanes. The exterior has been well described by Mr. Rae, and can scarcely be said to be particularly imposing. The southeast end of the Mosque measures 85 yards. A single porch in its centre is appropriated exclusively for the entrance of the Bash-Mufti. The sides of the building are 143 yards in length, and each possesses four entrance-porches, the finest of these facing the ramparts. Mr. Rae thus describes it: "It has an outer horse-shoe arch, and an inner one which contains the door opening direct into the prayer-chamber. The exterior is a finely proportioned piece of Saracenic work; it has a row of arched panels along the upper portion of its sides, and the dome and interior of its arches are in plaster fretwork."

Midway on the same side is the sacred well of *Kefâyat* (Plenty). It is fenced in by a low wall, its aperture is lined with different-colored marbles, and tradition asserts that it communicates directly with the spring of Zemzem, at Mecca. It has scarcely ever failed to yield a plentiful supply of water.

The northwest end is somewhat narrower than that facing the southeast. It measures only seventy-five yards across, and the Minár rises in its centre. The four porches on both sides of the building correspond, and they are divided by enormous buttresses of solid masonry. The interior of the Mosque may be divided into the prayer-chamber (forty yards in length by eighty-five in breadth), the vestibule adjoining it, and a great cloistered court. The roof of the prayer-chamber is loftier than that of the vestibule, and that of

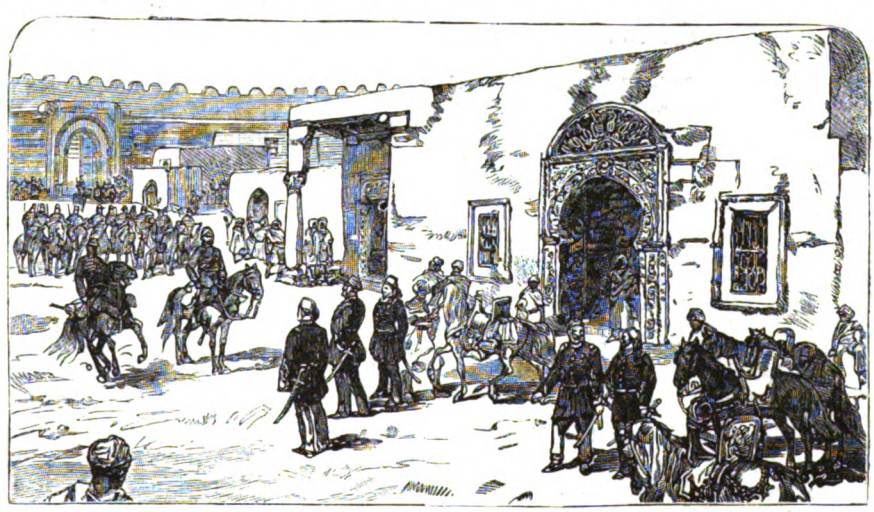
VIEW OF KAIRWAN.



GRAND MOSQUE OF OKHBAH AT KAIRWAN.

the vestibule higher than that of the court. The prayer-chamber is divided into a great central nave, with eight aisles on each side of it. These are formed by parallel rows of ten columns each, the two nearest to the eastern wall being close together. The pillars of the lesser aisles are of various-colored marble, and are about fifteen feet in height. The capitals in many cases evidently do not belong to the columns on which they rest, but they are generally of white marble or stone. From the capitals spring semi-circular arches supporting a flat ceiling of dark-colored wood. In the southwest walls of the prayer-chamber thirteen columns are imbedded in the masonry, three close together on one side of the porch and one on the other. The latter evidently came from some Byzantine church, and its capital consists of a grotesque arrangement of flowers and birds. The columns of the central nave are at least twenty-two feet high. Their arches support a wall covered with tracery, and a lofty circular roof. The nave terminates in a dome lighted by small painted-glass windows. Two groups of four columns each mainly support the weight of the cupola. The *mihráb* niche in the east stands between two red porphyry pillars of great beauty, and is lined with delicate mosaic in marble and lapis-lazuli. On one side of it is a large square of white marble covered with emblems in mosaic, and surmounted by a slab of *verde antique;* on the other stands the ancient *mimbar* or pulpit of carved dark wood, some ten feet high, and having twelve steps, and a number of small receptacles with bronze hinges below them. The pillars of the nave are arranged in groups of two or three together, and one of these clusters is worn away by the faithful squeezing themselves between them, to prove their "purity of soul."

The total number of columns in the prayer-chamber is 296. The pavement consists of small slabs of white



THE GOVERNOR OF KAIRWAN RECEIVING FRENCH OFFICERS.

marble, hopelessly broken. The vestibule is approached by seventeen elaborately carved and paneled wooden doors. When these are open the dim religious light which generally pervades the seventeen aisles disappears. The great central door is surmounted by a horseshoe arch, the head of which is filled up by fine arabesque fretwork. In the vestibule are thirty-four pillars, those in the centre being much higher than the rest. This part of the building opens on to the cloister beyond—a vast quadrangle paved with white marble, and almost entirely surrounded by a covered arcade, only broken by the Minár. This arcade contains eighty-six columns on either side, and twenty-seven at the end. The total number of the pillars in the interior of the Great Mosque is, therefore, 439, not far short of the 500 spoken of by El Bekiri—a statement usually looked upon as fabulous. In this court are several other Byzantine columns. On four of the pillars Arabic inscriptions are carved. One belongs to the fourth century of the Hegira, and its design is extremely curious.

Below the court are enormous cisterns, and in the centre an ancient sun-dial. The Minár is a massive square building of stone, consisting of three stories, one smaller than the other, and each having a battlement of round-headed crenellations. In the interior is a white marble staircase, composed of fragments of Roman pavement and ornamentation. It has 129 steps, and is about 100 feet high. The view from the summit was one never to be forgotten. Immediately below were the cupolas, terraces, tortuous streets, and battlements of Kairwán. Further on, its suburbs, with its border of *koubas* and tombs. To the west, the great camps of Generals Logerot and Forgemol, with their almost countless tents and vast convoys. Far away to the north, the mountains over which the French troops had marched on Kairwán: to the south, the hills over which the columns must now pass on their expedition toward Gabes and Gassa. Descending from the tower, I observed two Roman inscriptions at the side of the entrance. One was reversed, but apparently read thus:

HIC MAXIME IMPERA
TORIS CAESARIS N,S,
DIVI TRAJANIA.
DHEP: CAE: AEDEM.
FECERUNT.

A second was more easily decipherable:

ANTONINI FILI
AURELLIA ANTONINI
DIVI NERVAE AD
NEPOTIS
TET DEDICAVERUNT.

A few months ago, in executing some repairs outside the Mosque, a table was discovered and sent to Tunis. It is now in the possession of Mr. Reade, her Britannic Majesty's Agent and Consul-General, and bears the following inscription:

DEO PLUTONI SACR: PRO SALU
ET DDDD. NNNN. DEOCLETIA
NI ET MAXIMIANI ET CONSTANTI ET
MAXIMIANI NOB·LISIMI CAESSS CO
TEMPULUM PLUT·NIS LABSUM ET
DEDICATUM PER INSTANTIA FELICI
CAELI FORTUNATI ET . . . ONI . . . ARSVN
. . . IS . . . FD· JUB·L. ET FORTVNATVS ALIQU
TIS A·CARIUS· ET . . . IN·PO ET MAIEST CURA.

During the days I spent at Kairwán, I visited nearly every public building in the place, as well as those *extra muros;* but only about six of these edifices merit particular description. Many of the lesser tombs and *zaouias* are absolutely in ruins. There are 63 mosques and over 100 sanctuaries in and around the city, including the three *zaouias* or college-monasteries of the Kádria, Tijánia, and Aïssaouia sects. Close to the Great Mosque is the headquarters of the brotherhood of Sidi Abd el Kádir el Ghilání. It consists of a lofty cupola, and the usual entrance-hall and cloister of marble columns and arches leading to a number of conventual cells. The great door is covered with copper. The principal apartment is lighted by stained-glass windows. The chief inhabitants of Kairwán all belong to this association, which, having its headquarters at Baghdad, exercises considerable influence throughout Islam. The Kádria have always opposed French aggression; the Emir Abd el Kádir himself was one of their most zealous secretaries; and it was in this *zaouia* that, after long and serious discussions, the hopelessness of a defense was fully realized, and the chiefs of the warlike tribes of the south, still true to the traditions of their faith, were entreated to depart to save the sacred monuments of Kairwán from inevitable destruction.

Leaving the Zaouia Kádria, a short walk brought us to a remarkable building in the centre of the town—the Djáma Bon Thetha Bibán (the Mosque of the Three Doors). The exterior of this edifice is thus accurately described by Mr. Rae:

"It has a plain façade, with a triple gateway, the arches of which are supported by marble columns. . . . Its chief feature is the rare old carved stonework, which gives it the air of the front of a fine old Crusaders' church. It runs above and about the arches, extending across the front in broad bands of successive text and ornament, in solid, deep, beautiful chiseling: first a line of running foliage two feet in depth; then a band of Kufic or early Arabic characters, free and bold; then a row of alternate panels of carvings, each containing a single rose or a leaf pattern; then text and carvings alternately; and finally the moldings and corbels of the cornice."

The interior consists of one poor room, some thirty feet broad by twenty deep. Its roof is supported by sixteen columns, most of them having richly sculptured Corinthian capitals. The Creed of Islam in raised bricks, runs around the stunted Minár; and this feature is very general in nearly all the mosques of Kairwán. Almost opposite the Djáma Bon Thetha Bon Bibán is a college scarcely less important than that of the Kádria—the *zaouia* of Sidi Hussein el Aláni, the headquarters at Kairwán of the followers of Sidi Ahmíd el Tidjáni. The principal seat of this powerful confraternity is at Temássin, in the Sahara of Constantine; the Bey of Tunis is one of its affiliated members; and its teachings seem calculated, according to M. Duveyrier, to allow of an understanding, or at least a *modus vivendi*, between Christian rulers and Moslem subjects. At the gate we were received by the guardian of the *zaouia*—Sy Amor el Aláni—who explained that he had studied in the college of Tidjáni in Temássin, and had subsequently become the representative of the association at Kairwán. He said that he considered, on this account, his college entitled to very especial protection on the part of the French. The tomb of Sidi Hussein is approached through a cloister: the apartment containing the catafalque which covers his remains is surmounted by a lofty melon-shaped cupola. In the four walls there are twelve stained-glass windows, and there are sixteen others in a circular band of arabesque fretwork, from which the dome springs. The floor is paved with marble.

Just beyond this building is the College of Sidi Abdullah Ben Khút Hami. In the court, shaded by a wide-spreading fig-tree, are three fine Byzantine columns. The cupola over Sidi Abdullah's tomb and that of one of his relatives has an inner lining of perforated carving in cement, which

is singularly effective. Leaving this building, we regained the main thoroughfare just opposite the Tanners' Gate and Tunisian governor's house.

In a lane to the right is the finest specimen of Moorish architecture within the walls of the city—the sanctuary of the Almoravides, and the burying-place of the Mourabat family from the time of the Sidi Abíd el Ghryáni in A. H. 805. The entrance-door is very striking. A broad horse-shoe arch, nearly forty feet high, rests on two marble pillars, each bearing a Kufic inscription; the interior of the arch is filled up by a doorway of pure white marble, and a window with a bronze grating. Between the two runs a broad band of different-colored marbles, and the whole is framed, as it were, in a tasteful arrangement of black and white marble slabs. A vestibule leads to a finely proportioned court having two arcades, one above the other; the centre is paved with black and white marble in geometrical patterns. A white marble basin in the centre catches the rain-water and attracts the birds. The columns are of marble, the arches above of stone. At either angle is a chamber; three of these contain tombs; that of Sidi el Abíd is inclosed by bronze grating, and the catafalque above it is covered by a pall of embroidered silk and velvet. Opposite the entrance is a small mosque—the family chapel of the Mourabats—having a door on either side of a niche, lined with arabesque tracery, flanked by porphyry pillars, and surmounted by the Moslem Confession of Faith boldly carved in relief in Kufic characters on a slab of the purest white marble. The interior of the mosque presents the usual features—a flat roof, supported by sixteen Roman columns and arches, and a *mihráb* adorned with carving in hard stucco. A passage to the left of the doorway leads to a second arched cloister surrounded by conventual cells; many of its columns are fine specimens of Byzantine art. Beyond this is a small open burying-ground. The upper story of the principal court also contains thirteen small rooms.

On the day of my arrival this beautiful building was occupied by Colonel Moulin and his staff. About thirty of the smaller *zaouias* and mosques are now tenanted by French soldiers composing the garrison, as well as all the houses belonging to the Slass chieftains, who have gone to harass the French march toward the desert in the far south.

Returning to the Dar el Wazir, we passed along the great street. Nearly in the centre of the town is a covered grain-market, the roof of which rests on massive columns with large capitals. A little further on there is a cluster of three mosques, built over shops and the bazaar. The Djáma el Melik, on the left, has a lofty minaret, with the usual band of Kufic inscription in brickwork on its exterior. The Mosque of the Bey, on the opposite side of the road, has a similar tower, and in its interior are galleries, after the manner of English churches at the commencement of this century. The Djáma el Barôta, almost adjoining it, has a spacious dome of green tiles.

When we at last succeeded in obtaining an entrance to it, we found it had been converted into a mill, and a camel was turning the stones by making frequent circuits round the centre of the cupola. A relay of camels was comfortably stabled in another apartment. On either side of the street is a row of small shops. The makers of yellow-leather shoes work below the Mosque of the Bey; the coppersmiths ply a busy and noisy trade between the Djáma el Melik and the Bab el Tunis; but the carpetmakers are never seen. They are the ladies of the old and historical families of the "intact Moslem city."

Passing the *zaouia* of Sidi Abd el Selam, we soon reached the Bab el Tunis, opposite which is another small mosque, possessing no feature of interest.

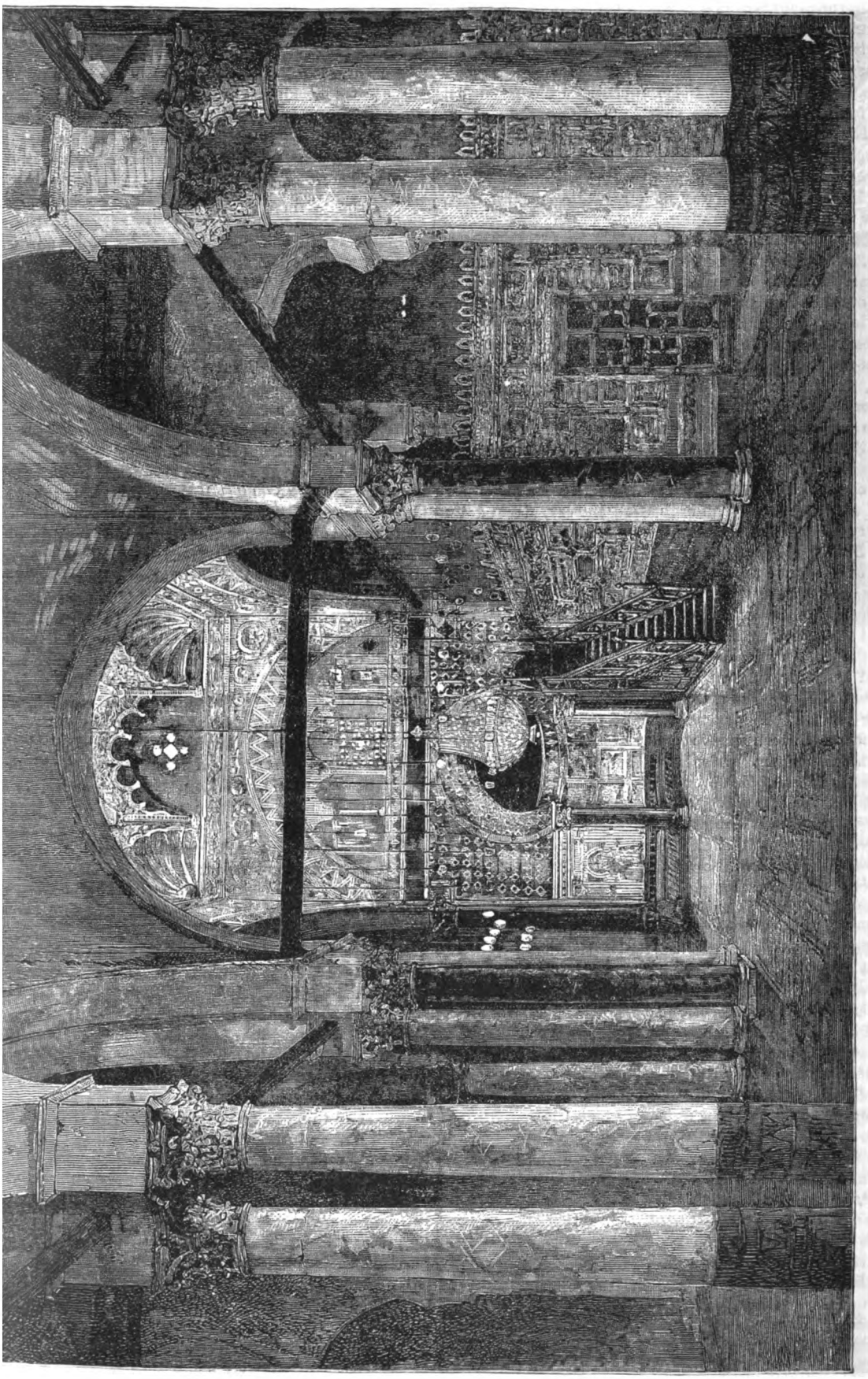
The five gates of Kairwán are called respectively the Bab el Tunis (Tunis Gate); the Bab el Khaukh (Gate of Peaches—not Greengages, as Mr. Rae imagines); the Bab el Djelladín (Tanners' Gate); the Bab el Kishlah (Citadel Gate); and the Bab Jedíd (New Gate). The first three of these gates are almost precisely similar in form, possessing an outer and an inner doorway, with an intervening court. The Bab el Tunis is the most remarkable. The outer gate consists of two horseshoe arches, resting on Roman columns. Within them is a doorway of white marble, the jambs consisting of slabs covered with exquisite inscriptions in relief, belonging either to the seventh or eighth century of the Hegira, and a tablet above recording the repair of the gate A. H. 1181.

The Bab el Djelladín was rebuilt in the same year, and the Gate of Peaches in A. H. 1180. The most modern building in Kairwán is the Kishlah, or *Kasbah*, only completed in A. H. 1283. It is on the same level as the rest of the town, and is nothing more than a large square inclosure, having crenellated walls somewhat higher than the ramparts, and a series of vaulted rooms on each side to serve as barracks. Since the 26th October the French flag has floated alone from its roof.

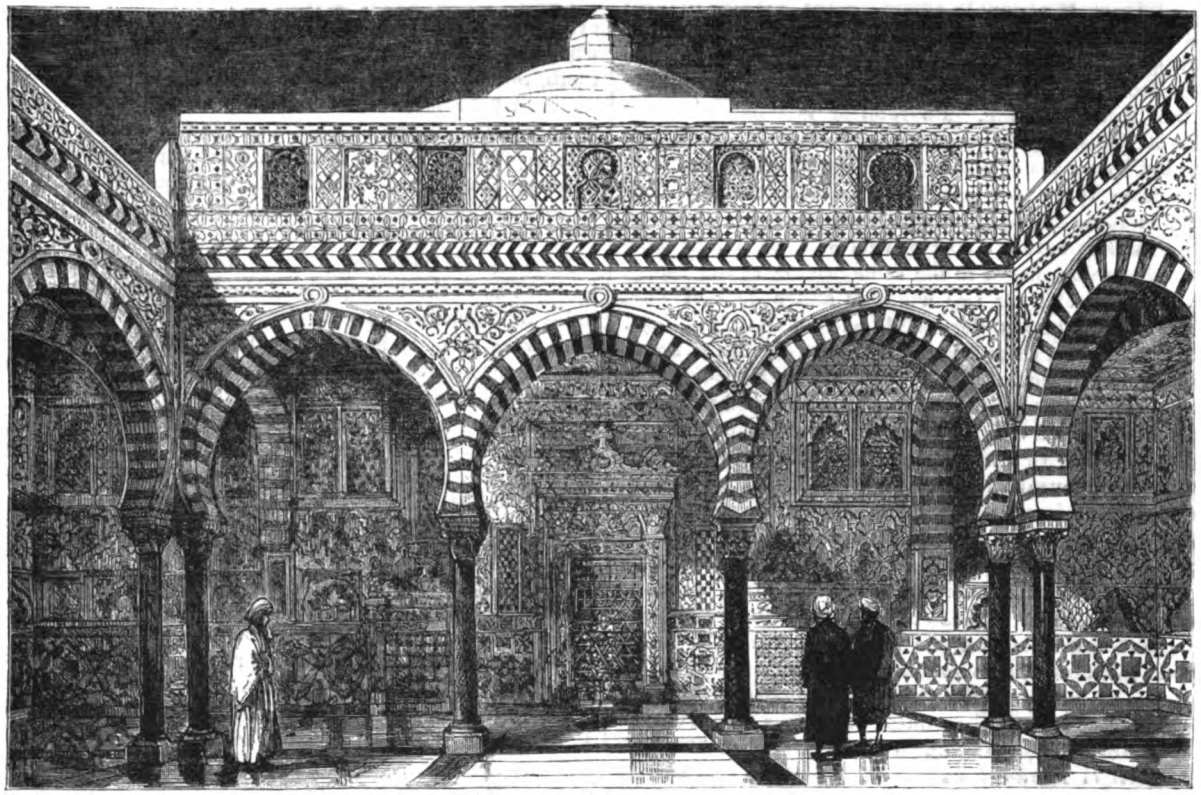
Emerging from the New Gate—either built or repaired in A.H. 1280—we entered the suburb of the Jebliyeh. Opposite the Bab Jedíd is a small mosque—the Djáma Zeitoun, evidently so called from a venerable olive-tree growing in its courtyard. This building is very ancient, and a band of ornamentation surrounding the Minár has been correctly copied by Mr. Rae. The question as to the nature of this decoration has yet to be solved. The columns in the interior evidently belong to the earliest period of Roman buildings in Africa. A narrow lane leads through the Faubourg Jebliyeh to the conspicuous mosque of Sidi Amír Abádah, quite a modern, and certainly the most eccentric, building in Kairwán. Its founder, a celebrated dervish named Amír Bed Sád ben Muftea, was at the zenith of his power at the time of the Russian war in 1854, and he possessed a complete ascendency over the mind of the reigning Bey of Tunis, Sidi Ahmed.

The Bey had already defrayed the cost of the erection of six lofty, melon-shaped, fluted cupolas, opening one into the other, when the construction of a seventh was absolutely stopped by the death of the saint and his patron. The dwelling-house of Amír Abádah, adjoining the mosque, was built just twenty-nine years ago. Beyond this, in a ford, lie four enormous anchors, measuring some sixteen feet by nine. Whether they originally belonged to a European ship-of-war or a galley of Malta, nobody knows. The people of Kairwán believe, on the word of Sheikh Amír Abádah, that they once attached the ark of Noah to Mount Ararat. Amír heard these anchors were at Porto Farina, near Tunis, and he ordered Ahmed Bey to send them to him forthwith. His request was complied with, and their transport across the sandy plain between Susa and Kairwán occupied some five hundred Arabs during five months.

During the siege of Sebastopol, Amír Abádah constructed two cannons with his own hands. He wrote to the Bey that the Prophet had appeared to him and announced that on their arrival before the beleaguered town the latter would at once surrender. They were expeditiously forwarded to Tunis, and, at the Bey's pressing request, the Sultan sent a ship to convey them to Constantinople, and thence to the Turkish camp before Sebastopol. By an extraordinary coincidence, within a few hours of their being landed the town capitulated. The fame of the last of the saints of Kairwán spread far and wide, and the



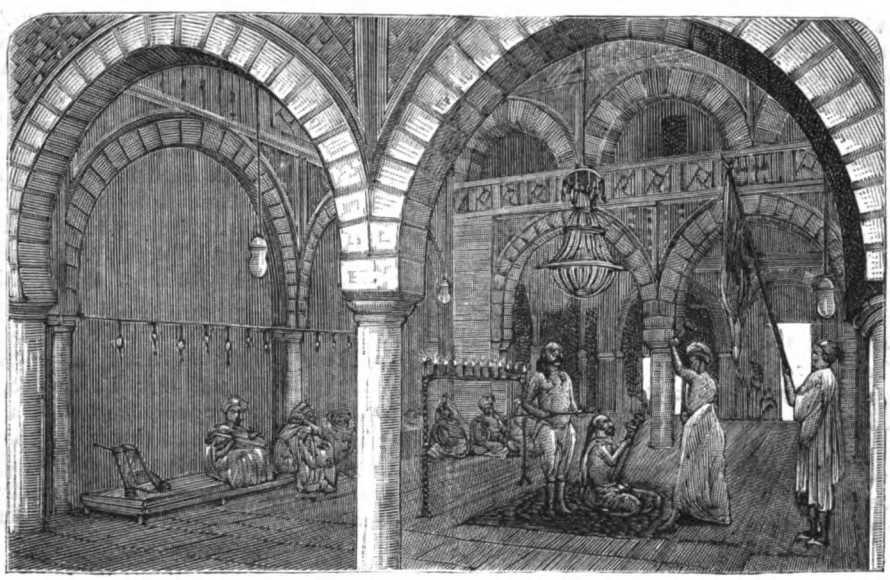
THE SANCTUARY OF THE MOSQUE OF SIDI OKHBAH, KAIRWAN.



TOMB OF SIDI ES SAHIB, MY LORD THE COMPANION.

building of the seven cupolas went on for a time rapidly enough. The Amír even asserted that his mosque was so holy that the faithful could only enter certain portions of it. Most of the domes have one or more broad bands of Arabic inscription, in raised brick, running round the interior. In the entrance-hall are several tables of wood, likewise covered with interminable Arabic inscriptions. The guardian of the sanctuary, Haj Mabruk bin Saleh Kírwáni (who is the husband of the great sheikh's only daughter), said they contained prophecies of the French occupation of the city. On inspection, however, they turned out to be an enumeration of French measures. The tomb of Amír Abádah is barely a yard long. At his head are three Russian cannon-balls, at his feet three large iron shells. Above the grave is a great carved and painted wooden case, supporting one of the famous inscribed tablets, at least twelve feet high, and a pipe of enormous dimensions, covered with writing, and having a bowl capable of containing many pounds of tobacco. Several stools around the tomb are curiously carved, and on racks against the walls are sixty enormous iron swords (weighing seventy or eighty pounds each), covered with mystical inscriptions. All the weapons were manufactured by order of Ahmed Bey at Sheikh Amír Abádah's request; and he assured that prince (the prophecy now discovered by his son-in-law notwithstanding), that as long as these swords remained in holy Kairwán, no Christian enemy could invade the Mecca of Tunis and Africa.

From the Amír Abádah mosque a walk of half a mile brought us to the grandest and most important building in Kairwán—the tomb, *zaouia*, and mosque of Abdullah ben Wadib el Belawi (*Saheb Ennabi*) "the shrine of my Lord, the Companion of the Prophet." The entrance to the sanctuary is through a doorway in the base of a *minár*, which is built in the angle of a spacious court. The exterior of the *minár* is almost entirely coated with blue and green tiles, and on either side of its upper



THE HALL OF THE AISSOUIA AT KAIRWAN.

portion there is a double round-headed window divided by a marble pilaster in the centre. Its roof is formed of bright-green tiles, terminating in a gilded crescent. The lower story of the tower forms the lobby or vestibule of the main building. Its interior is lined with the brilliant Tunisian *faïence* of the seventeenth century, surmounted by panels of arabesque fretwork. A second door opens from this apartment into an oblong cloister. The arcade running round it rests on white marble pillars and arches, and it covers a low marble seat on either side. The walls are decorated in the same fashion as the lobby. At the upper end are two windows and a door of pure white marble, highly decorated, and of Italian origin. This leads into a second vestibule crowned with a fluted cupola, each division of which is adorned with lace-like fretwork. The sides are covered with *faïence* and panels of finely chiseled carving in cement. A door at one side communicates with a mosque and two other cloisters surrounded by conventual cells. In each of the four walls of the apartment is a small window filled with old stained glass; and the circular band of arabesque design from which the melon-shaped dome springs is pierced with eight other apertures filled with colored glass, which is nearly concealed by delicate tracery, throwing a thousand variegated reflections on the marble pavement beneath. Beyond this beautiful room is a broad court surrounded by an arcade of white marble pillars, and arches supporting a wooden roof beautifully painted in squares. In a corner of the court is a cell containing a tomb. Here lies Abdullah ben Sharíf el Hindowí, and Indian pilgrim, who sought an asylum and found a grave in Kirwán a century ago. At the further end of the cloister is a doorway and two windows from Rome or Florence. Their cornices are profusely adorned with fruit and flowers, and the jambs of the door are picked out in red porphyry. A massive grating of bronze fills each window. The door itself is of carved dark wood. It led to the tomb of "my Lord the Companion," a more sacred spot, if possible, even than the *mihráb* of Okhbah himself; for here for nearly twelve hundred years has slumbered a personal friend of the founder of the faith of Islam, who lived, died, and was buried wearing always as a symbol of devotion a portion of the Prophet's beard on his breast. I was the first European who ever entered this Moslem *sanctum sanctorum*. The chamber is about twenty-one feet square, and lofty. Its walls are covered with a geometrical pattern worked out in black and white marble. Four lengthy inscriptions are imbedded in them, and the room is dimly lighted by four small windows of rose-colored and blue glass. From the cupola of fretwork hangs a grand old chandelier of twisted Venetian glass. Below this is the tomb itself, surrounded by a high grating of bronze, shut in by four marble columns about seven feet high. From a rod, on a line with the grating, hung festoons of ostrich-eggs and golden balls. The catafalque above the grave is covered by two elaborately embroidered palls: the first of black and white velvet, adorned with Arabic inscriptions in silver, was the gift of the late Ahmed Bey; the second, of pink and blue brocade, was a votive offering from Muhammed Essadek. Over these hung thirteen banners, rich in gold, silver, and needlework—the tribute of the successors of Hassan Ben Ali to the sanctuary of the Sidi Bon Awfb.

Our visit was certainly unexpected, for at least a dozen fine Arabic MSS. rested on as many lecterns of mother-of-pearl and tortoiseshell in front of the screen. The guardian of the *zaouia* could scarcely realize the fact of Christians desecrating by their presence such holy ground. Running his amber chaplet through his hands with feverish haste, he suddenly threw himself upon his face, and probably prayed to be forgiven. Some Algerian soldiers who had followed us, prostrated themselves before the tomb, and eagerly kissed the edge of the palls through the metal lattice-work. Looking at the bright white marble pillars of the cloister, my eye fell on one remarkable capital: at either corner a bird supported a Greek cross in the centre. The spoils of some fair Byzantine church had evidently been brought to honor the resting-place of the "Friend of the Prophet."

Leaving this beautiful building with regret, a short walk brought us to the necropolis of the Holy City—two square miles of countless graves. Scattered about in all directions were memorials of every shape and form; pillars of marble covered with elaborate tracery, and crowned with a wide-spreading turban; white and gray slabs bearing long and ornate inscriptions in Kufic; and monuments of every century since Kairwán was founded—lay piled one upon another in the confusion of decay. From these unequaled memorials of the past the history of Arab dominion in North Africa will probably be written.

Skirting the city walls and traversing the suburb of the Kubliyeh, passing *en route* a mosque with a *minár* almost as much out of the perpendicular as the Tower of Pisa, we come to a great *zaouia* near the Bab el Djelladín. Almost one-half of the inhabitants of Kairwán are members of the Confraternity of the Aïssaouia. The Zaouia Sidi Bon Aïssa is their sanctuary, and scene of their mystic rites. Passing into a courtyard, we were welcomed by the local chief of the sect, Sy Hamuda Ben Aïssa, who led the way to the main building.

The college of Sidi Bon Aïssa consists of a cupola some thirty feet high, flanked by two aisles containing six arches each, all of which rest on an irregular arrangement of fine old Roman shafts and capitals; both the dome and the arcade on either side of it were festooned with ostrich-eggs, gilt balls and small lamps; and on the walls were suspended the tambourines, earthenware drums, swords, metal prongs and banners, which constitute the stock-in-trade of the establisment. Nobody acquainted with the rites and practices of the Aïssaouia could even believe that the slender, olive-complexioned, gentle-mannered and courteous Sy Hamuda was the head and moving spirit of such a brotherhood as this. The Aïssaouia form one of those semi-religious Orders which, as I have stated before, render modern Islamism, as far as the North African littoral is concerned, a sort of freemasonry. The followers of other associations are to be found in all parts of the Moslem world; but the Aïssaouia belong exclusively to the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Their founder was Muhammed Ben Aïssa of Mequinez, in Morocco. Next to their headquarters at Mequinez itself, Kairwán is the most important seat of their power. As far as can be ascertained, the Aïssaouia have no decided political sympathies. Visitors in Algeria are often admitted to their rites, and they have in some places become almost as much a matter of show as dancing-girls and Arab concerts. Not so at Kirwán. Here, till the 7th of November, no Christian foot had ever passed the threshold of the Zaouia Sidi Bon Aïssa. Here its ceremonies and observances are carried out on a very imposing scale, and from Kairwán the minor congregations of southern and northern Tunis receive their instructions and commands.

The guiding principles of the Aïssaouia seems to be the greatest possible measure of self-inflicted bodily torture, coupled with the greatest conceivable amount of religious frenzy. Practical Aïssaouia only exist in North Africa; theoretical Aïssaouia are to be found in all countries. During my visit I asked Sy Hamuda if he had any objec-

tion to Europeans witnessing one of his meetings. He replied that he would welcome them with pleasure, and even organize a special assembly for their reception. In accordance with this invitation, we repaired on the following evening once more to the sanctuary of Sidi Bon Aïssa.

The hall had been evidently decked and garnished; the lamps burned brightly in the cupola amidst the golden balls and ostrich-eggs; the sheikh was clothed in a rich silk robe of office and an awe-inspiring green turban, and a row of rush-seated cane-chairs was waiting to receive the expected visitors. In ten minutes six or seven hundred Arabs filled every inch of available space. The Sheikh Hamuda took his seat in the centre, surrounded by the musicians, and an old, blind Aïssouia, guided by a little girl, came in gently from a side door and sat down beside him. The Aïssaouia themselves occupied the whole space covered by the cupola. The aisles contained the Moslem spectators of the first religious rite ever witnessed by Christian eyes in the holy city of Kairwán. Amongst the Aïssouia I noticed gray-bearded and decrepit old men, many sedate-looking shopkeepers I had previously seen in the bazaars, half a score of the Bey's soldiers, and a dozen children under twelve years of age. The sheikh struck a note on a drum; the musicians began to play a peculiar and monotonous tone, gradually increasing in intensity. After a pause several of the Aïssaouia rose, and swaying backward and forward, shoulder to shoulder, shrieked a chorus to the sound of the drums. The music quickened, and so did the chorus. Then one of the most wild-looking of the singers began to throw off his clothes, and passed down the line to urge the others to shout with renewed energy. Then one of the Tunisian soldiers (he wore the Bey's brass badge on his red cap) seized a sword and began to lacerate his stomach. The blood flowed freely, and he imitated all the cries and movements of the camel. We soon had a wolf, a bear, a hyena, a jackal, a leopard and a lion. One man knelt down before the sheikh, and holding two long prongs to his sides, insisted on their being driven into his flesh with blows of a mallet; this was done. A mere lad did the same thing. A burly Arab passed an iron skewer through the upper part of his nose, and transfixed the skin of his face below the eyes. He rushed apparently toward us. Two or three powerful men knocked him down, and held him till the sheikh laid his hands upon him and whispered some mysterious formula into his ear. Another man in quick succession swallowed more than twenty large iron nails, there being no mistake whatever as to his really doing so. A large bottle was broken up and eagerly devoured. The frenzy then became general. While one Aïssaouia plunged a knife through his cheek, another transfixed his shoulder-blades with a prong, and a third pierced his hand. A brazier of cinders was speedily emptied. Twenty different tortures were now going on in twenty different parts of the hall. Three large bushes of the thorny Indian fig or prickly-pear were eaten up in almost as many minutes; and at last, before we had time to prevent it, a living sheep was thrown into the midst of the maddened Aïssaouia; it was in a thrice torn into shreds by eager hands, and still more eager mouths, and its still quivering and bleeding flesh knawed to the bones with apparent relish. We left the college of Sidi Aïssa as quickly as we could, and the orgies waxed more furious and more horrible in our absence. I believe that the disciples of Sidi Aïssa at Kairwán number nearly one thousand, but only about fifty are fully initiated into the performance of the rites—and these all assume the distinctive cries and habits of some animal. The rest are merely honorary members, but are bound to support the common brotherhood.

The Zaouia Sidi Bon Aïssa is the last of the public buildings of Kairwán which needs description. The institution it represents is certainly not one of the least curious features of the conquered city. The inhabitants themselves seem almost stupefied by the faith which has overtaken them. Many of them asked me what England said of their misfortunes. "Tell us," they said, "what your Queen will say to our brothers in India when they know that the sanctity of our mosques and our holy places has been violated." It was useless to explain that our Ministers had been deceived. The Moslems of Kairwán, even in the hour of agony, still trust to God, the Sultan, *and* England. There is one word in every one's mouth—Tripoli. One of the chief men of the place spoke thus: "Between our Bey and the French we have little to chose. Muhammed Essadek's recent conduct has rendered him an unbeliever, and one unbeliever is as bad as another; but we never forget our allegiance to the Sultan and the Caliph: if he does his duty by us, we shall be faithful to him." The action of the Sultan is watched with far more anxiety in North Africa than people in Constantinople either know or suspect. The Arabs feel that their very existence is now in peril. If the Sultan declines to protect that faith of which he is the head, the Moslems will find a chief and Caliph who will.

The Arabs who a month ago surrounded Kairwán are now on the very frontiers of Tripoli. Into that country they will ultimately retreat. Will the Sultan's troops force back at the point of the bayonet from the Regency of Tripoli their co-religionists, whose only crime has been to defend from invasion the Regency of Tunis? Will the French follow their swift-footed foes across the boundary-line? Will Mr. Gladstone ask England to believe in sober seriousness that the Tripolitans have afforded good ground for French aggression, after the manner of his assurances about the Hamírs six months ago? Will the so-called European concert allow the absorption of Tripoli as well as Tunis into the colony of Algeria? These important questions will soon have to be answered. The Moslems of Africa await with impatience the verdict of Europe. The fall and occupation of Kairwán have raised a momentous issue between the two great rival creeds. History repeats itself; the town which produced such great results eleven centuries ago may be destined indirectly to affect once more the fate of nations.

The interest excited by this Old World city in the minds of the annalist and the archæologist is undoubtedly great, for within its walls a mine of unexplored wealth awaits them both; but, for the moment, this interest is completely eclipsed by that centred in the very grave political questions which must naturally arise from the presence of a hostile Christian force in what was once "the camp and ramparts of Islam."

St. Fiacrius, or Fiaker, the person to whom the French cab owes its name, was the son of an Irish King, and was born in the year 600. Another legend makes him the Crown Prince of Scotland, son of "Eugenius IV., King of Scotland." Pilgrimages to the relics of St. Fiacrius became very fashionable in the seventeenth century, and the coaches in which the pilgrims made their visits were adorned with a picture of the saint, either on the outside or inside. St. Fiacre was supposed to insure them against accidents. Hence the hired carriages were called *voitures de St. Fiacre*, which was afterward shortened into "fiacre."

Silk rifles have been invented by an ingenious Japanese at Tokio. They are said to be as rigid as iron weapons, while they are easy to carry, and have a very long range.

THE AISSAOUA, OR MOHAMMEDAN FANATICS.

MRS. DESMOND'S AMBITION. —"'CAPTAIN THORNTON, I HAVE LISTENED LONG ENOUGH; YOU FORGET TO WHOM YOU ARE SPEAKING.' 'DO YOU WISH TO UPSET THE BOAT?' ASKED LAWRENCE, VERY QUIETLY."

MRS. DESMOND'S AMBITION.

It was one of those delicious Spring days when one longs for cool, shadowy woods and the soothing murmur of the sea; at least, so thought Lucy Desmond, lying on the sofa in her mother's pretty blue-curtained boudoir.

A tantalizing glimpse of blue sky seen through the half-closed blinds, and the slender vase of violets on the toilet-table, intensified this longing, and a shade of dissatisfaction darkened the lovely face, so wonderfully perfect in every feature, albeit a little too thin and pale just then.

Mrs. Desmond watched her anxiously. No one, seeing the commanding figure and high-bred face of Mark Desmond's widow, would have imagined that she had been born and brought up in an obscure New England farm-house. Thanks to her husband's reticence and her own diplomatic powers, she had kept this a profound secret, even from her own daughter.

With a sudden fear at her heart, Mrs. Desmond crossed the room, and laid her shapely white hand on Lucy's forehead.

"What is it, mamma? Oh, I know; you think I am ill—seriously ill; but, in fact, I am only tired, worn out with gayety and excitement."

"Shall we go to Newport, dear?"

"I don't think I could stand Newport and crowds of people. Let us try some out-of-the-way place, where we can run around in calico dresses and sun-bonnets."

"You would have a very dull Summer, Lucy."

"Just what I need, mamma. Kate Benedict went to Dinford Harbor last year, and she says it is delightful—such air and waves! She staid at a quaint little farmhouse with a family named Thorn, or Thornton—good-hearted, simple-minded kind of people. I wish you would write to them."

Mrs. Desmond hesitated; she had planned a brilliant season at a fashionable resort, and in her heart detested rustic simplicity with all the fervor of which her cold nature was capable.

It was with evident reluctance that she finally yielded.

"It shall be as you wish, child; I will write to the Thorntons immediately."

"If it wasn't so warm, I think I could dance the Tarantula," said Lucy, with brightening eyes.

Mrs. Desmond smiled dubiously, but she wrote the letter; for, having made up her mind what to do, she was anxious to have the matter settled and Lucy's mind at rest.

In a few days came the answer, stating that Sarah Thornton would be very happy to accommodate Mrs. Desmond, provided she could put up with their plain style of living, etc.

"That means salt pork and potatoes, I suppose, or worse still, a couple of miserable rooms with low ceilings and rag-carpeted," said the widow, smiling at the old-fashioned chirography.

"I like the whole tone of this letter, mamma. It is honest. I suppose these rustics stand very much in awe of city people?"

"We shall see," replied Mrs. Desmond, oracularly.

* * * * * *

Dinford Harbor was at its best when the two ladies drove up to the old beach farmhouse, for earth, sea and sky were bathed in the light of a glorious sunset.

Mrs. Thornton stood waiting at the gate, looking so cheerful and good-humored that Lucy thought her handsome in spite of her homespun dress and gingham apron.

She ushered them into one of those airy, white-curtained rooms that are never seen save in a well-ordered country household, and the instant they were left alone the mother and daughter exchanged glances of approval.

"The ceiling is high, and, thank heaven, they do not disdain easychairs," was the comment of the elder lady as she sank into the nearest, with a sigh of weariness.

"And look, mamma, what wide windows, and facing the bay, too! and flowers on the toilet-table; how prettily they are arranged! I wonder who did it?"

"Do sit down, child; you are completely worn out."

But Lucy had flown to the window, with a cry of delight. It was, indeed, a pretty sight, that broad fair harbor, placid and smiling in the waning golden light, and flecked here and there by snowy sails. On the right, the village with its gleaming white houses and spires, and, beyond, a ridge of purple hills.

"Around this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise,"

quoted Lucy, rapturously. "Come, mamma, you must not miss this," looking over her shoulder and smiling radiantly.

She turned quickly at the sound of a boat's keel on the beach, to see a young man, followed by an immense Newfoundland dog, leap lightly from a skiff and advance toward the house.

"Well, Lawrence, what luck?" called a cheery voice.

For answer he held up a string of magnificent fish.

"They are beauties!" Then, in a lower tone, "They have come, Laurie."

"Whew! when?"

"Half an hour ago."

"You were right, after all. I had no idea they would come."

"Are you hungry, Lawrence?"

"As a bear; and so is Alan," bending to caress the dog.

"All the better. Alice has made your favorite short-cake."

They disappeared, and Lucy turned to find her mother at her side.

"He must be a sailor, mamma."

"Probably," Mrs. Desmond replied, absent-mindedly.

She was thinking strange, unwelcome thoughts; a vision had confronted her—that of a gray-haired woman, whose eyes of sorrow and reproach sent a thrill through her veins. It was a very gentle face—that of her mother, whom she had first deserted and then very nearly forgotten. She had died, the neighbors said, of sheer sorrow and disappointment, but that could not be, thought Louise Desmond, with a shudder, for had she not sent her money from time to time? What more could she do? What was it that the waves were saying?—Retribution!"

Long after Lucy had fallen asleep that night the troubled woman lay awake, wishing that she had never come to Dinford Harbor. She had been opposed to it from the first, and that long journey in the stagecoach had completely upset her nerves. Thus she reasoned with her better nature.

When Lucy awoke the next morning, it was with a keen sense of pleasure in her new surroundings. She made her simple toilet quickly, and ran down-stairs with a light step and a lighter heart.

The kitchen-door stood open, and peeping in, she saw a pretty sight. The daughter of the house, with her white arms bared to the elbow, was making rolls for breakfast, and at the open window sat father and son—the former contentedly smoking his pipe, and the other mending fishing-tackle. The morning-glories outside peeped in with cheerful faces, enjoying it all as much as anybody.

Lucy would have gone quietly away, but the old farmer called out, cheerily:

"Come right in, Miss Desmond."

In a few moments Lucy found herself sitting at the window directly opposite the handsome brown face and deep-blue eyes of Captain Thornton.

"His eyes are just the color of the sea," thought Lucy, with inward approval.

"How delicate she looks, and yet how lovely!" said Lawrence to himself, trying to go on with his work.

Miss Desmond looked out of the window very steadily for a few minutes.

"Tick-tack," said the old-fashioned kitchen-clock. "I know a bank where the wild thyme grows," sang Alice, softly, under her breath.

Lucy stretched out a thin little hand, and seizing a branch of morning-glories, lightly brushed the dew from their pink-and-azure cups. At that moment she met the young sailor's eyes, watching her with amused interest.

"I was trying to think of something to say," she said, naïvely.

"So was I," with a hearty laugh.

After that the conversation flowed smoothly—"too smoothly," thought Mrs. Desmond, as she passed the window and caught a glimpse of the two animated faces.

"Never been on board a schooner!" he was saying, in surprise. "Then you must not fail to visit the *Elizabeth*—plenty of time, though, for we don't sail in six weeks or more."

"What presumption!" thought Louise Desmond, mentally resolving to chide her daughter; but, on second thought, deciding that nothing could be more unwise.

"I had better say nothing. Lucy is so obstinate when roused."

But when, as the day passed on, a friendship sprang up between the three young people, the proud woman began to feel a sense of growing uneasiness.

One morning Lawrence entered the sitting-room, where the girls were arranging freshly cut flowers.

"Would you like to go over to Dinford? It is cool and pleasant at sea."

"I cannot, for I must help mother with the baking," said Alice, regretfully.

In answer to his pleading look, Lucy seized a large sunhat, and declared herself ready.

From the window of her room, Mrs. Desmond saw them enter the skiff; her first thought was to call them back, and she half opened the blinds for that purpose. Then came a second consideration, and a scornful smile curved her lips.

"Why should I care? If Lawrence Thornton so far forgets his position as to speak love to my daughter, so be it. Lucy, with all her apparent simplicity and democratic tastes, would never be so mad as to accept him."

Out on the harbor glided the little boat, and Lucy, bending to dip her fingers in it, said, softly:

"How blue the water is to-day! It reminds me of Lake Geneva."

Her companion looked steadily at the downcast face and willowy figure; even the knot of blue ribbon at the fair, girlish throat and the blush-rose at her waist-belt did not escape his notice.

"It reminds me that I shall soon see nothing else. I sail next week, Miss Desmond."

"So soon?"

It was the tone, not the words, that made Lawrence lose his head. He turned very white, indeed, and stopped rowing abruptly.

"Is it too soon?"

"It is coming," thought Lucy, and for a moment she was stricken dumb; but, recovering herself in an instant, she said, quietly:

"Do you see that lovely bank of clouds, Captain Thornton? Does it not remind you of Emerson's 'Midsummer'?"

Lawrence colored and bit his lip; then he spoke right out in his downright, manly way:

"I have never read Emerson, Miss Desmond. I am a man without education—at least, what you would call education."

"But you have a quick eye and ear for all that is beautiful?" said the young girl, quickly.

"You are right—the worse for me, perhaps."

It was coming, after all. Lucy dropped her head and blushed faintly.

"Will you do me a favor, Miss Desmond?"

His voice was steady now.

"Name it," with a shy upward look.

At that moment she was simply irresistible. Lawrence dropped the oars and seized the hand that hung listlessly at her side.

"Lucy," he said, eagerly, "I had only intended to ask you to go on board the *Elizabeth*. I wanted to carry away with me the memory of your standing on the deck, but something in your face just now has given me courage to say more. If you will give me hope I will not go at all. I know how little I can offer you, but——"

"Stop!" interrupted Lucy, imperiously. "You must not say another word."

Lawrence grew very white and calm.

"Having gone so far, I must go on," he said, manfully. "I do not know how long I have loved you—it must have been since I first saw you."

No answer.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Lucy?" His tones trembled, and, notwithstanding her mother's teachings, Lucy Desmond had a heart.

She dropped her face in her hands and said, in a smothered whisper:

"I never meant to lead you on to this."

"Then you reject me?" in a tone of ominous quiet.

She bowed her head in silence.

"Then God forgive you!"

Forth flashed all the pride of the Desmonds.

Lucy rose impetuously, and as she did so the rosebud at her belt fell, and was crushed beneath her feet.

"Captain Thornton, I have listened long enough; you forget to whom you are speaking."

"Do you wish to upset the boat?" asked Lawrence, very quietly, and meeting her scornful glance unflinchingly.

She sank back in the seat like a chidden child, hiding her face in her hands.

"You are right," continued Lawrence. "I forgot that I was speaking to a woman of the world, and one who shares all the prejudices of her class; but much as you despise my love, you cannot despise it more than I do."

Lucy lifted her tear-stained face and held out her hand imploringly.

"Forgive me, Lawrence; do you not—can you not see that what is suffering to you is remorse to me. I am trampling on my own heart!"

"So much the worse!" with a grim smile. "If I thought your conduct had been prompted by mere girlish coquetry I might overlook it. Evidently you would trample on your own heart as remorsely as you have just set foot on that poor little flower, rather than sacrifice one inch of your pride!"

"Go on, Captain Thornton; you have a right to reproach me, and when will you find a better opportunity?"

A deep red flush replaced the pallor of Lawrence's face.

"I beg pardon, Miss Desmond. "I was a brute to speak as I did—forget it if you can."

Silence after that, broken only by the steady dipping of the oars. A great hush fell upon the face of Nature, and it seemed to Lucy Desmond that even the waves lapped mournfully against the side of the little boat, as if they were saying:

"All is ended—all is ended."

* * * * * *

The following days were very uneventful. Lawrence spent most of his time out of doors, and when at home treated Lucy with a good-humored courtesy, which nettled while it puzzled her.

One afternoon—it was Tuesday, and the sun had been hidden by low-lying black clouds since twelve o'clock—Lawrence took his mother and sister on board the *Elizabeth*, and the two ladies were left to their own devices.

"Will you come down to the beach, mamma?"

But Mrs. Desmond did not even look up from her novel, so Lucy went alone, glad to escape from the dead monotony of the house.

High and dry on the beach lay the little skiff in which she had taken so many pleasant rows. Near it was a little negro boy making a fortification of sand and oyster-shells, stopping every now and then to survey his work with a chuckle of delight.

Lucy held out a piece of coin with a smile.

"Will you help me shove off this boat?" she asked, pleasantly.

Pete doffed his ragged cap with a grin, but remonstrated.

"Missee better not go. Big storm comin' over thar."

But Lucy persisted, and between them both they managed to get the boat into the water.

Out alone on the harbor, Lucy began to row with a sense of keen delight.

"How infinitely better than moping in the house!"

On and on she went, with the tide ebbing fast, and she half rowing, half drifting with it

By-and-by a huge drop of rain fell upon her hand, and awakening instantly to a sense of danger, she tried to turn the skiff around, but already the wind was too much for her feeble strength.

Losing all presence of mind, she dropped the oars with a cry of fear, and away they went, far beyond her reach. Her last hope gone, the poor girl dropped her face in her hands, that she might not see the threatening sky above her. Meanwhile, the Thorntons, seeing the storm approaching, had returned to the house.

"Going to be a bad night—hey, Lawrie?" said the old farmer, as they seated themselves at the tea-table.

At that moment Mrs. Desmond appeared in the doorway.

"Is Lucy here?" she asked, in the gracious, silvery voice so like her daughter's.

Mr. Thornton and his wife looked at one another in alarmed silence, but Lawrence was on his feet instantly.

OUT IN THE RAIN.

"When did you see her last?"

"Not since three o'clock," said the widow, growing very pale and beginning to tremble. "I thought she was with you."

"Oh, Lawrie, the skiff is gone!" cried Alice, from the window.

Mrs. Desmond began to moan and wring her hands.

THE MAKING OF TAPESTRY.—SPECIMEN OF THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.—SEE PAGE 552.

Down she sank in all her delicate silk and laces, and buried her face in her hands, praying and imploring that her darling might be saved.

"Comfort her, mother," said the captain, hurriedly.

"Where are you going, my boy?" she asked, seizing his arm.

"To save or die with her!"

He bent and kissed her wistful face, and hurried out into the gathering darkness.

* * * * * *

How long she had been drifting out toward the terrible sea, Lucy could not have told. It seemed hours to the terrified girl, who knew that to that fearful voyage there could be but one ending.

"I am so young to die!" she moaned, and then instinctively cried out: "Lawrence! help me! help me!"

The answer came, clear and distinct above the tumult of wind and wave:

"Courage, I am coming!"

She looked eagerly around, and could just discern the outline of a boat. Presently Lawrence's strong arms were around her. She clung to him wildly, sobbing for joy.

"How good of you to come!"

"Did you not know that I would?" he asked, tenderly, holding her close.

"Yes," she said, simply, with a sigh of content.

Presently she lifted her face from his broad shoulder.

"Are we going home now?"

"No, dear; I can do nothing in such a storm."

"Then we must die."

He could not answer, but she understood.

"Lawrence, I have been very worldly, and have sinned against you, but if you forgive me, God surely will. I am not afraid to die."

They were the last words spoken between them, for the next flash of lightning revealed the little boat completely overturned, and at that moment two bright young lives went out of this world into the next, and Louise Desmond was left desolate indeed.

* * * * * *

But she knows it not. Judgment is tempered with mercy; and when they told her that Lucy was no more, she smiled vacantly, and said:

"I do not understand. My daughter has gone away for a little while, but she will come back very soon."

She has never left Dinford Harbor, for when her friends came to take her away, she resisted.

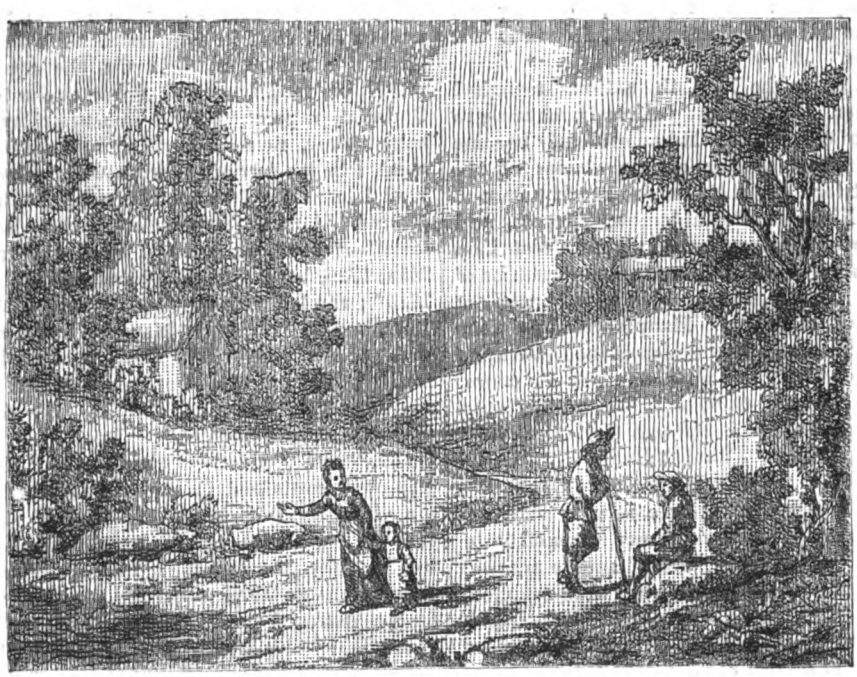
"Lucy will expect to see me here."

So they left her to the care of the kindly Thorntons, whose sorrowful hearts went out to the widow in her affliction.

Sometimes she will go down to the beach and sit for hours, with a happy, dreamy smile upon her face. If any one asks her what she sees, she will say:

"A sail! A white sail coming swiftly toward me! It may be Lucy!"

Always happy and expectant. Verily in this case judgment is tempered with mercy!



SPECIMEN OF PAINTED TAPESTRY WORK.

THERE is, it is said, a theatre in Berlin which gives performances at half-past six o'clock in the morning during pleasant Summer days. The price of admission is low, and 2,000 to 3,000 persons are often present at these representations.

BIBLE NAMES.

The Reformation threw one class of names into the cold shadow of neglect and oblivion, but it took care to fill up the gap with an assortment of its own selection. We may set down the interval between 1580 and 1720 as the most curious era in the history of personal names, whether of this or any other country. The more I have studied the English baptismal registers of the seventeenth century—and I may say, without boasting, few have studied them more frequently than I—the more profoundly am I convinced that no other revolution of a religious or social character in the annals of nations can present claims to eccentricity equal to that which, beginning with the Reformation, found its climax in the Puritan Commonwealth. Alas! I can only touch upon the subject here, but I could easily fill book a with instances gleaned by myself in a not very long life. Friends interested in the same pursuit, I must add, have also helped me; not to mention *Notes and Queries*, that storehouse of treasures to antiquaries of every bent.

The first signs of serious change betrayed themselves at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. The English Bible rested in English hands. But it was a new book. Names familiar enough in 1877, but probably heard of for the first time in 1577, were drawn forth from their concealment, and made to subserve the new impulse of the nation. It was then that the minister at the font had to begin reregistering such names as "Abacucke Harman," "Sydrach Sympson," "Phenenna Salmon," "Gamaliel Capell," "Archelaus Gifford," "Melchizedek Payne," "Dyna Bocher," or "Zebulon Clerke." It was as if the Bible were a new country full of verdant tracks, and as they passed through each plucked the flower that pleased him most. By the time King James came to the throne, "Phineas," "Philemon," "Uriah," "Aquila," "Priscilla," and "Hilkiah" had become the rage. Before he died, Harry had fallen into neglect, Ralph and Guy were utterly despised, and names like Hamlet, or Hamnet (Shakespeare's son was Hamnet), or Avice, or Douce, or Warin, or Drew, or Fulke, had gone down like sodden logs in a stagnant pool. Whether they will come into use again is very doubtful. Only national caprice can do it; but that, we know, can do anything. That Advice, so pretty and simple as it is, should have disappeared, I cannot but think a national loss.

By the time of Charles the First, the national taste had gone a degree further. It becomes positively amusing to study the registers of this period. It had evidently become a point of respectability among certain classes of the community to select for their children the rarest names of Scripture. John, Nicholas, Bartholomew, Thomas, and Peter, though Scriptural, were tabooed; a stain rested on them, as having been in the Calendar during centuries of Popish superstition. In fact, the Apostles were turned out for having kept bad company. Many seemed to have rested their claim to thorough knowledge of the Bible upon the rarity of the name they had discovered in its pages. Thus I find "Ebedmeleck Gastrell," whose Christian name only occurs once in the Scriptures (Jer. xxxviii. 8). "Epaphroditus Houghton," "Othniell Haggat," "Apphia Scott," "Tryphena Gode," "Bezaliel Peachie," are cases in point. If a child were styled by a new, quaint, unheard-of title, as a matter of course it was assumed to be from the Bible. From the appearance of such a name as "Michellaliell," I fancy tricks of this kind were common.

A further stage of eccentricity was reached when it became fashionable to emphasize the doctrine of original sin by affixing to the new-born child a Scripture name of ill-repute. The reader can have no conception how far this was carried. In the street Dinahs and Absaloms walked had-in-hand to school; Ananiases and Sapphiras groveled in the dirty courts and alleys; and Cains took Abels to pluck flowers in the rural lanes and meadows, without thoughts of fratricide. Archbishop Leighton, son of a much persecuted Presbyterian minister, had a sister Sapphira. The acme of eccentricity was reached in the case of *Milcom* Groat, whose Christian (!) name was "The abomination of the children of Ammon." It may be seen in the State Papers (Domestic). I am furnishing all these names haphazard from my note-books. In the dame's school the twelve patriarchs could all have answered to their names through their little red-cheeked representatives who lined the wall, unless, maybe, Simeon or Reuben stood on a separate seat with the dunce's cap on! But the strangest freak of all is still to be recorded. We have all heard of Praise-God Barebones. Hume, in his History of England, asserts that his brother bore the long name of "If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-condemned Barebones." What the historian adds to this I will not repeat, for fearing of seeming irreverent. Many have supposed this to have been a case of mere exceptional eccentricity. Nothing of the kind. It was not an uncommon custom for a man or woman after conversion to reject with horror the pagan name of "Harry" or "Dick," which their godparents had imposed upon them, and be known henceforth as "Replenish," or "Increase," or "Abstinence," or "Live-well." Of course, if they married after this, they spared their children the necessity of any such alteration by furnishing them with personal appellations of this character at the outset.

The earliest specimens of this peculiar spirit will be found in the reign of Elizabeth—that is, within a score of years or so of the Reformation and the gift of an open English Bible; so we must not suppose it was wholly an institution of what we may term the Cromwellian period. It reached its climax then, nothing more. In the Elizabethan "Proceedings in Chancery" may be seen such names as Virtue Hunt, Temperance Dowlande—Temperance was one of our most popular names for a hundred and fifty years—Charitie Bowes, and Lamentation Chapman. Lamentation would easily be affixed to a child whose mother had died in childbirth. Ichabod has often been given for a like reason. On the contrary "Comfort" would be readily seized upon under circumstances of Christian or parental joy. The other day I was in Tewkesbury Abbey, now undergoing restoration, and, as is my wont, I began ferreting for peculiar names. In a churchyard I instinctively walk like a dog with my nose to the ground. Almost immediately, I came across two "Comforts"—"Comfort, wife of Abram Farren, died August 24th, 1720," and "Comfort Pearce, died November, 17th, 1715"; the latter was granddaughter of the former. Miss Holt, whose "Mistress Margery" and other sound and well-written stories will have been read by most of my readers, told me not long ago that she had seen in the register of St. James's, Piccadilly, the following entries: "Repentance Tompson," "Loving Bell," "Obedience Clark," and "Unity Thornton"; "Nazareth Rudde," also, was contained in the same record. This reminds me of "Jerrico Segrave" in a Derbyshire record. In that county it was very possible for Bible place-names to be thus incorporated into personal nomenclature. Among the ruder peasantry it was a common custom—a custom dating from the Reformation—to have their child baptized by the first name the eye lighted on after the parent had let the family Bible fall open upon the table. A

clergyman not long ago, asking in the Baptismal Service "What name?" received the whispered rejoinder, "Ramoth Gilead." Naturally enough, he inquired, *sotto voce*, "A boy or a girl?" A curious instance of this general class is to be found in the case of Frewen, Archbishop of York, who died in 1664. He was the son of a Puritan minister in Sussex; his Christian name was "Accepted," and his younger brother was "Thankful." It is from this epoch that we must date the origin of some of our prettiest, if not now most popular, names for girls: "Grace," "Faith," "Hope," "Charity," "Truth," and "Prudence." All these have survived the era in which they, and a hundred longer and less simple terms, were introduced; and if they are now getting out of favor, it is only one more proof that the fashions in detail, as well as the fashions generally, of this world, undergo silent, it may be, but inevitable change.

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE FRENCH CONQUEST OF ALSACE.

As showing something of the spirit with which the Germans of the nineteenth century still look upon the exploits of Louis XIV. at Strasburg, a citation may be here given from a recent historical work, purporting to sketch the fall of the city into French hands, for the present generation of younglings happily going to school under the ægis of Kaiser Wilhelm I. The book bears the simple title, "The Robbery of Strasburg."

"Through constant flattery on the part of his courtiers, the idea entered into the head of Louis XIV. that he was the greatest of Kings, ordained to hold universal sway; just as, later, the same idea possessed Napoleon I. By means of his chief-general, Turenne, he devastated and bathed in blood the Palatinate—the beautiful, fertile garden of Germany—carrying off all the plunder he could lay hands on. Then he turned his attention upon Alsace, and ordered its seizure on the ground that the safety of his kingdom, the honor and majesty of his crown required it. Without any cause, and in pure cold-blooded malice, he took all these steps, and they were carried out by Marshal Turenne and Minister Louvois in such a barbarous way as would have caused even Huns to blush. He told his minister that it was necessary to stamp out Lutheranism in Alsace, in order that it might again be wholly Catholic, and that with Turenne and the Church on his side he was convinced that this could be accomplished in spite of all the other Powers. Louvois suggested that a pretext for the seizure could be had in the assumed willingness of the Alsatians to be united with France; and if they should prove refractory, then the "reunion" would all the same be effected, because it was the sovereign will of his Majesty. That would be all-sufficient, and it would be, moreover, an easy matter to get the Bishop of Strasburg to lend a helping hand toward the occupation of that city. Strasburg, especially, was the cherished aim of the King. Have it he must, and unscrupulously he authorized his minister to enter into negotiations with Prince Furstenberg, the bishop, to secure his aid at any price in furtherance of the plan. An interview between the King and the Bishop was then brought about, and it was in this interview that the latter, though a full-blooded German Prince, consented to sell his country and his native city—the pearl in the necklace of German cities—to France for a large pension, and additional princely honors duly guaranteed to him. And that did a German Prince, a bishop, the arch-enemy of his country, on the plea that, so soon as he should raise his voice and proclaim the seizure of Strasburg the act of God, its citizens would acquiesce in it! He professed that the act would be welcome in the eyes of heaven, because, since the Reformation, the famous cathedral of the city had been in the hands of Lutherans, and it was indispensable for the good of the citizens that such heretical hands should no longer be allowed to ring its bells or desecrate its altars. The bargain was finally consummated, the bishop set his agents to work to intrigue, the Catholics zealously prosecuted the enterprise, many Lutheran families were banished, and very soon the Royal troops entered the city, again officially proclaimed Catholic, and took possession of it along with Alsace, in the name of the French crown. The bishop received his reward—a life pension and the favors of the King and his court. Thus was the shameful usurpation done: Alsace, the heart of Germany, Strasburg, the heart of Alsace, was excised, and, as without the heart the circulation of the blood ceases, so did that portion of our Rhineland from that day wither and decay. In virtue of the capitulation-treaty with the municipality, the French army, 15,000 strong, on the 30th September, 1681, at 4 P.M., made its entry into Strasburg."

RECENT FRENCH CABINETS.

France has been making a good deal of history under the existing Republican *régime*, if setting up and knocking over a great many statesmen and cabinets be making history. M. de Freycinet's is the eighteenth Ministry which has undertaken the conduct of public affairs since the downfall of the Empire, not quite eleven and a half years ago. This gives us an average rate of consumption of one cabinet for every eight months, turning out about one immortal statesman, let us say, every three weeks:

1.	Favre (Trochu and Gambetta)	Sept. 4, 1870.
2.	Favre (Thiers)	Feb. 19, 1871.
3.	Dufaure	Aug. 2, 1871.
4.	Dufaure (reconstructed)	May 18, 1873.
5.	Duke of Broglie (MacMahon)	May 25, 1873.
6.	Duke of Broglie (remodeled)	Nov. 27, 1873.
7.	General de Cissey	May 22, 1874.
8.	Buffet	March 10, 1875.
9.	Dufaure	March 9, 1876.
10.	Jules Simon	Dec. 12, 1876.
11.	Duke of Broglie	May 17, 1877.
12.	General Grimaudet de Rochebouet	Nov. 23, 1877.
13.	Dufaure	Dec. 13, 1877.
14.	Waddington (Grévy)	Feb. 4, 1879.
15.	Freycinet	Dec. 28, 1879.
16.	Jules Ferry	Sept. 23, 1880.
17.	Gambetta	Nov. 15, 1881.
18.	Freycinet	Jan. 31, 1882.

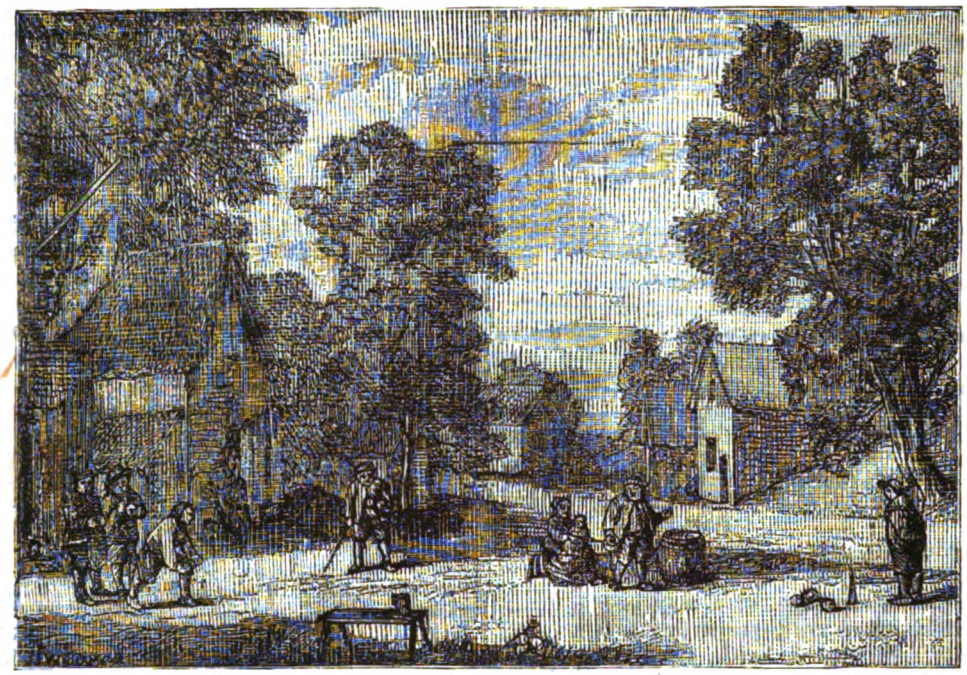
The longest in making of these ephemeral Cabinets, Gambetta's "great Ministry," it will be seen, lasted very little longer than the already quite forgotten Ministry of General Grimaudet de Rochebouet, which the Chamber incontinently refused to recognize. Of these Ministries only two or three have identified themselves with important or interesting events, and it is not of good augury for the Republic that the great majority of them have busied themselves mainly in what irreverent Frenchmen call the confection of pap for cats.

Lotos-eaters.—The title of a poem by Alfred Tennyson, first printed in 1830. It is an allegory full of picture and music, which figures forth the tendency to abandon the battle of life, to retire from a fruitless, ever-renewed struggle. Lotos-eaters in the "Odyssey" are described as people who ate of the lotos-tree, the effect of which was to make them forget their friends and homes, and to lose all desire of returning to their native country, their only wish being to live in idleness in Lotus-land.

> "How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
> With half-shut eyes ever to seem
> Falling asleep in a half-dream!"

Hence the term lotos-eater is applied to one who cares for nothing more than to live in ease, luxury and retirement —"the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Marseillaise Hymn.—The words and music are ascribed to Rouget de Lille or L'Isle, a French engineer officer, who composed it at the request of Marshal Luckner, in 1791, to cheer the conscripts at Strasburg. It derived its name from a body of troops from Marseilles marching into Paris, in 1792, playing the tune. The author was pensioned by Louis Philippe, 1830.



ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR TAPESTRY-WORK.

THE MAKING OF TAPESTRY.

EVERYTHING connected with the making and the original manufacture of textiles appears to be lost in the mists of a great antiquity, and we can only trace the steps by which the invention was arrived at by an examination of those made in the South Sea Islands, or some such country, where the inhabitants are slowly groping their way to civilization.

By comparison of these rude attempts with the remains of some shreds of woolen stuff found in the graves of the earliest inhabitants of Britain, we discover that the plait of three strands was probably the first step in the manufacture of any textile. These plaits have been found sewn together, and a loose fabric was thus formed without a loom.

A celebrated authority traces the origin of textiles to the wattled huts which are usually the earliest attempts to form habitations amongst savage people. The weaving in and out of these reeds or wands gave the first idea of materials.

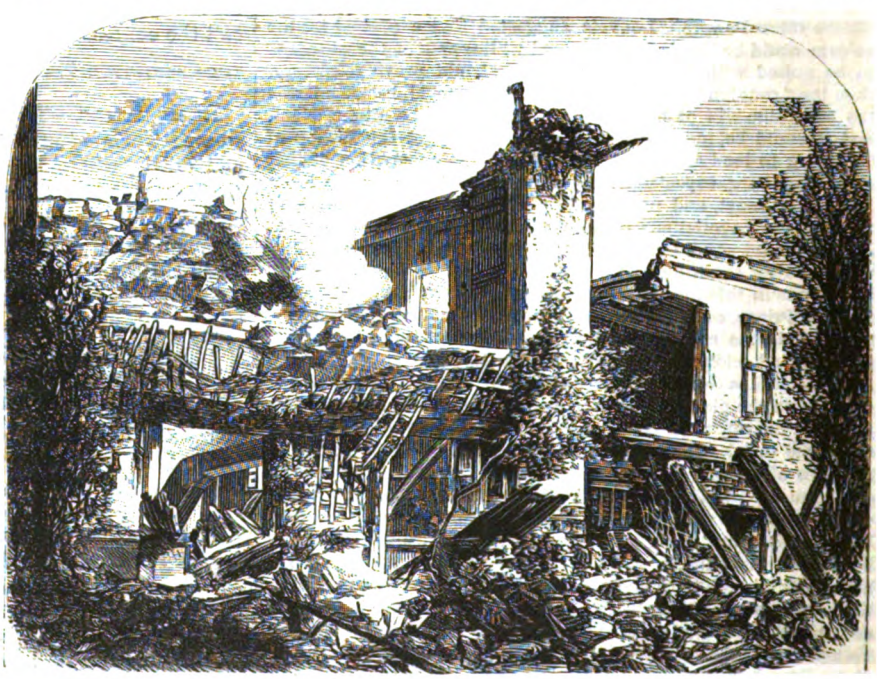
The loom must have been of very early invention, however, as we find it mentioned in the Holy Scriptures; and it is probable that the first knowledge of weaving came to the Israelites from the land of Egypt. The loom of the Egyptians was upright, the weaver being able to sit at his work, by beginning to weave at the top and working downward. In Palestine, also, the weaving was done in an upright loom; but as he began at the bottom and worked upward, he was obliged to stand.

The earliest account of hangings which we possess is that in the Book of Exodus respecting the preparations for the sanctuary, when "the women who were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun—both of blue, purple, and of scarlet and of fine linen." Afterward we have the description of the most exquisite of all their work, which was the embroidering of the vail which separated the Holy of Holies from the remaining portion of the tabernacle.

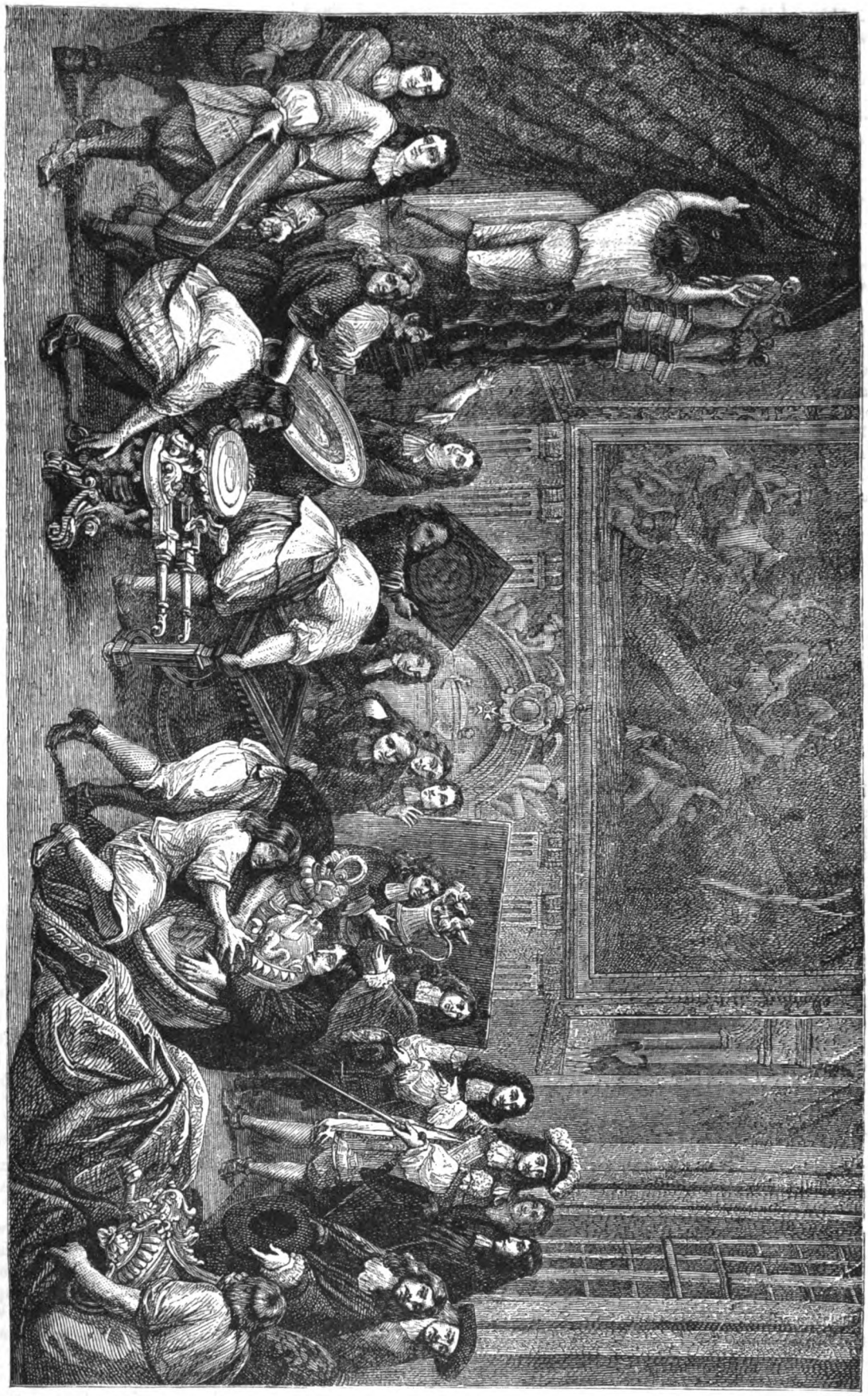
This hanging was of fine white linen, but little of its original fabric was discernible amid the gorgeous tracery which covered it. It appears probable that at this period nothing was known of figure-weaving, the cloths woven being ornamented with stripes of color, and the pattern wrought on them afterward with a needle.

A favorite method of doing embroidery amongst the Egyptians was to draw out entirely the threads of linen which formed the weft, and reform the body of the material by working in various colors and stitches on the warp alone.

In this we plainly see the forerunner of what we now call tapestry; and a few hundred years later in the Book of Proverbs we find an absolute reference to this peculiarity of its manufacture by the woman who says, "I have



RUINS OF THE GOBELIN FACTORY.



LOUIS XIV. VISITING THE GREAT TAPESTRY FACTORY AT GOBELIN.

woven my bed with cords; I have covered it with painted tapestry brought from Egypt."

"Tapestry is neither real weaving nor true embroidery," says a recent authority; "but, in a manner, unites in its working these two processes into one. Though wrought in a loom, and upon a warp stretched out upon its frame, it has no woof thrown across these threads with a shuttle, or any like appliance, but its weft is done with many short threads, all variously colored, and put in with a needle. It is not embroidery, although so like it, for it is not worked on a real web having warp and woof, but upon a series of closely-set fine strings."

The foregoing quotation will show what the modern definition of the word "tapestry" is. The ancient meaning was much wider, and more associated with the derivation of the word from the Latin *tapes*—the cover of a wall or bed; from whence comes the French word *tapisser*—to line. Tapestry, therefore, up to the present century, meant any description of hangings—either for wall, bed, or window; whether wrought entirely with the needle or in the loom, and of every material—whether stamped leather, printed canvas, cloth, or even paper.

The so-called "Bayeux tapestry"—so closely connected with English history—is an example of the ancient application of the word. It is worked in different colored crewels on white linen, to which time has imparted the color of brown holland. It is worked in outline, the parts representing the flesh being left untouched. It is two hundred and twenty-seven feet long and twenty inches wide, and is believed to have been executed between the years 1066 and 1068—whether by Queen Matilda and her ladies or not it seems difficult to decide.

From Egypt the art of tapestry-making found its way to Europe—perhaps through the Saracenic conquest of that country—being carried by the Saracens into Spain and France in A. D. 710. At any rate, we find it practiced in the year A. D. 985 at St. Florent, in Saumur, where the monks of the abbey at that place wove tapestry ornamented with flowers and figures of animals. These designs were carried out in red, on a white ground—an ancient method long followed in the East, and restored in Italy at the beginning of the Renaissance. The earliest name by which tapestry was known in the Middle Ages was Saracenic work—*Opus Saracenicum*.

The form of the ancient Egyptian loom had been changed, and the Saracenic weaver wrought at a low or horizontal loom; but the artisans of France and Flanders changed to the upright, or vertical frame, which was afterward known abroad as *haute lisse*, in contradistinction to the horizontal or low frame, called *basse lisse*. Workmen who kept to the unimproved loom were known in the trade as "Saracens," retaining the method of work which had been learned from their paynim teachers, while their work was called Saracenic.

With the new as well as with the old frame, the weaver had to grope on his path a great deal in the dark. In both of them he was obliged to put in the threads on the back, or wrong side of the piece, following his sketch as best he could behind the strings, or warp. As the face was downward in the flat frame, it was much less easy to observe or correct a fault.

In the upright frame he might stand in front, and with his own work in open view on one hand and the original design on the other, he could mend, as he went, the smallest mistake. The work done in the upright frame far exceeded in perfection that from the flat frame.

Arras is another name by which tapestry was known later on in the Middle Ages; and by this it is constantly mentioned in books.

At first the manufacture of tapestry was one of the manual labors followed in religious houses, and the monks were some of the best workers. The walls of the churches were hung with it, and so choice was it considered that crowned heads were the only other private possessors.

It is not easy for us to realize how valuable hangings and tapestry was in those old days when the bad finishing and the lack of plastering admitted innumerable drafts of cold air—when there was no other means of covering the bare stone walls. The castles and palaces must have been comfortless, indeed; and when we remember the bare floors strewn with rushes, the lack of furniture, the wide chimneys, and the badly-fitting doors and windows, we can only marvel how the occupants lived in them at all, more especially if the climate were—as it is said to have been—much worse than at the present time.

The tapestries did not remain on the walls, but were hung on the hooks provided for them round the top, just below the ceiling, only when the rooms were inhabited. They were also sometimes suspended on frames which stood at a little distance from the walls, and thus afforded the means for persons to conceal themselves behind them, as we read of their doing in old books and historical novels.

It was the office of the grooms of the chamber to hang up the tapestries which, in a royal progress, were sent forward with the purveyor; and several amusing stories are told of the blunders committed by functionaries who had "no heads on their shoulders."

The Duc de Sully records one in his "Memoirs" concerning the visit of the Cardinal Legate of Florence to the Castle of St. Germain-en-Laye, in the reign of Henry IV. of France. The keeper of the castle had received orders to hang the halls and chambers with the finest tapestry of the Crown. The orders given he executed with punctuality, but with so little judgment that he hung the legate's chamber with a suit of hangings made for the Queen of Navarre—very rich, but full of emblems and mottoes against the Pope and the Roman Court. Fortunately, the duke's anxiety led him to take a horse and ride fast in order to arrive before the expected guest, when he saw the blunder and altered it immediately. The legate, of course, would have not failed to look upon the mistake as a design to insult him, and would have represented it as such to the Pope, when the negotiations in progress would have come to a premature end.

The corporation of master workers in the Saracenic style had preserved their low-warp looms, and opposed the manufacture of high-warp tapestries. The two styles of manufacture were united in the year 1302 by the Provost of the Merchants of Paris, and the industry afterward appears to have been most prosperous, until it became extinct in consequence of the war with the English, called the "Hundred Years' War."

And so for nearly three hundred years the seat of this famous manufacture was transferred to Flanders, until it was driven from thence back to France by the exactions and bloody rule of the Spaniards under the infamous Duke of Alva.

The history of Flemish tapestry has yet to be written, but when it finds its historian few books will surpass it in interest. To these towns, for three centuries, came all the kings and princes of Europe to purchase storied tapestries for the decoration of churches and palaces, and the workers in the art formed the most distinguished corporation of that nation of weavers.

The great Jacques van Artevelde belonged to one of the well-known families of the weaver's guild, and the influence exercised by Flemish art upon Europe was para-

mount; and when the manufacturers of tapestry abandoned the primitive subjects they had been accustomed to produce, and called for subjects from painters, the great masters, Raphael and Guilio Romano in the South, and Lucas van Leyden, Roger van der Weyden, and Jan Mabuse, and a host of others in the North, furnished designs to be carried out by the Flemish weavers.

It says not a little for the skill of these men that they were able to keep pace with the vast strides made in Italian art under the influence of the great masters of the Renaissance, and they were entrusted by foreign sovereigns with the execution of magnificent hangings, the designs for which were drawn by Italian painters.

The number of tapestries woven in Flanders during five centuries must have been enormous, and in the time of the revival of the painters' art the most celebrated artists, like Raphael, Mantegna, Albert Durer, Lucas of Leyden, Giulio Romano, Guido Reni, Carlo Dolci and others, supplied the Flemish looms with originals.

The most famous set with a history of its own is the one after the cartoons of Raphael. They were painted by the prince of painters within two years of the close of his short life for Pope Leo X., and represented the following subjects, chiefly taken from Scripture: 1. The Nativity. 2. The Adoration of the Magi. 3, 4, 5. The Slaughter of the Innocents. 6. The Presentation in the Temple. 7. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes. 8. St. Peter Receiving the Keys. 9. The Descent of Christ into Limbus. 10. The Resurrection. 11. Noli me tangere. 12. Christ at Emmaus. 13. The Ascension. 14. The Descent of the Holy Ghost. 15. The Martyrdom of St. Stephen. 16. The Conversion of St. Paul. 17. Paul and Barnabas at Lystra. 18. Paul Preaching. 19. Death of Ananias. 20. Elymas the Sorcerer. 21. The Delivery of Paul and Silas from Prison. 22. St. Peter Healing the Cripple. 23 and 24. Emblems alluding to Leo X. 25. Justice, Religion and Charity above the Papal armorial bearings.

These tapestries were to ornament the apartments of the Vatican, and, though equal in height, differed in breadth according to the spaces they were designed to fill.

The cartoons were sent to Arras to be woven under the direction of Bernard Van Orlay and Michael Coxois, both pupils of Raphael. Two sets are believed to have been executed between 1514 and 1519, at a cost of 70,000 crowns; but the appropriation was delayed by the murder of the Pope and by subsequent intestine troubles. Pope Adrian II. at last had the tapestries sent to Rome, but the cartoons remained in Flanders. During the sack of Rome, in 1526-27, the hangings were carried away by the Spanish army, but were soon after restored by the French General Montmorenci. Under Pope Paul IV. (1555), they were first exhibited to the public before the Basilica of St. Peter, on the festival of Corpus Domini, and also at the celebration of the "function of Beatification." This exhibition was continued until the French took them away in 1798, and sold them to a Jew at Leghorn, who had one of the set (Christ's Descent into Limbus) burnt, in order to extract the gold. The rest was purchased for 1,800 crowns and restored to the Vatican in 1814. They are now again exhibited every year at the occasions mentioned.

The second set of the Raphael tapestries is supposed to have been presented by Pope Leo X. to Henry VIII., and was hung in the banqueting house of Whitehall. The Spanish Ambassador purchased the same from Cromwell, and about forty years ago they came into possession of a Mr. Tupper, then English consul in Spain, who had them exhibited first in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, and afterward in the provinces. What has since become of this second set is unknown.

The cartoons themselves remained at Flanders, and, save seven, perished in the course of time. These seven, now the pride of England, were purchased by Rubens for Charles I., and fortunately escaped being sold with the Royal spoil under the Commonwealth, although they were only valued at £300 in the inventory.

Many more specimens of old Flemish tapestry are still to be found in public and private collections in England, as well as on the Continent. Their appropriation to the towns where they have been wrought is a difficult but not a hopeless task, which may be achieved with the aid of the monograms and weaver's marks, found nearly on every piece.

The example, of ancient Flemish make, which we illustrate, may show the general character of the design for tapestry. It represents "Dame Arithmétique" teaching her art to nine life-size figures in the costume of Louis XII.'s time. This tapestry is preserved in the Musée de Cluny, and signed with the letter B, which probably stands for Bruges, and with the artist's or weaver's name, "Davi: F.," for David fecit.

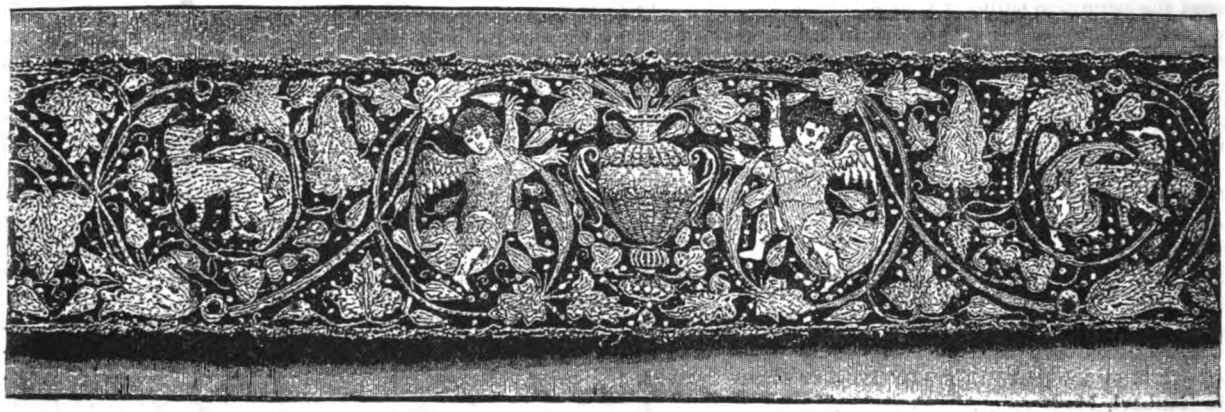
Much in the same manner that England became possessed of the silk industry—through the religious persecutions in France—France became the inheritor of the famous artistic manufactories of Flanders after the religious wars and the cruelty of Spanish rule, which gave a crushing blow to them; for, although Francis I. had established a manufactory of high-warp tapestry at Fontainebleau, and Henri II. one at Paris, in the Hospice de la Trinite, the grand era of its manufacture must be fixed in the reign of Henri IV., who gave a new and permanent impulse to the last named *atelier* by importing into it workmen from Italy and Flanders.

This king established no less than three *ateliers* of tapestry altogether, and to him France also owes the foundation of a manufactory of carpets, called "Turkey-stitch," the first beginnings of that famous carpet manufactory called the "Savonnerie." Most of these manufactories appeared to have been gathered together in the galleries of the Louvre, where the king frequently visited them.

The first Gobelins manufactory began in 1603, with a colony of Flemish workmen, which the king transported to a house in the suburbs of Paris, that was built and occupied for more than two centuries by a family of the name of Gobelins, who brought to Paris, in the reign of Francis I., the secret of dying a most beautiful scarlet color, which was called by their name.

Eighty looms were set up, under the direction of De Comans and De la Planche; and if we may judge from the entries in the Memoirs of Sully, that famous minister found the demands of the new importations excessive, and the money paid to them beyond their deserts. However, he very sensibly says that he is "but an indifferent judge, as these things are not at all to his taste." Henri appears to have paid the Flemings no less a sum than £100,000.

During the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., these different establishments produced some remarkable hangings; but it was only under the administration of the great minister, Colbert, that the French manufactories of tapestry eclipsed, by their magnificent productions, those of Flanders. This minister united the different *ateliers* at the Maison des Gobelins, which was purchased by the king in 1667; and from that time to the present this manufactory has ranked as the first in the world. The great painter, Lebrun, was placed at the head of the works, and gave great impulse to its activity, although his fault in designing seemed to be in the endeavor to enter into competition with painting, by the addition of half tints, of which time has destroyed the harmony.



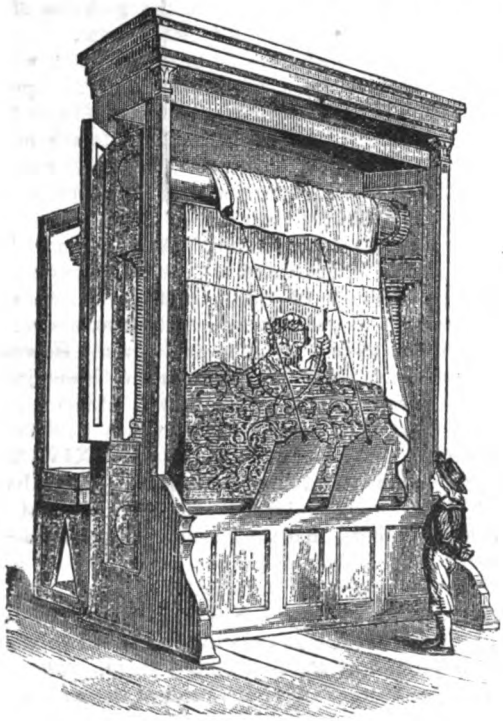
MODERN TAPESTRY.

From that period to the present the best painters of the day have been employed to make designs and patterns, besides painting pictures, which were afterward reproduced in tapestry.

At the present moment, however, the Gobelins have ceased copying pictures, and prefer obtaining from special artists patterns in which a simple composition and a free touch are combined. A more satisfactory general effect is thus produced, and a great economy of time and money secured.

The manufactory of the "Savonnerie" was united to the Gobelins in 1826, and the manufacture of carpets has greatly benefited by the union.

In 1669 the Minister Colbert gathered some ancient *ateliers* at Beauvais together into a manufactory of low-warp tapestry, intended for the decoration of the furniture of the royal palaces and the making of *portières* and small hangings. And when, at the end of the eighteenth century, they ceased to use low-warp looms at the Gobelins,



THE UPRIGHT LOOM.

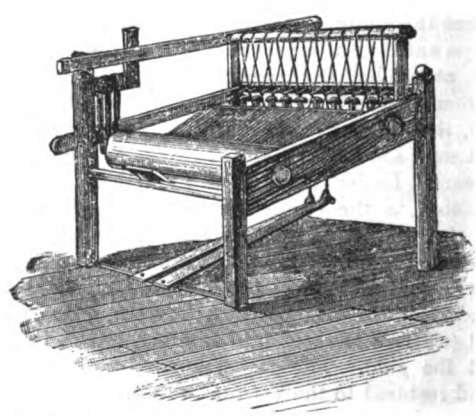
they were sent to Beauvais, which has ever since remained the sole *atelier* of that manufacture. Throughout all the revolutions of France these two manufactories have never been closed, although their respective fortunes have been at the lowest ebb.

In 1804 they again came under state control, and a school of drawing and one of tapestry were both established. The invariable support given them by the successive Governments of France has enabled them to withstand all the changes of fashion, which, in private life, resulted in the abolition of tapestry as a form of decoration, and thenceforth its use was limited to the state palaces—the state alone being able to pay the sums required for them, which far exceeded the limits of moderate or even of great incomes. The last movement made in advance was to open a public exhibition in Paris of the history of tapestry in August, 1876, to which the South Kensington Museum contributed some of its fine examples; and a commission was appointed, which drew up a remarkable report, and a plan of reform and improvement in twelve heads. As these contain much general information, it is best to subjoin them:

"*First.* In future no tapestry will be executed at the Gobelins manufactory except from copies or cartoons produced expressly for that purpose.

"*Second.* The compositions for tapestries will be submitted to public competitions as far as possible.

"*Third.* A competion will take place every year between the



LOW WARP LOOM OF AUBUSSON AND BEAUVOISE TAPESTRY MANUFACTURERS.

pupils of the Gobelins manufactory who have served three years' apprenticeship; the Minister of Fine Arts in France will provide the laureates with the means of pursuing for two years a course of study in the School of Fine Arts.

"*Fourth.* In the manufactory itself greater care will be given to the study of drawing, and the theoretic principles of the art of tapestry will be taught.

"*Fifth.* Reform in the method of executing the tapestry, which will be much more simple in future.

"*Sixth* and *Seventh.* A considerable diminution in the manufac-

ture of velvet-pile carpets, and the entire suppression of the velvet-pile fabric as applied to furniture."

"*Eighth.* The re-establishment of a course of chemistry as applied to dyeing, and of a laboratory to which outside pupils can be admitted.

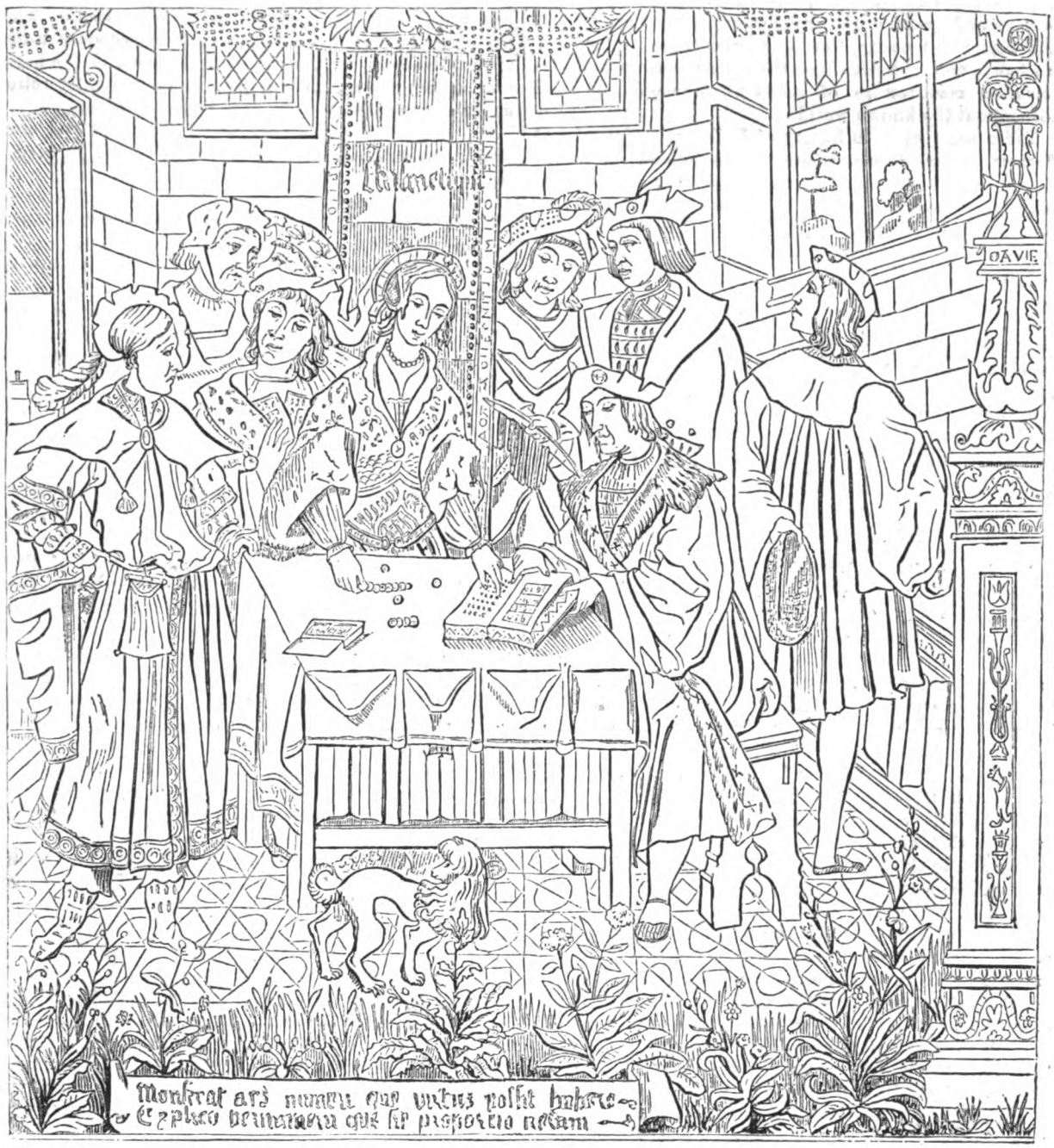
"*Ninth.* The formation of a museum in the manufactory, where old and new copies may be exhibited for the purposes of study.

"*Tenth.* A very desirable supplement to these reforms would be the establishment of a museum of decorative art, in a central situation, outside the walls of the Gobelins manufactory."

As Rules eleven and twelve have only reference to the executing of private orders and pecuniary matters, they need not be quoted.

Enough, however, has been said to show that the French Government are fully in earnest in their determination to form the present Gobelins manufactory into a State school of instruction, not only in drawing and designing as applied to textiles, but in dyeing and chemistry, and in every branch of decorative art.

While the hangings, furniture-covers and *portières* made at the Gobelins and at Beauvais were solely for the use of crowned heads and the state, we are most affected at the present moment, perhaps, by the manufactories at Aubusson, which provided the general public with tapestries,



ANCIENT FLEMISH TAPESTRY.—DAME ARITHMÉTIQUE TEACHING HER ART.

and which originated the manufacture and use of carpets as we now have the comfort of them.

This establishment appears to have been founded in the fourteenth century by some Flemish workmen, who, working from the designs of native artists, used the short-fleeced wool of the country. The tapestries were made in large quantities, and were sold at moderate prices.

Here, also, we find the helping hand of the Minister

Colbert, for in 1669 he induced the king to sign a charter, which may be called the foundation of the prosperities of Aubusson. This, in addition to other permissions and rights, entirely prohibited the introduction into France of foreign productions, and so left the way clear for the tapestries of the town, which flourished and prospered exceedingly.

During the revolutionary wars the manufacturers—seeing that there would be no demand for some time for expensive and grand works—set to work to produce carpets and common tapestry, thus finding occupation for their workmen, and commencing—although unknown to themselves—a manufacture of goods which should be used throughout the known world.

There are records in history of Italian manufactories at Farrara, Turin, Rome, Florence and Naples. Those at Rome and Turin still survive. There was also one at Madrid, at Munich, Berne, Berlin and Copenhagen, and one at Constantinople, which produced some very fine works. All these were originated by Flemish workmen, and were inspired by Flemish art, so there is little to notice concerning them.

Even from this short and condensed description, the importance of tapestry in the history of our textiles can be gathered. In fact, as we look around our comfortable houses, we have to thank these ancient workers for nearly everything that makes "the house beautiful." Carpets, rugs, curtains, hangings, *portières* and bed-coverings—all had their origin in the "storied tapestries" of long-ago times.

GONE TO SLEEP FOR FOUR MONTHS.

ALL lovers of White's "Selborne" (and who can live in the country without loving White and his quaint book?) will remember his tortoise Timothy, and the delight the naturalist experienced when he became possessed of him. After the creature had grown old in Sussex, "I dug it out of its Winter dormitory," he writes, "in March last, when it was enough awakened to express its resentment by hissing; and packing it in a box with earth, carried it eighty miles in post-chaises."

Had it been an aged father he could not have been more particular in reporting its welfare.

"The rattle and hurry of the journey so perfectly roused it, that when I turned it out on a border, it walked twice down to the bottom of my garden; however, in the evening, the weather being cold, it buried itself in the loose mold, and continues still concealed."

Then the kindly naturalist falls to moralizing on "the matter of wonder that Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a seeming waste of longevity, on a reptile that appears to relish it so little as to squander more than two-thirds of its existence in a joyless stupor."

While thus occupied, a delightful surprise was in store for him. "While I was writing this letter (April 21st, 1780), a moist and warm afternoon, with the thermometer at 50, brought forth troops of snail-shells; and, at the same juncture, the tortoise heaved up the mold and put out its head; and the next morning came forth—raised from the dead, as it were—and walked about till four in the afternoon."

The mention of snails will recall to every gardener that these creatures, early in the Autumn, retire under ivy, stones, etc.; and after hermetically sealing the entrance of their shells with a calcareous secretion, sleep securely behind it till Spring. Not so their brethren the slugs. They sally forth from their hiding-places all the Winter in mild weather, and do much injury to the young wheat and to all garden produce. The thick coating of slime on their bodies acts like the blubber on a whale, or the seal's fur, to ward off much of the cold.

This hibernation, or Winter-sleep, is a curiosity of nature worthy of more general attention than is usually given to it.

Among our fish, eels it is well known retire into Winter quarters. Yarrell gives a curious account of some tame eels which were kept in a pond, and their habits carefully observed. About August, it was found they became restless, and tried to escape from the pond overland. Their heads were invariably found on these occasions turned toward the sea. At the end of that month or the beginning of September, they retired to their Winter retreat under some stones.

On very sunny days they would come out and crawl about, but would never take any food, after a little retiring again. The 28th of April, in 1840, was the first day on which they arose to take the worms which their owner threw to them; and they ate sparingly till the weather became warm, when their ordinary voracity returned, and one swallowed twenty-seven large worms one after the other.

Until the last thirty years it was believed by many well-educated people that swallows hibernated with us, in church-towers, barns, etc.; or, more marvelous still, under water. A countryman lately told us that he knew of a cliff falling down during Winter, when out dropped two or three torpid swallows; he had not seen them, however. Even White was scarcely able to shake himself free of this vulgar error, being staggered at stories told him by different observers of swallows appearing round old buildings, especially round the colleges at Oxford, on sunny days in Winter.

The fact seems to be, when the main body of these birds leaves us in October, a few stragglers are left behind. These naturally retire into sequestered barns, towers, etc., and come forth in sunny gleams, until they perish, or are driven away. We thus noticed one hawking for several hours each day on the sunny noons of the 14th, 15th, and 16th of November, 1866, long after its congeners had fled to other lands. Their torpidity under water is simply an impossibility.

These remarks show that with us hibernation is mainly caused by cold enfeebling the system. It is quite conceivable that extreme heat might have the same effect. During the heats of midday the life of a tropical forest is often suspended till the grateful cool of evening; and still more remarkable, a lethargy akin to hibernation falls upon the "tanrec," or Madagascar rat, which sleeps during the height of Summer.

The bears of America retire to their Winter quarters in a cave or hollow tree while extremely fat, which probably serves as a nutriment during their period of inactivity. Savage as the grizzly bear is at all times, to beard and slay him in his dark retreat is a very dangerous pastime, but the hunters dare his rage for the sake of his fur; and some of the "bar" stories which consequently result are as amusing in their way as the regular Indian tales of tigers.

Another curious phenomenon of cold is the transformation of dark-colored wool, hair, or feathers into white. In the Arctic regions white is the prevailing color of animal life. With ourselves it may be seen in the Winter plumage of the ptarmigan, in the white fur of the Scotch hare, and in the changes of tint in the stoat, from reddish-brown in Summer to white in Winter, with a beautiful black-tipped tail. The final causes of their change are various, but two stand forth prominently; first, by the assimilation of the creature to its environment of snow, that it may more

successfully escape its enemies; secondly, because the animal heat from within is more completely retained by a white than by a dark covering. Thus, hibernation and change into a white dress are kindly adaptations of nature toward the same great end—preservation of life.

A poet, unjustly neglected by too many at the present day, furnishes us with a lively picture of animal life when some of the creatures have undergone their Winter change of coat in the snowclad wilds of Russia:

"There life glows,
Yet, cherished there, beneath the shining waste,
The furry nations harbor. Tipt with jet,
Fair ermines spotless as the snow they press,
Sables of glossy black; and dark embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts."
—THOMSON'S "*Seasons*" (*Winter.*)

We might pursue the subject of hibernation to the semi-torpid lives forced upon the Esquimaux during their six months' dreary night, and to the analogy of it presented by the inactivity of vegetation during the Winter months; but enough has been said to point out sources of pleasure for observation and theorizing during a country walk in Winter. The great vivifying forces of nature are then lying dormant, regaining their energies by repose, till increase of heat and intensity of light again call them into play.

"All nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen."

Our Indo-European forefathers possessed a myth which contained this truth, in their belief that the Ribhus—or sunbeams—slept during Winter for twelve days in the house of the sungod, Savitar, and then woke up to prepare the earth to clothe itself anew with vegetation, and to breathe life once more into the frozen waters. The twelve days must be connected, it is easy to see, with the signs of the Zodiac; but in North Germany they are restricted, in the superstition of the peasant, to the twelve days between Christmas and Epiphany. Regarding these as an epitome of the year, he believes that as the weather is on each of these days, so will it be in the corresponding month of the ensuing year.

Winter-dreams are akin to Winter-sleep; so it may be mentioned, in conclusion, that another scrap of Germanic folk-lore tells that whatever a person dreams on one of those twelve nights will come to pass within the year. As for the higher and spiritual meanings typed in hibernation, this is not the place in which to treat of them. As we have rambled into mythology, it may suffice to say that he who can read the riddle of the Phœnix can penetrate to the idea latent in this "four months' sleep," termed hibernation.

EARTHQUAKES IN NEW YORK IN 1737 AND 1744.

THE New York *Gazette* of December 12th, 1737, says: "On Wednesday night last (the 7th inst.) about eleven o'clock, there was a severe Schock of an Earthquake felt all over this City; and continued above one Minute. It begun with a Rumbling Noise, like a Coach or Coaches running along the Streets; the Houses did Shake, the China, the Glass and Pewter did move and clatter, to the surprise of the Inhabitants. It is said that the Schock was greater and continuance longer in the Country, than it was in the City."

The New York *Weekly Post Boy* of June 11th, 1744, says: "The Earthquake felt at Boston on Sunday, the 3d instant, was also felt by many Persons both in this City and on Long Island at the same time, but nothing so violent as 'twas said to be there."

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

THE sweet day, opening as a flower
Unfolds its petals tender,
Renews for us at noontide's hour
The Summer's tempered splendor.

The birds are hushed; alone the wind,
That through the woodland searches,
The red-oak's lingering leaves can find,
And yellow plumes of larches.

But still the balsam-breathing pine
Invites no thought of sorrow,
No hint of loss from air like wine
The earth's content can borrow.

The Summer and the Winter here
Midway a truce are holding,
A soft, consenting atmosphere
Their tents of peace unfolding.

The silent woods, the lonely hills,
Rise solemn in their gladness;
The quiet that the valley fills
Is scarcely joy or sadness.

How strange! The Autumn yesterday
In Winter's grasp seemed dying;
On whirling winds from skies of gray
The early snow was flying.

And now, while over Nature's mood
There steal's a soft relenting,
I will not mar the present good,
Forecasting or lamenting.

My Autumn time and Nature's hold
A dreamy tryst together,
And both grown old, about us fold
The golden-tissued weather.

I lean my heart against the day
To feel its bland caressing;
I will not let it pass away
Before it leaves its blessing.

JERUSALEM AND ITS INHABITANTS.

ACCORDING to a letter from Jerusalem, printed recently in a contemporary, there are many persons in the city who hold extreme or fanciful views on religious topics. Eighteen Americans, it is said, arrived there recently to await the second coming of the Lord. They are respectable, educated, and apparently wealthy persons, and are to be followed by others. For many years a half-crazy Englishman, dressed in graveclothes, and carrying a wooden cross on his shoulders, was wont to address crowds of people in the market-places of the city. He recently died of fever. A German woman, who regarded herself as "the bride of Christ," and who had prepared costly dresses in which to receive her Lord, went away to the Jordan recently and never returned. She died and was buried by the natives. A young man is now in Jerusalem to whom it has been revealed that the Ark of the Covenant is buried in what is known as the Potter's Field. He is searching for it assiduously. Another, who is described as "a rather gentlemanlike young Jew," has arrived at Jerusalem, and claims to be the Messiah.

These instances are sad, indeed, and it is pleasant to

turn to what is comparatively a brighter side of religious life in Jerusalem. Of the Jews the correspondent writes as follows: "Many Jews have arrived here from Bulgaria and Russia, and many more are expected—it is said about eight hundred—an important and embarrassing addition to our already overcrowded Jewish quarter. On the whole the Jews have a good time in Jerusalem, and were it not for their poverty, would be perfectly happy. They live according to their own laws, have their own "house of judgment," marry and divorce in their own fashion, and the Chief Rabbi has even the right of requesting the civil authorities to arrest any of his people.

THE LITTLE NEIGHBORS COME TO SEE THE BABY.

CLOSE DRIVING.—A gentleman wanted to hire a coachman, a skillful driver, who could manage a pair of spirited horses. At the hour he appointed four men came to apply for the place. Turning to the first one, he said, "How near can you drive to a precipice and not go over?" "Oh!" answered the man, "I can go within three feet of it." The second man said, "Sure, I can go within two feet of the bank." But whilst he was speaking a strong man, with brawny arm, lifted his head and said, "Indeed, I have been six inches from the very edge, and drove away safe." The gentleman turned to the only man who had not yet spoken—a small, mild-looking person whom the others thought would never be in their way. To him he said, "I suppose you can go no nearer than that?" "No, sir!" he replied; "it is my rule to keep as far from danger as possible." "You are the man for me," said the gentleman; "I do not wish to hire any one to see how near he can drive my family to destruction."

KISMET.—"SHE THRUST FORTH HER BARE, WHITE ARM. HOLDING IT UP TO THE RED SUNLIGHT, MIDDLETON DECIPHERED TWO LETTERS TATTOOED UPON THE SNOWY SKIN."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

LAWN TENNIS.

Oh! rapture of setting the poles and the netting!
Oh! joy of the balls and the bats of it!
The service, the rally—oh! awfully jolly!
The flirts and the smiles and the chats of it!

From Jack, Pat, and Sandy, from Kathleen (when handy),
From Janet and Gwen it has benison;
But he who would pen his emotions on tennis
Should write with the pen of a Tennis 'un.

Hurrah for Lawn Tennis! From Dublin to Ennis
(In spite of your archer and boat-eries),
From Thurso to Lerwick, from Penzance to Berwick,
In thousands it numbers its votaries.

It's played in all nations by folks of all stations
(Though somewhat debarred from it Venice is);
For people with leisure who're yearning for pleasure,
There's nothing so jolly as tennis is.

KISMET.

Chapter I.—Washington Heights.

On the 10th day of May, 1873, the following paragraph appeared in the New York *Herald*:

"A Missing Heir.

"John Essex Middleton, formerly a well-known merchant of this city, died at his residence on Washington Heights yesterday. Mr. Middleton was born in 1793, and was for many years favorably known as a merchant of great enterprise and sagacity, ranking highly among the leading commercial men of his time. He was formerly largely engaged in the coffee trade between Rio Janeiro, Philadelphia and New York. He leaves a large fortune, to the disposition of which considerable interest attaches. By will, dated in 1835, his entire property was left to his two sons, George and Henry Middleton, the former of whom died three years ago intestate, leaving an only child, Robert. Henry Middleton went to England in 1843, and is believed to have soon afterward entered the British army, since which all trace of him has been lost by his relatives in the United States. Immediate measures are about to be instituted by the grandson, Mr. Robert Middleton, to ascertain the whereabouts of Henry Middleton or his heirs, to whom one-half of the large Middleton estate is now due."

On the 22d of June, and for three months afterward, the following advertisement appeared in the leading newspapers in London, Paris, and New York:

"A liberal reward will be paid for information of the whereabouts of Henry Middleton, youngest son of the late John E. Middleton, of New York, or for authentic evidence of his decease. He is believed to have entered the British army about the year 1844. His heirs, or any persons having reliable information concerning him, will find it to their advantage to communicate at once with Bigelow & Daniels, attorneys for Robert Middleton, 10 Wall Street, New York."

If Robert Middleton had been a poor man, he might have been a scholar, an artist, a musician. His wealth fixed him for all his life in the ranks of the *dilettanti*. He dabbled in the arts and sciences, taking up one after the other as the whim seized him, and throwing it aside for whatever new pursuit engaged his capricious fancy.

In personal appearance he was good-looking—tall, fair, and twenty-eight years of age. In character he was amiable, impulsive and generous—a signal example of a youth born rich and unspoiled by fortune.

On the 7th day of July, 1873, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, Robert Middleton sat in an easy-chair in his library, reading. The large window was open, and a cool breeze from beyond the Hudson came softly in and fluttered the leaves of the book as he turned the pages. The door opening into the library from the hall was closed. Beyond the library was a smaller room, used by Middleton as a studio, a laboratory, or a study, access to which could only be had from the library, and by means of a door which stood open directly opposite where Middleton was sitting.

From his chair, as he looked up from his reading, nearly the whole of this inner room was within his view. The book which he was perusing was "Lalla Rookh."

The afternoon was drowsy, and the story seemed dull. Middleton turned over the pages carelessly and yawned. At last he cast the book aside and glanced upward. As he did so his eyes fell upon his writing-desk in the room beyond, and also upon an object whose presence there was most extraordinary and unaccountable.

At his desk, with her back toward him, was seated a young girl, apparently engaged in writing. Her costume was rich and strange, but Middleton did not notice her dress so much as the beauty of her figure as she bent over her occupation. Upon her head was a headdress of small gold coins, from beneath which fell a dark mass of rich waving hair that enveloped her shoulders as in a cloud.

For a moment Middleton could not credit his senses. He sprang to his feet, and rubbed his eyes. It was impossible that any person could have passed through the library without his knowledge. He had himself been seated at the desk not twenty minutes previously, and when he had sat down to read, both rooms were without any occupant other than himself. How then did the stranger gain access?

Though greatly surprised and puzzled, Middleton lost no time in conjecture, but stepped quickly to the threshold. The figure at the desk looked up, and turned toward him a face that seemed to him more lovely than any he could have believed possible upon this unhappy earth. Middleton advanced in some embarrassment, and was about to speak, but his voice failed him. He put out his hand to touch his visitor on the shoulder.

"Well, old fellow, what's the news?"

It was the voice of Ned Markham at his elbow. Middleton turned quickly to greet, with a nod, the newcomer, and immediately looked again toward the desk.

The young girl had disappeared!

He staggered back, thoroughly frightened and bewildered.

"Where has she gone?" he cried to Markham. "Did you pass any one as you came in?"

"Not a soul," replied Ned. "The library was empty, so I came in here."

"No one has passed that door since you entered?" asked Middleton, excitedly.

"No one. That I'll swear, for I'm standing on the threshold. Why, my dear boy, what is the matter with you? You look as if you had seen your grandfather's ghost."

"I have seen," said Middleton, sinking into a chair, "a houri."

"Well, well, well," said Markham; "how sorry I am that I didn't get here soon enough to see her, too! What are you talking about?"

"I sat," explained Middleton, "in that chair in the library, reading. I looked up from my book and saw, through the open door, a woman at the desk here writing. Whence she came, or by what means, I cannot conceive. She was dressed like an Oriental princess. She was beautiful as the heavens! I sprang forward to address her, but could not. I put out my hand to touch her and she was gone. I cannot understand it. It is a most extraordinary occurrence. If I were superstitious, it would frighten me."

"What book were you reading when you saw this ecstatic vision?" asked Markham.

"It was no vision—it was real! The book was 'Lalla Rookh.'"

Markham smiled.

"I see nothing extraordinary about this," he said, seating himself. "It can be explained very simply. Let us see. My friend Robert Middleton has been all his life afflicted with that troublesome complaint known as 'nothing to do.' In his endeavors to kill time he becomes what every man in a similar circumstance becomes—a dreamer. His mind becomes filled with abnormal fancies. Finding nothing in this world to engage his attention, he creates an imaginary world of his own, and lives in it. He falls asleep on a warm afternoon, while reading 'Lalla Rookh.' Naturally he dreams of Fadladeen, Feramorz and houris. The noise I make in coming up the stairs only partially awakes him. In the half-conscious, bewildered state of his mind he is well aware of his whereabouts and surroundings, but the creatures of his dream persist in associating themselves with familiar objects. In this half-awake condition he imagines that he sees Lalla Rookh writing in his back-room—the desk being the first object to meet his gaze on opening his eyes. Why, my dear fellow," continued Markham, bending over and slapping Middleton on the knee, "you were not thoroughly awake until I spoke to you."

Middleton shook his head.

"All very plausible," he said, gravely; "but I know that I was not asleep. I had not closed my eyes. I was as wide awake as I am now, and I saw the figure as plainly as I now see you. And here," he exclaimed, springing suddenly to the desk, "is the proof! Look here!"

He took from the desk a sheet of paper. On it was inscribed in a neat feminine hand: "Lat. 26 deg. 17 min., N. Long. 81 deg. 33 min. E."

Markham arose and looked at the paper closely.

"One of your house-servants writes a very pretty hand," he said.

"I tell you, Markham," said Middleton, a little angry, "you are entirely wrong. No servant has access to these rooms except the housekeeper. Look! the ink in the pen is still wet."

"All nonsense, my boy," replied Markham. "You have doubtless yourself been writing here since the ink had time to dry. As for that nautical conundrum, it was probably on the paper when you bought it, and has only just come to your notice."

Middleton was silent for a moment, and seemed lost in thought. At last he said:

"Where *is* latitude twenty-six north, and longitude eighty-one east?"

"Blessed if I know," replied Ned. "Suppose you look at the map."

Middleton went into the library, and let down from its roller a large and beautiful map of Asia.

"It should be at the antipodes," he said. "It is. It is in India, and not far from the City of Lucknow."

"'Lalla Rookh' again," said Ned. "Is it possible that you wrote that nonsense in your sleep?"

"Ned," said Middleton, "you know I have requested you to go with me to Europe, to aid me in the search for my uncle. We will extend our journey further. We will go to Lucknow."

"Go—to Lucknow!" exclaimed Ned, falling back in amazement.

"To Lucknow," repeated Middleton.

"Well," said Markham, with a sigh of resignation, "I have no objection to going to India—in fact, I would enjoy it immensely—but I positively decline to undertake to place myself precisely at latitude twenty-six—what do you call it? It may be the peak of some inaccessible mountain, or the bottom of the Ganges. And now, old fellow, banish this meagrim and come out for a walk. If you don't, I won't go with you to India, or anywhere else."

CHAPTER II.

LUDGATE HILL.

A CHEERLESS, foggy Autumn evening had settled down upon the streets of London. In a snug upper room in a snug coffee-house on Ludgate Hill, Ned Markham sat before a cheerful soft-coal fire, reflectively sipping a mug of warm wisky-toddy and reading the London *Times*.

"When you are in London you must do as the British do," thought Ned—a motto upon which he had invariably acted since his arrival.

Markham had finished the news items and commenced on the advertisements when the door opened and Middleton entered, looking tired and rather pale and haggard.

"Here you are at last!" exclaimed Markham, jumping up. "I thought you were never coming. Sit up by the fire and have some toddy, and take off that wet coat."

Middleton threw off his coat, and drew up a chair to the fire.

"Well," said Markham, after pouring out a glass of the fragrant liquor for his companion, "how have you succeeded? Have you made any discoveries?"

"Yes," replied Middleton, "I have. After spending the entire day at the Horse Guards and the Foreign Office, and examining tons of musty records and bushels of papers, I have at last found what became of my uncle, Henry Middleton."

"And where is he?" asked Markham, leaning forward with interest.

"He is dead."

Markham drew back with a sigh of relief.

"I expected as much," he said, "and so, I suppose, did you. My dear fellow, I am sorry for your bereavement, in the loss of an uncle that you never knew, but I congratulate you. You are sole owner of your grandfather's estate."

"Perhaps not," replied Middleton. "I have found that my uncle married, and may have left heirs."

"Ah! So now we must hunt for the heirs."

"Yes. Henry Middleton, as we supposed, entered the British army. He married here in England, and soon afterward received a commission as major, and was attached to the Fourteenth Fusiliers. The regiment was sent to India.

"To India!" exclaimed Markham, starting.

"To India, sir!" exclaimed Middleton, reaching for his glass with a nervous hand. "He took his young wife with him, and was for a time stationed at Madras, where he is known to have at least one child. Her name appears in the commissary list as Rose Middleton. At the outbreak of the Sepoy rebellion he was sent to the front, and was killed while leading a charge, at the head of his regiment. All traces of his wife and child are lost."

"Where was he killed?" asked Markham, sipping his glass reflectively.

Middleton arose and leaned upon the mantelpiece before replying. His face, in the flickering firelight, looked more unreal than ever, as he replied: "At the siege of Lucknow."

Markham dropped his empty glass and spoon upon the floor, and stooped to recover them. When he looked up again at Middleton, there was a smile upon his face.

LAWN TENNIS.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 562.

"At latitude twenty-six north, longitude eighty-one east, I suppose," he said.

But Middleton did not hear him. With his arms still upon the mantel, his eyes were fixed intently upon some object at the further end of the room.

"We are not alone," he whispered, pointing toward the window.

Markham looked in the direction indicated by Middleton's outstretched finger. At the lower end of the apartment stood a young girl, among the shadows, yet distinctly visible in the ruddy firelight.

Her eyes were bent upon Middleton with a look almost as intent as his own. Her figure was lithe and graceful, and her face, as it was turned toward them, seemed beautiful as those that are sometimes seen in dreams.

For a moment she stood gazing earnestly and sadly at the two young men; then she turned away, and, parting the drapery curtains before the window, disappeared behind them.

Middleton and his companion sprang to the window instantly. The space behind the curtains was empty. The window, which was partly raised, opened upon a small balcony, not six feet in length. Upon this Markham stepped and looked over into the street below. The distance to the ground was not less than forty-feet. The balcony, too, was empty.

The dark mass of St. Paul's loomed against the murky sky; the dull roar of the streets filled their ears, while up from the river and through the narrow and crooked byways that lay between Cheapside and the Thames came a damp chill that seemed to penetrate their very bones, and sent them shuddering back to the fire.

"It was she whom I saw that day at home," said Middleton, hoarsely. "Do you believe me now?"

Markham took several turns around the room before replying. At last he stood before the fire, and said: "No. I do not believe, any more than I did then, that you have seen anything that can be called supernatural."

"Although you, too, have seen it."

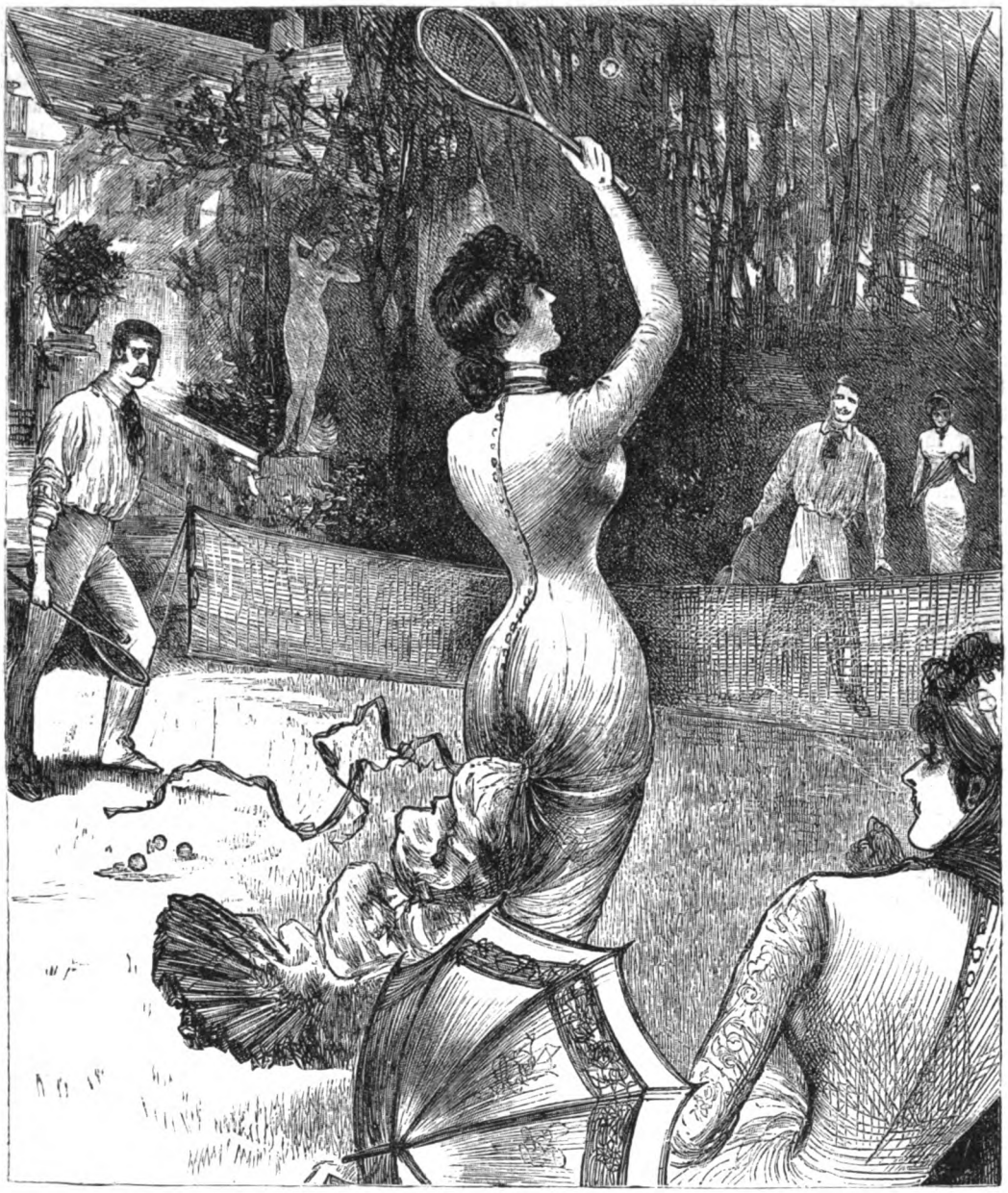
"Although I, too, have seen, or think I have, precisely what you have seen, my dear boy," continued Markham, "I see no reason why this cannot all be naturally accounted for. You dream an absurd dream and persist that it isn't a dream. You associate with it all that infernal nonsense about latitude and longitude that somebody left on your desk. You find that a barbarous place in India has some correspondence with that geographical conundrum, and immediately set out to go there. You come home to-night tired almost to death, and in a highly nervous condition. The first mention of Lucknow immediately brings into your mind a sort of reflex of your old dream, and in the excited state of your brain, stimulated by the whisky-toddy, you believe that you see a ghost. All whisky-toddy, old fellow; all whisky-toddy."

"But *you* saw it!" exclaimed Middleton, impetuously. "You saw it, and *you* have had no dream!"

Middleton walked back toward the window, and, stooping, picked up a scrap of paper from the carpet. Returning to the table he spread it out under the lamp. It contained these words: "*December 27th*, 1873."

"Do you believe *now?*" asked Middleton, holding up the paper before Markham's eyes.

"No," replied Markham; "this is even more foolish than your fancy about the other scrap. By-the-way, did you preserve the first one—that about latitude and longitude, you know?"



LAWN TENNIS.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 562.

"Yes," said Middleton, "I have it here."

He took it from his wallet, and placed it on the table with the last. Markham examined both pieces closely. *The handwriting was identical!*

"Do you believe *now?*" repeated Middleton, looking searchingly in his friend's face.

Markham sank into a chair, with a face as white as Middleton's own.

"Yes," he replied, huskily. "I believe now. Your convictions are something more than vagaries."

CHAPTER III.

LUCKNOW.

THE sun—"the golden sun of Oude!"—was setting on the thousand minarets and bulbous domes of Lucknow. It was a peaceful scene, and beautiful. Middleton and Markham, who had spent the entire day of their arrival in sight-seeing about the wonderful city, had not yet tired of its glittering splendor.

Together they had visited the Imambarra, the Martiniere, and the palace of the Kings of Oude. They had lounged under the peepul-trees, had listened to the tinkling of the fountains in the cool courtyards of the tomb of Azuf-ed-Dowlah, and had watched the long procession of horses, elephants and pedestrians—all so novel and barbaric in their eyes—that crowded the narrow and winding streets. At sunset they had ascended to the roof of their caravansary, and stood looking over the parapet at the entrancing panorama that lay spread before them.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Markham, "it's like a page out of the 'Arabian Nights.'"

As the sun grew low, the flat roofs of the city became populous. Mussulman and Hindoo, Buddhist and Parsee, came forth from his dwelling to enjoy the cool evening air, while the frequent sound of laughter and the occasional flutter of a gayly-colored robe betokened the presence of his children, or of the ladies of his zenana.

The roof of the caravansary overlooked many of the more distant buildings, but those nearer at hand were jealously screened by high walls, which completely shut out all intrusion from curious eyes.

On the balcony of the English Residency, immediately opposite, a group of English ladies—the wives and daughters of the Resident and his staff—sat gayly chatting and looking down into the street.

Markham sat upon the parapet, smoking a cigar, and leaning back against the high brick wall which separated the roof of the caravansary from the adjoining house.

"Life over there should be pleasant," he said, nodding toward the Residency. "By Jove! we ought to call on the Resident and get acquainted with the ladies. Perhaps he would quarter us in the house, and that would be better than this beastly lodging."

"I have already been over there," replied Middleton, quietly. "I went there on our arrival, while you were settling with the driver of the post-garree."

"The deuce you did! And what sort of reception did you get?"

"I went there," said Middleton, "only to ascertain from the survey maps, which I knew I would find there, the exact locality of latitude twenty-six degrees seventeen minutes north; longitude, eighty-one degrees thirty-three minutes east."

"And did you find out?"

"I did. It is, leaving out the fractions of a minute, the exact position of the Residency itself, and also of this caravansary."

"*Allah il Allah!* It is our kismet!" exclaimed Markham, with more serious feeling than his outward manner implied.

Middleton made no reply. Lost in his own reflections, he leaned over the parapet and gazed abstractedly down into the street, while Markham smoked in silence.

Suddenly there arose upon the still evening air the sound of a woman's voice. It was a fresh, girlish voice, and caroling a melody so soft, so sweet, so harmonious with the place and scene, that both the young men started upright and assumed an attitude of absorbed attention. The song was an English air; the words were Arabic.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Middleton. "The woman who possesses that voice must be nothing less than an angel. I never heard anything so beautiful."

"It is from the adjoining roof," said Markham, throwing aside his cigar and getting down from the parapet. "What a nuisance this confounded wall is!"

At the sound of their voices the song ceased, and Middleton motioned to Markham to be silent. Presently the song began again, but to a different air—a plaintive melody, and full of minor cadences that thrilled Middleton to his inmost soul.

Middleton possessed a very fair tenor voice and a good ear. As soon as the air died away he repeated it from memory, but with improvised words of his own. When he had finished there was silence for a time, and then the same melody was repeated on the opposite side of the wall. This was continued for some time, the singer first warbling a verse, and Middleton repeating it after her to words of his own improvisation, either in English or Arabic.

"Do you understand the song?" asked Markham.

"Partly. It is an Arab love-song. I am afraid, however, that she doesn't understand either my English or my Arabic. What a pity that when I learned to read it I couldn't also learn to pronounce it!"

"Test her by saying, 'I love you,'" said Markham. "You will soon find out whether she understands you."

"No, no!" said Middleton; "it might be too near the truth." He turned and placed his hands on his friend's shoulders. "Ned," he said, looking earnestly in Markham's eyes, "there is something in that voice that moves me most strangely. I know not what it is, but I feel to-night as though I were under the influence of a spell. Cost what it may, I will—I *must*—see the other side of that wall. Don't try to prevent me. That voice I have heard many times before—in my dreams. Nay, I have dreamed of this very scene—these palms, these distant minarets, this housetop, the setting sun, and your eyes looking into mine as they look now. Ned, do you know what day this is?"

"Yes," said Markham. "I had hoped that you would forget it. It is the 27th of December."

"As you said just now," continued Middleton, "it is Fate that has brought us here. I feel, I know, that the solution, or at least the end, of this long mystery is close at hand. Help me to scale the wall."

There was a large box upon the roof that had been made to form part of an extemporized divan. Placing this against the wall, Markham mounted upon it and assisted Middleton to his shoulders. From this position the latter gained the coping of the wall without difficulty.

The scene that met his eyes as he looked over was a subject for a painter, or for the eloquence of Sheherazade.

Upon the roof below him a gayly-colored awning had been erected, beneath which was spread a rich and warmly-tinted Persian carpet. A low divan, with large, soft cushions, was arranged upon one side. Upon this reclined a young girl, richly dressed, with a robe of crimson silk thrown carelessly across her feet. Her back was turned to Middleton, and he could not see her face, but her dark, beautiful hair fell about her shoulders and swept the carpet. At one side stood a small stand upholding a silver *zerf*, on which was a tiny cup for coffee.

The young girl's eyes were bent far away across the housetops and the trees, as though in reverie, and Middleton paused a moment before making his presence known.

The other side of the wall was decorated with arabesque designs in stucco, in the interstices of which he had no difficulty in finding a foothold and descending. At the

sound of his footstep the girl sprang up with a cry, and turned her face toward him. Middleton halted instantly as though paralyzed by an electric shock.

The face was the same which he had seen in his study on the 7th of July, and afterward in the coffee-house in London!

For a moment each confronted the other with a look of terrified amazement.

"Is it a spirit!" at last exclaimed the girl, in excellent English. "Holy Prophet, protect me!"

"No, no," replied Middleton; "I am no spirit, but a Frank traveler from the adjoining caravansary."

The girl made a hasty movement, as though to conceal her features with her robe, but paused and gazed in Middleton's eyes as if fascinated.

"I have seen your face before," she said, "in my dreams. It has haunted me. I dreamed of it long ago. There was a room with books; and then again I saw you standing in the firelight." She placed her hands to her temples, as though trying to remember. "There was a window," she continued, "and red curtains. And there was some one with you, but I cannot remember his face."

"And I, too," said the young man, "have had dreams—dreams by day and by night—dreams in which your face has appeared to me as I see it now. What are you? You are fair and speak my language, but you are not of my people."

"I learned English of a lady at the Residency," she replied. "She had been of service to my father in his illness, and afterward often came to sit with me. She is dead."

"And your father," said Middleton. "He is living still?"

"Yes. My father is Abd-el-Keber. But I must not converse with you. Already I have transgressed the commands of my father and the laws of our Prophet. Speak no more, or you will be heard."

"Nay," said Middleton, impetuously, seizing her hand. "I must speak. If you send me away now you must let me return. It was for you that I left my own country and sought this strange land. Your face has charmed me. It has led me on, across seas and thousands of weary miles, until now, when I hold your hand in mine and listen to your sweet voice, it still seems to me a dream. I know that in some mysterious way your destiny is linked with mine. Do you understand me, daughter of Abd-el-Keber?"

Her hand trembled in his, but she made no attempt to withdraw it. Her eyes fell, and she said, softly and hesitatingly:

"My name is Syra, but—I think—I once had a different name. I——" she passed one hand across her brow in a bewildered way, as if trying to grasp some long-lost, evasive memory, "I sometimes think," she said, "that Abd-el-Keber was not always my father, or that there was another. I do not know—I cannot remember. When I try to think I am only terrified. Perhaps that, too, is a dream. But what is this?" she asked, suddenly and almost fiercely, throwing back the folds of her silken *feridjee*. "This is no dream. Surely I was not born with this! Did the genii place it there?"

She thrust forth her bare white arm, and pointed to a small blue mark near the shoulder. Holding it up in the red sunlight, Middleton deciphered two letters tattooed upon the snowy skin. The letters were "R. M."

* * * * * *

When Middleton regained the roof of the caravansary he found Markham still sitting—though in the moonlight now—on the parapet, smoking.

"You've been gone a deuce of a time," he said. "I've used up half a box of cigars, and was about to devise some means of getting over the wall myself. What did you find over there that was so interesting?"

Middleton placed his hand on Markham's shoulder and looked down into his face.

"I found my kismet," he replied. "I found Rose Middleton."

* * * * * * *

It was intimated the next day to Abd-el-Keber, by a courier from the Residency, that his presence before the Resident was desirable, for the purpose of explaining the former's true relations with his reputed daughter, Syra.

Since the "Great Mutiny," the requests of the British authorities in Oude were generally regarded, and, in obedience to the summons, Abd-el-Keber presented himself at the appointed hour. He found a semi-official military court of inquiry, at which Middleton and Markham were present, assembled to await his arrival.

"I have little to tell," said the old man, "but that little I will tell truly. The girl is not my daughter. It would be useless to conceal the fact, for she is fair, while I am dark. She is not of my people."

"Go on!" exclaimed Middleton, excitedly—"go on. If you will tell the truth you need fear nothing."

"By the beard of the Prophet," replied the old man, "I will speak truly. But I entreat you, sirs, not to take her from me. She is as the apple of my eye. I have reared and nurtured her from childhood, and she is now the only solace of my old age. She is the daughter of a Frank—a soldier who was killed in the siege of this city. I found her—a mere babe—with her mother among some prisoners that were brought in from the front. The mother was wounded in a skirmish which threatened the rear of the British lines, whither their women had been sent. I took her to my house to await an opportunity to send her back to her own people. In the subsequent events she was forgotten by them, and afterward died from her injury. The babe I kept, for I had learned to love it. She was never claimed, and if these young men have a better title than I, I pray that it may be put to rigid proof. These trinkets," continued Abd-el-Keber, "were her mother's, and some of them, I think, belonged also to her father. I know not his name, but there are Frank letters upon some of them, and a miniature, which I have never shown the child."

The old man produced a silken bag, and laid upon the table several articles, among them a locket with a small portrait on porcelain.

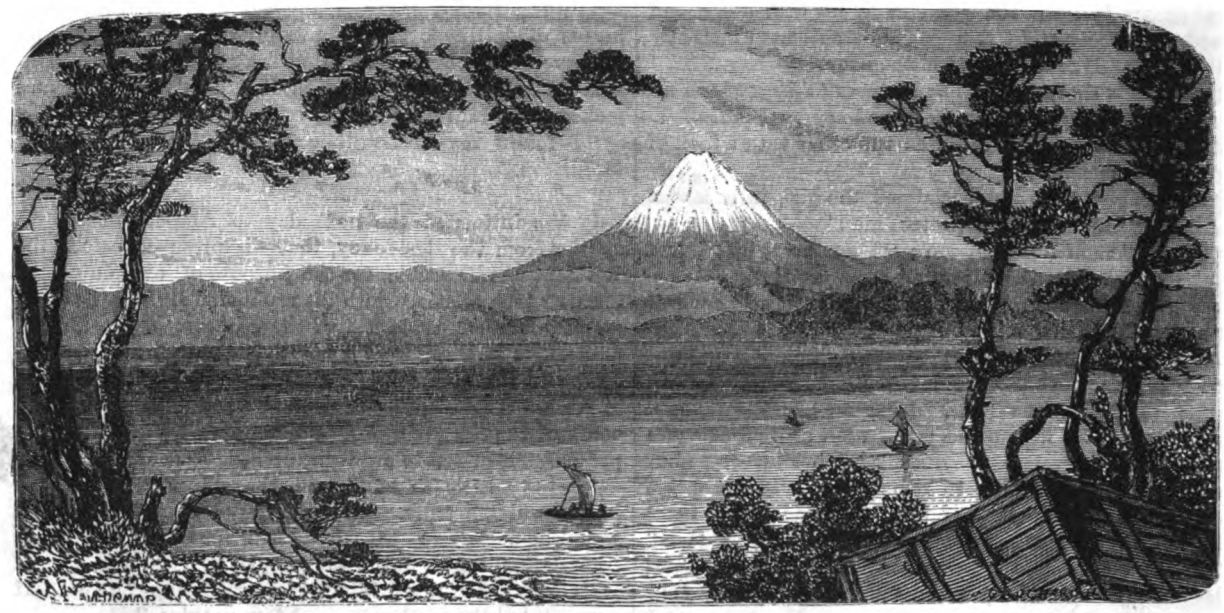
"It is the portrait of Henry Middleton!" exclaimed Middleton, springing forward and seizing it. "I have here its counterpart. It was given me by my father."

* * * * * *

It was a nine days' wonder in New York when Robert Middleton, heir to the great Middleton estate, sold the property on Washington Heights, converted the invested interests of the estate into cash, and left his native shores, as was said, for ever.

It was a still greater wonder that Ned Markham, whose patriotism was never doubted, should cast his fortunes with his friend and bid adieu to the country without a promise of returning. Rumor hinted at the purchase of vast interests in India, which Ned Markham was to manage.

But only a few of the young men's most intimate friends knew that in leaving his native land, Robert Middleton was hastening to something more precious to him than wealth, and that in an enchanted palace in the far-off kingdom of Oude his Fate awaited him.



THE SACRED MOUNTAIN, FUJIYAMA, JAPAN.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SUMMIT OF FUJIYAMA.

By C. F. Gordon-Cumming.

Fujiyama! The Peerless Mountain. Fuji-San. Fuji, the most honorable—the outline of which must be familiar to all who have given the most casual attention to Japanese art in any of its varied applications, and dear to the traveler as the first and last vision of beauty that enchants him as he approaches the Land of the Rising Sun, or watches its receding shores.

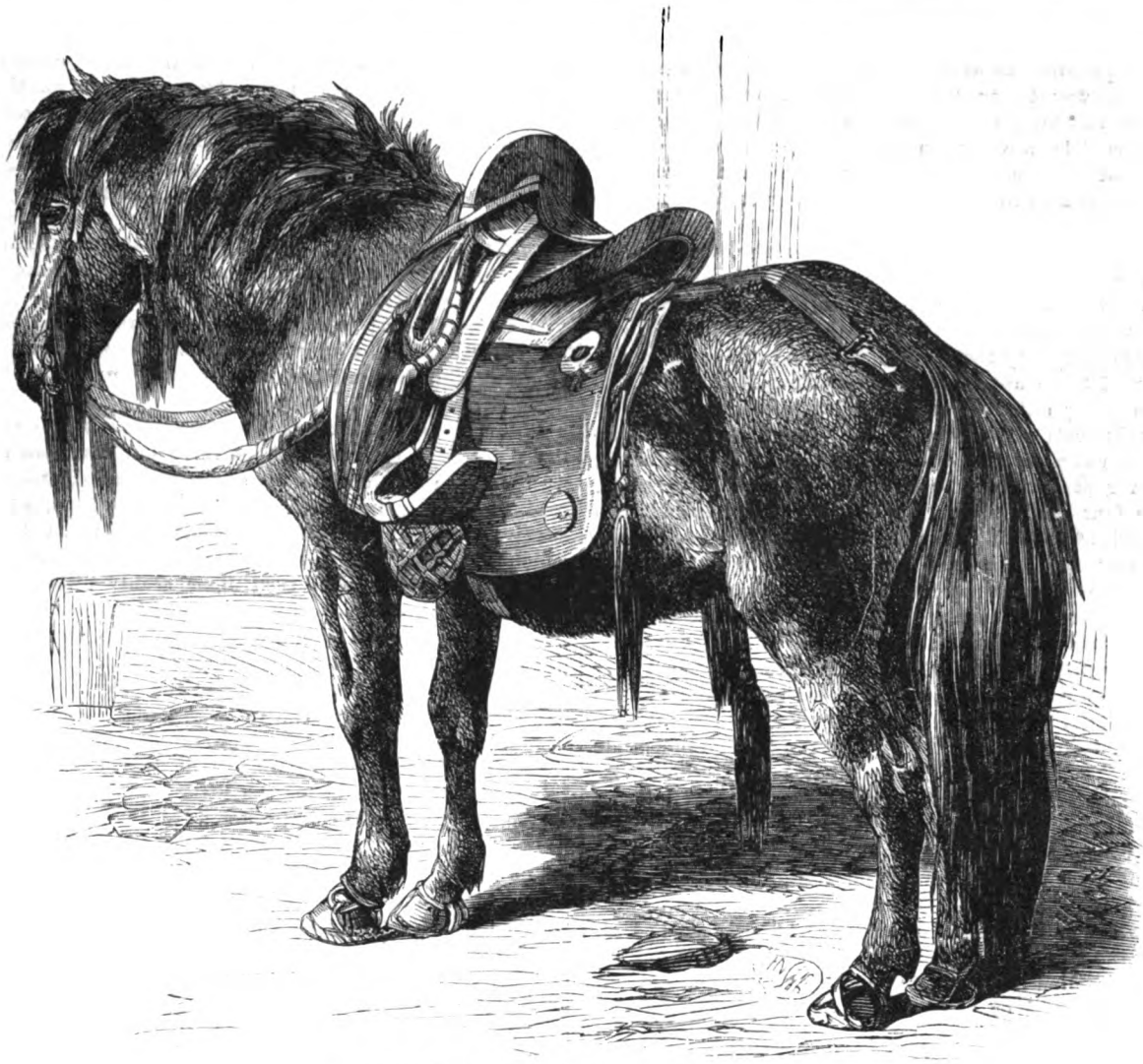
While still too far at sea to discern any land of ordinary height, this lovely mountain appears towering above the clouds, sometimes bathed in golden light, sometimes pale celestial-blue, or else relieved in purply-gray against a clear primrose sky; its color varying with every change of atmosphere, never lovelier than when the early sunlight sheds a rosy hue over the newly-fallen Autumn snow which clothes that peerless cone in dazzling white, while the grand unbroken curves of the wide, far-spreading base sweep downward in purple gloom.

Beautiful as are the low ranges of mountains around, they are so utterly dwarfed by the gigantic volcano that they serve but to add to its apparent height. Thus, queenly alike in her beauty and in her solitude, rises this majestic mountain—the Holy Mount of Japan—the goal to which, from time immemorial, thousands of eager pilgrims have pressed year after year.

I had seen the fair vision while yet distant a hundred miles from its base, and from many nearer points both on sea and land; I had gazed on its snowy crown when, in the Autumn of 1878, I first visited Japan. And yet the hope of ever being myself numbered among its pilgrims had never presented itself as a possibility. This Summer, however, on my return from six months' wandering in China, the idea did suggest itself, but only to be repudiated, so serious were the difficulties which stay-at-home friends declared to lie in the path. Nevertheless, the thought, once admitted, returned with fresh force every time that a break in the envious clouds afforded us a momentary glimpse of the mysterious, mighty giant.

At last I had the good fortune to find a lady as anxious as myself to make the ascent; and a gentleman who had already accomplished it four times, but always in unpropitious weather, volunteered to try his luck once more, and be our escort. So, being duly provided with passports, which ordered us to abstain from scribbling our names on temples, attending fires on horseback, and

SAILORS AT A TEA-HOUSE NEAR YOKOHAMA.



THE STYLE OF HORSE WE FOUND IN JAPAN.

various other crimes, and empowered us to travel in certain districts for thirty days, we started from Yokohama at sunrise on August 7th, not, however, beginning our journey in the true pilgrim style, inasmuch as we had engaged a very good three-horse wagonette to take us as far as Oodiwara — a distance of about forty miles; a very pretty drive through cultivated lands and picturesque villages, beneath cryptomerias and pine avenues, along beautiful seacoast, and past orchards and temples. Amongst the infinite variety of crops, our attention was from time to time arrested by whole fields of lovely tall white lilies, the roots of which are used as food. Or else we passed ponds or flooded fields devoted to the sacred lotus, whose magnificent rose or lemon-colored blossoms peeped up from among the large blue-green leaves, which rise to a height of three or four feet above the level of the water—certainly the most lovely of all edible plants.

THE ENTRANCE-GATE OF YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

Heaps of luscious green watermelons, with pink flesh, were offered for sale, in slices ready cut, to tempt the thirsty pilgrims, of whom multitudes thronged the road, on their way to or from the Holy Mount, nearly all dressed in white, with straw hats like huge mushrooms, straw sandals, a wallet, a gourd to act as water-bottle, cloaks of grass-matting, sole protection against the rain, and a stout staff to support their flagging steps on many a weary march.

They come from all parts of the empire, visiting and making offerings at all the most sacred shrines along their path. One at least, sometimes several, in each company carries a small brass bell, which he rings continually, and the majority carry rosaries, which they prize exceedingly. Some of these are really valuable heirlooms, the large beads being either of crystal or agate. The rosaries of different sects vary somewhat, but those I have most frequently examined consist of one hundred and eight beads, which represent one hundred and eight holy persons, while four beads of another color represent four distinguished saints, and ten small beads, hanging separately, represent ten holy precepts, and two very large beads typify the sun and moon, or dual principle. In praying the beads are not counted, but rubbed together, and the chain is turned over to make a cross, and kissed; these two actions representing two Chinese characters, which signify success—which is likewise represented by the knots on the silken chain.

Every teahouse along the road was gay with a multitude of quaint calico flags of all colors, having mysterious-looking symbols inscribed on them. Of these dozens fluttered from a bamboo erected in front of the house, or from a long rope suspended under the eaves. These are the visiting-cards left by previous pilgrims, and now hung up as testimonials to attract others.

Another pretty custom added color to the scene. This being the seventh month of the Japanese year, a sort of school examination was going on everywhere, and in front of every second or third house was planted a graceful branch of bamboo, from each twig of which flutter little strips of bright-colored paper, whereon the children of the house had written some little sentence or poem as a test of their progress.

When we returned by the same road a fortnight later, another festival had its turn. The children's trees had vanished, but in every house feasts for the dead were spread before the domestic shrine; colored lanterns and straw ropes, from which fluttered sacred symbols of white paper, were suspended in the streets. The heaps of watermelons, too, had disappeared, the sale of all fruit being prohibited by law, as a precaution against the dreaded cholera, which, alas! was spreading in every direction, its presence being marked by a house here and there inclosed by the police with bamboo fencing, to prevent ingress or egress from its infected walls. At one door we notice an onion hung up, as a charm to keep off the dreaded malady. But the most singular and common medicines which attracted our attention, hung up in fanciful patterns outside the houses, were dried lizards, which, when reduced to powder, are supposed to be exceedingly efficacious in some simple childish maladies (as a vermifuge).

But in Japan there is always something interesting to notice, either for its beauty or its oddity. For instance, how strange to one newly arrived in the country is the first halt at such a teahouse as that where we stopped to change horses and partake of a light native meal; the pile of wooden clogs lying on the threshold, the tired coolies squatting on the mats, enjoying what looks like the prettiest dolls' feast in little china dishes with bowls of black and red lacquer, served on lacquer stands by the most winsome and polite of prettily-dressed damsels, while close by, always next the street, is the kitchen where all these dainties are prepared! And probably in the open courtyard a large wooden tub is being heated, by means of a charcoal stove, for the benefit of some dusty travelers. Probably those travelers, well-to-do tradesmen, will proceed to divest themselves of all superfluous garments, and, hanging them up to air, will sit down in the very lightest attire, to share the family meal with the well-dressed ladies of the party. And all these different groups—your own included—are, as it were, in one large open room, for the paper slides which divide the house into many rooms at night have all been thrown open during the day, leaving free space.

It was about two o'clock when we reached Oodiwara, the point at which we were to leave our carriages and ponies (for in Japan all horses are mere ponies), and proceed in *jinrikishas*, literally *man-power carriages*, which are simply bath-chairs, quite a recent invention, but one which has multiplied all over the land with marvelous rapidity; the men who earn their scanty pittance by doing the work of ponies having in many instances been, a few years ago, wealthy and in good position, but having lost their all in the sudden overthrow of old feudalism.

On the present occasion, owing to the steepness of the road, we had but a short run in these little carriages, and were next transferred to *kangos*, or mountain chairs, which are basket-work seats slung on a pole, which is borne by two men. Being made for the little Japanese, they are, of course, horribly uncomfortable for full-grown Europeans, for whose benefit, however, kangos of a larger size are now made, and can be had at Myanoshita, whither we were now bound. It is a pretty village in a wooded valley, noted for its shops for the sale of all manner of fancy woodwork, and much frequented in Summer by foreigners, for whose benefit two large hotels are now kept in semi-European style. As we infinitely preferred a purely Japanese teahouse, we pushed on a short distance to the far prettier village of Kinga, where we found excellent quarters, though I confess that the sound of ever-rushing, brawling waters in the immediate vicinity, is to me anything but a soothing lullaby.

On the following morning, having secured kangos of extra size, three men to each, and a packhorse to carry our baggage and provisions, we started very leisurely across the plain, and up a very steep ascent to the Otomitonga Pass, a very narrow saddle, from which on the one side you look back on the Hakoni Lake and on the valley through which you have traveled, while before you lies outspread the vast level plain from which the faultlessly harmonious curves of the great mountain sweep heavenward. Probably from no other point is so magnificent a view to be obtained as from this, as we acknowledged when, on our homeward route, we contrived to reach this point soon after sunrise, and for a little while beheld the giant revealed in cloudless beauty.

On the present occasion, however, our march was one of simplest faith—not a break was there in the close gray mist, which clung around us as a pall, and vailed even the nearest trees. Vainly did we halt at the little rest-house on the summit of the Pass, and there linger over luncheon in the hope that the mist might clear a little. We had to console ourselves, as our coolies assuredly did, with the consequent coolness of the weather, and devote our attention to the beautiful wild-flowers which grew so abundantly along our path. There were real thistles and blue-bells growing side by side with white, pink, and blue

hydrangea, lilac and white hybiscus, masses of delicate white clematis and creeping ferns hanging in graceful drapery over many a plant of sturdier growth, and all manner of lilies, greenish and lilac, crimson, orange and pure white. A few days earlier the splendid *lilium auratum* had been flowering in such profusion that the air was too heavy with its perfume. I fastened one magnificent spike to the front of my kango, where the white blossom shone in relief against the brown back of my coolie, till, alas! the constant process of changing men crushed my lilies and their lovely buds.

It was already five o'clock when we reached Gotemba, a pretty town lying about half-way across the plain, but we had determined to push on to Subashiri, which is considerably nearer the base of the mountain. Heavy rain came on, and the coolies very sensibly demurred at going further. Obstinacy, however, carried the day, and we subjected ourselves to the misery of reaching our destination in the dark, to find the only good rooms occupied, and all our clothes and other goods soaked—a serious matter in a Japanese house, where the only means of drying them is over a small *hibachi*, which is simply a small brass bowl containing a handful of charcoal. We spent a considerable portion of the night at this primitive occupation, aided by a pretty little Japanese damsel, and, as a matter of course, were not inclined for an early start next morning.

The village is a long, straggling street, gay with the pilgrim flags which float from its many teahouses, while from the grove of rich green cryptomerias which clothes the base of the mountain appear the quaint, overhanging thatch roofs of a fine old Shinto gateway and temple, at which all devout pilgrims pay their vows ere commencing the ascent. Passing by a shrine which is the stable of the sacred white wooden horse, they perform their ceremonial ablutions at the fountain, where a sacred bronze dragon ceaselessly spouts clear running water into a stone tank, from the wooden canopy of which float bright calico flags, which act as towels. Then the pilgrims, who at this season press on in ceaseless streams, assemble in groups before the temple, or else kneel reverently before the sacred mirror on the altar, while the old priest, rapidly repeating some formula of blessing or of prayer, holds up a great bronze sort of crozier, from which floats an immense *gohei*, a sort of banner of mystically cut paper, hanging in very peculiar folds, which is the Shinto symbol of God, supposed to have originated in a play on the word *kami*, which expresses both God and paper. Having thus consecrated the first stage of their pilgrimage, the wayfarers will, on their descent, return here, or else by the sacred village of Yoshida, a very picturesque spot on another spur of the mountain, where the priest will imprint a stamp on their garments which shall prove them true pilgrims in the sight of all men, and the raiment thus sanctified will become a relic and heirloom for ever.

It was ten o'clock ere we were ready to start. The same gray, unpromising weather continued, and our one consolation lay in the cool freshness of the air, knowing how trying would be the ascent over that great expanse of bare lava, should the sun blaze with the same fierce intensity that it had been doing for some time previous. We were already at a height of 2,500 feet above the sea level, and our route from this point was a steady ascent over volcanic ash and cinders. The lower slopes of the mountain are all wooded; a good deal of larch mingles with the fir; cryptomerias and other pines, willow, maple and chestnut all flourish, and raspberries grow abundantly.

About two and a half hours brought us to the rest-house, where, by law, we were obliged to leave our kangos, as no carrying nor any beast of burden is allowed on the Holy Mount. Even coolies cannot be engaged here, but those which foreigners bring with them are winked at, and ours had agreed to accompany us all the way. From this point to the summit takes from seven to eight hours' steady walking. At easy intervals, there are eight or nine rest-houses, two or three of which collapsed last Winter, and have not been rebuilt; but at the others, which are merely wooden sheds, may be had the welcome tiny cup of pale tea, and a bowl of rice with savory accompaniments, or a tray of sweetmeats, notably peppermint drops, and a sort of very strong crystallized peppermint, of which an infinitesimal quantity is given as a reviving dram. A drink by no means to be despised, and which we found very sustaining, is a compound of raw eggs, beaten up with sugar and hot *saki*—a kind of wine distilled from rice. In our capacity of pilgrims we tasted all that was offered us, and rather enjoyed the curious fare.

Our route for some distance lay through pleasant woods, in which we found a good deal of white rhododendron, blue monkshood, and masses of large pink campanula and small bluebells. Further up we passed through thick alder scrub, and found quantities of real Alpine strawberries, on which we feasted. Finally we emerged on to the bare cone, which presented precisely the appearance of a vast cinder-heap.

One coolie had been told off to help each of the ladies, and mine did me good service by going ahead carrying the two ends of a hammock, which, as being softer than a rope, I had passed round my waist. We pressed on in advance of the others, till, after five hours' climbing, we reached the rest-house known as No. 6, where I was welcomed by an old man, who, with infinite discretion, immediately spread a *fawong*, or wadded quilt, rolled up another as a pillow, and heaped up a big fire, the material for which must have been brought from the woods far below. In a few minutes I began shivering violently, but was all right ere the others arrived, which they did in a sharp thunder-shower.

The rain soon ceased, and then for the first time the summit stood out perfectly clear, seeming so close that it was quite aggravating not to have gained it. But we were all thoroughly tired and disinclined to go further, so we arranged to sleep here. The sunset was magnificent, and a splendid double rainbow spanned the heavens. We had brought our own provisions and two Japanese attendants, so supper was duly served, and we then made the best of rough quarters.

Our landlady at Shibashiri had kindly lent us a huge roll of quilts, made up in the form of gigantic wadded dressing-gowns with sleeves, three of which made a very heavy coolie-load. In these we wrapped ourselves, and lay down in the corner furthest from the wood fire, round which our shivering coolies crouched, but the smoke of which made our eyes ache horribly. We were, however, soon routed from our lair by the heavy rain which dripped through the roof. Happily we had brought large sheets of oiled paper to protect our baggage, and these, being spread as a canopy over our heads, proved excellent protection.

At 1 A.M. we woke and found the rain had ceased, and that a bright half-moon was shining, so we quickly roused our host, and made him prepare rice for the coolies, and also some breakfast for ourselves, and at 3 A.M. we started for the last, and by far the steepest, part of the ascent. By mistake we got on to the track by which the pilgrims descend, which is quite straight instead of zigzaging, and also leads over very soft, decomposed ash, in which we sank so deep at every step that it was very exhausting.

We therefore struck across the cone, and scrambled over a belt of rough lava, beyond which we struck a very uncertain track, which, however, eventually led us to the beaten path, trodden by such multitudes of pilgrims, and so thickly strewn with their straw sandals, as to give it the appearance of having had straw laid over it. As the shoes cost somewhat less than one cent a pair, they can be replaced without serious extravagance, and the provident traveler is wont to carry at least one extra pair; more would be unnecessary, as they are sold at every halting-place. Many pilgrims overtook us, hastening upward, and repeating in chorus a sort of chant, Rokkonshojo, Rokkonshojo, which is a formula expressive of the purity of flesh and spirit required in those who ascend this holy mount.

Toward the summit the path leads right through several small shrines, in which the faithful may purchase small paper *goheis* floating from little sticks, which they plant in the lava as they ascend; and the curious, whether faithful or not, can purchase odd pictures and maps of Fujiyama, showing the various routes by which it may be ascended from all sides of the country. By dint of great exertion and with the help of my faithful coolie, I managed to reach the summit at 5·30 A.M., just in time to see all the companies of white-robed pilgrims kneeling to adore the rising sun as his first rays gilded the mountain-top, and chanting deep-toned litanies. It was a very striking scene, though at a little distance the groups of white figures kneeling on the dark lava were singularly suggestive of seabirds nestling on some high rock—a resemblance which was increased by their having removed their large hats and covered their heads with a white cloth.

PILGRIMS ASCENDING THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.

I had been told that many women of all ages perform this pilgrimage. So far from this being the case, among the many thousands of men whom we met going and returning I only observed two women—one very old and bent almost double; the other a merry girl, who seemed more intent on the amusement of the expedition than on the expiation of her sins. The fact is, it is only recently that the law has been annulled which forbade any woman to ascend the holy mountain, so that it really is not customary for women to go.

Having chanted their sunrise orisons, the next care of the pilgrims is to march in procession sunwise round the crater, a distance of about three miles. On descending the mountain, the more zealous repeat the sunwise circuit round the base of the cone, which, of course, implies a very long additional walk. It is the same ceremony which I have witnessed in many a remote corner of the earth—in Himalayan forests, or round the huge *dogobas* in the heart of Ceylon — and which we still trace in many an old custom not yet wholly extinct in the Scottish Highlands.

Being anxious to reach the western side of the crater in time to see the vast triangular shadow cast by the mountain at sunrise as at sunset, I hastened round, and had the good fortune to witness an effect precisely similar to what I had seen from the summit of Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, and which I am told also occurs at Pike's Peak, Colorado—namely, a vast blue triangle, lying athwart land and sea and cloud, yet apparently resting on the atmosphere, its outlines being unbroken by any irregularity of hill or valley. It may be interesting to add that when I witnessed this phenomenon in Ceylon, the edge of the triangle was tinged with prismatic colors, giving the appearance of a triangular rainbow.

A magnificent panorama lay outstreached before us. We had gained an altitude which I have heard variously estimated at from 12,365 feet to 13,600 feet, and the world below appeared as a vast plain. On every side dreamy visions of far-away ocean, range beyond range of dwarfed mountains, wide expanses of level green dotted with towns, gleaming lakes, and filmy vapors forming vails which now and again hid some portion of the landscape from our sight; and, in strong contrast with all this delicate distant color, the strong warm madder and chocolate

tints of the lava foreground, melting away into the hazy greens of the forest below, while here and there, on some secluded spot, patches of last Winter's snow still lingered, soon to be covered by a fresh fall.

All around us, on the steep slopes of the cone, were heaped up a multitude of cairns of broken lava, memorials of many a pilgrim band — another link in the chain of curious customs common to so many races. At short intervals all round the crater are tiny shrines, where the devotees halt for the observance of some religious rite of the Shinto faith. One of these crowns the highest peak, and is conspicuous from afar by its quaint wooden Torii, a curious specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, which forms the invariable gateway to every Shinto and many Buddhist temples, but which to the irreverent foreigner is rather suggestive of a gallows. Another of these structures marks the spot where, on the edge of the crater, a holy well yields pure cold water, with which the devout fill their gourd-bottles, to be reverently carried home, together with large bundles of charms, as a cure for all manner of ills. I have since noted similar cold springs in the bed of the great extinct crater of Haleakala, in the Sandwich Islands.

A JAPANESE TAILOR.

I mentioned that one of my companions had already made the ascent of the mountain several times. On each previous occasion the weather had been so unpropitious that the whole scene had been shrouded in cold gray mist, and he could not even discern the outline of the crater which yawned at his feet. This morning the whole lay bathed in cloudless sunlight, and a clear blue sky threw out yet more vividly the wonderfully varied colors of the lava, great crags of which—red, claret, yellow, sienna, green, gray and lavender, purply and black—rose perpendicularly from out the deep shadow, which still lay untouched by the morning light, in the depths of the crater. I believe that in reality its depth does not exceed 500 feet, while its greatest length is estimated at 3,000 feet, its width 1,800. We best realized its size by noting the long lines of figures (their large straw hats giving those near us the appearance of locomotive mushrooms), which became mere pin-points when seen against the skyline on the further side. I can only hear of one gentleman (a foreigner, of course) who has made a descent into the crater itself.

A SERVANT IN A JAPANESE INN.

Very peaceful and calm was the scene in that clear early morning, without a sound save the [illegible]ling of pilgrims' bells. Yet, by the frequent earthquakes which still cause the land to tremble, we know that the fires which of old desolated this region still smolder, and may at any moment break out again, and repeat the story of 1707, which is the date of the latest eruption. According to native traditions, this huge volcano arose suddenly upward of 2,000 years ago, the date assigned being B.C. 285. At the same time a mighty convulsion rent the earth near Kioto, 300 miles to the southward, forming a chasm sixty miles long by eighteen broad, in which now lie the blue waters of Lake Biwa.

The internal fires find vent at many points all over these fair green isles, which are dotted with boiling springs and active volcanoes as numerous as those which mark the Malay Archipelago, Lombok, Sumbawa, Java, Sumatra, the Philippines—in short, all those isles which, with Japan, form a chain along which volcanic action extends right up to the shores of Kamtschatka.

In Kiusiu alone there are five active volcanoes. Of one, near Nagasaki, called the High Mountain of Warm Springs, noted for its hot sulphur baths, the Japanese tell how, in 1793, the summit fell in, and torrents of boiling water burst forth. On one occasion it overwhelmed the city of Shima Barra, destroying 35,000 persons. We are also told of a mountain fortress in the district which suddenly subsided, and the place where the hill had stood became a lake.

There has scarcely been one century in which the national records have not had occasion to record dire catastrophes caused by earthquakes. Thus, in the year A.D. 685, 2,000 acres of land on the coast of Tosa, in the isle of Shikoku, were permanently submerged, and a multitude of people perished in various parts of the empire.

Thirty years later, so vast a landslip occurred that the Aratama River was diverted from its channel and flooded three counties. Then followed a succession of earthquakes, accompanied by terrific tidal waves, one of which washed away thousands of people. Mountains were rent asunder; vast fissures yawned, swallowing up houses and people and emitting bluish flames; castles were

demolished, and in Kioto a temple fell, crushing beneath its ruins fifty priests.

In A.D. 1293 twenty thousand persons are said to have perished in one earthquake.

In 1331 the summit of Fujiyama was visibly lowered, the upper rim of the crater having fallen in (as I have recently seen crags six hundred feet in height fall in at the crater of Kilauea, in the Sandwich Islands).

The latest eruption of Fujiyama was in A.D. 1707, when a mighty earthquake shook the land, and the living fires forced open a new chimney at three thousand feet below the summit, vomiting showers of ashes, which fell at distances of one hundred miles. The cone thus formed remains to this day, and is called Ho-yei-San. I confess I grudge the honorific *San* being applied to the unsightly lump which, as seen from certain points, mars the otherwise faultless sweep of the perfect outline.

The year 1854–55 was marked by appalling activity of the internal forces. The isle of Shikoku was shaken by an earthquake so terrific that the solid earth heaved in waves like an angry sea. Innumerable fissures were rent open, and from these gaping chasms mud and water were thrown up. From the mountains fell vast avalanches of earth and rock, which overwhelmed whole cities, and what escaped the landslips was destroyed by fires which very naturally broke out in the ruins. Tidal waves swept the shores and rushed up the rivers, doing appalling damage and flooding the land. A Russian frigate which was lying off the coast of Tdzu, in Shimoda, was spun round and round forty times within half an hour, and was then thrown ashore a total wreck. In one night seventy shocks were counted. In the district of Tosa all dwelling-houses were either thrown down or shaken to their foundations. The country, for a space of four hundred miles, presented one widespread scene of desolation. In the ensuing twelve months upward of eight hundred distinct shocks were experienced.

In 1855 occurred an earthquake so terrific that the City of Tokio was well-nigh destroyed. Upward of fourteen thousand dwelling-houses and two thousand strong fireproof storehouses were destroyed. Multitudes of persons were crushed in their own falling houses; others fell into clefts and chasms which suddenly opened beneath their feet and swallowed them up. Then fire spread and raged furiously, so that the city was made desolate, the dead being variously estimated at from fifty to a hundred thousand.

Even now scarcely a week passes in which a slight shock of earthquake is not felt; so there is, of course, no certainty that such scenes of horror may not at any time be repeated. Moreover, within a day's march of the Mighty Mountain lie the sulphurous boiling springs of Ojingoko (*i. e.*, the Great Hell), and, at no great distance in other directions, two sets of hot springs, both bearing the name of Yumoto. And, looking down from that high pinnacle, far on the dreamy horizon I saw, or fancied I saw, a faint indication of smoke from the active volcanic isle of Vries (or Ashima), which lies just off the coast of Tdzu. Such neighbors as these make it impossible to ignore the probability that a day may come ere long when Fuji-San shall awake from his sleep of a century and a half, and may resume his crown of fire, as Vesuvius, Etna, and many another volcano, fondly assumed to be extinct, have done ere now.

Vesuvius is said to have made such good use of 150 years of rest that, at the time of the great eruption in A.D. 1306, not only were all its slopes richly cultivated, but chestnut groves and pools of water had sprung up within the crater. Here, on the extreme summit of Fujiyama, we have the water springs, but no trace of vegetation, though a few blades of grass have struggled into life within a very short distance of the summit.

Whether fiery streams shall ever again pour down the mountain-side and burn their way through the green forests, we cannot prophesy. At present, however, all seems quiet, and the mighty giant sleeps.

Having wandered leisurely round the crater—a circuit of about three miles—I began to think of breakfast, and, returning to my companions, found them and our followers already in possession of one of a row of about a dozen small huts facing the rising sun, which form a one-sided street where the pilgrims lodge. They are tiny stone houses, partly scooped out of the cinder-bank, the roof weighted with heavy blocks of lava, to resist the force of wild tempests. There is a small space artificially leveled in front of the huts, and from these float numbers of the gay pilgrim flags already mentioned. Within each hut is a small space neatly matted, and here, having spread the soft warm quilts brought with us, I gladly lay down for an hour's rest, while my companions made the circuit of the crater. Our large sheets of oiled paper were hung across as a curtain to shield us from the glare, and to separate our corner from that where our host was cooking. Happily, in mercy to our eyes, he had substituted charcoal for wood. I may mention, by-the-way, that water here boils at 184° Fahr. Above my head, even in this rude hut, was the invariable domestic shrine. Here, of course, it was Shinto, and in addition to the usual sacred mirror of polished metal, was a model of Fujiyama rudely hewn in lava.

Our quarters being as comfortable as could possibly be expected, it had been our intention to spend the day and night quietly on the summit. Unfortunately, however, our brother-pilgrim, who on his previous ascents had already suffered from mountain sickness, produced by the rarified air, was on this occasion so violently and continuously sick that it was evidently necessary for him to descend at once. Both our Japanese attendants likewise suffered, and asked leave to go back. They had crushed sour pink plums on their temples, which seemed to us a novel remedy, but is one much in favor in Japan. Had we but known it, nature had provided a far more efficacious remedy in the snowdrifts of the crater—bathing the temples with snow being the surest protection against sickness and headache thus produced.

At first we two ladies decided on remaining by ourselves (having perfect trust in our coolies), but unfortunately, after an interval of rest, I, too, awoke feeling so sick that, combining the chances of increasing illness with that of bad weather on the morrow, it was voted better that we should also return to the lower world—a decision which I now sincerely regret, being convinced that my own indisposition was simply momentary and due to over-fatigue. I am the more inclined to this belief as two parties of our friends, fired by our example, made the pilgrimage a few days later; each spent a night on the summit, coming in for grand thunderstorms, torrents of rain, and a magnificent sunrise; but no one complained of any tendency to sickness, though one stalwart Scot did awaken with a headache, which, however, he attributed to the mountain dew in which he had pledged his absent friends, and not to the mountain air.

Our coolies once more shouldered their burdens with an alacrity which surprised us, and at 11.30 we regretfully took our last look at the magnificent scene, and, already over-wearied, commenced the descent. Already large white clouds encompassed the base of the mountain, and floating mists played about the summit, veiling the sun and shielding us from its burning rays. Nevertheless, the

descent was most exhausting, and seemed never-ending. The path lay straight down the cone, over deep, soft ash and crumbly scoriæ, in which we sank over the ankles, and which kept penetrating into our boots. We felt grateful to our pilgrim predecessors, whose straw shoes strewed the earth in thousands, making it a shade better for us.

It was 4 P. M. when we reached the rest-house where we had left our kangos, and much did we enjoy some good egg *saké*, as did also our coolies, who, having made an excellent meal and transferred the luggage to a packhorse which we were fortunate enough to secure, shouldered the kangos, in which we wearily lay, and trotted off quite cheerily, only halting to smoke beneath a fine old larch-tree, from the branches of which hung innumerable pairs of old straw shoes, tied together and thrown up for luck by the happy pilgrims whose task is accomplished, and who have secured a store of merit and sanctity to last for years to come. Our coolies added their sandals, and as many more as they could find lying on the path, evidently considering it a good game. They then trotted on downhill to Subashiri, where we arrived about 5.30. This time we found the good rooms reserved for us, and hot baths, the advantage of which the Japanese so fully understand, were all ready. These, followed by a good night's rest, partly restored us, though I confess I was stiff and aching for many days to come.

We spent the following morning in pleasant idleness at the old Shinto temple, only doing a three hours' evening march to Gotemba, whence we proposed starting long before daylight. A message was, however, brought to us that the police, who, as a matter of course, had demanded our passports, refused to allow us to pass till we had been inspected by the doctor—a ceremony which could not be performed till next day. This was on account of the cholera panic.

Tired as we were, we concluded that the only thing to be done was to put on our boots again and march in person to the police office, where our healthy appearance and extreme civility so overawed two minute policemen that they allowed us to pass on unmolested. So at 3 A. M. the good old landlady and cook were astir to feed us and our coolies, and at 4 we started in the dark. At one point the coolies evidently had a great joke, and, laughing heartily but very silently, they ran as hard as they could for about half a mile. We could not understand their fun at the time, but afterward discovered that we were passing the house of the dreaded doctor, who might have detained us as he had done other people.

The sun rose while we toiled up the Otōmitonga Pass, and at every step the view became more grand, as Fujiyama stood revealed, rising in cloudless beauty from the vast intervening plain. Scarcely, however, had we feasted our eyes on the lovely vision, when the mist uprose, and in a few moments not the faintest suggestion of a mountain was to be seen, to the great grief of a large party who toiled up the hill from Hakoni lake, just too late to see it.

We descended the pass, and, crossing the valley, made for a region known as Ojingoko, "the Great Hell," where, in a hollow between two dark wooded hills, the stream of boiling sulphur-springs rises ceaselessly from a bare expanse of red broken ground. Before reaching this spot we arrived at the charmingly primitive teahouse of Sengoko Yu, in the heart of the beautiful forest. The water from the boiling sulphur-springs is brought down in bamboo pipes, and is here cooled in simple but effective baths. One of these having been told off for our exclusive use, screened, and placed under the guardianship of a pretty Japanese boy, who, proud of his charge, sat on watch to keep off all intruders, we were able to revel in peace, and did our best to boil away all painful memories of our climb. Then, arrayed in cool Japanese dresses, lent us by our hostess, we were ready to enjoy a seminative supper. On the following morning we repeated our sulphur-bath, and recommend the process to all future pilgrims.

Then, climbing the hill to make a nearer inspection of "the Great Hell," we tried various rash experiments in the way of tasting sulphur, alum, and iron springs, cooked our luncheon in one, and then, braving the choking sulphurous fumes which made us cough violently, we inspected the process by which sulphur rock is pounded to a fine powder, thrown into furnaces where it becomes a gas, and, passing through rude retorts, drips in a deep orange-colored fluid into large vessels, where it becomes pure solid sulphur, of a pale chrome-color, after which it is made up in bundles and carried down the mountain.

Descending in a thick, soaking mist, we halted at the teahouse of Obango, where a group of native travelers were listening in rapt attention to a woman reciting, in an extraordinary voice down in her throat, gurgling and cackling, and occasionally blowing through a shell, or loudly tapping with her fan. She was apparently reciting some old story, but none of our party could understand a word she said, as she was speaking in a dialect almost obsolete, which few of the Japanese themselves could follow. An hour's row down the Hakoni lake brought us to the village of the same name, where we found many friends in pleasant Summer quarters, and where the chief attraction of every house and every walk lies in the view it commands of Fujiyama.

RESURGAM.

From depth to height, from height to loftier height,
The climber sets his foot and sets his face,
Tracks lingering sunbeams to their halting-place,
And counts the last pulsation of the light.
Strenuous through day and unsurprised by night
He runs a race with Time, and wins the race,
Emptied and stripped of all save only Grace,
Will, Love, a threefold panoply of might.
Darkness descends for light he toiled to seek:
He stumbles on the darkened mountain-head,
Left breathless in the unbreathable pure air,
Made freeman of the living and the dead:
He wots not he has topped the topmost peak,
But the returning sun will find him there.

LADY HAMILTON.

In the attention paid of late years to the collection of the curious in art, many paintings of the English school have been sought, not alone for intrinsic merit in the artist, but from the fact that the model who sat for them was the strangely beautiful Emma Lyons, who began life as a barefooted girl, near Chester, gaining a miserable livelihood by driving a donkey laden with coal and sand. As her beauty was seen while she was a child's nurse in a family connected with Boydell, the engraver, she became a model for artists, her singularly beautiful proportions and exquisitely modeled outlines making her a type for the beautiful forms which, on canvas, captivated the aristocracy and wealth of England. Hence many paintings of apparently ideal forms are really her portraits. She was then in the hands of a traveling physician, or, rather, a quack, as the emblem of the Goddess Hygeia (Health). She had acquired by this time some intellectual education and the usages of society, but, unfortunately, no one thought of her moral training, or of shielding the friendless girl from the dangers to which her beauty exposed

her. After some years of a life such as may well be supposed, when she was thrown among the wealthy men of leisure, she married Sir William Hamilton, an antiquarian and diplomatist, whom she accompanied to Naples. There she plunged into all the social and political intrigues, and caused a war between England and Spain. The great Admiral Nelson, the pride of England, was so captivated by her charms that he renounced his commission to enjoy her society.

She died in great poverty at Calais, France, in 1815.

LADY HAMILTON.— FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE ROMNEY.— SEE PAGE 575.

THE LETTER "S"; OR, THE JOCELYN SIN.—"THEY HAD COME OUT OF THE SHRUBBERY CLOSE TO THE STILE. ON THE OTHER SIDE, GENERAL JOCELYN WAS BENDING OVER A DARK OBJECT. HE RAISED HIS HEAD QUICKLY AT THE SOUND OF THEIR VOICES."

THE LETTER "S"; Or, THE JOCELYN SIN.

By INDE.

Chapter I.—The Rich Man's Secret.

General Jocelyn read the morning papers in serene content, although breakfast waited, and the disapproving countenance of a dignified butler appeared every five minutes, mutely surveying the situation. The table was laid for three; but as yet the tall, stately master was the sole representative, who, unlike most of his sex, did not grumble, or vent ill-humor upon everybody round him. He had lived abroad, on almost invisible means, save during transient service; always gallant, in the occasional European wars, and only lately returned to take possession of the great landed estate in Virginia, which his half-brother, John Fulkerson, had bequeathed.

It was a new experience, that of being rich, to the penniless gentleman and his only child, Winifred Jocelyn. They had been buffeted from pillar to post all pretty Winifred's not very long life, with no reasonable prospect of anything better or more luxurious, until, at John Fulkerson's demise, the sometime officer and always pauper

became a millionaire, and went home to Virginia to domicile himself in the splendid establishment of Jocelyn Hall. The terms of the will were rather peculiar, although John Fulkerson was known as an eccentric man.

Nevertheless, it created some speculation as to the singular old man's meaning, when the will was opened. People only remembered him as a bitter, sarcastic, weird old man, shut up in the library at Jocelyn Hall, refusing to admit or see any soul save his servants. People seldom sought twice to invade his retirement. His unscrupulous tongue usually cured them of any such desire.

When he died, at last, the neighborhood gave a sigh of relief, and waited for some last oddity. They were not disappointed. The will fulfilled their expectations. It was a curious document, devising the whole estate to his half-brother, Hugh Jocelyn, and in case of Hugh Jocelyn dying without heirs, to his own nephew, Fulke Fulkerson.

"I bought the estate when it was sold under the hammer, at the death of my stepfather, Jocelyn," the will said. "I restore it to the Jocelyn name and race by bequeathing it to my half-brother, Hugh Jocelyn. Should he die without leaving children, the estate, real and personal, must go to my nephew, Fulke Fulkerson, a born scoundrel and the only homely devil in the breed. Should Fulke Fulkerson die without children, or not survive Hugh Jocelyn by one year and one day, the Jocelyns shall have the estate for all eternity. Bernard Jocelyn, nephew of Hugh and my half-nephew, will, on these conditions, and failing heirs from Hugh, become the sole heir."

Saturnine and morose as old John Fulkerson had been all his life, at his very worst he never equaled the evil disposition, the cruel, vindictive temper of this "homely devil," Fulke Fulkerson. Nevertheless, he seemed to have fastened himself tenaciously upon General Jocelyn, despite Winifred's very frank aversion.

It was for these two that General Jocelyn waited with such commendable patience. His fine face brightened as the echo of a light, quick footstep betokened the arrival of at least one of the tardy.

"Oh, papa, it is too bad—you dear, good old papa, waiting, and not to scold, and you have been here so long," exclaimed Winifred, suddenly opening the door; and rushing up to the stately gentleman, she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"How do you know that I am not going to scold, you little tornado?" he asked, looking proudly into the lovely face, with its dusky eyes and long lashes.

"Because you never do, and because I won't let you. There, now! I am so hungry! I wonder if breakfast is ruined! It didn't matter much in the old times, papa, when we had toast without butter, and coffee without sugar, and when I boiled you an egg for a great luxury—it didn't matter about waiting then, did it, papa?"

"No, no, my lovely child," he said, stroking the golden hair, fondly. "I hope we may never have such times again."

"Oh, papa, I could not go back to poverty now. I have tried it, and I could not endure it again. It is charming to be rich, isn't it, papa? I am so glad there is no possibility of my being poor again."

General Jocelyn turned shortly away, and as he laid his hand on the bell a spasm of pain shot across his face.

"Perhaps not," he said, absently.

"Who is here to breakfast; not that dreadful Fulke, again?" she demanded, with a pretty affectation of terror, and a very genuine displeasure in the musical tones.

"Winifred, my dear, don't speak in that way of your cousin; you must not;" and there was an unusual energy in the general's sonorous voice, and a curious anxiety in the way he watched her as he added, "He has been here to see me concerning you."

"Me?" she rejoined. "Oh, I am so hungry! No one ever came to see you about me when I wore those horrid old stuff dresses until they were too short, and a weather-beaten hat, and—and when we lived in nasty, dark lodgings, no one ever came to see us then, papa, except the baker's boy, with his two-shilling or three-shilling bill—by way of introduction—did they? Oh, Sanders, is that breakfast? Come, papa, I am not patient like you; we will finish before ugly Fulke puts in an appearance;" and the beautiful, rosy lips smiled scornfully at the unusual gravity in a face always kind for her. The anxiety seemed to deepen in her father's countenance as the graceful little figure fluttered to the seat behind the great silver coffee-urn, and the bright eyes glanced mockingly over the antique cream-flagon, and defied him to preserve that strange gravity. "How delightfully nice it is to have everything one wants, and not to be everlastingly counting the pennies to know if one might dare eat another slice of toast! We can laugh at it all now, papa, can't we—now that we are General and Miss Jocelyn, of Jocelyn Hall?"

"You are full of reminiscences this morning, Winifred," he remarked, taking the cup of fragrant Mocha from her in the same preoccupied manner.

"Papa," she said, suddenly, "what are you thinking of? I will know."

"Well, Winnie, I may as well tell you that your cousin, Fulke, has been with me this morning, to ask my permission to make you an offer of marriage."

"The wretch!" she interposed. "Did you order him out of the house?"

General Jocelyn did not lift his eyes or look at her.

"I did nothing of the kind. I am bound to say, Winifred, that as my heir—that is, my probable heir—I desire very much that you could like Fulke. He is ugly and ungainly——"

"And a savage wretch, vicious and cruel as a wild animal," she broke in, impetuously.

"But as my probable heir——"

"Papa," she interrupted again, the peach-like flush deepening in her delicate cheek, "you forget that he cannot be your heir while I live."

"True, true," he answered, in some confusion; "I forgot that. I—but he is my nephew, and, seriously, Winifred, it would be happiness and relief to me if you could like my nephew."

"Bernard Jocelyn is your nephew, too, papa. Why do you not advocate magnificent Bernie instead of this detestable Fulke? Bernie likes me," she added, half-shyly.

"But Bernard is poor, my love; you hate poverty; it is to save you from the least danger of poverty that I advocate Fulke," he replied, in an embarrassed way, as if striving to find arguments.

"Papa, I don't understand you. What if Bernie is poor, I will be rich—you are rich. Is there any danger of my being poor? I tell you I hate and detest this ugly brute of a Fulke. I would scarcely marry him if there was no other way in the world of being rich. Papa, if we were going to be poor again, and I could only prevent it by marrying ugly Fulke, I might think of it, so much do I dread poverty; but when we are rich and happy, with plenty of money and servants and a grand house, why on earth do you want me to endure the proposals of this ugly wretch—tell me that, papa?"

Her bright, dusky eyes were fixed upon him with a keen inquiry and surprise in their liquid depths.

"Well, well, my darling, do as you wish. I only want you to be happy," was the half-jesting, half-serious reply. "Only, Winifred, my darling, never speak to me of Bernie. I will never consent to that; it would be folly, too, just when he is going off on that Arctic expedition. You will never hear of him again, my little pet."

She laughed securely.

"You dear old general, don't try to be severe; it won't do. Don't you speak of that ugly, detestable Fulke—I hate him, the evil-faced wretch——"

The door opened slowly, and Fulke himself walked in. The sinister scowl always on his repulsive countenance seemed darker and more viciously evil than ever. Evidently he had heard the verdict of the witching girl sitting demurely behind the massive coffee-urn. However much as he may have suspected her aversion in the past, the downright avowal of it now lashed the vindictive temper into bitter passion. The lurid hue overspreading his face never changed as he seated himself at the table, and accepted a cup of coffee from the tiny white hand of the beautiful heiress.

"Now, papa, you can entertain Fulke; I am going for a ride this lovely morning. See, they have brought Selim around, and good-by, papa," she said, tossing a muffin to a dainty skye watching her expectantly.

"Wait, Winifred; I have promised Fulke that you will see him in the library this morning," interposed her father, the same anxious look creeping into his eyes.

"Have you, papa? Well, perhaps when I have put on my riding-habit I may—perhaps—perchance—see Fulke for just a few minutes," was the reluctant answer.

"As you like," surlily observed Fulke, without glancing up; "just as you say, Uncle Hugh—I leave it with you," he added, fixing his eyes meaningly on his uncle. "I am not much of a ladies' man, but, you understand, I am not dainty in dealing with men. I think I understand that," he added, with a short, sneering laugh.

General Jocelyn moved uneasily.

"You will see Fulke," he said, with more of command than he had ever used to Winifred.

"Perhaps; I'll just ponder over it a bit, papa," she retorted, saucily, the faintest possible amazement in her countenance.

"Ay, I dare swear she'll see me," rudely commented Fulke, going on with his breakfast.

Winifred turned haughtily.

"I won't see you to-day; wait until it is my pleasure to receive you, sir," and without waiting for the acrid, sullen answer which Fulke evidently meditated, Winifred Jocelyn darted out of the room, up the broad staircase to her own boudoir.

"Curse her!" muttered Fulke, audibly, as he deliberately laid down his knife and fork, and fixed his scowling, menacing eyes on his host.

Perhaps in all his rough, adventurous life General Jocelyn had never felt the thrill of fear and intimidation that quivered through him as he encountered the pitiless, deadly glare of Fulke's steel-like eyes.

"Do you think I am going to stand this?" he asked, in a low, passionate voice, while a certain indescribable alarm became visible in the handsome, ruddy face opposite; still his stately dignity did not forsake him when General Jocelyn said, coldly:

"What do you mean, sir? I certainly don't understand you."

"You don't, eh?" sneered Fulke. "Uncle Hugh, we might as well understand each other clearly!"

"Just as you wish, sir," replied the other.

"Very well; in this case my wish rules. I happen to have the whip-hand of you," retorted the nephew, with an unpleasant laugh, more malign than the veriest growl, and as insulting as possibly Fulke meant it should be.

"Pray explain yourself," haughtily observed his uncle; but even as he spoke a certain grayness crept about the temples, gradually becoming more visible when the repulsive, evil face came nearer, and Fulke said, deliberately:

"You—have—a secret—eh?"

"What is that to you?" demanded the other, angrily.

Fulke laughed again.

"Wise in you not to deny it, and equally bold; because when I once close my grippers on anything, I don't let go easily; perhaps you know that, eh?" he asked, with an insolent leer.

"That is your affair, sir," was the haughty response, while General Jocelyn looked as if he could find it in his heart to spring on this exasperating, villainous-looking man and kill him then and there.

"Possibly you will find it your affair before all is done!"

There was a silence of a moment, then, apparently with a terrible effort at calmness, the host looking past his guest straight out the window, where a groom in jaunty cap and velveteen jacket exercised a spirited bay; and possibly the scene gave more strength to the strange want of nerve in a man noted for audacious coolness.

"Fulke, I don't suppose the caprice of a spoiled girl has given you cause for insults to me; you have dropped some rather remarkable insinuations of late; as you were good enough to observe just now, we may as well comprehend each other. Excuse me if I insist upon an explanation."

Despite the calm courtesy of the well-bred gentleman, the lynx-eye watching him perceived that the hand holding the newspaper shook visibly.

"We may as well have it out," the other said, coarsely. "You are a rich, magnificent gentleman; I, as my beastly Uncle Fulkerson said, a poor and homely devil; but I have to make up the deficit somewhere. Luckily, a rich man's secret is about as good an investment as anything else. I hold your secret, Uncle Hugh; I stumbled on it by a fortunate accident; you best know what it is worth to keep it hushed up."

"Suppose, sir, that I decline to admit your claim without proof?" began General Jocelyn, while his fingers unconsciously crushed the paper in a fierce, hard grasp—unconsciously to himself, but the wary watch that marked everything took mental note of the smallest betrayal of agitation.

"Proofs!" insolently repeated his nephew. "Perhaps you take me for a fool. Nobody ever said that of me, and I am very confident nobody ever will—not you, at least. You may rest assured that I have neither neglected the proof nor the details. Listen: you tramped it considerably around, a soldier of fortune, taking service wherever you could get it. Why did you not stay in New Orleans twenty years ago? Why did you voluntarily and abruptly quit the delightful Crescent City, and never again venture within the limits of your native country, and what became of——"

"Stop, for God's sake!" ejaculated the other, a look of hunted terror in his livid face—a look that riveted the fetters this merciless nephew slowly fastened upon him. Ay, that is a confounded unpleasant reminiscence, that little episode in the garden of Le Vailliante's pretty cottage—confoundedly ugly for rich General Jocelyn—eh, sir?"

And the wicked, uncanny smile on the repellent countenance had a fiendish triumph, galling and humiliating to the gentleman writhing already in bonds.

"Go on," he said, in a low, unsteady tone. "What is it you want?—not merely my downfall?"

"No—oh, no; that would be a bad investment. I leave that as a last alternative. Satisfy my demands, and you may live and die in your false honors, with your crime unpunished; but you know me. Fail in one single point to accede to my terms, and I will give you up to the law as freely as I would a dog. I don't pretend to any love for the man who has every stiver of what should be mine."

The bewildered helplessness of one cowering under a deadly menace settled on General Jocelyn's usually calm face. As Fulke had said, he knew him, and the knowledge sent a quiver of strange fear through the old soldier. If there was a dark episode in the past, hidden away under the exile of twenty years, Fulke had possessed himself of it—Fulke, of all others. God help him! Hugh Jocelyn knew that the lash was over him for life. With his money came this hideous slavery to a man who envied and hated him.

He sighed hopelessly, and wished in his terror-stricken soul for the days when he had been not worth the remembrance of any man; when even Fulke did not care to hunt him down, and when he had not seen Winifred.

"What is it you want?" repeated the uncle, a queer blindness crossing his vision, as a dainty little figure in blue habit and waving plumes tripped across the piazza, and springing lightly into the saddle, cantered off down the avenue.

"That's business. I can soon tell you my terms, and I think you know there is no back-down from the smallest particular. What I demand is the price of my silence—the golden salve for a conscience outraged by shielding such a villain from justice," and Fulke laughed his harsh, discordant laugh as he saw the handsome, polished man before him flinch under his taunts. "What I want is just this: first, I must have money. I want a thousand dollars to-morrow. I won't press you too hard; it would excite comment, especially as money is only an accessory, not my principal demand, which is—perhaps you can guess that," jestingly added Fulke, taking cognizance of the wild anxiety in Hugh Jocelyn's whole aspect as he waited to hear the "principal demand" of his pitiless enemy. "My principal demand is Winifred," slowly continued the nephew, eying his uncle as if he fully understood the bitterness of the cup he held to his lips.

"Winifred!" gasped Hugh Jocelyn. "My Winifred?"

"Yes," retorted the other, insolently. "I think I explained that yesterday."

"My Winifred!" repeated General Jocelyn.

"Yes; I will marry Winifred. I may be an ugly devil myself, but I have always meant to marry the prettiest woman I ever met. She is the very prettiest, and I mean to marry Winifred," and Fulke leaned back in his chair with a smile of sinister exultation.

"Fulke," began his uncle, in a husky, difficult voice, "Winifred has always had her own way; she may refuse you, as she did this morning——"

"It don't matter," interrupted the other, roughly. "You are to compel her."

Hugh Jocelyn was still pale and harassed, but a faint smile flitted across his drawn features.

"How can any one compel Winifred? She is self-willed and resolute. How can anybody compel her?"

"That is your affair. You must find a way to compel her, and in a hurry, too; for, seeing that I am buying her of you, as it were, I don't mean to wait," again broke in Fulke, a dogged resolution settling upon his countenance. "I don't mean to stand insults from Winifred; but I won't hold you responsible for that. I will soon cure her of all that when she is my wife. I fancy I can break the spirit of any woman—only you are to compel her to marry me."

"I don't know what compulsion I could use that Winifred would heed," his uncle said, a miserable weariness in his voice, as if his spirit had already been broken.

"Understand me, Uncle Hugh: I distinctly stated that my terms were to be complied with. They are, sufficient money to live upon, which is luxury to a beggar like myself. I prefer plain, what you might term now, rough living. I suppose the plebeian cross that gave me my ugly face evinces itself in my preference for frugal living. I want the money, but I shall never spend it for food, clothes and follies. I wish to marry Winifred because she is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld. I fancy being envied by men for my pretty wife, and perhaps I am fool enough to be in love with her; at all events, come what may, I demand Winifred, and Winifred I will have, and you are to compel her to be my wife—that's the long and the short of it. I think that is plain English."

Fulke put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and twirled them gleefully, quite unable to disguise the satisfaction it afforded him to wield his brutal power over his relative, whose very physique incensed him by its imposing grace.

The two were strangely unlike—the Jocelyn and the Fulkerson—both were large in stature, one symmetrical and superb, the other a coarse development of bone and muscle, which, with the short bull-neck and heavy, forbidding countenance, whereon the lines of bitter, vindictive passion were deeply grooved, gave at the first glance an unmistakable impress of what Fulke really was—an unscrupulous, pitiless "devil," as old John Fulkerson had phrased it.

"I do not pretend to ask you whether you will do it. I simply say that you must do it."

Huge Jocelyn brushed his hand across his eyes, as if something obscured their vision. If ever he had sinned in the past, he was in the toils now. They had fastened their deadly grip upon him for ever.

"Perhaps," the other said, bitterly, "you can tell me how I can do it. You seem to have arranged the matter in your own mind."

"That is not my business," was the dogged answer; "you know what it's worth to you to comply with my terms. Still, I don't mind saying that I desire opportunities of seeing Winifred when I please. You are to make her understand that it is as much as your life is worth to insult me, especially in public—as much as your life is worth," he repeated, meaningly.

His uncle made an impatient gesture with his hand, the gloved hand, with its white fingers free and pliant, but the back and palm enveloped, as it had ever been, with a thick kid half glove. No one had ever seen Hugh Jocelyn without that singular covering upon his hand, and no one had ever been told, or, perhaps, ventured to ask, why it was there. Not even Winifred, daring and defiant as she was, had ever teased anything but a jesting evasion from him.

"I presume," remarked Fulke, as his eye rested upon the one defect in the handsome man before him, "that you wear that thing on your hand as a badge of honor—or, who knows? it may be dishonor."

It may have been a chance shot or it may not, but certainly Fulke's evil face lighted exultantly as he perceived the terrible effect of his insinuation.

Hugh Jocelyn leaned his head heavily upon his hand; a cold, clammy moisture gathered in drops over his ashen forehead. He was deadly white and shaken, like one long ill; spasms of anguish seemed to cross the face he strove to conceal from the relentless gaze fixed upon it.

"I feel ill; excuse me. I will go to the library."

MESSALINA.— FROM THE PAINTING BY MUNKACZY.

General Jocelyn rose slowly, staggering blindly as he caught the back of the chair to steady himself.

"One minute, if you please; let us understand each other," interposed Fulke, rising and facing him insolently. "Do you accede to my terms, or do you prefer my settling up the scores I have against you in my own way?"

His uncle stopped short, the hounded look came into his eyes as he waved him off, half desperately.

"Come to the library after a while; I am ill," he said.

"Very good. In an hour—one hour will be sufficient—I will see you in the library—in one hour," answered Fulke, pursuing him doggedly to the very door

"That is sufficient," and Hugh Jocelyn shut the door after him, as if a horrible fear was upon him that this man might never leave his side, never give him a moment of rest from his dreadful presence. He passed into the library, and locking the door, sank into a great arm-chair, and buried his face in his hands with a groan of despair—a bitter, agonized groan. Half the hour had lapsed, and still the rigid figure in its hopeless attitude never moved. The sunshine streamed in on the statuary and costly vases, the luxury and wealth visible at every turn. Men talked of Jocelyn's luck, while the hounded, badgered owner of this grandeur crouched in his library and wished that he was at rest in the grave, safe from Fulke. The haggard misery in the usually pleasant face, when at last he raised his head, might have touched the heart of a bitter enemy.

"My God, must it be so?" he muttered, looking at the strange bandage, covering whatever it might—who could say, sure enough—the mark of honor or dishonor? He held it off from him, and turned the covered hand over and over, a grim, bitter desperation in his countenance; then he slowly tried to draw the tight-fitting bandage off. It came with difficulty—evidently it was not meant to come off until the fabric might be torn away for shabbiness; but Hugh Jocelyn suddenly seized a knife lying on the table, and with the bright, sharp little blade cut the dark kid and flung it from him. Once more he held up the hand, and with a shudder seemed to compel his glance to rest upon it. On the back of the hand, red and seared into the white flesh, was the letter "S," branded thereon for all eternity. A passion of bitter anguish seemed to overwhelm him as the light gleamed upon the horrible disfiguration of the shapely hand—the hand of a gentleman in all else save that dark-red brand of "S." "Great God, must I bear it for ever and for ever?" he ejaculated, helplessly. "And my little Winifred, must she be the victim? Surely it is expiated without that." He folded his arms across his broad breast and paced up and down the floor. "Degradation, disgrace!" he muttered, under his breath, as his eye traveled to the clock again and again, in a sort of terrified dread. The minutes wore on steadily—they never halted because of the bargain he must enter into so soon. Ten minutes of grace remained to him. Hugh Jocelyn unlocked a drawer, and taking out a fresh bandage, precisely similar in hue and texture to the one tossed aside, he fitted it carefully on the marked hand. "Ay," he muttered, bitterly, "it is an eternal vengeance, and there is no help now—none. My Winifred, my poor darling, you must never know; it is for your sake, my little one, for your sake. Oh, God! I had rather put a pistol to my head and end it all, but for my little Winifred—for her sake, ah, God!"

The silvery tones of the French clock struck the last moment of respite. General Jocelyn stopped like one stricken, then apparently summoning all his fortitude, he sat down, with his back to the light, and waited. It was a pitiful effort at calmness—a frightful struggle, with the black shadow of the past grasping his very soul. The last musical stroke still echoed in the silent apartment as a sharp rap on the door proved that, like himself, Fulke had watched the speeding minutes.

Fulke's quick, sharp scrutiny of his uncle when he was admitted seemed rather to disappoint him.

"Well," he said, bluntly, "what is the result of your meditation? It's an infernally good place to meditate, always provided one has very pleasant subjects."

General Jocelyn made no reply to the taunt. He was in no position to resent taunts now, however goading they might be.

"Well," reiterated Fulke, supporting his chin with his bony hands, and watching the other warily—"well, do you agree to my terms or not? Am I to have a competency and Winifred for my wife for holding my tongue or not?"

General Jocelyn's countenance did not change, but his hands moved nervously.

"Do I understand that if I comply with this proposition you bind yourself to be silent for ever in reference to any—any unpleasant episodes in my life?" he slowly inquired. "To suppress any such knowledge?"

"Certainly I do. I will draw up an agreement, signed by both, to that effect, if you say so—indeed, I prefer it."

There was a cunning, wicked leer in Fulke's eye as he said this.

"As you please," assented his uncle.

Fulke seized a pen and wrote rapidly for a few moments.

"Here it is," he said, with an evil smile: "'In consideration of a small competency of two thousand dollars per annum, secured Fulke Fulkerson as long as he lives by Hugh Jocelyn, and the hand of Winifred Jocelyn in marriage, Fulke Fulkerson solemnly binds himself never to divulge any knowledge he has of a crime committed twenty years ago in the City of New Orleans by Hugh Jocelyn.'"

Fulke watched him in evident anxiety as General Jocelyn read the ugly compact, with its terrible hint.

"That will do," he said, simply—a sort of reckless calmness in his manner.

Fulke affixed his signature, then passed the sheet again to his uncle.

"Sign it," he said, imperatively.

In spite of himself, a sinister triumph seemed to break over his well-trained features as General Jocelyn wrote the name "Hugh Jocelyn" under that other.

"Now, I will copy this, and we can sign both papers. You will keep one, and I the other. I think we will understand each other then."

Hugh Jocelyn made no reply. No one knew so well the horrible dread hanging over him, the frightful knowledge this man might possess. Alas! whatever it was, this handsome, courtly man, the heir of a grand fortune, dared not tempt its revelation.

Silently they both signed the other agreement.

"And I will be here at noon to-morrow to see Winifred. Please explain what is expected of her. That is your business now," Fulke said, as he folded his copy of the fatal agreement, and laying it in a great leathern pocket-book, unceremoniously took up his hat and left the room.

"The fool, to sign an out-and-out confession, and give it to me. Ay, what do I care, after I have married the girl?" he muttered, as he walked down the avenue to the porter's lodge.

CHAPTER II.

IN BONDS.

Winifred stood before her dressing-table while "Mammie Jane," as she called her elderly mulatto maid, put the finishing-touches to the toilet for dinner.

"You does become white so powerful much, Miss Winnie, child. So did Marse Hugh's sister, my young miss; but you don't favor the Jocelyns, dear, not a bit. They're all dark, and fiery, and grand, and——"

"And I," leuged Winifred, glancing at the beautiful image reflected in the mirror—"I am fair, and not a bit grand. Ah, Mammie Jane, that's what you meant."

"Soh-soh, my little missie. You knows you is a sight prettier den any libbin soul I ebber seen; but dere ain't

no Jocelyn fore you wid yellow hair and black eyes. Ask Marse Bernie; he kin tell you, chile. He knows dey was all tall and prince-like men, like Marse Bernie hisself."

Winifred's lashes drooped a moment, pensively.

"He is prince-like," she echoed, softly. "Do I look very well, Mammie Jane? I want to be lovely to-night, mammie. Do I look well in this white with azure knots?"

"Deed you does, chile," was the earnest answer, while the kindly eyes glowed with pride. "You is prettier than all the Jocelyn's, my picanin."

"Now, Mammie Jane," archly retorted Winifred, "you don't think I'm like Fulke, do you?"

The woman glanced round quickly, and moved a step nearer.

"Oh, Miss Winifred, dat Marse Fulke is Satan hisself. Miss Winnie, chile, he always hab his own way; he do awful things, Miss Winnie. Ole Mammie Jane kin tell you, ef she wasn't feared he'd kill her. Oh, keep clar ob dat evil man. Ef he sets his heart on you, chile, he'll hab you, body and soul; you don't know, Miss Winnie. God a'mighty can't save you out'n Marse Fulke's clutches!"

Winifred laughed gayly at the warning, and taking up her fan, went down-stairs in her rapid, bird-like movements, singing a snatch of French chorus in her blithe, musical tones.

General Jocelyn was standing at the window, gaping out on the artistic grounds, wonderfully attractive and brilliant in the last rays of the Autumn sun. His face had a worn, haggard expression, but it brightened swiftly as Winifred impetuously threw her white arms round his neck and kissed him fondly.

"Papa, where have you been all day? I don't know why you staid shut up in that gloomy old library."

"I had business, my dear."

"Business," she interrupted, tossing her pretty head, disdainfully; "why should you have business, papa, now that we are rich, and have everything we want. You never had business when we were poor?"

"No, no, my darling; but wealth brings so many cares," he answered, with a weary smile.

"Does it, papa? Just think how many cares poverty brought; how we used to count over and over the pennies to see if we could get a pound of sugar, or our loaf of bread; and oh! dear, how hungry we used to be sometimes! and how we used to turn our heads away when we passed the baker-shops, because the good things made us hungry! It's good fun, laughing about it now; but faugh! it was horrid then—wasn't it, papa? I am so glad we are rich; it's so delicious!"

General Jocelyn sighed.

"I am glad, for your sake, Winifred," he said, gently. "It don't matter much to an old fellow like myself."

"Old," she repeated, "when you are the very handsomest man in the world! Why, papa, think how nice to have wines and grand dinners every day, and horses and servants, and live *en prince*. Oh, papa, I do hope it will never change! I could not bear to be poor again."

A sharp pain seemed to cross his face as he listened to the girl's chatter; once so full of joy to him, now every word seemed a barbed arrow. Before he could answer, the butler announced dinner, and the father and daughter passed into the dining-room, where the lighted chandelier gleamed down upon the glittering silver and glass, the blooming flowers mingling their fragrance with the odor of wines and French cookery.

"Papa," Winifred said, abruptly, as at last the coffee was placed on the table and the butler vanished—"papa, something troubles you. Don't say no; you can't deceive me, old general—no, you can't; but, papa, there is something wrong with you. I never saw you drink so much wine."

He was silent for a moment, then, without looking up, said:

"Winifred, I have a great wish, which you alone can gratify."

"My dear old general, I'll do anything you can ask, except—yes, except marry ugly Fulke," was the demure reply, while Winnie sipped the after-dinner coffee, and laughed as if it was the best joke in the world. General Jocelyn quaffed another glass of wine before he made reply:

"And yet, Winifred, that is the very wish I want—nay, that I implore you to gratify!"

She looked up in startled amusement, and a peal of silvery laughter echoed through the room.

"Just fancy me married to that thick-necked ogre! Positively, I would die of fright when I looked at him;" and Winifred laughed again and again. "Don't be gloomy, dear; perhaps I will find at least a handsomer son-in-law for you."

"Winifred," gravely responded her father, a certain bitter compassion in his eyes as they rested on her exquisite loveliness—"Winifred, my poor little darling, it is for your good. My child, Fulke will be here to-morrow; you must see and listen to him, for my sake. Will you, Winifred?"

"Yes, papa; for your sake I'll see and listen to him; and, general, dear, for his own sake I don't think he will want me to see and listen to him again. Your little Winifred is a wee bit of a spitfire when she chooses," retorted the girl, gathering up the fleecy folds of her white dress as she rose from the table.

"Winifred," exclaimed her father, with a swift, sudden alarm in his countenance—"Winifred, you must not refuse him. There are reasons why you must marry Fulke. My dear, he is determined, and Fulke never gives up; my beautiful child, you must!"

"Tut, tut, papa. Ugly Fulke, indeed! The hideous brute, papa!" she added, with a shudder; "I am afraid of him—yes, I confess it, he might kill or beat me—I am afraid of him."

General Jocelyn's hand fell away from its retaining grasp upon her arm; he looked white and shocked, but, alas! what could he do to save her?

"My child!" he groaned, "God knows I cannot help it! I am afraid you must—you must marry him!"

"Don't you fear, he won't want me, papa; don't fear. I can be so hateful, and Fulke will see that I am not for him, the dreadful wretch!" and with another caress Winifred ran out of the room.

The drawing-room door was open, but she only glanced in; then, throwing a scarf over her head, descended the stone steps and walked rapidly across the turf through the grounds to a stile. In the dim twilight she could see the strong, handsome man leaning against the stile, watching her come down the path in those graceful motions natural to her.

"I have been frightfully impatient, my love," he said, folding her dainty figure to his heart in a passionate embrace.

"Oh, Bernie, I had to end such an odd argument with papa. Only fancy, Bernie, my dear cousin, he wants me to marry Fulke."

The young fellow's smile vanished swiftly.

"Fulke?" he ejaculated, angrily; "does he dare? I feared that. Winifred, you do not know that man; my darling, you must be my wife. I must secure you before I go off on my voyage. You know we sail in a week, and

by heaven, if Fulke casts his longing eyes upon you, my pet, the bonds will have to be riveted to hold you fast and keep you out of his clutches."

"Oh, Bernie, everybody says that," she said, nestling closer to him, as if she trusted to the great gladiatorial form beside her for protection.

"You don't know Fulke, my love," he added, gravely.

"And everybody says that, too," she laughed. "Just as if I was afraid of Fulke."

"I would rather see you dead than at the mercy of Fulke." Bernie touched the soft, sheeny hair with his lips as he spoke. "And now, Winifred, why not grant the request I have been urging all these weeks? Be my wife at once. Come now to Ellen Farlay's cottage; she will keep our secret, and my reverend friend, the minister, is at this very moment visiting her sick child. My darling, you almost promised me this a fortnight ago. I provided myself then with the license; it is in my pocket now. Come, my own love, you owe me this."

"Bernie, think of papa."

Winifred hesitated, and glanced up shyly into the handsome countenance, and eyes full of intense love, watching her with eager anxiety.

"You can coax him to consent. Who can resist you, Winifred?"

"He may not, Bernie."

"Winnie," interrupted Bernie, pleading as if for his life, "you surely will not send me on this long voyage to the Polar regions doubting that you love me, and fearing that Fulke may, as he always does, accomplish his object of defrauding me of my wife. I must make it impossible. Come, my love, walk down to Ellen's cottage with me."

"Bernie," she said, softly, as she slipped her tiny hand within his arm, "I will do it. I don't fear papa. He never was angry with me. I can coax him to forgive us, and then I will be safe from Fulke."

"Thank you for this, my love," Bernie whispered, as they walked rapidly through the long lane toward a twinkling light, shining through the little window of the vine-covered cottage of Bernie Jocelyn's old nurse.

Only a few words of explanation sufficed good Ellen. She would do anything for "Mr. Bernie," her handsome foster-child, and then little Miss Winifred did as she pleased with her father; it scarcely mattered much at last. Mr. Penrine, the minister, viewed it in the same light; and Bernie was his friend.

A few moments later two Jocelyns, so fair and high-born-looking, stood before the minister, while he pronounced the words that made the twain one. Ellen Farlay and her husband stood, listening in reverential silence to the solemn tones of the priest, as he pronounced them man and wife—Bernie and Winifred man and wife—while Hugh Jocelyn still sat over his wine, and ugly Fulke awaited in pitiless exultation for the morrow.

"You will keep our secret, Ellen; no fear of its getting abroad from here, I am sure of that," Bernie said, as he folded the scarf around Winifred, after the few hearty congratulations and wishes of "good luck" had been offered.

"You are main sure of that, Mr. Bernie. Miss Winnie can tell in her own good time—we won't. But I'm overly pleased you've got her, safe and sure. Good-night, sir," Nurse Farlay said, then stood watching the two go up the lane to the stile leading into the Hall grounds.

At the stile Bernie clasped her once more in his passionate embrace, and kissed lips, cheeks and brow with an almost voiceless love.

"It is hard to let you go, my own idolized wife—my wife! my wife!"

"But I must. Now, Bernie, papa will miss me, and they will hunt for me. Let me go, Bernie. Good-night—ah, good-night!"

She folded the velvet arms about his neck in a shy caress, then broke from him, and ran swiftly away. Winifred could hear her father's voice calling her as she approached the mansion, and the voices of the servants searching the grounds; they had missed her. The general missed the beautiful, bright face always expecting him, and ready to reproach him lovingly for lingering so long over his wine.

He had become alarmed, and now the whole establishment was astir, hunting for the pretty truant, whose whereabouts perhaps no one guessed save Mammie Jane. Winifred ran hastily into the house.

"Where is papa?" she asked of Mammie Jane, who, with a shawl over her head, was standing on the piazza.

"Lord, honey, you done guv Marse Hugh a powerful scare. I seen him turnin', jes dis yere minit, down toward de stile. He's awful worked up long o' you, honey; and 'pears like I hearn somebody kinder holler out down that way jes now," answered the mulatto, gathering the scarf closer about Winnie's throat.

"Come with me, Mammie Jane. We can take the short-cut back to the stile. Poor dear papa! I never meant to frighten him. There—I hear a noise again. Oh, who was that running through the shrubbery?"

Winifred drew back in alarm as a man, half-bent, rushed across the path into the thick shrubbery.

"Only some of the men, I reckon, honey; though he was broad like Mr. Fulke. They're everywhere. Les hurry, Miss Winnie. You'll take your def o' cold. There—what's de matter of Marse Hugh?"

They had come out of the shrubbery close to the stile. On the other side, General Jocelyn was bending over a dark object. He raised his head quickly at the sound of their voices.

"Winifred, go back!" he commanded, sternly. "Go back, for God's sake! This is not a sight for you—go back!"

The girl sprang over the stile. She would not go back. She never heard or saw her father. A horrible fear had shot into her heart. She only sprang over the stile, and ran frantically to the still, magnificent form stretched prone on the ground, and the white face, clear and distinct in the starlight.

"Bernie! Bernie!" she cried out, in shrill agony. "My God! is he dead?"

"Dead—yes, and by the hand of an assassin."

Winifred threw up her arms—the arms clasping his neck less than half an hour before—threw them above her head with a wild cry, and sank down helplessly on the turf beside her—husband.

The servants were rushing up in answer to that shrill shriek—rushing up in terror and confusion; but Mammie Jane lifted poor Winifred in her own arms and bore her away from that terrible scene.

"My God! my God!" ejaculated General Jocelyn, lifting the hand already growing rigid in death.

There he lay, handsome Bernie Jocelyn, with the blood trickling slowly from a wound on the temple, slain by a dastardly hand.

CHAPTER III.

THE SPECTRE OF THE PAST.

The doors of the Hall were still closed. All was silent and awe-stricken when Fulke Fulkerson walked up the avenue, switching the blooming flowers viciously with his cane, an expression on his countenance not good to see,

CHARITY.— FROM THE PAINTING BY BRENDAMOUR.

and full of ominous meaning to the servants and tenants who knew him best.

"Sanders," he said to the butler, who opened the door and waited in dignified silence for his orders, "what is this cursed tale about Bernie Jocelyn being murdered? The country is mad with excitement. The porter's lodge is mobbed with people. What is the truth of it?"

"Yes, sir, it is quite true. Marse Bernie is still livin', sir; but he's never moved nor spoke to tell who the villain was as struck him down from behind," the man answered, rather distantly, for the servants, like those above them, held Fulke in detestation.

"It's a cock-and-bull story. I dare swear the fellow tried to kill himself, and turned coward before he did it. I don't believe there's a tramp or scoundrel in all the neighborhood that would do such a thing."

A viperish rage glittered in Fulke's countenance while he struck at the splendid dog, who, somehow, never failed to snarl at Fulke.

"Where is Jocelyn?"

"Do you mean Marse Bernie?" inquired Sanders, politely.

"Of course I mean Marse Bernie? Who else should I mean? Is he here? or has he been taken home where he belongs?" roughly demanded Fulke, the venomous anger apparently getting the better of him.

"He is here, sir."

"Why don't they take him out of here, the beggar? It's a trick to get here. Trying to kill himsef, indeed! Why don't they take him away?"

"I think, sir," was the respectful answer, "that if things don't change before night, it won't be long before they carry Marse Bernie out of these doors."

"You don't, eh?" laughingly retorted Fulke. "Who told you to think anything about it—eh? Have they laid the blame of the fool's folly on anybody yet?"

"I have not heard who they suspect, sir. They are trying to revive Marse Bernie so as to get somewhat from him; but Marse Hugh says he'll spend half his fortune but what the villain shall be brought to justice ——"

"Marse Hugh," interrupted Fulke, pushing past the servant, rudely. "Where is your master? Tell him I want to see him in the library. Now—mind you, I say *now*. And, stop. Where is Miss Winifred?"

"She's quite ill, sir. They won't let her go into Marse Bernie's room, and she moans and cries in a way pitiful to see."

Fulke muttered an angry imprecation, and strode on to the library, slamming the door spitefully after him. His temper seemed to lash itself into a darker, more vindictive rage as he sat in the great, luxurious library, brooding over the news Sanders had given him. In addition to his natural hatred of all the members of his family, Fulke was bitterly jealous, and possibly it was fortunate that an hour had elapsed before the door opened and General Jocelyn walked in.

"Good-morning, Fulke. Excuse my delay; but this infernal affair has quite unnerved me," he said, seating himself at the table.

"Infernal, indeed!" responded Fulke. "The fellow tried to take his own life, and didn't quite get through."

"Nothing of the kind. The position of the body and direction of the blow precludes the possibility of such a belief. I was the first person who reached him——"

"You?" interrupted Fulke, a sinister meaning in the emphasis. "You? Pray, how did it happen you found him first? Who was with you?"

"I was quite alone," replied his uncle, evidently too much preoccupied with the terrible deed perpetrated on his relative to be particularly observant of this sardonic Fulke, "and reached him some minutes before any one else. It was Winifred's scream of terror that brought the servants."

"Then," said Fulke, leaning his chin on his hands and looking straight at the other, a malign significance in his manner, "how are we to know who struck the blow that killed Bernard Jocelyn? or whether it was struck before you got there?"

A perplexed expression came into the countenance of General Jocelyn.

"What do you mean, Fulke? What are you driving at?"

"It is very easy to see," retorted his nephew, "if one wants to see, what I am driving at. I simply wish to know how you are to prove that you are not the assassin who killed Bernard Jocelyn?—you, yourself?"

"Fulke, you are insulting. You——"

A low, chuckling, mocking laugh from the pitiless tormentor arrested him for a moment.

"You infernal scoundrel! how dare you say such a thing?"

"Tut-tut!" responded Fulke, slowly. "It would be such a vile suspicion of a rich saint like you; and," he added, "it's to be supposed that practice makes perfect. A successful assassin once might be successful twice—eh? At least, one is very likely to suspect the only hardened villain in the neighborhood."

Hugh Jocelyn sank back in his chair, whitening to an ashen hue. He was no match for this evil, bold man, apparently bent on his ruin.

"Bernard Jocelyn is no better than — Gabriel Vailliante."

Fulke pronounced the words with hard deliberation; angry menace in every tone. His uncle started painfully, and recoiled. Evidently, the frightful hints this ruthless nephew dropped so perpetually struck him to the soul with a deadly terror.

"Gabriel Vailliante," he repeated, sardonically, without moving his keen gaze from Hugh Jocelyn's perturbed countenance. "Don't be alarmed, Uncle Hugh—I beseech you," Fulke laughed, in a satisfied way, his tone becoming insolently condescending. "I have no idea of giving you over to justice at present, but I merely wanted to prove what a fool a man can be when he takes other people for fools. Sanders reports that you have heroically determined to spend money to discover the murderer. I say, keep your money in your pocket. What does it matter to you who killed Bernard Jocelyn?"

"It can only matter from motives of humanity, for God knows I had no grudge against the young fellow," Hugh Jocelyn answered, in a weak, constrained voice, while he wiped the moisture from his forehead—the moisture coming out so icily in these interviews with Fulke.

"Not so fast, my honored uncle," tauntingly replied Fulke; "not so wonderfully fast. Why haven't you cause for wishing this fellow out of the way? I can make the cause plain enough for any jury. Winifred is to be my wife; she wishes to marry Bernard Jocelyn—insists upon it, confound her! You are compelled to give her to me, and to accomplish this you must be rid of Jocelyn. I think, when one hears the urgent reasons you have for keeping faith with me, it is quite plain why you must get this troublesome Bernard out of your way. No—no, you will not be fool enough to quicken the search for the assassin by offering a reward. I think that is settled, eh?"

"It can be as you say, Fulke. If you hold your knowledge over me as a perpetual threat, I suppose I must yield to your demands."

The bitter humiliation in General Jocelyn's reluctant admission was pitiable. But it did not move Fulke—he only chuckled. He had been scorned for his ugliness and sullen temper, possibly for his penurious meanness, scorned by these very Jocelyns, and now the power had shifted into his hand. They were under his heel, all of them, and in his heart Fulke rejoiced over the hidden crime enabling him to grind them into the dust—the one awful lapse, of which he alone seemed cognizant, and which he meant to hold as a fiery rod, scorching the life of this rich Jocelyn and lovely Winifred.

"Yes, I presume it will be pretty much as I say about this. How is Jocelyn? Will he die?"

"No; I hope not."

"I don't ask your hopes; they are confoundedly easy to speak. What do the doctors say?" interrupted Fulke, at no pains to conceal his chagrin at any prospect or desire of Bernie's recovery.

"The doctors think he may recover—in fact, he showed signs of returning consciousness before I left the room," was the brief answer.

It was wonderful how brief and chary of words Hugh Jocelyn was when Fulke happened to be his visitor.

"Curse him!" muttered the nephew. "Where is Winifred?"

"I left her in Bernard's room—the physicians allowed her to see him."

"And you allowed it?" pointedly asserted Fulke.

"I cannot meddle with your jealousies, Fulke," doggedly answered General Jocelyn.

Fulke glanced at him inquiringly, and hesitated. It occurred to him that it might not be a safe or a subtle game to badger his uncle to desperation. He was capable of just such folly as letting Fulke do his worst, and taking the consequences.

"Of course not; I don't expect it. But be so good as to ask Winifred to see me, if she can tear herself away from that man."

"I will ask her."

And without any further words Winifred's father quitted the room, leaving Fulke in possession, just as he might possibly have to do if Fulke demanded of him to resign Jocelyn Hall. He walked moodily through the great, splendid rooms. Things had changed with him of late. Like all else in the world, the good came alloyed by evil. Still, he wondered if he must travel through the years to come—he and Winifred—with this pitiless fiend for ever beside him.

All the while Fulke sat in the library, scowlingly surveying the curious, costly antiques successive generations had brought to the fine old place. Fulke had never been admitted to Jocelyn Hall by any previous master, and its grandeur was all new to him. Besides, nobody knew better than himself that to the exercise of his remarkable talent as a ferret he was indebted for the privilege now of coming and going to Jocelyn Hall as he pleased. Save for that, he well understood the doors would be inexorably closed upon him.

"Ay," he said, with a cunning smile, "it's turned round now. Fulkerson and Jocelyn both despised ugly Fulke, but he's the master now; and, poor fools! I mean to be master to the bitter end, and pay off all the old scores when I am tired of all you. Why don't she come?" he added, suddenly mindful that an hour had elapsed since the host quitted his presence, and Winifred had not appeared or sent an apology. "I'll settle up all this along with some other things," he muttered, savagely; "though I'll keep a still tongue for a while. I went too far this morning. If the fool only knew how little of the affair I had picked up—ha! ha! Fulke's more than a match for most people; a hint is all I want. A man of my sense can live on a hint, if he uses it right."

Something of the triumphant satisfaction was still about him when Winifred glided in, pale and tearful and lovely. A half defiant expression came into her dusky eyes as she detected the exultation Fulke had not time to conceal from a glance, as quick and penetrating as his own.

"Do you wish to see me, Fulke?" she asked, pausing near the door.

"Yes, Winifred, if it don't interfere with your attention to Jocelyn." He placed a chair for her, and suddenly stepping to the door, locked it. "Yes, I wish to see you, and have some talk with you, so I take the precaution of securing you," he added, with an awkward laugh.

"So I perceive," she said, coolly; "or trying to secure. Very well. Have you anything important to say? I presume so, or you would scarcely have asked me to come down."

Winifred seated herself in a great leathern armchair quite demurely. Her hair shone like burnished gold in the sunshine, and the pale face, with its grand dusky eyes, glowed into color as Fulke drew his chair near her. Villain that he was, this man loved her in his own selfish, cruel way, and that very love hardened his resolution to have her, come what may. He hated Bernard because of her tenderness for him, hated everybody jealously that Winifred loved. For a moment he sat glowering into the witching face, as if he could not turn from its charm.

"Why don't you speak, Fulke? I am so tired," yawned Winifred, gathering two or three of the golden curls and twisting them around her slender white finger.

At any other time she might have been coquettish, but somehow, of late, that half mocking, half tempting coquetry had not been so perpetual—not since she had come to love Bernie. She held her pretty sway despotically with all save Bernie.

"No doubt you'll soon tire of me; everybody does; ugly Fulke is not much of a ladies' man. Your sex don't flatter me with a very decided preference," he said, with a grin of regret.

"Don't they? Well, perhaps you get your dues at last; everybody does. But this is not what you wanted to say, is it?" she asked, somewhat more kindly.

"No, no. You must know, Winifred, that I wanted to say that Uncle Hugh has consented—nay, encouraged my offer of marriage to you. I love you, Winifred; you are the only woman I cannot despise—the only human being I cannot hate—and, by God, I must have you! I could never live and see you marry another man. You are the very loveliest person I ever beheld."

Winifred's red lip curled scornfully. She perceived that, despite his sullen, Ishmael-like nature, this saturnine Fulke had fallen before the power of her wonderful beauty; nevertheless, his inexorable, stony heart had never pitied mortal, and it could not pity her.

"Fulke"—there was a certain gentleness in her voice, musical and sweet in its cadences; for one moment she compassionated him—"I am sorry you care for me. I never can care for you in any way; and, indeed, Fulke, I am not worth loving, and—and—you must not think of such a thing, nor speak of it to me."

His heavy dark brows seemed to knit darkly.

"It's no use for you to say that, Winifred. I must speak of it; because, come what may, you will be my wife."

The gay, defiant, careless laugh roused the demon within him.

"I didn't ask you to care for me; it would tire me to

death to have any maudlin sentiment about me. I don't want it. I asked you to be my wife, and I say you can't refuse me."

"See if I can't," retorted Winifred, still twisting the golden curl, and quite unmoved by the impending storm. "I do refuse you, at any rate; and, moreover, I tell you that I won't marry you, and that I despise you, and love some one else."

He listened in sulky silence until she uttered those concluding words. The straightforward avowal stung his jealous temper.

"Winifred," he said, in a very low tone—Fulke did not often raise his voice when he was bitterly angry—the tone became stealthy and deliberate—"Winifred, it don't signify what you think about this matter; you have no choice but to be my wife. Ask your father if I will take no for an answer—ask him if you are not just as certainly my wife as if the ceremony was performed; and you know me. If I have to ruin and crush everything that comes between us, I'll do it. Yes, by heaven! I'll do it, and still marry you!"

"Nonsense," laughed Winifred, unafraid, and careless of the threat. "Suppose, apart from the aversion I feel for you——"

"Take care," interrupted Fulke, ferociously, "what you say. I hold your disgrace—ay, I hold your father's life in my hands."

"Suppose," resumed the girl, the glint of laughter coming into her eyes, "there is, besides my own will, an impediment in the way of becoming the wife of any save one man—an insuperable barrier?"

"Eh? What is that?" ejaculated Fulke, eying her suspiciously. "But one man? Say that again."

"Yes; of one man alone. I must be the wife of that one, for there is an insuperable reason for it. The law of God and man compels it. Now, Fulke, have done with threats. They are idle as the winds," and Winifred singled out a fragrant rosebud from the vase of flowers on the table and fastened it among the bright curls, indifferent in her insouciante gayety of the danger of exasperating this man.

"Winifred, if any man is the obstacle, I—yes, I will sweep him out of my way. Beware how you say that, or give me a hint of his identity."

If she had chanced to look up, Winifred might have been startled at the murderous gleam, the savage wrath in the countenance glowering upon her, but she did not.

"I don't mind your knowing that I mean my Cousin Bernard. I shall be his wife. I am bound to marry him," she remarked, pressing her face down among the blossoms.

"Winfred, why are you bound? Confound this mystery, I will know it! How can you be bound to marry any man unless you choose?"

"But I do choose," retorted Winifred.

"You have no say in the matter, I tell you," rudely broke in Fulke. "I shall not ask you, because I can force you into compliance with all my demands. You don't know me, Winifred. Beautiful as you are, I can crush you alike with all the rest. My love is very strong for you, but it don't make a fool of me."

"Really," was the half saucy response, "I had no idea you were so resistless. One can be so blind to the attractions of others."

"Your derision don't signify. Your tune will soon alter," he said, sullenly. "Let me tell you that your father will go to the gallows or penitentiary if you don't consent to marry me. He must agree to my terms or I will give him up to justice."

Winifred opened her eyes, a trifle surprised at the audacious assertion, and a trifle staggered by it.

"Perhaps you mean that you will have him suffer capital punishment because I refuse to marry you," was the derisive response.

Fulke looked dogged and vicious.

"I meant nothing of the kind. I meant that he can fall into the clutches of the law at any time."

"For what!" she demanded, with less of the defiant scorn in her manner, as she called to mind the weary harassment for ever in her father's countenance; and his startling urgency of Fulke's suit. "For what?"

"For a crime committed in New Orleans twenty years ago—a crime hushed up and concealed," he answered, watching the effect of his ruthless announcement.

"Fulke, you shall not slander my father so cruelly—my noble, generous-souled father; you shall not utter such foul defamation, and to me," burst out Winifred, her eyes blazing with anger, as she stamped her little foot furiously.

"He may be better than I am, nevertheless, he dare not refuse my demand; he dare not let me tell the reason he lived abroad for twenty years—ask him that," was the insolent answer, as Fulke chuckled in ferocious mirth.

"He lived abroad because we were poor—that is why—my father has no secret from me; you are speaking slanderous falsehoods—you know you are," she retorted.

"I am telling lies, I suppose," sneered Fulke, "about your saint. Ask him if you are not to marry me—ask him if I haven't a little document in my pocket, signed by both of us, making a bargain to that effect."

"Fulke, if my father himself would confess to me that some evil deed had been laid to his charge, I am not sure I would believe it. I would scarcely believe it if the whole world came and made oath to it; there is no such charge, no such bargain." Deliberately and decisively as Winifred uttered the words, the subtle observer discerned a shade of anxiety, and smiled at it.

"There is such a bargain, whether you believe it or not, and, my beautiful cousin, I would run Hugh Jocelyn down into the grave, ruin, disgrace, destroy him, rather than abate one iota of my demand where you are concerned. In a few weeks you will be Mrs. Fulke Fulkerson, and I shall take you down to my old house, where no one can see you but myself. I want you all to myself; I won't have other men ogling around my sweet little wife. I won't have all these fine dresses, and servants and fripperies—servants are nothing but spies, and fineries only a feminine folly. I won't have the money spent in that way. I will be master of my house and my wife, and, Winifred, I long for the day when you have to obey my lightest wish. I hold that unquestioning, implicit obedience is a woman's province; and it won't be long before I break your spirit and tame you down."

"Hush sir, this instant! Do you think I will listen to your threats and impertinence? Open this door immediately!" commanded Winifred, her eyes flashing at the insolent coolness with which he stood before her.

"Beautiful Winifred, you are certainly lovely," he said, without moving a step; "but humility is a rare virtue in any woman, especially pretty ones. I mean to have my wife humble and gentle, to watch every look and gesture, and obey it instantly. That is what I will have from you, Winifred. I love you better than any living creature, but it's my creed that every soul about me must conduce to my happiness, and it generally falls out that I have my way," he added, grimly.

"Open the door, sir! Unlock it at once!" she ordered, angry and derisive at being forced to listen.

LITTLE CECILIA IN ROME.

"As soon as I please, Winifred; not a moment before."

"I will call for my father," she interrupted. "I hate you, and I will not be shut up here, listening to your brutal threats."

"Ay, yes," he said, scowling at her from under his bushy black brows. "Yes, you may hate me, but all the same you will marry me, and I'll tame you into the docility and submission every woman should show her master, for

that is what you will have in me. You will marry me in a few weeks, distinctly understand that."

Winifred had the same cool courage of the old Jocelyn race. She faced him defiantly.

"Fulke," she said, in her clear, metallic tones, as icy and disdainful as intense indignation could make them, "how dare you come here and lock me in my father's own library, only to offer me insult? I tell you I will marry my cousin Bernard Jocelyn, and no one else. I can never wed any one else while he lives—there, open the door!"

Fulke stood stock still, gazing into her face, his sullen effrontery dashed by the assurance she reiterated.

"Winifred, you will never marry Bernard—you are compelled to come up to my bargain, signed by both Uncle Hugh and myself. You are too beautiful to give up, and I won't do it," was the relentless answer.

"Show me the bargain you talk of so constantly," she demanded.

Without a word he opened the leathern pocketbook, and drew therefrom the fatal compact and laid it before her. Without a word she bent over and scanned it keenly, the soft bloom coming and going in her delicate cheek. The clock ticked moment after moment, while Winifried's gaze still studied that horrible paper, and Fulke watched her in malign satisfaction. Whatever else she may have believed, Fulke knew that she could not doubt the evidence that something in the past hung over her father. Brave and dauntless as she was, Fulke felt rather than saw, that Winifred was at least bewildered.

"Do you believe it now?" he questioned, sneeringly. "Do you see that you are mine?"

She lifted her head haughtily.

"I do not believe it, and I will never marry any man except Bernard."

Fulke smiled grimly as he unlocked the door, and throwing it wide open, said, exultantly:

"Go and ask your father if I don't hold his life and reputation in my hands."

Winifred rushed out of the library and up the handsome staircase.

He listened to the light footsteps flying along the upper hall, toward her father's private study.

No one answered Winifred's quick, sharp knock, although twice repeated. She opened the door and walked in. The study was deserted, but on the table were several open letters. Almost mechanically Winifred took up one of them, almost mechanically she read; it was a female hand, not elegant, but small and cramped:

"MY DEAR GENERAL," it began, "I am so happy to hear of your good fortune, and take this opportunity of offering my congratulations. I shall be traveling north in a few days, and will, of course, pay my respects in person. Pray, send the carriage on Tuesday week to meet me at the railway station. Your old friend, MARIE FRISSAC."

Winifred turned it over and glanced at the postmark—New Orleans.

"What does it all mean? She don't even ask if we want her," she said, tearfully. "Papa can't have secrets from me."

The letter was still in her hand. She had forgotten it almost in the intensity of her desire to ask her father to clear away the smallest shade of doubt—not that she had any, but rather to silence Fulke—when Hugh Jocelyn, more miserably haggard and worn in appearance, came in.

"You here, Winifred?" he said, glancing at the letter. "You see, we are to have a guest."

"I don't care how many guests, papa. I don't want to know. Papa, tell me what it all means that Fulke says. Tell him to quit the house, and never come here again, insulting me with slanders of you. Order him away, papa. This is our house," she broke out, impetuously.

General Jocelyn tried to smile, while she laid her tiny hand on his arm and gazed up at him imploringly.

"Winifred," he began, in a stifled, difficult voice, while he drew the little figure within his arms, "my daughter, God knows what may come to me. I cannot order Fulke to quit my house."

"Papa," asked Winifred, a swift fear in every lineament, "did you sign that paper promising me to Fulke? Did you, papa?"

His face grew more wretchedly drawn and livid.

"Winifred, I signed that compact."

"Papa, what is it? Oh, papa! Tell your little Winifred what it all means! I love you best of all. Tell me, papa, and send this dreadful Fulke away," she entreated, plaintively.

"My darling, try to bear with him; it is for your sake. I cannot send him away. I am afraid you will have to marry him."

CHAPTER IV.

"UNDER THE HEEL OF MY BITTER ENEMY."

THE two physicians were in the library, holding a consultation over the case above-stairs, which, in view of its being the nephew of the richest man in the county, became of immense importance to the medical fraternity of a country neighborhood. Large fees seldom fell into their hands. The rich people sent for city physicians, and the poor had no money; therefore the two doctors deposited their saddle-bags of medicines on the chairs with great deliberation and becoming gravity, and sat down to consult upon remedies. In the midst of the preliminaries of one taking a pinch of snuff and the other a quid of tobacco, Fulke noiselessly opened the door, and closing it as quietly, without ceremony or apology drew his chair to the table between the physicians.

"Gentlemen," he said, with more than usual politeness, "my uncle desired me to beg your candid opinions in regard to Bernard Jocelyn. We have unbounded confidence in any opinion you may express; and—ah! I may as well say that my uncle, you see, has no especial kind feeling toward this young man, and, really, he wishes me to ask when, in your opinion, it would be safe to move him?"

The two physicians glanced at each other inquiringly.

"You see, Doctor Foster," continued Fulke, not unobservant of the disappointment in the countenances of both, "Uncle Hugh prefers grading his fees to yourselves in proportion to the shortness of the case. He is willing to double any charge you may make if you can restore him sufficiently to sail next week on the expedition to the Polar regions. These rich men can afford to indulge their whims, you know, doctor—eh?"

The doctors laughed in great amusement at Fulke's wit, and the grand possibility of doubling their fees.

"Well, Mr. Fulkerson," began one of the doctors, raking his fingers through his long hair and looking pleased, "General Jocelyn spoke of sending for some city physician——"

"By no means. We have perfect confidence in your skill, gentlemen. The truth is, between ourselves—confidentially, you know—there is bad blood between the two, my uncle and Bernard—and he is restive and displeased at the fact of having him in his house. I have succeeded in prevailing upon him to allow Jocelyn to stay here until you pronounce his removal safe; but," added Fulke, shrugging his shoulders and lifting his brows meaningly,

"Uncle Hugh is a man of most vindictive passion. He would rather see Bernard die than recover."

"You surprise me?" exclaimed Doctor Foster. "General Jocelyn seems the most amiable gentleman I ever met. He must be different from most of the Jocelyns. They are the devil when their blood is up, but they never bear malice."

Fulke smiled significantly.

"I won't expose the faults of my own family, perhaps," artfully insinuated Fulke. "His blood may be up where Bernard is concerned. I only mentioned this to show you why General Jocelyn authorizes me to insist upon Jocelyn's removal at the very first possible moment, and also to say that money is nothing to him compared with the great object of getting rid of his compulsory guest. 'Tell them,' says Uncle Hugh, 'I'll pay them anything they like—say five thousand dollars—to clear my house of this man—five thousand dollars fee; besides, he has an excellent appointment in an expedition sailing next week; and, doctor, if he loses that and stays here, there will be bloodshed," and Fulke's voice dropped into a mysterious whisper while he uttered the wily hint.

"Is it possible?" ejaculated both physicians, plainly impressed by his well-feigned anxiety and subtle diplomacy.

"There is a five thousand dollar fee, gentlemen. Now, what do you think of the case?"

"Well, Mr. Fulkerson, candidly, sir," began the doctor, in an oracular tone, "if the posterior fasciculus, or, indeed, the occipito frontalis, suffer compression, the coagula, and probably the excrescence of the ossa parietal, where they are articulated either above or below with the temporal bone; or before, with the frontal; or behind, with the occipital, by the anterior and inferior angle with the great ala of the phenoid——"

"Very clear, no doubt, sir," interrupted Fulke, striving to be conciliatory.

"Nothing could be clearer," ejaculated the other doctor, admiringly.

"Perhaps so," shortly commented Fulke, "but you can't expect me to be as learned as you are. I only want to know whether he can go on his expedition, and how soon he can be moved out of this house?"

"I was just going on to explain his condition to you, sir," resumed Doctor Foster.

"Now, in plain English, sir, the epiranial or coronal apeneurosis which is attached by its posterior fasciculus to the occipital ossa, and the mastoid portion of the temporal—why sir, a child can see that concussion where it becomes confounded with the superciliaris, pyramidalis nasi, and orbicularis palfebrarium——"

"Yes, yes, but just say whether you think he will recover. Confound your jargon!" interrupted Fulke, rather rudely.

"I thought my explanation of the case satisfactory," rejoined Doctor Foster, piqued by the cutting short of his learned remarks.

"I never heard anything more simple and comprehensive," commented his colleague.

"That may be, but I'm too much of a fool to see it," roughly retorted Fulke. "Once more, we'll leave science for you scientists, and turn to business. Five thousand dollars is no trifle, these hard times; it's five thousand to remove Jocelyn from here soon—mark you, very soon, doctor. Confidentially, I won't answer for his safety, under the roof of a determined, unscrupulous enemy. Human nature is weak, and General Jocelyn feels this himself, and that is why he is willing to spend lavishly if only to remove temptation out of his way. You see, I would not speak so very plainly if my own apprehensions were not aroused. It is certain he will recover?"

"Certainly he will recover, but still be in danger of encephalic hemorrhage or——"

"He will recover?" pointedly inquired Fulke.

"Apparently, yes; but there is danger of sudden death for months to come," began the physician.

"Yes—very sad; his friends ought to know that he's cursed unlucky to have two such strong chances of death hanging over him. An inveterate enemy is a bad thing," was the base insinuation, as Fulke leaned back in his chair, warily noting how eagerly these men accepted the revelation of a skeleton in the rich man's closet.

The physicians were narrow-minded, well meaning men, mere plastique in the hands of a subtle, unscrupulous diplomat like Fulke.

"I can promise," interposed the other physician, keeping in view the golden bait, "that he will be sufficiently restored to sail at the appointed time. It's not safe—but as I would never have believed unless one of the family had told me—it may be safer than remaining here."

"Very truly," answered Folke, solemnly. "But I verily believe my uncle will commit some frightful crime unless Jocelyn is removed. Can he go to-day?"

"To-day!" echoed both doctors; "Impossible! Three days—a week will be the earliest possible moment of removal."

"Doctor, you must be responsible for the consequences if you leave him here; my uncle has done all he can. Poor Uncle Hugh knows his own demoniac temper," asseverated Fulke. "One thing more, doctor; General Jocelyn expressly desired me to say that you are to forbid Miss Jocelyn seeing Bernard, or going into his chamber upon any pretense. The general is very stern and positive on this point. 'It's worth a thousand dollars more to them, Fulke,' he said to me, 'to carry out this order of mine."

"It shall be done, sir—inform General Jocelyn—it shall be done," responded Doctor Foster, rubbing the palms of his hands together gleefully. "We will go up and see our patient now, Mr. Fulkerson."

"Do, gentlemen, do; we trust everything to your well-known skill."

With which bit of timely confection, together with fees such as neither ever dared hope in their wildest dreams, the physicians wended their way up to Bernard's room. In the upper hall they encountered Winifred, evidently waiting and watching for them—a world of anxious expectation in the beautiful eyes.

"Doctor Foster!" she exclaimed, impetuously, "has papa sent to town for consulting physicians?"

"He has not, Miss Winifred; he seems to think it unnecessary."

"Unnecessary! I say it shall be done! Have you seen papa, doctor?" Winifred's gaze seemed to strive to read the physician's very thought, while a perplexed expression came into her countenance. "He is shut up in his study, and will not see even me."

"No, Miss Winifred; Mr. Fulkerson communicated his orders to us."

"What does Mr. Fulkerson know of his orders?" scornfully retorted Winifred, the color brightening in her cheeks. "He has nothing to do with papa's orders; nothing to do with anything in this house. Papa will do everything in his power for Bernie—he likes him better than Fulke."

"I think you are mistaken," quietly and patronizingly replied the doctor. "Ladies sometimes have preferences that are quite contrary to those of their parents."

Winifred was too much in earnest to care for generalities.

"Doctor," she asked, in almost pathetic entreaty—"doctor, may I go in as often as I please to-day to see Bernie?"

The physician took a pinch of snuff before he made reply, while she waited in breathless anxiety.

"My dear young lady, I regret to say that we must banish you altogether from the injured man's apartment. You really cannot go in at all."

"Cannot go in at all?" she repeated, in shocked amazement. "Not at all? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Miss Winifred. He must not see you, of all others. If you go in it is at the risk of his life; therefore, we positively forbid it. The nurse must not admit you; neither does your father desire it. Mr. Fulkerson——"

"Mr. Fulkerson!" resentfully echoed Winifred. "Mr. Fulkerson seems to be master of this house. I shall ask papa how Fulke dares to give orders here," and Winifred darted off toward the wing occupied by General Jocelyn. Her cheeks were hot and flushed, the deep, soft, dusky eyes blind with angry tears.

The door was locked. It was always locked now. She tried it again and again. "Papa! papa!" she called, loudly. No one answered, and yet Winifred fancied she distinguished the muffled tones of voices within. "Papa, it is Winifred. Oh, papa, open the door." Still there was no response. Winifred waited and listened; she could not be mistaken; some one talked with her father, she could hear his voice, sometimes sharp, sometimes almost pleading; but he never heeded her passionate calls; he would not open the door.

"Papa, will you turn away from me? Papa, let me come in."

Wholly in vain did she utter the tearful, plaintive entreaty. What did it mean? She was wild with excitement and distress. Still the voices went on. Winifred stooped down and put her lips to the great, old-fashioned keyhole. "Papa," she implored, "open the door for Winifred." She could look into the room. Her father sat at his table, facing her; beside him a small, slender woman was gesticulating and talking rapidly. Winifred had never, in all her life, seen the desperate, horror-stricken look visible on General Jocelyn's countenance just then, while the pretty woman at his side was smiling mockingly. A pistol taken from the case lay on the table before him. With that frantic, maddened look still on his face, he suddenly seized the weapon and placed the cold black muzzle to his temple. (*To be continued.*)

THE LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 594.

CURIOUS LITERARY JUDGMENTS. — Amenities between literateurs have always been as abundant as they are amusing, when contemplated at a dispassionate distance. "You bandbox," says Tennyson to Lord Lytton; and Lord Lytton promptly retorts with "Miss Alfred." Not even Shakespeare and Milton, throned as they are on a pinnacle beyond the range of controversy, escaped the contradictory estimates of critics. Byron wrote down his conviction that "Shakespeare and Milton have had their rise, and they will have their decline." Hume called the divine William "a disproportioned and misshapen giant," and regretted that there were in his compositions "so many irregularities and even absurdities." George III. is quoted as saying: "Was there ever such stuff as the greater part of Shakespeare? Only one must not say so." Of Milton's "Paradise Lost," Waller wrote that "if its length be not considered as merit it has no other." Goldsmith says that the great Puritan's poems "betray a narrowness of education and a degeneracy of habit"; adding, that "there is no force in his reasonings, no eloquence in his style, and no taste in his composition"; and Fox said that three-fourths of "Paradise Lost" "was not worth reading." A majority of readers will disagree, it is thought, with these opinions.

ETHEL.—"ETHEL TOTTERED FOR A MOMENT, FLUNG HER ARMS UP IN A VAIN EFFORT TO REGAIN HER BALANCE, GAVE ONE PIERCING SCREAM, AND FELL HEAD-FOREMOST INTO THE WELL."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.

THERE'S a little floweret,
White and pure as snow,
Hides within the woodland,
White, snow-white, bending low.
Modestly it hideth
In the shady dell,
But its habitation
Soon each child can tell.
For around its dwelling
There's a fragrance shed,
So that we can find it,
Though it hides its head.
Thus good deeds in secret,
Acts of quiet worth,
Though no praise awarded,
Show their merit forth—
Like the little floweret
Shed a fragrance round,
Whereby soon or later
They are surely found.
Lilies in the valley,
Growing pure and bright,
Fragrant, fresh and lowly,
Clad in modest white.
Of that good an emblem
Ye to me afford,
Which still grows in secret,
Seeking no reward.

ETHEL.

BY SPENCER W. CONE.

H, Ethel, how supremely happy you must be!" said Sibyl Woodford.

"Why?" said Ethel, absently, and scarcely raising her eyes from Marlett's "Little Moorland Princess," which she was reading.

"Because you're so rich."

"Don't see it," said Ethel, culpably using the vernacular "for short." "I know old John Lyly says, 'Virtue's balances are golden bags,' and, of course, being rich, I must be awful virtuous; but as to perplexing that tremendous adjective 'supreme' to the happiness of having a little land and bank-stock, I repeat it, cousin, I don't see it."

"Here's this superb estate—miles of meadows."

"Nice for the cows."

"And the bank stock."

"Nice for the cashier when he runs away."

"All the poor in the village watch for you."

"Naturally; to see whether the tea and sugar, and jam and new blankets are walking in after me."

"And Charlie Scott."

"Bah! What's the matter with Charlie? Does he want a new pipe or a pair of slippers? I worked him one pair—he has never worn them. He vows he has kept them in a glass-case, scented with 'Jockey Club,' ever since, which is such an awful what-d'ye-call-it—the thing that brings a blister on the tip of your tongue—that he shan't have another thing until he walks from the office up here in those very slippers in broad daylight."

"With all the people staring," said Sibyl, "and the little boys yelling after him, 'There he goes with a rose on his toes!' What a fool you would make of him!"

"Of course; that's all he's good for."

"He adores you."

"I hate him."

"No, you don't."

"I do, because——"

"Because why?"

Because he's a lawyer. Never gets his nose out of Kent's 'Commentaries,' or some other handbook of legal devilry; and I do believe will one day disgrace himself by going to Congress, or doing some such disreputable thing. Don't speak of him—he's my aversion. Let me alone—do—till I finish my dear little brown princess. Oh, if I were only her, what a good time I'd have all alone on the heath, with nobody to bother me and my shadow in the back pool for a fairy playmate. Hush!"

The speakers in this little dialogue were Ethel Wilbur and Sibyl Woodford, two fair women of almost exactly the same age, which was about twenty. The scene, a luxurious sitting-room in one of the handsomest country houses on the western bank of the Hudson.

The estate was the famous one of "Woodford," almost princely in its extent and value. The girls were cousins and orphans. Ethel, the last of the Wilburs, had been born and reared not only in luxury, but as heiress and autocrat. But underneath the idleness and seeming thoughtlessness, begot of great wealth and the worldly adulation which, won by it, labors so hard to cultivate pride and frivolity in its possessor, there lay a keen intellect and the strong heart of a true woman.

She was proud, but proud to know in her heart that Ethel Wilbur was worth more than all her money, if one had but the skill to find it out. She was reticent; but what she held back and hid under the polish and persiflage of society was the self-reliant vigor of a soul scorning all small things, and capable of all high devotions. Tall and willowy, but well developed, her limbs graciously rounded, her skin neither brown nor fair, but soft and creamy; to nut brown hair rippling low on the forehead she added the long gray eyes which offer at once so striking and so gracious a contrast. When silent and thoughtful she had the air and something of the far away mysterious look so often seen in the women of Egypt. When animated and flushed with excitement it was almost "the serpent of old Nile" flinging with careless grace about her a charm at once sensuous and spiritual.

Her companion, Sibyl Woodford, was a blonde, slightly below the middle size, very pretty, rather *mignonne*. Gliding about noiselessly, or sitting, with her hands on her lap, the best and most flattering of listeners, alike to the finest wit or greatest fool, and with the general air of the silkiest and most innocent of pussy cats.

She was a poor cousin whom Ethel, herself an orphan, had taken to heart and home in pity for her orphanage and poverty. Ever after, with the fine instinct of her nature, she had labored in a thousand little delicate ways to prove to Sibyl that her residence at Woodford laid its young mistress under obligation, and that all the gratitude ought to be on the side of the heiress instead of the poor cousin.

Sibyl's name and that of the estate were the same, the latter having originally belonged to a remote branch of the Woodford family, and kept its name from old colonial times. Sibyl tried very hard to persuade herself that she loved her wealthy cousin and benefactress; but day by day as she looked from the window over the wide sweep of lawn, skirted by a grand old park, the thought went through her mind:

"Woodford—the great Woodford estate. I am Sibyl Woodford, and she only Ethel Wilbur, and all the Wood-

fords once had fell into the lap of the Wilburs, and left us poor, dependent. It ought to be mine—it ought to be mine. 'Sibyl Woodford, of Woodford Manor.' It should read so. Perhaps it may——"

The silence of the room was broken at last by the door being swung quickly open and the entrance of a gentleman.

He was unmistakably a gentleman, although carelessly dressed, and presenting none of the appearances of dandyism which, in our perversion of the word "gentleman," are supposed to give a person of the male gender the right to the grand title which kings can neither give nor take away.

It is a common Americanism to entertain clothes, and bear with the man because he happens to be in them. A high compliment to our tailors and a poor one to our species.

The newcomer stood six feet in his stockings. He was broad-shouldered, and had the long, rangy look which indicates a more than usual share of muscular Christianity. His teeth were fine, his eyes blue; his head and face leonine; his hair dark and naturally curly—a wild shock, from a habit he had of first smoothing it down the wrong way, and then running both hands through it, and tangling it hopelessly the other way. His heavy mustache, lighter than his hair, which was blonde, and running a little to the tawny red, was a match for his hair, from another habit he had of twisting one side up and the other down whenever he fell into a brown study.

As to those absent fits, he was perpetually falling into them, and coming out again with a start and a half-guilty look, as who should say, "What's up now? Have I been doing anything outrageous without knowing it?"

This gentleman was Mr. Charles Scott, rising young lawyer, painfully diffident as to his own social merits, but brave as a—stop! No lion simile for me. They say the king of beasts, like some other royal beast, is a cur. Therefore, let us say he was brave as the pluckiest thing that has ever walked the earth—a thoroughbred American gentleman.

For his sins, however. He was pitifully in love with Ethel, who snubbed and bullied him by the hour, till he had insane desires to kill her and eat her, and then kill himself; and then she dropped her eyelids till the long silken lashes touched her cheek, and shot a little look out of the corner of one eye at him, and with the look fastened one little eyelash to the big fellow, and led him after her, the meekest and most maudlin-looking lion possible to imagine. Mr. Scott threw his hat down rather viciously, plumped into a chair, sent his hands through his hair like a pair of harrows with a runaway team to them bouncing through a grain-field, and growled:

"He's come. Saw him at the depot."

"Who has come?" said Sibyl, sweetly. "Pray do not startle us so, Mr. Scott. You really make me nervous. Who has come?"

"The fellow that Ethel allowed to dangle after her at Newport, last Summer, until everybody said it was a disgrace," said Scott, indignantly.

"For everybody read between the lines Mr. Charles Scott," said Ethel, calmly, and never lifting her eyes from her book. "Ever such a nice fellow, Sibyl; quotes poetry by the yard. You'll like him immensely."

"I hope not," drawled Sibyl. "He doesn't come here to see me. Very large swells from New York don't come hunting poor little country cousins whom they never saw for love of their wild eyes."

"Sibyl," said Ethel, severely, "you will never use the word 'poor' again, if you please. The man who takes my adopted sister sha'n't take her poor. Mr. Scott"—this with a superb air of command—"be good enough to tell Sibyl the clause of my will which is in your safe down at that musty old office where you and your pet spiders share the congenial absence of broom and dust-brush."

"Sibyl—Miss Wilbur—I don't think—it is wise," stammered Scott.

"Mr. Scott," said Ethel, crushingly, "I don't ask you to think. It isn't natural to you. I ask you to mind me. Tell her."

"As you please; but," said he, in a low tone, "I never knew good come of it." Then aloud: "The provision you refer to is that, in case of your death before Sibyl Woodford's marriage, there shall be paid her the sum of fifty thousand dollars."

Then he fell into a brown study, and kept shaking his head, as if saying, "Which you had better have kept to yourself whilst you lived."

"And if you marry before, dear—which I hope you will—you shall have the same sum in the pocket of your best apron, to keep the happy man in a good humor longer than the honeymoon."

Sibyl threw herself on Ethel's neck, and said the nicest and most proper things, emphasized by at least half a dozen real tears.

"There, there," said Ethel, gently pushing her away. "If you bother me with thanks I'll add a codicil, and give it to the cat, or old Mother Jonipson, to buy peppermint cordial with. They say the old lady goes to bed happy on that spicy beverage every night of her life. The subject is finished, Sibyl. There's no room for gratitude between us. Our sisterly love would be a very poor and hypocritical pretense, indeed, if it did not make us happier to share with each other than to keep, in selfish hoarding, what God has committed to our stewardship."

"Umph!" growled Scott, waking up.

"Well, bear," said Ethel, "don't you like it?"

"Wasn't thinking of it. Don't know what it is. Suppose I ought to. If I were polite, like Stanley Charlock, I should; but I ain't," said Scott.

"You have arrived at a commendable knowledge of yourself," said Ethel, looking very glum. "What were you thinking of?"

"Of him."

"Who?"

"Stanley Charlock."

"So was I," said Ethel, demurely. "And it's a very interesting subject, isn't it? You said, I believe, he has come?"

"Yes; I saw him at the depot."

"How nice! And what has he come for?"

"He's come a-fishing," said Scott, with a diabolical smile. "Got a new basket that never had a fish in it, and a patent pole long enough—long enough——"

"For what?" said Sibyl.

"Long enough to reach from Schultz's tavern, where his excellency puts up, to Woodford."

"You don't say so!" said Ethel, with an air of childish innocence. "What a very long pole it must be!"

"Long enough for gold-fish," said Scott. "And he is furnished with a new spring reel, and no end of line to play the little fish with; and——"

"He has come up here," said Ethel, "because the streams are so full of trout."

"So they are," said Scott. "And he's going to fish for trout with a speckled fly, and for an heiress with a nice little piece of tongue."

"What do you mean, sir? How dare you traduce a friend of mine behind his back? How dare you insinuate that Stanley Charlock is a mere fortune-hunter?"

This time she blazed out at him like a volcano; but it was no use. She did not cow him, as usual. The man's blood was up, and he was slightly dangerous.

"Because he is," said Scott, defiantly. "And he comes after you because he has found out that you are rich, and you know it; and I believe you resent it in your heart."

other roundabouts, and that Miss Ethel had tyrannized over Charlie Scott before she was ten years old, and naturally kept on doing it.

She did it, too, with impunity, except when the powerful nature of the man broke away from his native modesty, and asserted itself in one of those almost savage fits of re-

THE SWAN DEFENDING HER CYGNETS.

If the familiarity between these two seems strange, considering their relative positions, it must be understood that Mr. Charles Scott was not only an acquaintance, and also Miss Wilbur's counsel, but that they had been born in the same village, gone to the same district school, had known each other ever since one wore pantalettes and the

bellion, to which such a woman as Ethel yields with supple meekness, because it is the flash of fierce but evanescent light, which shows her how absolute is her general dominion over the involuntary rebel.

Ethel's lids dropped. She shot that little shaft of sweet fire out of the corner of her eye. The eyelash fastened

THISTLES IN THE LAND OF DON QUIXOTE.— SEE PAGE 602.

around Mr. Goliah, as usual, and he looked at her foolish and adoring.

"So," she said, softly, "you think Mr. Stanley Charlock comes here to fish for an heiress? You are a lawyer, learned in human motives of the baser sort"—small tap to punish the rebel. "Perhaps you are right, and I know it is your real friendship which makes you so thoughtful for a poor lone girl who has small wit of her own"—sub-acid mollification for Goliah. "I am not vain enough to suppose that I have any peculiar charms of mind or person to attract or attach to one more than others. I can't expect to be loved wholly for myself by anything so valuable—in his own eyes—as a man of the nineteenth century. But my old playmate might have spared me the humiliating knowledge of what he values me at—such a feather in the scale, until a bag of gold is put in to weigh me down!—for, of course, Mr. Scott judges others by himself."

"Ethel!"

"Oh, pray don't try to explain. You will only make it worse. You will be telling me directly that I squint, or my nose is red, or something equally calculated to repress inordinate vanity."

"Ethel, you are insufferable——"

"I know it," said that remorseless person, with the air of a martyr. "But it isn't kind of you to tell me. I don't want to hear it. I am very humble."

"Oh, yes," muttered Scott, "humble as the—the——"

"Why don't you say it, Mr. Scott?" cried Ethel, flinging her book away. "You meant it. You haven't the courage of a mouse! You meant to say 'devil,' sir; but don't you dare to do it. I am an humble, badly imposed upon angel, and don't you dare to look as if you didn't think so. Be good enough, sir, to say, 'Miss Ethel Wilbur, you're an angel.'"

"If I do, shoot me!" said Scott, clinching his fists and looking like a whole drove of mules.

"Very well, sir," said Miss Ethel, scornfully; "some other people might say it, and mean it, too; and I am sorry to think so, but I must: You're not an admirable character, by any means, Mr. Scott. On the contrary, I am afraid you are an ill-natured, envious, detracting creature, that can't see how fine a fellow Stanley Charlock is, or won't see it, which is ever so much worse; and I'm ashamed of you, and so you ought to be."

Lofty scorn, expressed in slightly tangled rhetoric, and met with a patient shrug and a look of mournful hopelessness by the slave.

"But I will prove it, sir," said Ethel, "and make you a means of proving it in spite of yourself."

"Prove what?" said Scott, meekly.

"Prove that you don't know anything about it."

"You generally do," muttered Scott.

"No muttering, sir," said Ethel, hotly. "Have the decency at least to speak out, if you can do nothing else decent. I tell you I will show you that Stanley Charlock is a disinterested, manly fellow; and if he has come here because we met at Newport, it is because, also, he wants to see Ethel Wilbur—plain Ethel Wilbur—not an heiress. Do you understand, sir?"

"Better than you do," replied Scott, doggedly.

"You think so," said Ethel, with an air of superiority, "because you are vain and suspicious—two hideous vices that I have been trying to eradicate from your composition ever since you were a small boy. Now, listen. I said I would convince you; I will. Whilst Stanley Charlock remains in the neighborhood, Sibyl is mistress of Woodford."

Sibyl looked down at her white hands as they lay in her lap, and an ugly smile drew the corner of her nose up and the corners of her mouth down.

"I am only her cousin and guest," continued Ethel. "She must treat me so there shall be no mistake that I am a dependent. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Sibyl, I know, will do as I wish," she continued. "Can I depend on the far-seeing and suspicious Mr. Scott to help play this little comedy?"

"I'll treat you like a dog," said Scott, with a broad grin. "Turn about is fair play. I never had the chance before. Miss Sibyl Woodford, of Woodford Manor"— in a pretended whisper—"don't you think if the young person you call Ethel were to dress a little less showily it would be more becoming her station? I wonder how you can bear anything so loud as that intrusive young woman; her taste is frightful."

Ethel laughed merrily.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I shall hear the truth now, if I never did before, I have no doubt."

* * * * * * *

That evening Mr. Stanley Charlock made his first call at Woodford. He was got up regardless, and came out in great force as the Society man badly hit by the loveliest woman he ever saw, you know, and all that sort of thing.

He really was uncommonly agreeable, and made soft side-speeches to Ethel, and delicately tender allusions to the drives on the sands at Newport, the sweet memories of Fort Adams, and the ineffable charm which would for ever halo Black Island in memory's waste. They had gazed together on the sea, etc., etc.; charming conversation, interspersed with moonlight on the waters, the loves of the angels, and the whispers of the shells; eternal constancy to something or other not particularly located; some Byron; a little Moore and Tennyson, and a delicate *soupçon* of platonic æsthetics of the modern school which claps a black coat and a white choker on that rascally little naked boy, Cupid, and turns him into a lecturer on modes, *nouveautés*, and special affinities.

This lasted two whole evenings, to the unconcealed disgust of Mr. Charles Scott. The third, the sleepy graces of the "mistress of Woodford" began to tell. Ethel's solitaires flashed in Sibyl's ears, and Worth's last enhanced the charms of a really well-rounded figure.

Ethel, in a plain Quaker-colored merino, high in the neck, served as the humble foil of the heiress. Ethel, timid and retiring, seemed to receive Stanley's attentions half fearfully. She shrank visibly from the cold, contemptuous forbearance of her patroness. She took every occasion to bewail plaintively to Stanley her dependent condition, and say how she longed to escape from it.

The hint was broad, but the fisherman was obtuse. To the eager solicitude and tender smile of the Newport admirer succeeded, gradually, a measured politeness and patronizing condescension. His attention was distracted; his eye wandered. His disinterested gaze began to worship Sibyl, and the least excuse brought him to her side.

Sibyl, quick to note the change, led him on with little pussy-cat purrs for him, and well-developed pussy-cat claws for Ethel. A German archduchess could not have exceeded her in the icy cruelty with which she put the poor companion down, and kept her in her proper place. She played her part in the comedy *con amore*.

Ethel's disenchantment, if ever she had been enchanted, was, however, completed by an accident. She was passing through the parlor before the lights were lit, and as it was summertime, the windows were open. Voices struck her ear, and for a moment or two she was an involuntary listener to Stanley and Sibyl, who were on the piazza.

"No," said Stanley, "I never loved her; never dreamed of such a thing, dearest Sibyl. I admit I was attracted to her by her very peculiar style, and if I had not met you, might really have gone in for quite a flirtation; she's so awful willing."

Ethel clinched her hands, and said to herself:

"Thank heaven Bear can't hear that! The brute would be a tyrant for ever after."

"But from the instant I saw you," Stanley went on, "my heart was yours. How could it be otherwise? How could such sweetness, such loveliness as yours, fail to conquer any man? Compared to you, Ethel is as a glow-worm to the sun," etc., etc.

Stereotyped similes, always as good as new for two "spoons" mutually afflicted with softening of the heart, or brain, which is much the same thing.

Ethel stole noiselessly away. Was she hurt or angry? Not a jot. She clapped her handkerchief to her mouth, and, as soon as she could without being heard, ran as fast as she could to her own room, shut the door, and burst into peal after peal of merry laughter.

"Dear, blessed old Bear was right," said she to herself. "I'll let him growl by the yard now and for evermore. He did come a-fishing for the heiress, and he shall have her, but not this heir. I'm not worth anything but my "tin" as that horrid Bear, bless his old curly head! calls it. Though I do believe if I hadn't a penny he would climb any kind of a tree to get me honey, if the wild bees stung his old nose all to pieces, just as he used to steal apples for me when we were children, and take a switching for it, whilst I ate them up, like a nasty little ungrateful pig as I was, and never thanked him. But I'll never let him know it—never, never, never!—and he's too stupid to find out."

What she would never let the bear know, as the sequel of this characteristically feminine and involved soliloquy, may possibly be guessed; for when young women solemnly resolve they never will let the bear know it, the bear is a very foolish bear if he doesn't find it out the first hug.

Ethel took an early opportunity to let Sibyl know she understood how matters were.

Sibyl, in her soft way, admitted that Mr. Charlock was not indifferent to her, and Ethel insisted on the comedy's being carried out to the *dénouement* of a marriage.

Sibyl heard, and gladly assented, but did not believe. Her mind was working with strange things. As far as it was in her selfish nature to do so, she had fallen in love with Stanley Charlock.

He appeared to her an object of such keen desire that she doubted Ethel. She could not believe that any woman who had once listened to him could voluntarily give him up. She dreaded and now hated Ethel—hated because she feared her.

She brooded over it until she persuaded herself that she, too, was to be made the victim of a comedy, and that Ethel meant to let her go to the steps of the altar with Charlock, and then revenge herself by a *dénouement* which would show him how he had been duped, and turn his love for her—for, like all utterly selfish people, she easily persuaded herself that she was passionately loved—into scorn and hatred.

Such she felt and knew would be her own course, and she could not rise to the height of Ethel's nature. She judged her by herself; [illegible]n her stealthy, catlike nature that nothing should thwart or cross her. How many schemes revolved themselves in her busy mind she alone knew; but accident and the devil, "who is very potent with such spirits," bettered them all.

Near twilight she was walking with Ethel in the wood which lay between Woodford and the village. In the corner of this thicket there was a small clearing beside the path, and in it an old dry well, not very deep, but wide-mouthed, gloomy-looking, and the coping all crumbled and overgrown with moss.

Ethel stopped, and stood looking dreamily into the black depth, idly pushing the small stones in and listening to them fall.

"Do come away, Ethel," said Sibyl. "It is time to go home. I wish you wouldn't stand on the edge of that horrid hole. It makes me nervous."

"Pooh!" said Ethel; "there's no danger. See!"

And with a laugh she stepped upon the moss-covered coping.

"But there is danger—to you!" hissed Sibyl, and with all her force she hurled herself against Ethel, and pushed her.

The stones were slippery, the shock quick, powerful, unexpected. Ethel tottered for a moment, flung her arms up in a vain effort to regain her balance, gave one piercing scream, and fell head-foremost into the well.

Sibyl heard the dull, horrid sound as the body struck the bottom. She listened—there was no second sound. She peered over into the well—nothing could be seen. She waited a moment or two more—not a sound. Her work was thoroughly done. Turning, and never looking behind her, but with a steady step, she left the place.

She was a murderess! But she was an heiress, and would be Stanley Charlock's wife. The murdered woman—the woman she had envied, fawned on, hated; the woman she believed had used her as a plaything, and meant to crush her, at the last, to satisfy her pride and her revenge—was powerless; she would never make her a dupe.

She even gave a little laugh as she walked away; she was a murderess, but she had no remorse.

The theory that all murderers carry with them a conscience which stings for ever is false. Human beasts in whom there is some nobility still feel remorse; the cat tribe of men and women are as capable of it as they are of fidelity or honor.

She had murdered, and went her way without a pang or the twitch of a muscle. She had no remorse; she had succeeded.

* * * * * *

Search was made everywhere that night, and the next day and many days, for Ethel, but no traces of her were found.

Sibyl was inconsolable, and wept the softest tears, and sat in the most becoming attitude of despair and desolation. Ethel had left her saying she was going down to the village to visit some of her poor, and she had never seen her afterward.

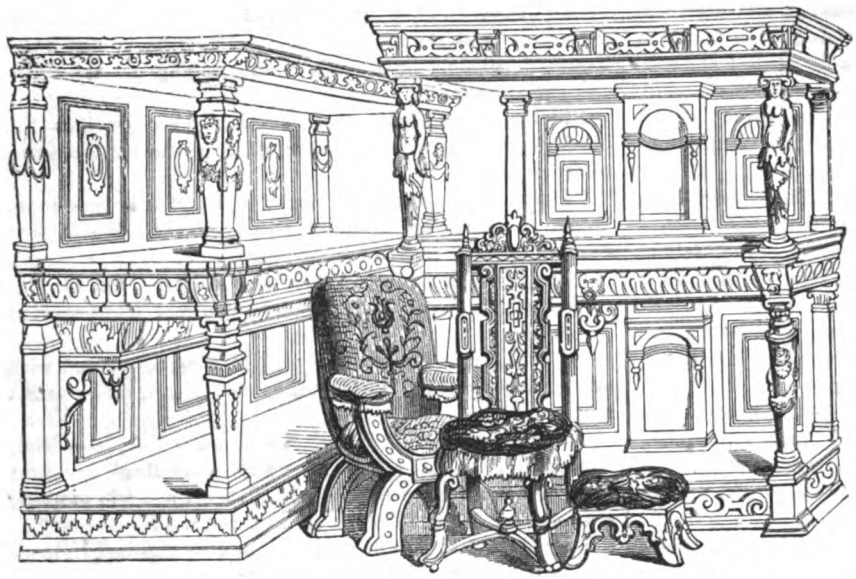
It was an awful mystery; she would never recover from it unless Ethel were found; her heart was broken.

No one else had seen Ethel since that afternoon. All gave her up but Charles Scott. Pale, gloomy, silent, he urged the search; but, like all the rest, in vain.

The body of a woman was washed up upon the river's bank. It was Ethel's size, but so decayed no identification was possible. Yet it was tacitly believed by all that it was Ethel's, and that by some strange chance she had fallen from the cliff.

Sibyl did not die. That sweet martyr, when it was finally conceded that Ethel and the drowned woman were the same, recovered, and went about in most becoming and healthy sadness.

Ethel's will made her—not as Scott had said, the heiress of fifty thousand dollars—but all her cousin's vast estates.



SITTING-ROOM FURNITURE IN THE TIMES OF WILLIAM AND MARY.

though dark, was not deep, and the bottom was covered with soft ooze long collecting, and leaves blown in for years.

Ethel was stunned and bruised, but not seriously hurt. Scott, who was on his way from the village to Woodford, heard the single shriek she gave, and ran in the direction of the sound. He arrived at the well just as Sibyl left the wood. By that time Ethel had recovered a little, and began to groan. He listened, then went closer, and was convinced some unfortunate had fallen in.

To climb down, no matter how torn and lacerated by the rough, broken sides, was the brave gentleman's first act. He found a body at the bottom. By the exertion of all his great strength, he climbed out with his inanimate burden.

She *was* mistress of Woodford, and within six weeks a wedding-party was assembled in the village church to grace the marriage of Stanley Charlock and Sibyl Woodford. As the minister was beginning the marriage ceremony, Charles Scott came up the aisle, and leaning on his arm was a lady clothed in black, her head and face covered with a double vail.

When the ceremony was done and the minister pronounced Stanley Charlock and Sibyl Woodford man and wife, the vailed woman stepped in front of her, and in a clear, ringing voice, said:

"And I will bless the bride! Sibyl Woodford, do you know me?"

She threw back her vail, and all cried, "Ethel Wilbur!"

Sibyl gave one long, almost idiotic stare, put her hands to her throat as if she were choking, then bursting out into childish laughter, seated herself on the ground and began to pick her bridal-wreath to pieces, and toss the flowers in the air, laughing shrill, and singing:

"'Ding, dong bell,
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Ding, dong bell!'"

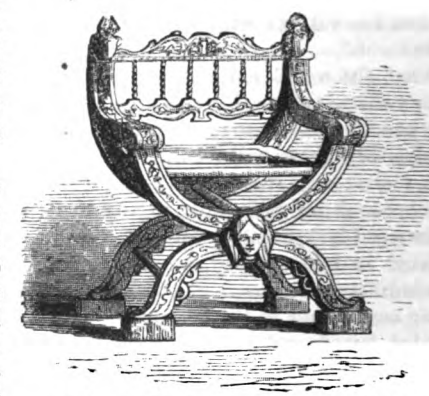
She was a hopeless maniac!

* * * * * *

The explanation of Ethel's escape is simple. The well,

He saw who it was. His own home was nearest; to that he took the thing dearest to him on earth. In a few hours Ethel came to, and told the story. It was resolved to keep the secret and hide her till the day of retribution. Scott's mother and sisters nursed her back to health. No one except these ever knew the story.

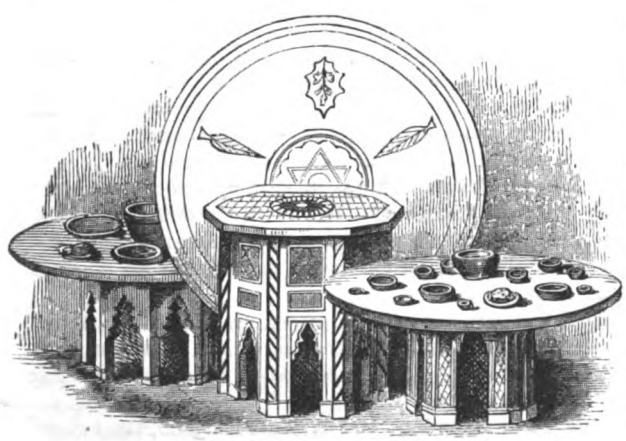
There was another marriage at Woodford that Winter, and Ethel said, as she laid her hand in that of her lover — Charlie Scott's:



ANCIENT CHAIR AT MOOR PARK, ENGLAND.

"Dear, be gentle with me, for I had to go to the bottom of the well to find all the truth, and no generous beast would strike an antagonist when he surrenders at discretion."

"Beauty," said the Beast, "if you ever bully me again, perhaps I shall wish I had left 'well' alone."



EGYPTIAN TABLES.

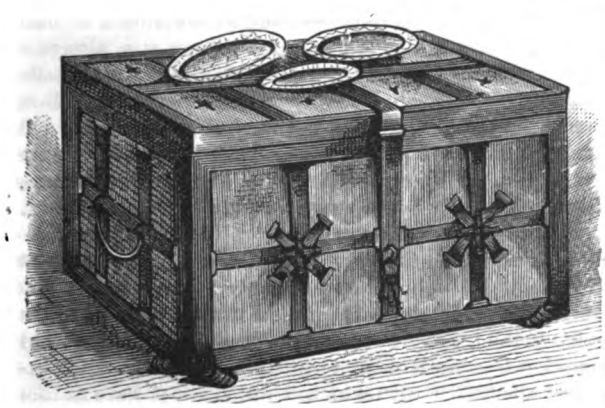
THE STORY OF FURNITURE.

THE furniture in the homes of our British, Celtic and Saxon forefathers could not have been considerable or ornate. A few plain tables; plain stools or solid chairs, made rather for use than show; chests to hold the household treasures. The walls were decorated with the arms of the master of the house, the implements of his calling, the trophies of the war or the chase. Everything was for substantial use, for the robust and strong, fit for men in armor who could not feel; and the whole furniture of their houses indicates a race living almost entirely in the open air, and indifferent to comfort. Yet, when they overran the country they must have found much of the Romano-British civilization remaining; but they do not seem to have copied or adopted any of the elegant

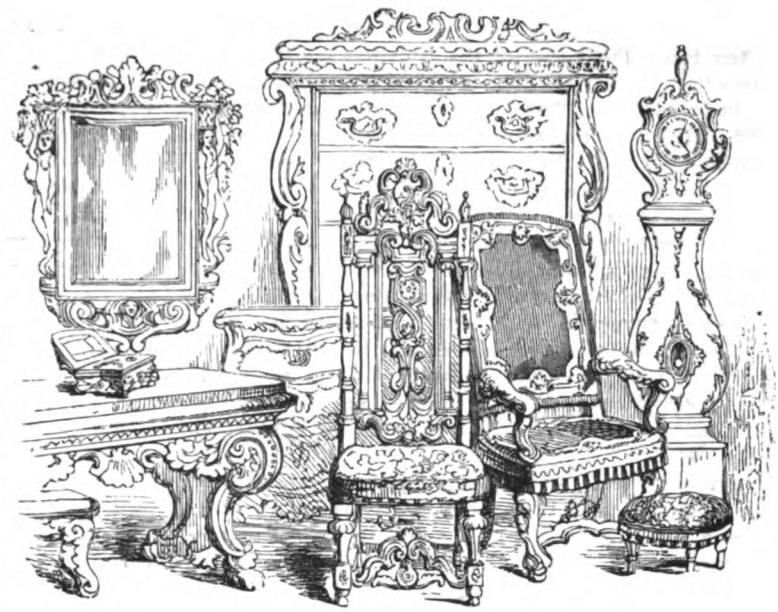
conveniences of the Roman villa. Perhaps in the thrones of about this period, which were merely carved blocks of wood, some faint resemblance may be traced to a Roman altar, or to the moldings around the base of a column.

With the Normans there began an era of art. The term "Normans" is here used to express the three or four centuries succeeding to the landing of William the Conqueror — all that period of English history during which the high offices of State and Church were exclusively filled with men of pure Norman blood. That period saw the arts of architecture and of furniture-carving (usually a reflection of the first) carried to their greatest perfection. Not a stone of the churches remained unchiseled; the very hedges furnished them with designs in the maple-leaf; not an inch of their furniture was unsculptured. Chairs of the abbots of that day are still preserved, and the pointed windows of the ecclesiastical buildings are easily recognized in the panels — as they are even now on the ends of pews in the churches. Some of them are shaped like a miniature church, with pinnacles and buttresses. The great round table of the Chapter House of Salisbury Cathedral, considered to be fully six hundred years old, stands firm and solid on legs which are placed under its edge at short intervals. In the castles everything of daily use, down to the handles of the knives, was curiously carved. Now, upon a modern dinner-table in the grandest mansion there is a dead-level of uniformity; the knives may be of more costly materials, but they are of precisely the same shape as those used by "the commonalty," and each is exactly like the other. But in the medieval days there was an individuality about the meanest article of use; the artist scarcely made two of a similar pattern. Our method of turning out a hundred thousand Windsor chairs, or half a million carving-knives, mathematically accurate copies of one original, is totally destructive of art. We seem almost to have returned to the plainness of the Saxons, concealed by a profusion of French mirrors and gilding.

The sideboards in the time of Queen Elizabeth and James I. were magnificent pieces of furniture, though sometimes in questionable taste. The tables were peculiar in having legs which swelled out in the middle to an enormous size, something like an inverted and greatly exaggerated sodawater bottle. After Charles I. the true



MASSIVE IRON PLATE CHEST WITH PAINTED PANELS.



FURNITURE IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

English style appears to have been supplanted by lighter, flimsier-looking work, clearly imported from a warmer climate. With the maypole and the morris dance the art of carving departed, and the less said of the Georgian furniture the better, in an artistic sense. It is noticeable that our ancestors of one hundred and fifty years ago seem to have preferred chairs very low in the seats, and with disproportionately long, high backs.

In the huts of savages, along one side of the wall there is often a raised bank of dry earth, which, covered with mats or skins, forms at once a divan, or sitting-place, and a bed. Between this rude arrangement and the bed in its complete shape there are endless gradations and variations. But so early as Saxon times—to speak of England alone—the kings slept on bedsteads which in every important particular corresponded to our own wooden bedsteads, so fashionable before the introduction of iron and brass. There is a drawing of a Saxon bed with posts, and a roof or tester which looks much like the planked roof of a shed. It has two curtains, the ends of which are twisted about the foreposts. Perhaps in ruder times the tester sometimes performed good service in sheltering the sleeper from the rain which penetrated the ill-made roof of the house.

"A bedde of tymbre," a timber or wooden bedstead, was usually part of the furniture of a bedroom in the fifteenth century. But the poorer classes were roughly lodged far later than that—sleeping on a straw pallet, with a round log of wood under their head instead of a bolster. In Henry VIII.'s bedchamber at Hampton Court there was a "joyned stoole" (stools still being considered important pieces of furniture) reminding us of Shakespeare's—

> "The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
> Sometimes for three-legged stool mistaketh me."

The bed itself, however, in the houses of the great was of the most magnificent description long before then. Feather beds are said to have been known in Richard II.'s time. The widow of the Black Prince, 1385, describes in her will a bed of "red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver, and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves issuing out of their mouths." A bed of much later date, James II., was of crimson velvet, ornamented with wood carvings, and glittering with gold and

silver thread; while the counterpane was of damask silk, and there were plumes of pink and white ostrich feathers on the top. The shape of the beds was generally more square than the modern fashion; the famous Bed of Ware, for instance, is ten feet nine inches long, and of equal width. The foreposts were thicker than the others, and more richly carved. But the height of luxury is described by a poet in the reign of Edward I., who pictures a princess sleeping in a bed, while there hung aloft a golden cage, or censer, in which spices and "cloves that be swete smelling" were burning, filling the chamber with delicate odors. With the water used for washing the hands they mingled perfumes, in lieu of our modern scented soap. The English ladies of that age were noted for their fondness for bathing for beauty's sake, and are wisely cautioned not to do so in March or November. In the palace at Westminster there was a clock showing the ebb and fall of the sea.

A gentleman's house in Henry VIII.'s reign contained, amongst other things, three tables, with forms and trestles, mortised in the ground, which seems to mean fixed and immovable. There were also three "lytell chairs" for women. The parlor in another house had four "joyned stooles" and a wicker screen. The window-seats were then favorite places, and were furnished with cushions or pillows, more or less curiously worked. Most persons have seen specimens of the tapestry with which the walls were hung, while others were merely wainscoted, or covered with thin polished wood, which sometimes came only halfway up, leaving the rest of the wall bare. From the earliest times the walls of churches were ornamented with paintings, and perhaps the practice was transferred from thence to the dwelling-houses.

So long ago as 1233, the wainscoted king's chamber in the castle at Winchester—which was a favorite city with the Norman monarchs—was ordered to be painted with histories; and about the same time a similar chamber at Westminster was to be painted with green color, in imitation of a curtain. At the present day the method of papering the walls, though used in the majority of houses on account of its convenience and cheapness, stands emphatically condemned by artists and physicians alike, and a return is being gradually made to the painted wall, which was the custom in Pompeii.

The ceilings of old English halls are justly admired—they have been aptly compared to the hull of a ship inverted—but the floors can scarcely have been equally good. They were strewn with rushes or sprinkled over with sand, which latter, as it dried, rose in clouds and caused much annoyance. All throughout those times that are understood when the phrase "Old English" is used, there was a strange mixture of artistic taste, luxury and barbarous discomfort. Thus, a king slept on a velvet bed, with ostrich plumes nodding over the tester, a painted wall at the head of the bed (one king gave particular directions that the bare wall there should be painted), but when he rose in the morning there was nothing but a low stool to sit on, while his chamberlain warmed and aired his dress at the fire, which was a part of his office.

The sofa and ottoman have quite banished the settle and bench from the dwellings of polite society. The carpenter still works at his bench, and now and then benches may be found in country ale-houses. One of our most ancient poets writes of his hero or knight—

> "Horne sat him a-benche,
> His harp he gan clenche,"

and for many centuries that sturdy, simple piece of furniture was found in every hall. The king sat to administer justice on such a seat in Westminster Hall, where the Court of King's Bench, or Queen's Bench, still remains.

The cupboard, now relegated to the rooms of less importance, was a prominent object in the old English house. The term is frequently employed now to describe a recess in the wall, fitted up with shelves and doors, but seems to have anciently meant a movable piece of furniture. In the time of Henry VIII. there was in a knight's house a small "joyned cubberde" of wainscot, and a short piece of "counter fett" carpet upon it. The king's own bedchamber contained two cupboards. They were famous housekeepers in Queen Elizabeth's time. Napkin-presses were then in use, and, like everything else, were ornamented with carving. Our own grandmothers treasured up their oaken presses, and numbers of them are still to be found in the lumber-rooms of old houses, made of fine black oak, paneled and carved.

Of late a reaction has set in against the questionable taste which crowded our drawing-rooms with almost useless furniture, and heaps of nameless knicknacks; and a partial return to the comparatively bare apartments of ancient England is quite possible, together with chairs and tables, in which something may be found besides veneer and polish. The great glass mirrors which are now seen on every mantelpiece, or suspended against the wall, were imported into England in the fifteenth century from France, though they were of much smaller size. Up till then the mirrors were of polished steel, generally oval and very small—much like the hand-glasses still used to see the back of the head—and often inclosed in a case, to preserve the face untarnished. There is a very curious illumination of about the fourteenth century, representing a knight and his lady who have alighted to rest, evidently having been riding on the same horse. The horse is fastened to a tree—a long sword hangs from the saddle. The knight (in armor) is reclining on the sward, with one knee slightly raised. He holds in his hand just such a little mirror of polished steel, resting the lower edge on his knee, to keep it steady; while the lady, sitting opposite, plaits her hair by its aid. She is working it into two long plaits, in a manner almost precisely similar to the present fashion for girls; and it is noteworthy that her hair is of the same golden hue now so much admired.

THISTLES IN THE LAND OF DON QUIXOTE.

MANY an artist has taken up his pencil to illustrate the adventures of Cervantes's hero, Don Quixote of La Mancha, but they drew their accessories from their own fancy, or from ordinary books of travel, poorly illustrated as they used to be. However their talent might display itself in the composition of the pictures, and in the humor thrown into the situation of the personages, there was always a lack of truth in the pictures which displeases a realistic age like ours. When Doré undertook to illustrate Don Quixote, he took his copy of the work under his arm, and journeyed down into Spain till he came to the very scenes from amid which Cervantes drew his hero and characters, and where he laid the scene of his wonderful book. There Doré began, with ears and eyes, to study the people, while his rapid pencil photographed every type of peasant and village life—the decayed gentry, the padres, the barbers, the *arrieros*, the fat, innocent peasantry of whom Sancho is the type. The very roads, the cattle, flocks and vegetation became familiar to him. Then, when La Mancha and all the life with which it was instinct were to him as leaves of a book, and traced not only on memory but

on paper—then he felt ready to begin to picture the adventures of Don Quixote—adventures which are now as interesting to read as when first published.

La Mancha is a monotonous, treeless plain, with wheat-fields stretching as far as the eye can reach. The farmers made special war on trees as harboring birds to eat up the crops. Not a tree will be seen for leagues around, and not a fence around the interminable fields. Where a village clusters, there will be stone walls around the garden, but only where the houses glitter like an island in the sea will you see even this. This abundance of grain accounts for the windmills, of which he sometimes found numbers in sight, all quite small, so that the Don's mistake was not as preposterous as it would seem to us. But if trees are wanting, the asses and mules may boast and glory in the thistles which seem to rival trees, growing in clusters to an immense size, so that the wonder is that the naked and half-naked children who are constantly rushing through them in play do not leave their scanty clothing and tatters of their flesh on the sharp points.

MY RING.

Massive, golden,
Worn and olden;
But I love it
For the giver.
He so gladsome,
Eyes so madsome—
Madsome for their thrilling quiver,
Madsome for their melancholy—
Ie the giver!
On his brow white
Shone the starlight;
Fell the dew down
On his hair brown;
Soft as lip-dents
Dropped his accents;
Linger, linger—
So he placed it on my finger.

Hot, hot kisses,
One long drinking—
Heart to heart seems
Melting, sinking.
One long sweetness,
Then the starlight
Chased his shadow
With its fleetness;
Onward, onward,
Through steep gladeland,
Westward, starward,
Into shadeland.
Oh, that last long sweetness!
Clinging lips,
Rich with love's completeness—
And now as then the dizzy moon
Swings and dips.

Oh, boundless Heaven,
Oh, trailing stars!
Drawing dark Even
In spangled cars—
Can I ever note you above me,
Can I ever bask in your rays,
And recall not his face who loved me,
And with him that day of all days?

Ah, he's gone, gone!
Leagues, leagues away,
But woman's love
Is strong like day;
And this massive ring,
This circular thing,
Is a link between us—
Is a bond between us,
And I'll never cease loving him, never.
Not e'en on the strand
Of the angel land—
On the strand of the land called For Ever.

A SAPPER AND MINER.

By George Manville Fenn.

"Well said, old mole! Canst work i' the earth so fast? A worthy pioneer!"

So says Hamlet to his father's ghost—a remark which points to the fact that Shakespeare was no mean observer of nature. As to the rapid working of the little animal he named, if any enthusiast will take a spade and start fairly against a mole to try and dig it out, he will throw down the implement at the end of five minutes and confess himself thoroughly beaten; for, almost in a twinkling, the little fellow will have buried himself, and the effort to dig him out will be a vain one, so rapidly can he bore and tunnel through ordinary, moderately soft soil.

It may be taken for granted that there are many hundreds of thousands of people who never have seen, and never may see, this little animated subsoil plow and drainer, who, if allowed to follow the bent of his inclinations, will completely undermine a field, running through it a series of veins and arteries, opening the one into the other—making, in fact, hundreds upon hundreds of yards of subterranean passages, just large enough to admit his body, and depositing the soil taken out of the tunnels in the neatest of little soft, crumbly heaps on the surface of the grass.

Fields or gardens so treated are generally beside a wood, and out of this the mole—or, as the learned call it, *Talpa Europœa*—starts on his hunting-trips, his hunting-grounds being subterranean.

Here is the little fellow just caught in a noose by an ingenious arrangement placed in his burrow, and the first feeling is one of amazement that such a little round, soft, shapeless creature could perform so much work. For we have here what looks to be a little round, sausage-shaped bag some five or six inches long, made of the most delicate black silk velvet, the pile, which lies smooth in any direction, being so soft and fine that beside it velvet plush is a coarse and barbarous production.

Our little defunct nuisance seems to have no shape beyond being round and long. One end comes to a point, and on examination you find that it is flattened at the extremity, being, in fact, an exact piglike snout; and at the other rounded end there is a tail like an elongated camel's-hair pencil. There is no shape of head, no trace of shoulder or hip. Even the eyes are invisible, being completely covered by the velvety pile; and but for the legs it would be hard to tell that it is an animal at all. The legs! It should be the feet, for the legs are almost entirely within the skin, while the feet are wonderfully developed, especially those in the anterior part of the body. The ordinary illustrations of our natural histories give a very inaccurate idea of the fore-foot, or hand, of the mole, which is almost circular, and of enormous strength. It is covered with a very tough skin, and its claws are solidity itself.

On examining these implements—for such they really are—the surprise at the mole's power of locomotion, and sapping and mining process, ceases at once, for they are wonders of construction and models of perfection. Set in motion by exceedingly powerful muscles, it is seen that they are not placed like the fore-legs of an ordinary animal with the palm flat upon the earth for walking, but edgewise and somewhat like the foremost fins of a fish, and they play on the earth in a similar manner, making, of course, some allowance for the denser medium. With these claw-armed hands the mole tears through the soil,

MY RING.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 603.

and casts it back to where its hind-feet —which are about a third of the size and strength —continue the task, and kick the loosened earth up to the surface.

Here in this orchard is a favorable place for watching the working of the mole — at least, so much as you are likely to see. Take your stand with me here, and be perfectly silent, or our labor will be in vain. You see nothing? Indeed! Watch that spot a couple of yards away. Can you not see about a tablespoonful of earth lying on the surface like so much exceedingly coarse brown sugar? Yes, you can see that; and now, on watching it carefully, you see that it is in motion—that it is growing, in fact, for there might be a volcanic disturbance going on below there upon a miniature scale, and this might be an eruption of fine disintegrated earth.

See how it comes to the surface, more and more welling up, so to speak, like water out of a spring. We know what is doing it—a mole; but no sign of the little sapper is manifested to our sight.

Look! there he goes—or, rather, there goes his work—just beneath the surface, and so close that the soil is slightly raised, though held together by the strands of grass and fibres of the filbert-trees. It is so close to the surface because a little lower down the alluvial soil ceases, and hard, gravelly stone begins, such as would wear out the tough, strong claws of even a mole. To avoid this, then, and its harsh, jagged stones, the mole keeps at times so close to the surface that he can almost be seen to work.

We trace him, then, and see that at every few yards hillocks are thrown up, which keep on increasing in size as the little animal toils on.

Now just stamp with your foot. The earth carries the concussion to where the busy little creature is at work, and the loose soil ceases to rise. He has gone.

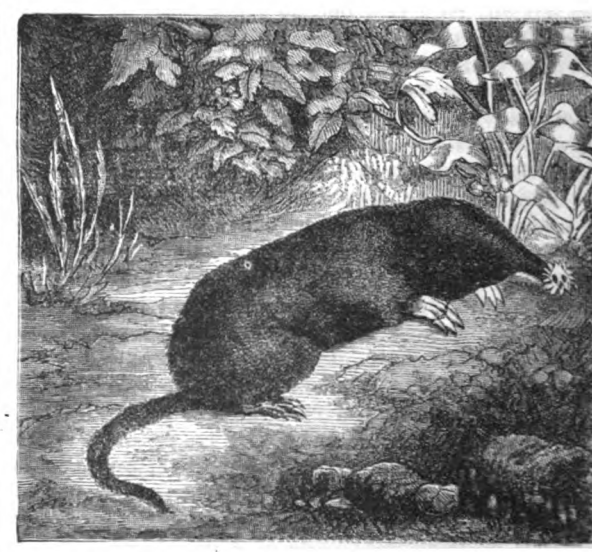
You ask where? Oh, down one or other of the old channels that have been made at former times, perhaps by the one in question, perhaps by some of his relatives, and while we are looking at the traces of the new workings, the little sapper may have retreated back into the wood, or gone forward right across the garden and into the field forty or fifty yards away, which you can see is dotted over with mole-hills.

It must not be supposed, however, that the mole lives in these passages, for somewhere or another—probably in a place where one would not like to dig, for fear of destroying a choice filbert or young apple—we should find the home of the busy worker—a circular chamber, carefully smoothed, and safe from caving-in earth by the support given to the soil by the root-fibres of the tree above. Connected with this are a couple of circular passages, one above the other, joined by other passages; and from these in turn road after road radiates, like the crooked spokes of a cartwheel from the nave, which represents the mole's home.

Here was one, down here at the bottom of the garden, beneath that great standard rose—a choice *Devoniensis*—which, though well planted and furnished with such soil and surroundings as would have satisfied the most *exigeant* of rose-cultivators, began to flag and fade in the most peculiar way. Blight? Not a sign. Want of water? Too much water? Neither. It had received the most perfect treatment, and yet it was dying. A spade revealed what was wrong. One mole had found the place suitable, and made a circular chamber just beneath the roots, effectually depriving the tree of its nutriment; and it would have killed it had we not decreed that the mole must die instead, and die it did.

Your mole is a thirsty soul, and for proof look here by the bank of this watercress-bed, which is tunneled and in places half filled up by the tiny animal's borings. Tapping a running stream like this, it might be supposed that the mole would flood his works: but he is too good an engineer, for the tunnels run upward, and he can descend for water and then resume his hunting in the passages close at hand. For, in addition to loving water, the mole affects these damp spots, not from choice, but because they are the chosen homes of the dainty worms which form his chief support, though the small boring slugs, grubs, and soft white larvæ of insects are largely devoured as they are found when digging, or afterward when traveling through the convenient highways into which they have fallen as into a trap.

The good a mole will effect in this way in a garden is incalculable, besides that which he does in keeping the soil so fresh by draining it, the rain percolating through into his many passages. Unfortunately, though the good he does is incalculable, the harm can be calculated, and it is great. In this garden, for instance, close by the wood, and liberally invaded by Talpa with his subsoil apparatus, the mischief was constant, and such as no garden would bear. The under-draining is good, but the filling-up of the neatly made beds containing the choice dark-leaved watercress, glistening with the pure waters from the spring one day, coated with moist mud the next from Talpa's borings; the range of heaps of soil for a dozen yards along the asparagus-bed; the plowing up of the



THE STAR-NOSED MOLE.

neat paths between the seed-beds, and the channeling of those tidily squared and drilled parallelograms devoted to the growth of onions; neatly raked borders one day turned into an earthen model of a volcanic region, with its mountains and ridges and craters, the next; and above all, the short, crisp turf of the meadow, harrowed and rolled for a crop of hay, suddenly disfigured by heaps of soil that would be renewed night after night when leveled down—these and many more calculable pieces of damage necessitate the calling in of that rustic professional, the mole-catcher, who with a few sticks, one of which is bent down to form a bow or spring, some whipcord nooses, and a cylinder of wood, turned hollow, exactly the diameter of the mole's tunnel, and smeared inside with moist earth for his better deception, sets to work. The cylinders are planted in the tunnels, the bow bent and attached to a trigger which the mole himself starts, and he is instantly caught.

THE MOLE'S HOME.

One mole will do a good deal of mischief, but in this case ten or a dozen were trapped within a month—not *moles* in Sussex, but "moldy-warps" in the southern dialect.

Wonderfully beautiful are they when examined, and perfect. Taken from the trap fresh from a long journey through the damp earth, their velvet coats are spotless, and as dry and smooth as if from a drawing-room fireside. The fur seems to have some property which prevents the soil from sullying it, just as the dressing given by a duck to its plumage results in the water being rejected in tiny globules. On examining the little creature, it might well be declared to be blind, for only the most careful examination reveals the fact that it possesses an eye—an organ, however, for which it can have but little use, as its habits are almost subterranean. That it does come to the surface, however, occasionally, is shown by the fact that now and then the owls here, of which there is a colony—the white-breasted or barn owl—occasionally add one to their larder, which they generally store with mice and small birds, the robin and the hedge-sparrow being often sufferers.

It has never fallen to our lot to discover the nursery of a mole's domains, for unless accident revealed one, it would mean the digging, perhaps, of acres to reach the right spot. Naturalists, however, tell us that Madame Talpa has as many as eight or nine little ones in the course of a year—that is, in Spring and Autumn. Quaintly curious and shapeless as are the elders, the young must be curious indeed; and doubtless the parents must have, like other creatures, a great love for their offspring. There is a curious point in this case, however, for the probability is that the lady mole never sees her children; and therefore she must love them, not from admiration conveyed to her brain by the eye, but through the sense of touch. "Soft as a mole" would be a far better saying than "soft as silk"; while the former, intensified to the finest pitch, would scarcely express the exquisite fineness of the fur of the juvenile mole.

Rings in the olden times had a seal or signet engraved upon them, to seal writings, and they are so used at the present day. We read in Genesis xli. 42, that Pharaoh gave Joseph his ring. A ring is now put on a woman's fourth finger *at* marriage; but the Jews used them at the espousal, or contract *before* marriage. By a statute of 1835 wedding-rings are ordered to be of standard gold.

GOLDSMITH'S "DESERTED VILLAGE."

THERE are scenes which, once painted on the living canvas of the mind, endure there for ever in colors unfading; there are names which to all the world, from youth to age, have a gentle magic in their sound, and become enshrined amongst the holiest remembrances of the heart. So it is with Auburn, once the "loveliest village of the plain." Who that has read Goldsmith's delightful poem has not wished himself away among those sequestered spots whose olden beauties it at once immortalizes and sanctifies? What reader of it—straying by the more favored haunts in his own vicinage when the first primroses of the year are in blow, or later, when all the apple-trees are shaken, and the orchardman's conical hut is deserted—has not been reminded of those bowers which the poet sighed after, in language the most touching and numbers the most harmonious?—

> "Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
> And parting Summer's ling'ring blooms delayed."

Many years have glided past since I first read the opening part of the "Deserted Village." I built up illustrations to it from the retreats of my childhood with the wonted flexibility of youthful imagination, and the pictures thus created have held their places despite all else that has come and gone, until, at length, I have had an opportunity to compare them with what yet remains of the reality. This being so, it has occurred to me that the perusal of a few notes which I made on a recent visit to Auburn might be interesting to admirers of Goldsmith, more especially to that large class of rising students of literature whose time and opportunities for pilgrimages of this sort may be but limited, or all in the future.

The site of the Deserted Village is on the road from Athlone to Ballymahon, about six miles from the former town; and as crops of new "Auburns" are springing up round in all directions, it is necessary to mention the poet's name in order to be set on the proper track to "Gooldsmith's Auburn," as the Westmeath peasantry call it. The country north of Athlone is undulating, the view being shut out by ranges of low hills, many of them mere sand-hills; and along the Ballymahon road the ordinary parallel fences are missed in many places, so that the vagrant donkey has here now and then an opportunity to taste the stolen sweets of sundry pastures without let or hindrance. The slopes on either hand are starred over with the brightest of whitewashed cottages, and everywhere about the hawthorn and the sloe-tree form a multitude of pretty alleys, all redolent in the May-time with the breathings of those flowers that love to hide in the brambly dell in fellowship with the broad-leaved sorrel-tasted shamrock. The cottage gardens, with here and there a lichen-diseased apple-tree, and current and gooseberry bushes growing in many an out-of-the-way place, are sufficiently indicative of quiet happy scenes of other days whose mementoes are departing one by one.

Pursuing the road from Athlone northward for about three miles, in a recess at the left formed by the hills that skirt the banks of Lough Ree, we come upon Ballykeeran; and surely if I were to turn eremite, and to build me a cell at an agreeable distance from the din and glitter and ring of this working-day world, I would choose for a site some silent nook of that woody hollow. Truly it is a very silent place; the "mournful peasant" seems to have led thence his humble band—how impelled it is needless to say; and much of the surrounding country blooms, not, however, "a garden and a grave," but a grazing farm and a panorama of modern villas.

A mile further on is Glasson, certainly one of the prettiest of Irish villages. It has a very modest-looking little church, and scarcely a house is to be seen there whose walls are unadorned with creepers and trained rose-bushes. After all, happy is that village which sitteth within favor of aristocracy; the bird of beggardom doth not commonly build in a tree over against the grand gate. Such a place has usually a distinguished air; its environs have, according to Hall, a fostering influence on the muse. Beautiful scenery in a manner educates the poet. His special faculties are, indeed, often known to thrive wonderfully when the slough of adversity lies on his horizon on the one hand and the mountain of magnificence on the other. Even the wayfarer forgets the weariness of his feet while pausing to luxuriate amidst the riches of Nature tastefully disposed; and should he happen to recall the notorious couplet of Lord John Manners, while mentally repeating the last line of it, he is soothed into no little community of feeling with the noble writer by the homefelt present delight of shade or vista.

Glasson owes much of its interest to its proximity to Waterstown, the demesne of Temple Harris. Waterstown House is very finely situated on an elevated position, commanding a most charming prospect in the happy combinations of wood and lake and hill which surround it. It is reached by a long avenue, winding for a great part of the way between palisades of beeches and lofty pines perfectly helical in growth. Fronting the house is an extensive parterre, exhibiting the most impressive elegance in the arrangement of its beds as well as in the variety of the flowers. Among the paintings at Waterstown House is a portrait of Sir William Temple, so noted as a diplomatist and man of letters, and as the patron of Dean Swift. Indeed, so far as we can discover, the Temple blood has long been duly appreciative of the fairness of the earth; and Sir William tells us of his residence, Moor Park, in Surrey, that it was the sweetest place he had seen in his life at home or abroad.

About a mile north of Glasson the prospect is closed by the woods of Auburn House, the residence of a Mr. Adamson. It is agreeably situated on a sheltered slope, but it has an air of certainly not very graceful neglect about it which, though promising the diversity of a fine group of ruins here in a few years, is sadly ominous, as indicating that "southward the course of *the canker* hath its way."

And now at last we are on the Pisgah, whence we first obtain a view of that sacred region, the song of whose decay has floated over all the globe, and is breathed by thousands who have never set foot upon Ireland's shores. The road leads still north. To the east, stretching parallel to it, is the "neighboring hill," near the summit of which, conspicuous in the distance, is the "decent church" known as the rectory of the Kilkenny West. A decent chapel of more modern date tops another neighboring hill in the parish of Bunowen, perhaps the only architectural improvement of recent years that the place can show. At the west side of the road, a little way on, are the house and farm of Lissoy, where a great part of Goldsmith's early days was spent. The wide entrance avenue is bordered by youthful successors of the grand old elms that once overarched it with boughs; and at the further end, with its front toward the road, is the ruined parsonage, of which, as it appears at present, a very correct illustration will be found in Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature." At the rear a few trees of the old orchard may yet be seen; and, thanks to the farmer yclept "James Grew," who lives near it, the whole surroundings of the remains of the "modest mansion" are in keeping

with the other associations of Auburn, and in accordance with the poet's line.

The house consisted of two stories, having each five windows, and, according to Prior, the basement is about sixty-eight feet by twenty-four. From the situation of the fireplaces, I am disposed to say that the breadth of the kitchen, or its substitute, was no more than twelve feet. The hearths are none of the hospitable Irish style; there is nothing wide, generous and inviting about them; and from thinking over their appearance, such as they must once have been, there need be little hesitation in declaring that a broken soldier would find the ingle of one of our peasant farmers a much more cheery haven on a Winter's evening.

About half a dozen aged trees to the right are all that now remain of the "copse" of other days; and not even Darwin himself could trace any blossomed thing in the place to a garden flower, though he should suppose an evolution period of thousands of perennial cycles. As to the "noisy mansion" by the blossomed-furze-fence, this has experienced the fate of all hedge-schools, and the commodious national school of Tobberclair at hand, by all accounts, well supplies its place.

With our modern watchword, *Mehr Licht*, perhaps the *donatio mortis causa* of Goethe, we are too often disposed to "think our fathers fools as wise we grow," and in all cases to associate with the term "hedge-school" something inconceivably base and barbarous, forgetting its source and the tale its etymology tells of those sad penal times,

> "When, crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge, or stretched
> on mountain fern,
> The teacher and his pupils met—feloniously to learn."

Deeper thought must, however, awaken in the Irish breast grateful memory toward men who transmitted the vestal fire of the scholar, no matter how often in a smoldering state, from sire to son. True it is, that prototypes of the Firdramore Seminary were but too numerous; yet must it, on the other hand, be admitted that, among the primary teachers of a bygone age, narrowness of surface was compensated for in most instances by a profundity not often to be met with in days like these. At all events, tradition testifies that the Lissoy pedagogue, Thomas Byrne by name, was none of your Ichabod Cranes or Van Bummels, but was, indeed, a light in his rustic circle; and whatever chagrin the impenetrable stupidity of "poor Noll" when a schoolboy might have given the good man, the kind-natured poet in more favored moments made up for it all.

A little distance from the entrance to Lissoy, and at the same side of the road, is the very pool alluded to by Goldsmith, and the noisy geese were now as ever gabbling over it and on its margin as I passed. It is bordered by a few stunted hawthorn-bushes, having upon them a strange impress of eld. Over against it is a ruinous cottage, the residence of a "wretched matron," whose tale of her own happier years assuredly merits a sympathetic listener:

> "She only left, of all the harmless train,
> The sad historian of the pensive plain."

The fields near her cottage were, up to a recent period, covered with a deep embowering wood; but all this has been cut away, and now only the discolored stumps remain, as if left to heighten the apparent desolateness of the scene.

Ascending an incline, which certainly deserves not the name of "hill," we come to the cross of the "Three Jolly Pigeons," where the ruins of the alehouse may be seen; also the sycamore on which the signboard of that little inn used to be so invitingly hung in years that are over. Here, too, at the opposite side of the road, grows a later representative of that famous hawthorn-bush, which, though no fragment of it now remains where those enviable old people would so often sit and chat, and where those artless loves were told by rustic lovers of long ago, yet bids fair to bloom in fancy's garden for ever. To the right, a little off the road leading northwest, are the hoary, roofless walls of the once "busy mill." Most of the wheel has been taken away, doubtless by visitors, each scrap being in some sort as a faded palm-branch from one of "the Delphian vales, the Palestines, the Meccas of the mind." The old nether millstone alone is likely to endure for a while beneath the ceaseless agencies of change and decay.

To enter the ruined mill one must step over the "never-failing brook," which, though, indeed, choked with sedges, still repeats its own solitary murmur, as if it would whisper to the wanderer,

> "Men may come, and men may go,
> But I go on for ever."

It was evening, and the place was overcast with a marked loneliness; not even the corncrake (for no nightingale visits Ireland—Spenser's nightingale is the sally-pecker) interrupted the stillness. I looked on Auburn for the last time; true, its bowers were not merely in ruin, but obliterated, and the long grass waved on the moldering wall and on the cheerless hearthstone, and on the chimney-tops whitened by the rains of many a day.

Just as I was about to turn on my homeward route, a sudden gush of sunlight streamed over all the prospect, far and away over moor and meadow and hill. There was for a moment round about such a brightness as the memory of old time sheds on an aged man's countenance; such a soft effulgence as needed but the lowing kine and the graceful milking-maiden's song responded to by the guileless swain, and the loud laugh—yes! ye stilted Meteyards and thou crabbed Carlyle—and the murmur of joyous voices near betokening a current of life flowing freely along, to rival in its influence on the mind and heart

> "The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

A VERY GOOD TEXT.

During his occasional visits to Dr. Sheridan in County Cavan, Ireland, which he almost always performed on horseback, Dean Swift was in the habit, writes Dr. S. Brooke, of stopping for rest at "the house of Rantavan," where dwelt old William Brooke, the poet's father, and which place was within an easy ride of Quilca, the Sheridans' residence. Mrs. Brooke, who was a woman of spirit and culture, the Dean nicknamed, playfully, "Madam" Brooke, and it was commonly said that he stood more in awe of her than of most country ladies. She was also notable for the neatness and brightness of her housewifry. It so happened that, being at luncheon one day, the servant put before Swift a napkin which had a small hole in it. He immediately conveyed it beneath the table, and working with his hands, he quickly enlarged the rent, and then rising from his chair, with his finger and thumb thrust through the hole, he held the torn napkin on high, and addressed the company thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen: You are all well aware what a proud and conceited woman our hostess is of her fine napery, yet look at this rag her servant has placed before

me. Now, I am sure that you every one will agree with me that Madam Brooke is no better than a household slut, and has no right to think so highly of herself and housewifery."

To which the good lady, who had been watching the mischief all the while, and much amused, answered:

"Why, Mr. Dean, I read in my Bible this morning that he who 'doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved'! What think you of that text, sir, and how would you apply it?"

"A good text—a very good text, Madam Brooke; but we will never mind the application just now."

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK WILLIAM I.

I REMEMBER when I believed that kings and queens went to bed with their crowns on, and were never to be seen without the royal purple and ermine. To this day a vision of splendor is associated with the words king and queen; and yet there have been kings and queens who were far from extravagant. An American lady bought the lace dress which Queen Victoria thought too closely for her purse, and though it had been made with a view to her purchase of it.

Frederick William I., King of Prussia, was a very economical gentleman, indeed. He had a linen apron and oversleeves to wear over his best home suit when busy in his cabinet, and he would not wear his "best things" on rainy days. His children wore plain homespun serge while they were little, and very plain garments after they were grown; and, for the sake of cleanliness, silk hangings, curtains and carpets were banished; and wooden chairs and tables, that might be scrubbed, were used in the private apartments.

Every year, however, the King gave his wife one elegant Winter dress, and a splendid Christmas present of some sort.

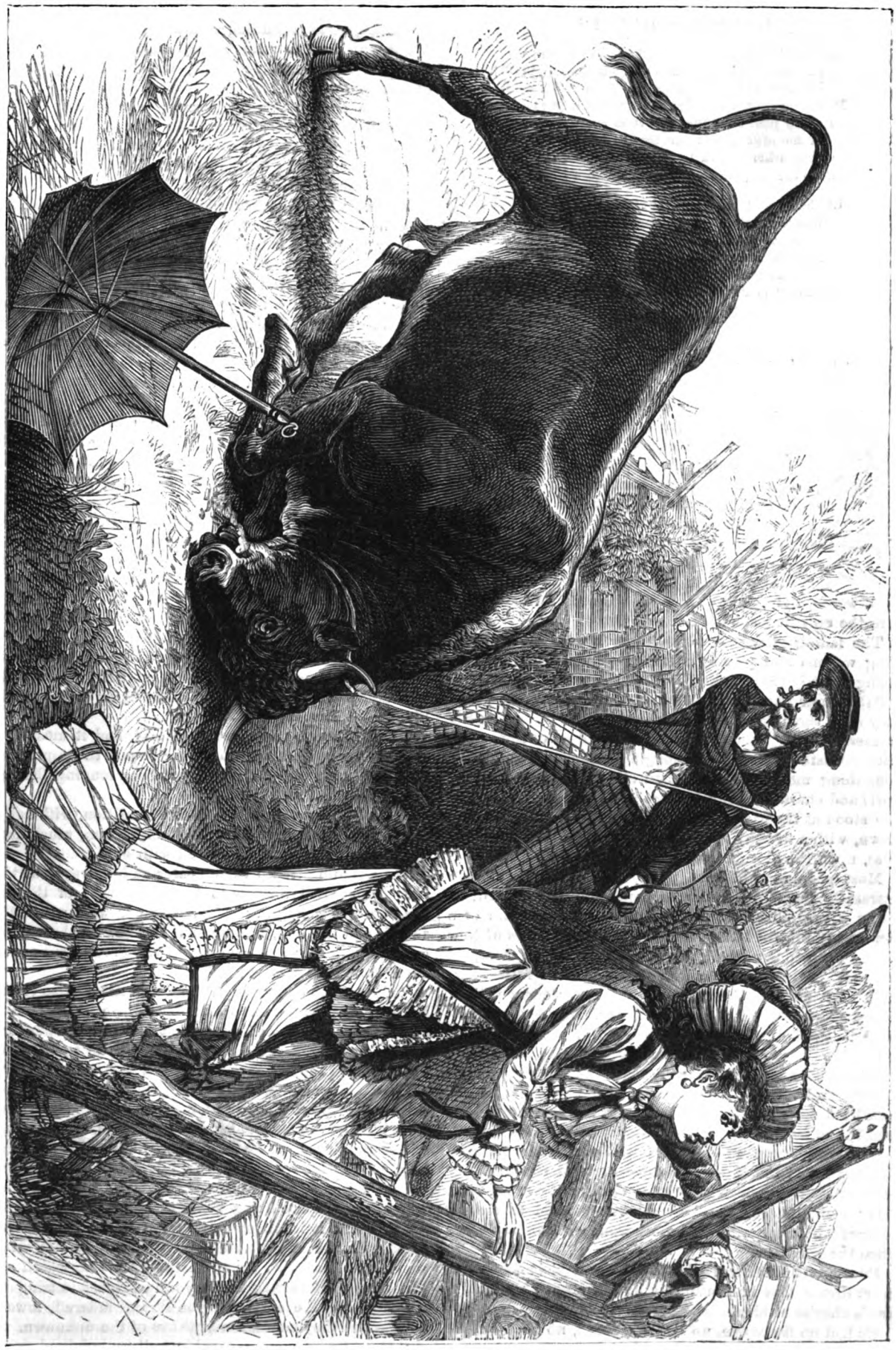
The King painted very well; and used to declare that he could support himself by painting. To prove this, he one day sent for a picture-dealer, and ordered him to buy some of his pictures. The dealer, obliged to do so, paid a hundred dollars for each painting, and exposed them for sale in his store with this notice over them: "Painted by his Majesty." Nobody bought them; and the King finally went to the dealer and offered him his money back, but the shrewd business man declared they were invaluable; that he would not part with them at so low a price; and the King finally gave a large advance to gain possession of them.

This galled the King. It was the worst stroke of business he ever did; and to make up for it he had to practice a still more rigid economy for a time. He was much laughed at for his economical notions, but they laid the foundation of Prussian greatness, and furnished his son, Frederick the Great, with the means of beginning his unexampled career.

A CARDINAL ENTERING HIS CARRIAGE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY HEILBUTH.

A GENIAL COMPANION.—A man who never reminds his friends of unwelcome facts, or tells them unpleasant truths, is sure to be liked; and when a man of such a turn comes to old age, he is almost sure to be treated with respect. It is true, indeed, that we should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot concur and a pleasant assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him; this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world and a command over the passions. Frequently, that which is called candor is merely malice.

HE who spends his life in accumulating knowledge which is never adapted to the wants of society, is a literary miser. His gainings bear no interest, and he defrauds mankind of their just dues.



MISS HENDERSON'S RING.—"THE BULL, HALTING AS IF STRUCK BY A THUNDERBOLT, CAME FLOUNDERING AND GASPING TO THE GROUND WITH A SLIP-NOOSE ROUND HIS THROAT."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

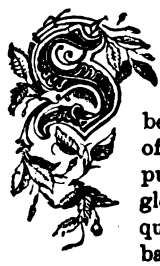
HAUNTED HOUSES.

THE shades of evening lengthen; let us close
The latticed window and draw down the blind;
These shadows seem as spirits, and the wind
Moans in its wandering; mournfully it goes
As some poor soul that grievous sorrow knows,
Or homeward traveler, fearful lest he find
Beside his hearth the ill that haunts his mind,
And o'er his pathway its dark shadow throws.

Oh, haunted houses—nay, but haunted hearts!
Wherein pale spirits of past sorrows dwell—
Wherein, as players that play many parts,
Presentiments their tragic tales foretell;
Draw close the curtains and shut out the night;
The night is dark: let love, then, be our light.

MISS HENDERSON'S RING.

BY DAVID KER.



UNSET over the Hudson on a beautiful evening in Autumn; snow-white clouds, edged with crimson, lying low down in the west; the grand old river winding between its ridgy banks like a broad sheet of gold; streaks of living fire breaking the purple shadow of the distant Catskills, a red gleam falling on the window-panes of the quaint little cottages scattered along the bank; a flush of golden splendor over the dark woods, dying away from tree-top after tree-top before the creeping shadows of night.

The fading glow seemed to linger lovingly upon plodding wagons and passing steamers—upon grimy tramps, rising heavily from their drunken sleep in the shade to pursue their usual occupation of doing anything which may save them from the disgrace of work; upon sturdy farmers, taking "one more horn" at the door of some snug little roadside tavern before jogging homeward, and upon something more attractive than all—namely, the glossy curls and charming brunette face of Emily Henderson, as she stood at the garden-gate of her father's villa, looking down, with a dreamy thoughtfulness in her dark, lustrous eyes, upon the glorious panorama below.

Most people would have pronounced Miss Henderson extremely fortunate, so far as happiness may consist, in being a very charming young lady—the only child of a rich and indulgent father, enjoying all the gayeties of New York during one part of the year, and those of Newport or Saratoga during the other; possessing the fullest latitude as regards milliners' bills, and being engaged to a fine young fellow of three-and-twenty, with a very handsome face and a good many thousand dollars a year.

But the young lady herself was by no means of the same opinion. She had a soul above wedding-cake and orange-flowers, and thirsted for a chance of achieving some unparalleled feat, like those magnificent heroines immortalized in the fascinating pages of the "Seaside Library."

All her dreams were of Semiramis, Joan of Arc, Rebecca the Jewess, or the Maid of Saragossa; and she inwardly resented as a personal injury the casting of her lot upon this "commonplace age," as she was pleased to term a century which has witnessed more wonders than any other since the creation.

Poor Frank Ellerton! Little did his simple, affectionate heart dream how immeasurably he fell short of his lady-love's cherished ideal.

He had no fierce eye, no Byronic scowl, no head of hair like Edgar Poe's "Raven," stroked the wrong way; he was not Moody, Mysterious, Melodramatic, Merciless, and everything else beginning with a big M; he did not bear about with him a shadowy reputation of having broken half a score of feminine hearts, and cut the same number of masculine throats.

He was simply a frank, manly, good-humored young fellow of the ordinary type, absurd enough to think that the fact of his loving her with his whole heart ought to count for something in the eyes of the young lady whom he was about to marry.

Miss Henderson unlatched the gate and sauntered forth into the meadow beyond.

Very pretty she looked as she stepped daintily over the soft grass, in a dark-green dress, which had once suggested to Frank Ellerton the impertinent remark that she ought to be "worshiped as the goddess of spinach," and a broad-leaved straw hat, tilted up so much on one side as to make one instinctively look around for the *other* valve of this gigantic oyster which seemed to be gaping so widely.

But the face beneath it amply atoned for any fashionable monstrosity.

"Nobody understands me," she mused, half aloud, wandering on without looking whither she went. "It's no use telling Frank how I feel—he can't appreciate it a bit. And yet I *know* that I could do something great, if I only had the chance. Oh, dear! what a comfort it would be if I could believe in transmigration of souls, and think that mine had belonged to one of those glorious women of the old times, who lived when there really *was* some romance in the world! I only wish some danger would come in my way now, that I might——"

It is always unadvisable to hazard a rash wish, for no one knows how soon it may be granted.

The valiant speech was interrupted by a terrific bellow, and Farmer Peaseley's bull, wroth at being disturbed in the middle of his supper, came charging down the meadow like one of Pleasanton's troopers.

Truth is sacred, however ungallant, and it must be recorded that our heroine no sooner beheld the approach of the danger for which she had just been longing than she turned and fled for her life.

But a healthy young bull in fine condition, with neither skirts nor high-heeled boots to hamper him, must necessarily outrun a lady encumbered with both.

The pursuing tramp came nearer and nearer—the terrified girl seemed already to feel the thrust of the cruel horns, when something swept past her with a whistling sound, and the bull, halting as if struck by a thunderbolt, came floundering and gasping to the ground with a slip-noose round his throat.

"There is no danger now," said a musical voice close to Emily's ear, while an outstretched arm supported her sinking figure. "I presume that the house which I see yonder is yours. When you are sufficiently rested I shall hope to have the honor of seeing you safe home."

Miss Henderson, with a passing thought as to what the heroines of Mrs. Radcliffe or Miss Anna Maria Porter would have done in similar circumstances, stole a glance at her preserver, who was certainly one upon whom any lady might have looked approvingly.

Tall, shapely, well-built, with a dark, handsome face, which looked quite like a Vandyke portrait in its frame of glossy black hair, there was in his whole aspect, as he stood with the end of his lasso clutched in his strong, well-shaped hand, an air of unstudied grace, which made him doubly interesting in the young lady's admiring eyes.

"How can I ever thank you?" she faltered, lowering her eyes as they encountered those of the unknown.

"It is I who should thank *you*," he rejoined, with a

courteous bow, "for giving me such a chance of trying my lasso. It is so long since I last saw the South American prairies that my hand might well have forgotten its cunning."

"You have been in South America, then?" said Emily, with increasing interest.

"I have been everywhere," answered the unknown, smiling, "and have passed through many strange adventures, though never, I admit, one so agreeable as——".

The compliment died on his lips as he suddenly caught sight of the engagement-ring on Miss Henderson's left hand. He eyed it for a moment with a strange gleam in his large black eyes—the singular restlessness of which was the only fault of his appearance—and then muttered:

"I thought I could not be mistaken—it *is* my ancestor's ring!"

"Your ancestor's ring!" echoed the young lady, in a tone of surprise not wholly unmingled with alarm.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, appearing to recollect himself, "but I may be excused for my surprise at seeing on the finger of a lady whom I have the honor of meeting for the first time a diamond which I last saw on that of my own father."

"Your father?"

"Yes; this little stone has existed more than a thousand years, and its history, which I know from first to last, is as strange a romance as has ever been written."

"Oh, *do* tell me all about it?" cried Emily, forgetting all etiquette at the sound of the magic word "romance."

The unknown smiled again—a strange, mocking smile, giving to his handsome features a startling, sinister expression, which vanished, however, before Miss Henderson had time to remark it.

"The story is at your service," said he, bowing; "but before I commence, allow me to ask whether you are acquainted with the name of Mahmoud, the Image Breaker, called in history Mahmoud of Ghanzi?"

"He was a man who conquered India, wasn't he?" said the young lady, recalling with a violent effort her recollections of school history.

"He was, and his name will never be forgotten in the East, although eight centuries have passed since he died. When I stood, a few years ago, upon the mountains from which he and his warriors came pouring down upon India, the whole scene lived before me so vividly that I felt as if I had marched in their ranks myself. As I looked, the black mountain gorges seemed to be alive again with high sheepskin caps and gay dresses, and dark, fierce faces and gleaming steel; and the din of the kettle-drums and war-horns shook the air like a peal of thunder, and in the midst of all, high on his black war-horse, towered the great sultan himself, with his pointed helmet overshadowing the stern, black eyes that had never shown mercy or seen defeat. Ah, there were *men* in those days."

His eyes flashed fire as he spoke, and his dark face glowed as if he, too, had hewn his way at Mahmoud's side through the crashing spears of Eastern battlefields.

Emily, drinking in every word with clasped hands and parted lips, felt that she had indeed found her ideal hero at last.

"So he went on, conquering and to conquer. No army could stand before him, no fortress could bar his way; and the trembling peasants who fled before the destroying march saw the midnight sky red with the flames that consumed alike their idols and their temples; for he was not called 'Mahmound the Image-Breaker' in vain, and his vow to leave neither heathen priest nor heathen temple in all Northern India was fully performed.

"At length he reached the gates of Somnaut, the greatest city of all—but the terror of his name was upon his enemies, and no one thought of defense. Then the Brahmin priests—who cared little what became of the city if *they* could but escape—went forth to meet the conqueror, and offered him a rich ransom if he would spare the image of their God and the temple that held it.

"'We are the slaves of my lord the king,' said the chief priest, bowing to the ground; 'and the lion preys not upon jackals. Let my lord come with us and see the treasures that we have prepared for him.'

"Mahmoud answered never a word, but spurred his horse, and rode after them into the city with all his host at his back—a sea of white turbans and embroidered robes and glittering spear-heads and rattling quivers and clashing swords, while the dust from the countless horse-hoofs seemed to darken the very sky.

"So they entered the underground chamber of the huge temple, on one side of which lay piles of treasure for the ransom, while on the other stood the monstrous idol, looking doubly hideous in its shadowy nook. Around its feet crouched the traitor priests, as if still hoping for help from their helpless deity. In the background, the flashing weapons of the soldiers made a kind of Summer lightning through the twilight of those cheerless catacombs; and midmost of all stood the grim sultan, leaning on his battle-ax in stern silence, till the chief priest had spoken his message to the end.

"Then Mahmoud drew himself up to his full height and looked at the cringing cowards as if he could crush them with a single blow.

"'Harken!' he shouted, with the full power of his mighty voice. 'Gad hath raised me up, not to traffic in hateful idols, but to count my work unfinished till I sweep them from the earth. Behold, my answer."

"Down came the terrible battle-ax, before which the bravest warriors of India had fallen like grass, and the hideous image rolled crashing on the pavement, while from its hollow sides poured countless stores of gold and jewels, more, by a hundredfold, than the offered ransom; for this was the Brahmins' treasury, and the cunning priests had offered a part to save the whole. (The whole of this scene is historical and has suggested many a spirited poem.)

"'Let this teach you, my children,' cried Mahmoud, to his warriors, 'that God is well able to repay a hundredfold those who sacrifice aught for him. Take this treasure for yourselves; as for me, this one token suffices Mahmoud the Ghaznevide!'

"He took up one of the diamond eyes of the image and wore it henceforth in his helmet; and men said that in the thickest press of battle no blow ever dislodged that gem from its place. But centuries later, a Mahratta chief, the last of Mahmoud's descendants, gave it to an ancestor of mine, who had it set in this ring, which was handed down in our family for generations, till at length, while I was still a child, my father was forced to part with it. How and why he did so, I entreat you not to ask."

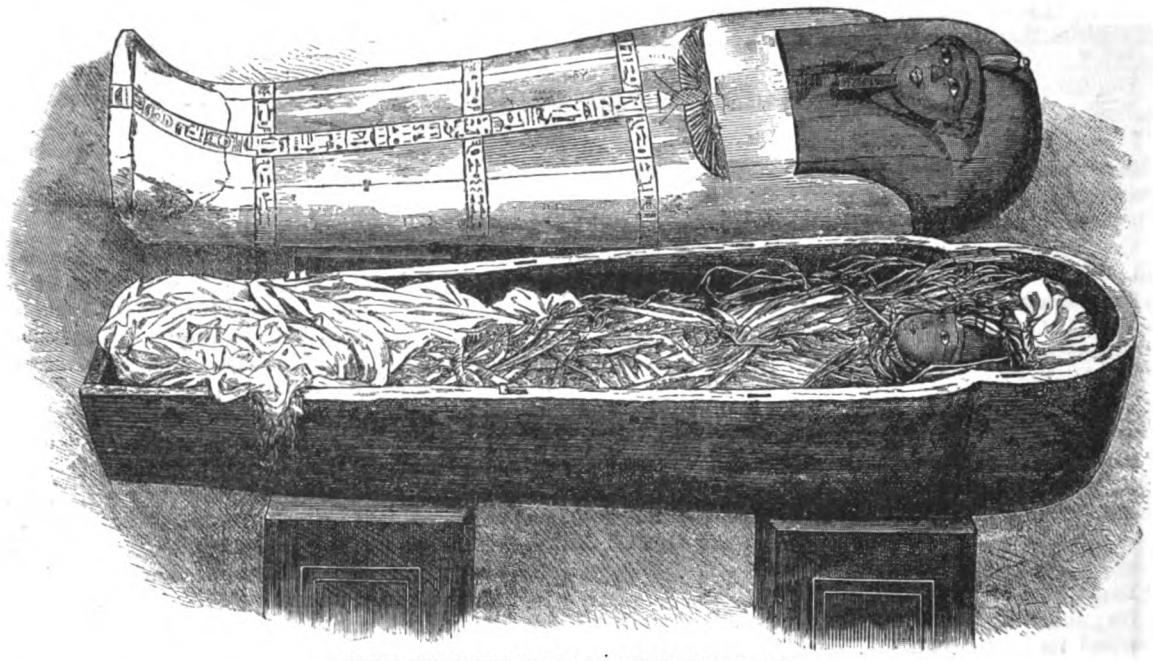
"What a charming romance!" cried Emily, ecstatically. "And these curious-looking scratches round the edge of the ring—are they Eastern characters?"

She drew off the ring as she spoke, and handed it to him. He turned around so as to face the faint light still lingering in the sky, and for some moments appeared to be intently examining the inscription.

"Yes," said he, at length, "it is a Persian verse signifying: 'A friend's gift is richer than a king's.'"

"How delightful!" exclaimed the young lady. "I do wish I could give you the ring back again; but—but, you see, it's—it's not exactly mine to give."

"Pray, do not mention it," rejoined the unknown,



EGYPT.—KING AMEN-HOTEP I., EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY.

bowing with a quiet dignity that became him very well. "Our ancestral jewel cannot be better employed than in adorning that beautiful hand. Permit me to have the honor of replacing it there, and think sometimes of Algernon St. Clair." He slipped the ring on her finger again as he spoke, pressed the soft white hand tenderly to his lips, and was gone.

* * * * * *

"Why, my dear, how long is it since you took to wearing *paste* diamonds?"

The Henderson household were breakfasting in their garden on the third morning after Emily's adventure; and the above query was whispered to her by Judge Verrisharpe—Mr. Henderson's brother-in-law—who had just arrived on a visit simultaneously with Frank Ellerton.

"Paste diamonds!" the young lady indignantly said. "Why, uncle, you surely don't suppose that Frank would ever give me a sham ring!"

"Certainly not; but somebody may have stolen the real stone, and put in this thing (which is paste as sure as I sit here), instead of it. Have you let the ring out of your own hands since you first got it?"

THE CLIFF NEAR THEBES WHERE THE ROYAL MUMMIES WERE FOUND.

But at this point the dialogue was fortunately interrupted by an exclamation from Mr. Henderson, who had been glancing over the New York *Times*.

"We seem to be getting some nice neighbors down here," he cried. "Just listen to this:

"'A HAWK IN THE FARM-YARD.

"'Among the pilgrims to the Hudson during the past week, there has been one of those illustrious individuals whose movements are watched and chronicled as carefully as those of crowned heads—viz., the city thieves. The gentleman in question is the most daring and expert member of the "up-town gang," having displayed a skill in making away with the public money which might fairly entitle him to a high place in one of our government offices. Having at length made New York itself too hot to hold him—no difficult matter in such weather as we have been having lately—he has started on a country tour which will doubtless combine business with recreation. We had hoped that his trip might have ended at Sing Sing, as it probably will, sooner or later; but it now appears that he has been seen in the Catskill district, where he is said to have already signalized his arrival by a very audacious robbery. It is asserted that he has more than once availed himself of the open windows which abound at this season to secure plunder by means of his skill with the lasso.'"

"The lasso!"

echoed all the listeners with one voice, not noticing, in their excitement, that Emily's face had suddenly become coloress as a cup of boarding-house tea.

"Progress is everywhere nowadays, you see," remarked the judge; "in thieving as well as in other branches of industry. Go on, Harry."

"'This self-constituted tax-collector,' pursued Mr. Henderson, 'is a tall and very good-looking young man, of dark complexion, with a face and person so striking that his powers of disguise must be extraordinary to enable him to baffle the detectives so long. It is said that he has more than once figured in New York society under the name of Algernon St. Clair; but in reality he bears the less euphonious title of Tom Scraggs.'"

"Tom Scraggs!" shrieked Emily, despairingly, as she buried her convulsed face in her hands. "I wish I were dead!"

In truth, this last blow was the most grievous of all. To be aristocratically plundered by an Algernon St. Clair may be endurable; but to be vulgarly robbed by a Tom Scraggs is more than flesh and blood can bear.

His niece's agitation, coupled with the sudden appearance of the paste diamond in her engagement-ring, led the shrewd judge's suspicions very near the truth.

A few home-driven questions, such as he was skilled in putting, elicited the whole story of the memorable interview in the meadow, with its accompanying legends of Mahmoud, the Image-breaker; and then, despite all their efforts to restrain themselves, the whole company broke into a deafening roar of laughter, in the midst of which poor Emily started up and fled as if the bull was at her heels once more.

"Shameful! shameful!" she sobbed, hiding her tearful face upon the uppermost bar of the gate. "*Tom Scraggs* and a *paste diamond!* Oh, dear, how *shall* I ever look anybody in the face again! And now I'll be teased and tormented out of my very life, and Frank himself will think me no better than a flighty little goose, and never speak to me again."

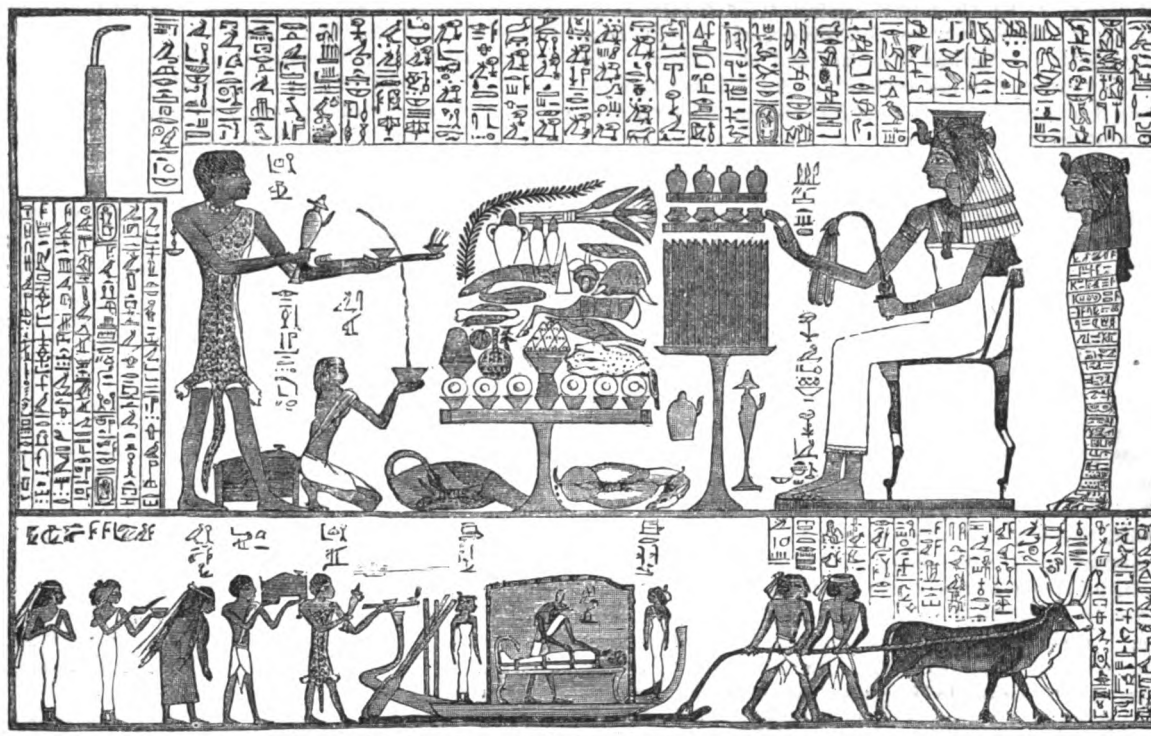
"Not a bit of it, my pet," answered a clear voice behind her, as a strong arm passed itself very unceremoniously around her waist. "I know my little girl too well for that. Let the diamond go and welcome; I've got the jewel of your love, darling, and *that's* worth more than all the diamonds of India."

And, although this bold assertion was made five years ago, Frank Ellerton has not changed his mind yet.

EGYPT.

By Noel Ruthven.

Mummyologists — to coin a word — are in ecstasies of delight over the recent discovery of thirty-six right royal mummies in the province of Keneh, at Thebes, in Upper Egypt. In June last it was observed that the market was almost glutted with rare "bits" of antiquities, the quality



FUNERAL PAPYRUS OF QUEEN MAKARA, OF THE TWENTY-FIRST DYNASTY.

being in every respect equal to the quantity. The Pasha, who espied backsheesh in the distance, caused secret inquiries to be made, and very soon discovered that the hidden treasures were contained in a gorge of the mountain range that separates Deir-el-Bahari from the Bab-el-Melouk. This gorge is situated about four miles from the Nile, to the East of Thebes.

Daoud Pasha at once telegraphed to the Khédive, who forthwith dispatched to the spot Herr Emil Brugsch—younger brother of Dr. Henry Brugsch Pasha—who, during M. Maspero's absence in Paris, is in charge of all archæological excavations in Egypt. Herr Brugsch discovered in the cliffs of the Libyan Mountains, near the Temple of Dier-el-Bahari, or the "Northern Convent," a pit about thirty-five feet deep, cut in the solid rock; a secret opening from this pit led to a gallery nearly two hundred feet long, also hewn out of the solid rock. This gallery was filled with relics of the Theban dynasties. Every indication leads to the conviction that these sacred relics had been removed from their appropriate places in

the various tombs and temples, and concealed in this subterranean gallery by the Egyptian priests, to preserve them from being destroyed by some foreign invader.

Herr Brugsch, wise in his generation, lost no time in telegraphing for a steamer, and having shipped his precious cargo, consisting of six thousand items, four royal papyri included, enjoyed the unbounded satisfaction of beholding it safely landed and deposited in the Boulak Museum.

I will now recapitulate the leading facts that led to the precious discovery that brought such glad tidings of great joy to the hearts of Egyptologists.

For the last ten years or more it had been suspected that the Theban Arabs (whose main occupation is tomb-pillage and mummy-snatching) had found a royal sepulchre. Objects of great rarity and antiquity were being brought to Europe every season by travelers who had purchased them from native dealers living on the spot; and many of these objects were historically traceable to certain royal dynasties which made Thebes their capital city. Some of the travelers were also dealers, and resold their purchases to the British Museum and the Louvre. At length suspicion became certainty. An English tourist, passing through Paris, presented Professor Maspero with some photographs from a superb papyrus, which he had then lately bought at Thebes from an Arab named Abd-er-ranoul. This papyrus proved to be the Ritual, or funereal sacred book, written for Pinotem I., third Priest-King of the XXIst Dynasty. Evidently, then, the tomb of this sovereign had been discovered and pillaged.

In January, 1881, the late lamented Mariette Pasha died at Cairo, and was succeeded by Professor Maspero, the present Conservator of Antiquities to H. H. the Khédive. Professor Maspero at once resolved to get to the bottom of the Theban mystery; and, with that object chiefly in view, proceeded in the April of '81 to Upper Egypt upon his first official trip of inspection. Arriving at Luxor—a modern village which occupies part of the site of ancient Thebes—he straightway arrested the said Abd-er-ranoul. Threats, bribery, persuasion were, however, tried in vain, and Abd-er-ranoul was consigned to the district prison at Keneh, the chief town of the province. Here, for two months, he maintained an obstinate silence. In the meanwhile, his presence being required in Paris, Professor Maspero offered a reward of £500 for the discovery of the secret, and returned to Europe. Scarcely had he embarked when one Mohammed, the elder brother of Abd-er-ranoul, went privately before the Governor of Keneh, offered to betray the secret, and claimed the reward. The Governor (Daoud Pasha) telegraphed immediately to Cairo, and Herr Emil Brugsch, Keeper of the Boulak Museum (whom Professor Maspero had deputed to act for him in any case of emergency) was forthwith dispatched to Thebes. Here he was conducted to a lonely spot in the most desolate and unfrequented part of the great Necropolis, which extends for between three and four miles along the western bank of the Nile. Hidden behind an angle of limestone cliff, and masked by a huge fragment of fallen rock, he beheld the entrance to a perpendicular shaft, descending to a depth of twelve mètres. At the bottom of this shaft opened a gallery seventy-four mètres in length, leading to a sepulchral vault, measuring seven mètres by four. In this gallery and vault were found some thirty-six mummies, including more than twenty kings and queens, besides princes, princesses and high priests; to say nothing of an immense store of sacred vessels, funereal statuettes, alabaster vases, and precious objects in glass, bronze, acacia-wood, etc. In a word, the treasure thus strangely brought to light consisted of some six thousand items, not the least valuable of which were four royal papyri.

Professor Maspero, in his official report, warmly eulogizes the energy with which Herr Emil Brugsch, by the aid of five hundred native laborers, exhumed, packed, shipped and brought to Cairo the whole contents of this now famous hiding-place.

In some instances the mummy reposes in its original mummy-case, and sometimes in two or three mummy cases, the whole inclosed in an enormous outer sarcophagus. In others, only the mummy-case is left, the mummy having been destroyed or abstracted. Further, some mummies are found in mummy-cases not their own, or in mummy-cases which have been altered and usurped for their use in ancient times. The presence of a mummy-case, even though empty, is held, however, to indicate the former presence of its original occupant.

"Excursions and visits to the wells or passages of the pyramids, says M. Maspero, are very painful. Many people fancy that archæology is a very sedentary science. I should like to see them hanging at the end of a rope, with a well thirty mètres deep under their feet, and an inscription to copy at the bottom of the well; or lying down on the floor of a passage dug in the masonry, and knowing that at the least wrong movement a falling stone might bring about the fall of hundreds of tons of stones which would put an end to their lives and their explorations. I have just passed four whole days in the pyramid of Pepi II., at Saggarah, copying or drawing the text. In two places the masonry is in such a dilapidated state that we never knew when entering whether we ever should be able to get out again, and we always left a man out so that he might fetch workmen in."

The following is a complete list of the treasures, the asterisk (*) indicating that the mummy is missing:

XVIIth Dynasty.—(Approximate Date) B.C. 1750 to B.C. 1703.—King Rasekenen-Taaken, Queen Ansera.

XVIIIth Dynasty.—(Approximate Date) B.C. 1703 to B.C. 1462.—King Ahmes Ra-neb-pehti, Queen Ahmes Nofretari, Queen Aah-hotep, Queen Merit-Amen, Queen Honti-moo-hoo, Prince Se Amen, Princess Set-Amen, King Amen-hotep I., King Thothmes I.,* King Thothmes II., King Thothmes III., Queen Sitka.

XIXth Dynasty.—(Approximate Date) B.C. 1462 to B.C. 1288.—King Rameses I.,* King Seti I., King Rameses II.

XXth Dynasty.—(Not represented.)

XXIst Dynasty.—(Approximate Date) B.C. 1110 to B.C. (?).—Queen Notem-Maut, King and High Priest Pinotem I., King Pinotem II., Prince and High Priest Masahirti, Queen Hathor Hont-Taui, Queen Makara, Queen Isi-em-kheb, Princess Nasi Khonsu, Prince Tat-f-Ankh, Nebseri (a priest), Noi-Shounap, a priest.

Most of the mummies have been placed on exhibition at Boulak. Some few of the royal mummies were found, however, to be in too dilapidated a state for exhibition. Among those not shown are Thothmes III., Pinotem I., and Pinotem II. Of the five thousand nine hundred and odd smaller objects, they are still, for the most part, in the store-house attached to the museum, pending the erection of a building suitable for storing them.

There can be no doubt that the vault in which these various mummies and funereal treasures were found was the family sepulchre of the Priest-Kings of the XXIst Dynasty. This Dynasty was founded by Her-Hor, High Priest of Amen of the Great Temple of Amen at Thebes, who, toward the close of the XXth Dynasty, at a time the throne of the last Ramessides was tottering to its foundations, either inherited the crown by right of descent or seized it by force. According to some authorities, Queen

Notem-Maut was a Princess of the Rameses blood, and mother of Her-Hor; according to others, she was his wife. In any case, her name is always surrounded by the oval, or cartouche, which is the emblem of royalty; whereas it was not till he had reigned more than five years that Her-Hor ventured to assume this distinction.

The close of the second Ramesside, or XXth Dynasty, was an epoch of great internal trouble and disorder. During the reigns of the last four or five *rois fainéants*, or royal sluggards, of that line, there had been little security for life and property in Thebes; and organized bands of robbers committed constant depredations in the more retired quarters of the Necropolis; attacking chiefly the tombs of great personages, and venturing even to break open the sepulchres of the royal dead. Hence it became the sacred duty of the reigning monarch to take every possible precaution to insure the mummies of his predecessors against profanation and pillage.

We accordingly find that Her-Hor caused the sepulchres of his predecessors to be periodically visited by a service of regularly appointed Inspectors of Tombs, whose duty it was to report upon the condition of the royal mummies; to repair their wrappings and mummy-cases when requisite; and, if necessary, to remove them from their own sepulchres into any others which might be deemed more secure. Several of these visits are recorded in the handwriting of the inspectors themselves upon the mummy-cases and bandages of five of the Pharaohs enumerated upon our list; and in most instances the entry is confirmed by the signatures of numerous witnesses. At one time the tomb of Queen Ansera, at another time the tomb Seti I., at another time the tomb of one of the Amenhoteps, would seem to have been selected as the chosen hiding-place of several royal mummies, all of whom had been removed from their own original sepulchres by order of Her-Hor or his successors. The mummy of Rameses II. (to whose memory, as the supposed Pharaoh of the oppression of the Hebrews, so strong an interest attaches) appears to have been removed more frequently, and to have suffered more vicissitudes of fortune than any of the others. That his sepulchre in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings had been violated by robbers can scarcely be doubted, for his original mummy-cases were either destroyed or damaged beyond repair. The very beautiful coffin of carved sycamore wood in which his mummy now reposes is a new one, made probably during the first years of the reign of Her-Hor, and distinctly appertaining to the style of that period. The coffin of Rameses I. is empty, and much damaged. The coffin of Thothmes III. is greatly injured, and the mummy is broken in three pieces. The coffin of Queen Ansera is missing; Queen Ansera herself being found in a coffin originally made for a Lady Raaï. The mummy of Thothmes I. is also missing. From these and other indications, it may be concluded that the sepulchres of these sovereigns had been violated before the removal of their relics into the vault of the Her-Hor family.

Now, among the legal papyri preserved to this day are two which actually relate to the tomb-robberies before mentioned; and one of these, called "The Abbott Papyrus," is among the treasures of the British Museum. It was written in the reign of Rameses IX., and it consists of seven pages of hieratic MS., the work of a legal scribe in attendance upon a commission of Tomb Inspectors appointed to inquire into certain depredations which had then lately been committed in the Necropolis of Thebes. The scribe (after duly recording the date, the name of the reigning Pharaoh, and the names of the Commissioners) goes on to make minutes of the proceedings, which extended over four days. Each royal tomb which was visited, as well as the condition of the tomb and of its occupant, are entered in turn; and among these entries we find mentioned the tombs of two of the Pharaohs whose names appear in our present list—namely, King Rasekenen and King Amen-hotep I. Both came into the first day's round; and, in the words of the report, "were found intact."

This was in the sixteenth year of the reign of Rameses IX.; and "intact" they would seem to have remained throughout the reigns of the Xth, XIth, XIIth and XIIIth Ramesside Pharaohs, with the last of whom the XXth Dynasty ended. Intact (each mummy in his own original mummy-case) they were consigned eventually to the tomb of the Her-Hor family; and intact they now lie, separated only by the mummies of Ahmes I. and his son, Prince Se-Amen, in the East Hall of the Boulak Museum.

Enough has been said to show why it had become necessary, in the reign of Her-Hor, to remove these royal mummies from their own sepulchres. At the same time, it is evident that similar precautions were equally indispensable to the safety of the Priest-Kings themselves after death. In selecting, therefore, so obscure a spot as that lately discovered, and in so ingeniously masking the entrance to their vault, the descendants of Her-Hor were wisely providing for the repose of their own mortal remains. Not till near the end of the XXIst Dynasty, however, did they at last remove the mummies of their famous predecessors into the shelter of their own tomb. Professor Maspero believes this final measure to have been taken during the reign of King Menkheperra, the last sovereign but one of the Her-Hor line. Menkheperra himself is not among those found in the vault; neither is his son and successor, Pinotem III. Having piously deposited all these revered and deified Pharaohs and other royal personages in the last home of his own immediate ancestors, Menkheperra evidently closed the vault for ever, and was himself content to be buried elsewhere.

AMEN-HOTEP I. (XVIIIth DYNASTY.)—Ser-ka-Ra Amenhotep, second Pharaoh of the XVIIIth Dynasty, was a son of Ahmes I. and Queen Nofretari. According to the chronology of Mariette, which is based on that of Manetho, this Pharaoh ascended the throne about B. C. 1678. He was then a minor, and during the first years of his sovereignty was under the tutelage of his mother. With the exception of two somewhat unimportant campaigns, his reign, which lasted only thirteen years, was singularly barren of events.

As before mentioned, a visit of inspection to his tomb is recorded in the Abbott papyrus, where it is described as being situate "at the north of the temple of Amenhotep of the vineyard," the approach to it being by "a long corridor," and the sepulchral chamber measuring "120 cubits in depth." The mummy-case of this Pharaoh, as shown in our illustration, is quite uninjured. The ground-color of the case is white, ornamented with one vertical band and three horizontal bands of hieroglyphs containing the ordinary religious invocation in the name of the deceased.

The head of the effigy is painted yellow, the headdress black, and the royal asp upon the brow in various brilliant tints. A vulture with outspread wings, emblematic of the goddess Maut, is traced in ink upon the breast of the figure. The mummy wears a mask and headdress of wood and stiffened linen, exactly resembling the face and headdress of the effigy on the mummy-case. The eyes of this mask are of enameled porcelain, and the face is evidently a portrait. The mummy measures one mètre sixty-five centimètres long, and is swathed from head to

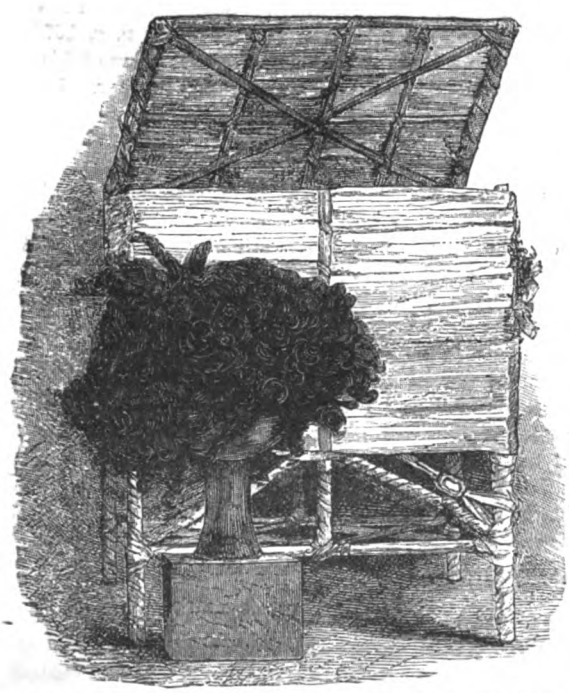
foot in garlands of lotus-flowers, and wrappings of orange-colored linen. A wasp, perfectly preserved, was found among these withered flowers, having been accidentally shut in when the coffin-lid was closed. Two hieratic inscriptions written on the mummy-case show the tomb of Amen-hotep to have been inspected and the wrappings of the mummy to have been renewed, in the sixth year of the reign of Pinotem II., and again in the sixteenth year of the Pontificate of his son Masahirti.

COFFIN AND MUMMY OF A GAZELLE.

THOTHMES II. (XVIIIth DYNASTY).— Aa-Kheper-en Ra Thothmes was eldest son of Thothmes I., grandson of Amen-hotep I., and fourth Pharaoh of the XVIIIth Dynasty. He is supposed to have been married to his sister, the famous Hatasu. He, at all events, reigned with her conjointly. The events of this period are very obscure; but we hear of military expeditions in the direction of Syria, as well as of a raid upon the negro tribes of Ethiopia. Thothmes II. died young, having occupied the throne but a few years. He was succeeded by Queen Hatasu, who erased his name from the monumental inscriptions, and apparently sought to obliterate the memory by every means in her power.

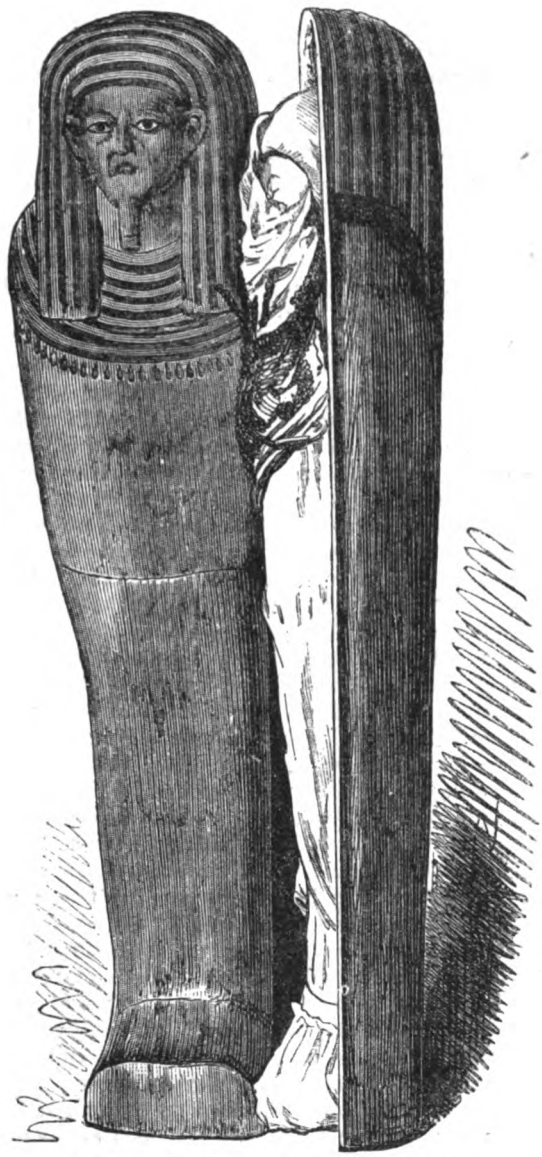
The mummy-case of Thothmes II., though otherwise perfect, is broken at the foot. In style and workmanship it closely resembles the mummy-case of Amen-hotep I. The ground color is white, the face yellow, the headdress black. The face is excellently modeled, and the expression is smiling and lifelike. The royal asp upon the brow has been broken off, and only a small fragment of it remains. The hieroglyphed inscriptions are arranged in the same manner as upon the coffin of Amen-hotep I., and are all almost identical in substance. They consist of the ordinary prayers addressed on the part of the defunct King to Osiris, the god of the after-world, and to Anubis, the jackal-headed deity who presided over the rites of embalmment and sepulture. The four lesser gods, or genii, of the dead, Amset, Hapi, Tuatmutf, and Kabhsenuf, are also invoked. A hieratic inscription traced upon the bandages of the mummy states that the tomb was visited in the sixth year of Pinotem I., and that the "sepulchral equipments" (*i.e.*, the bandages, funereal wreaths, mummy-cases, etc.) of the deceased were duly repaired and renewed by the inspector, who was also superintendent of the Royal Treasury. The mummy is swathed in wrappings of white linen, and measures one mètre seventy-seven centimètres in length.

NEBSENI (A PRIEST OF THE XXTH DYNASTY).—Between Thothmes II. and the priest Nebseni—that is to say, between the XVIIIth Dynasty and the XXIst Dynasty—there extends a space of time equivalent to about 550, or 590 years, according as we accept the chronological scheme of Mariette or of Lepsius. Nebseni was a priest and hierogrammate of noble birth and Theban family; his father's name being Phiri and his mother the Lady Tamosoo. He was father of Queen Hathor-Hont-tauï, husband, apparently, to Queen Tentamen, and grandfather to King Pinotem II. The mummy-case of Nebseni so

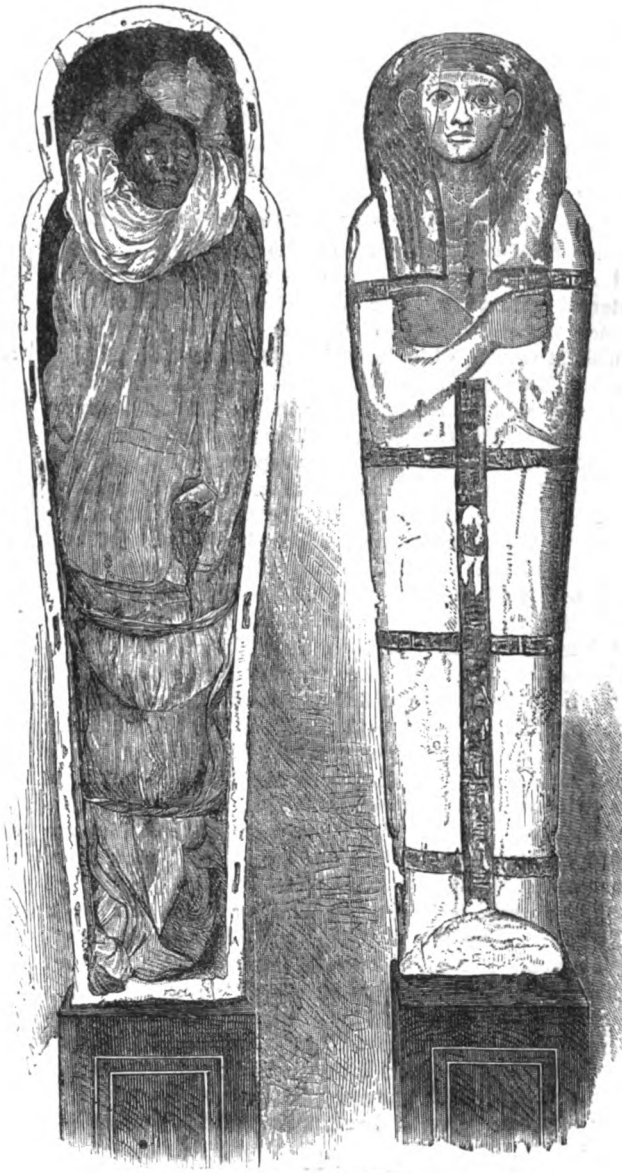


LITTLE CHEST OF PAPYRUS WITH WIG OF PRINCESS—TWENTY-FIRST DYNASTY.

CHEST OF PAPYRUS LEAVES, WITH OFFERINGS OF EMBALMED LEG OF MUTTON AND CALF'S HEAD.



OPENED CASE AND MUMMY OF KING AMOSIS.



THE PRIEST NEBSENI.

closely reproduces the style and workmanship of mummy-cases of the kings of the XVIIth Dynasty, that it is almost difficult to believe that a coffin of that period has not been appropriated for his remains. The face of the mummy is uncovered, and wears an aspect of pro-

VASES USED FOR OFFERING LIBATIONS, BELONGING TO PRINCESS.

CHESTS BELONGING TO QUEEN MAKARA AND HER DAUGHTER.

found repose. There is nothing repulsive in its appearance. The head appears to be covered with short curling hair. The lips are slightly parted, and the upper teeth are visible. The absence of the eyeball is indicated by the way in which the eyelids are sunken; and the nostrils

are forcibly distended, in consequence of the method employed by the embalmers for the removal of the brain, which was effected by means of a hooked instrument passed up through the nose. The expression is, nevertheless, not unpleasing. The shrouds are of somewhat coarse texture; and a few withered flowers may be observed stuck through the bands which hold the wrappings together. Nebseni was evidently yet young at the time of his decease.

Queen Hathor Hont-tauï (XXIst Dynasty).—Queen Hathor Hont-tauï, daughter of the preceding (Nebseni) and of Queen Tentamen, was of royal descent on the maternal side only. Her name became first known to science through her two funereal papyri (now in the Boulak Museum), which were bought at Suez in 1877 by the late Mariette Pasha. Those papyri had unquestionably been sold to some traveler in the first instance by the brothers Abd-er-ranoul, and came from the vault lately discovered. Our illustration represents the bandaged mummy of this Queen, and her mummy case; the lid of the latter being removed, and the inside visible. The bottom of the mummy-case is adorned with a painted portrait of Hathor Hont-tauï. This portrait was once richly inlaid with gold; but the gold has been scratched off, and the design in places is almost obliterated. She is depicted in the character of Nub, the goddess of Gold, who is identical with Hathor in her funereal attributes; Hathor being this Queen's tutelar deity. She wears on her head a crown, fillet, and royal asp, surmounted by the sun-disk; and beneath her feet are seen traces of the hieroglyphic object which stood for the word "gold," and was used also to denote the sepulchral chamber in which the sarcophagus was placed. All these parts of the design are destroyed through the ignorant cupidity of the Arabs. The vertical column of hieroglyphs with which the front of the Queen's robe is decorated contains a list of her titles, as Royal Daughter, Royal Wife, Royal Mother, and Priestess of Amen. Her name, inclosed in a royal oval, appears at the foot of the column, just above the border at the bottom of her robe. The mummy, which measures one mètre fifty-five centimètres in length, is beautifully bandaged in the best manner of this period; the white outer shroud being laid in narrow plaits along the legs, and bound together by vertical and horizontal folds of orange-colored linen.

Funereal Papyrus of Queen Makara (XXIst Dynasty).—The word "payprus" has occurred somewhat frequently in the course of this article; and it may not be out of place to explain briefly the nature of the commodity so called, and the way in which it was made. Papyrus, in the sense of a manufactured article, was the writing-paper of the ancient Egyptian people, and our word "paper" is derived therefrom. This paper was made from the succulent stems of the water-plant which at that time flourished abundantly in the marsh-lands of the Delta. The pith, being disengaged from its outer sheath, was disposed in lengths laid transversely layer above layer, and moistened between each layer with some adhesive substance which glued the several surfaces together. The whole was then pressed, dried, and cut into lengths for use. The botanical name of this water-plant is the *Cyperus papyrus*. Hence a manuscript written upon papyrus, has come to be called "a papyrus"; just as a manuscript written upon writing-paper is called "a paper." Other substances of a less costly kind were also employed for writing upon, such as linen, leather, tablets of wood, and even potsherds; but documents of importance were generally written on papyrus. One of the most important of all documents, in the eyes of an ancient Egyptian, was the "Ritual," or "Book of the Dead"; and a copy of this sacred book (or, at all events, a few of the principal chapters) was invariably buried with the mummy of every person of position and means. The work consists of 165 chapters, and these chapters contained a series of prayers and invocations to be recited by the deceased person when passing through the dangers and temptations which beset the soul during the 3,000 years of probation which were supposed to elapse between the interment of the mummy and its final resurrection in the flesh. The museums of Europe possess a vast number of copies of this work, more or less complete, all of which have been recovered from tombs. Some of those written for royal personages are extremely splendid, of great length, and illustrated by numerous vignettes, richly colored.

Our present illustration reproduces one of the last pages of the funereal papyrus of Queen Kakara, wife of Pinotem II. She is here seen, as if in life, seated in a chair, crowned with a headdress in design like a vulture, emblematic of the goddess Maut; with the royal asp on her brow, a necklace and pendant round her neck, and a large lotus-bud in her hand. Before her stand two tables piled with funereal offerings of bread, wine, milk, flowers, corn, a calf's head, a gazelle haunch, a goose, etc. A live gazelle and a live calf, tied ready for slaughter, are laid upon the floor. A priest attired in a panther-skin garment, assisted by an inferior priest or acolyte, pours a libation of water in honor of the deceased. Behind the Queen stands her mummy, covered with hieroglyphed legends and inscribed with her name in a royal oval. Under her feet, in sixteen vertical columns of hieroglyphs, is a long speech, supposed to be spoken by Makara herself, in which she sets forth her own virtues, saying: "I come to thee, oh my Lord Osiris, with pure hands. I have been just in all my dealings. I have not sinned against the King, and nothing have I done whereof men may accuse me. Behold! I am without fault. Oh, receive me! Oh, turn a merciful face upon me, my Lord Osiris!" In the lower register of this design we see the funeral procession on its way to the tomb. The mummy lies in a kind of ark, or cabin, on the deck of a light boat, which is placed upon a sledge and drawn by men and oxen. Anubis, the jackal-headed deity before named, stands beside the mummy in an attitude of protection; and the goddesses Isis and Nepththys are stationed at the prow and stern of the sacred boat. A priest follows with a libation-vase and incense-burner. Next after him comes the embalmer carrying a coffer; and the procession closes with three professional mourners, called "weepers." Viewed through a magnifying-glass, the texture of this papyrus can be distinctly seen. The text is written throughout in hieroglyphic characters, and offers an admirable example of careful penmanship.

Libation Vases of Queen Isi-em-Kheb, and Coffer of Queens Makara and Maut-em-Hat (XXIst Dynasty).—The four graceful vases shown in our illustration are of bronze, and were found in the wooden stand represented. They are of a shape much in vogue at this period, and they belonged to Queen Isi-em-kheb, wife of King Menkeperra, and daughter of Menkheperra's elder brother, Prince and High Priest Masahirti. It was not unusual for Egyptian princesses to wed with their uncles, or even with their brothers. Funereal libations were made in wine, milk, beer, and water; and these four vases may have been intended to hold all four liquids. The little coffer adjoining contains a number of the small funereal statuettes called *Shabti*, or "respondents." They are fashioned in the form of mummies, and made of glazed porcelain. Their hands are crossed upon their breasts

and hold agricultural implements—*i.e.*, a hoe, sickle, and a bag for seed. According to the CXth Chapter of the "Ritual," the deceased has to hoe, sow, and reap in the celestial fields; and this chapter is generally written, and burned in, upon the backs of these figures, which are supposed to "answer" for the mummy, and, in a sense, to represent him and work for him. They were made in various materials, from the coarsest clay to the finest porcelain or the hardest stone, and were buried with the poorest as well as with the richest. The present coffer is divided by a partition, each half being inscribed outside with a separate hieroglyphic legend; one for "the divine wife of Amen, Makara," and the other for "the divine wife of Amen, Maut-em-Hat."

Merely to read these legends, one might suppose that Makara and Maut-em-Hat were sister Queens; but Maut-em-Hat was an infant, and her mummy is found in the mummy-case of her mother, Makara, who died in childbirth.

A Hamper of Food Offerings; A Wig and Wig-box; A Mummied Gazelle.—The objects here classed together formed part of the funereal equipment of Queen Isi-em-Kheb, and are therefore more conveniently treated under one head.

Queen Isi-em-Kheb was the last member of the Her-Hor line who was buried in the family vault before that family vault was finally closed. In accordance with a custom which had prevailed in Egypt—with certain differences of detail—for a period of time not far short of 4,000 years, a considerable number of miscellaneous articles were laid with her in the tomb. These articles, besides the libation-vases, consisted of a funereal papyrus; a collection of toilet-vases and ointment-pots in alabaster; some very beautiful goblets in colored glass; a funereal canopy in cut leather; a kind of hamper made of rushes and sealed with the seal of King Menkheperra; a set of so-called "Canopic" vases containing the viscera of the deceased; several smaller hampers of rushwork; a box of *shabti*, or funereal statuettes; a mummied gazelle, etc. The large hamper, on being opened, proved to contain the funereal repast of Queen Isi-em-Kheb. The repast consisted of geese, legs of mutton and gazelle, calves' heads, etc., all mummified and bandaged. The smaller hampers contained each an enormous wig, highly frizzed and curled, such as was worn by Egyptian ladies of rank on state occasions. A similar wig may be seen in the second Egyptian Room in the British Museum. Changes of raiment were sometimes also buried with the dead, but not on this occasion.

All these articles of food and adornment were supposed to be for the refreshment of the deceased in that supreme hour of resurrection when the soul should return, after its long journey of trial and suffering, and once more animate the mummied body. Then should the mummy arise as from sleep; cast off its funereal bandages; eat, drink, and be refreshed; and so go forth, anointed and perfumed, and rejoicing, into the everlasting presence of Osiris. The mummied gazelle is embalmed entire, and inclosed in an admirably modeled case, stuccoed and painted. Part of the case is broken, and shows the bandaged hind legs of the mummy inside. The poor gazelle was probably a pet of the deceased Queen, and was slain in order that it might accompany her to the next world, so paying with its life for the honor of having been beloved by royalty.

After such a "find" as this, it is not to be wondered at that Egyptologists are half crazy in their enthusiastic raptures. Such a treasure-trove was well worth waiting for—yea, for a couple of thousand years.

THE GNOME OF THE HILLOCK.

A Hindoo Legend.

Beside the hillock, round which when young he had often played, upon which, in the infantine mimicry of piety he had years before built him a little obelisk to the god Mahadeo, and over which, in a fine cloud of tempered green, the old tamarind planted by an ancestor hung its boughs, the villager Anup was plowing up the tough ground. He had for half his lifetime been fighting a mysterious lawsuit which his grandfather had begun, and which—his adversaries through three generations having died out, and the papers relating to it having all been destroyed in the memorable year of the Pindaris's raid—he had won at last. Perhaps the curly-headed English youth who had come to the village to decide the case, bringing with him a little dog—harmless-looking, bow-legged, and of a whitish color, but which, during the half hour it staid in the village, had found time to kill Anup's great pariah cur—knew little about the matter. Perhaps Anup was in the right. At all events, there he was in that hot May day, driving his plow through the long-disputed patch of ground. When the sun was straight above him, and his shadow had fallen about his feet, Anup bethought him of his midday pulse, his tobacco and siesta; so he unyoked his languid oxen, turned his plow upside down, and went toward the tamarind-tree.

Ha! why does he turn his head to the hillock? What does he see? There is something glittering on the hillock's side. In a moment the old man is kneeling at the hillock, and with a sharp stone digging out the metal. Can it be *gold?* Gold it surely is! some pounds of it, and beaten into a hatchet shape. Could the stories of his village, then, be true? Was this hillock in truth the dwelling-place of the gnome Jubandwip? Was it a huge dumpling of jewels with just a paste of turf? Anup thought no longer of sleeping, but sat down, trying to settle in his fat village mind how he should craftily outwit the Gnome of the Hillock.

He sat wondering and looking at the lump of metal in his hand until the sun went down, and his oxen, bewildered at the unwonted holiday that had been thrust upon them, began to think of their evening measure of chaff, and turning toward Anup's village, browsed their way homeward. But Anup was not thinking of his supper or of his oxen. He had grown rich—was the usurer of his village; lent out money at high interest to his fellows; had bought half a district in a year of dearth; rode about in a comfortable palanquin; his name was "Babu Anupjee," and his house flowed with ghee and buttermilk. So he sat dreaming. But where was the money wherewith to do this—the wand to transform the scene? True, he had a handsome lump in his hand, but this was not sufficient to build all the castles he had planned, to buy the estate, and to fill his house with buttermilk and ghee. Where was the rest? *In the hillock there, ten yards from him.*

As he looked at it, he almost thought he saw the luminous gold burning in a yellow shimmer through the cracks of the gray mold and between the roots of the brown turf, and Anup could bear waiting no longer. So he ran to the hillock, and with his hands began pulling down the protruding lumps, and either hand, where it touched the hillock, rested on a chill surface, and with either hand he drew out a lump of gold. Was he bewitched? Wherever he put his hand gold came up to meet the palm, and he had only to close his fingers to draw out the rich wedges But soon the weight of his treasure warned Anup that if he would not have his secret known, he must hide what he had already got and return for more on the morrow.

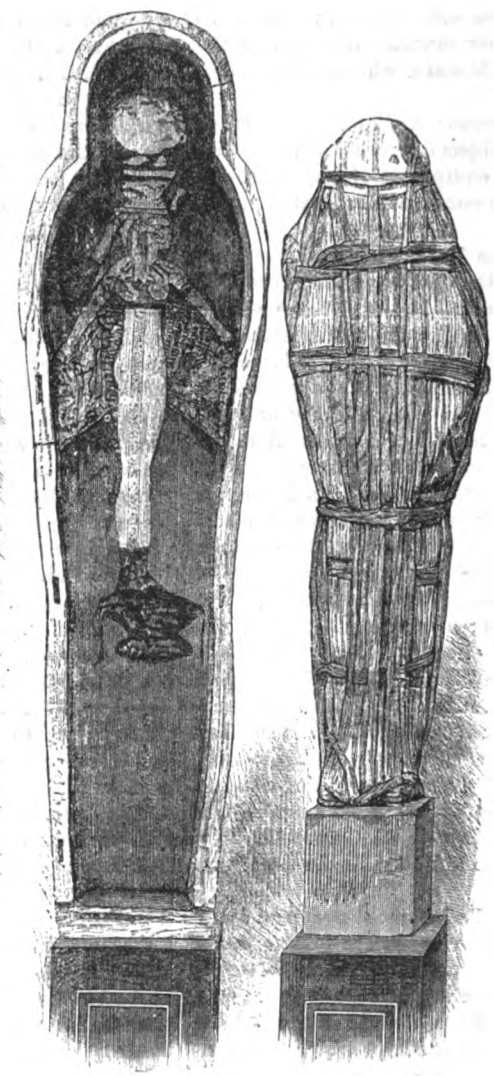
Hark! a cry—the light of lanterns—"Anup! Anup!" The villagers had seen the bullocks come home alone, and thinking that a tiger had carried off their master, his heirs were coming out to find him. "Anup! Anup!" The villager got up, twisted two or three lumps into his waist-cloth, and shouting in reply, was soon the centre of a circle of sympathetic friends. "He had fallen asleep; his oxen had gone off; the cries of his good friends had awakened him; he thanked them; he was quite well, a little rheumatic, perhaps; there was no tiger in the case."

And so he got home with his secret kept, and when the evening meal was over—his fellows wondered that he refused to join the social hubble-bubble—he went into his dark hovel and fingered his gold. And as he caressed it, he remembered with fear the other wedges lying uncared for at the hillock's foot. After long thinking he crept out of his village. The whole country was asleep, except where, half a mile off, a fire was fitfully gleaming. The voice of the night-watchman indulging in a harmless song came toward him, broken only by the yelping of village curs and the clamor of the wild geese passing a mile overhead.

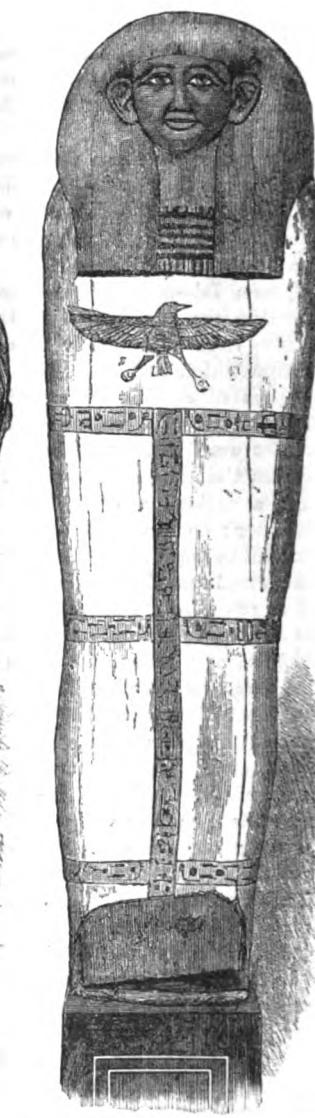
There was no moon as Anup stole along. What a start those jackals gave him! Were the ill-omened beasts of carrion calling to him to go back? Tumbling through the air above him came an owl, surely warning him from the hillock. A great bat wheeled round his head! But Anup stumbled along and reached the hillock at last. From the tamarind-tree above him rustled out some night-fowl, and Anup, his hair bristling on his head, listened to its wild cry till it died away in the dark distance, before he felt the courage in him to approach the gnome's thesauron. And just as he had made up his mind to go up to the hillock, and had moved out from beneath the tamarind-tree, he felt the earth tremble beneath him. And lo! the hillock burst open, and from the gleaming rent poured out a stream of molten gold. And from the rippling metal sprang a royal tiger, a noble beast with red-hot eyes, great claws and fangs of flame, and his whole skin lambent with a phosphorus lustre, on which, like the scars of old burns, showed out his hundred stripes. And on the tiger's back sat the outraged Gnome of the Hillock, the very terrible Jubandwip!

And Anup knew him. A thousand legends told of his

EGYPT.—MUMMY-CASE OF RAMESES II. SEE PAGE 613.



QUEEN HATHOR HONT-TAUI, TWENTY-FIRST DYNASTY.



KING THOTHMES II., EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE SALMON.—SPEARING SALMON BY TORCHLIGHT.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

coal-black face, white eyes, and teeth as long and large as a man's arm, of his dank red hair and his feet that grasped like hands. It was, indeed, the Gnome of the Hillock, and he spoke in a voice like an elephant's trumpeting: "You have disturbed me from my rest; you have robbed me of my gold."

Then there was silence. Only the tiger's deep breathing, the pulses of the throbbing earth, and the hissing of the hot gold. Then Anup, trembling, offered to go home and bring the fatal treasure back, to leave that village for ever, and to tell the gnome's secret to no man. "Was not the gnome his god, and he poor Anup a plowman?" But Jubandwip would have none of the dress, and cried out:

"You may keep your gold: four hairs from your knee is the price I ask."

But Anup would not sell himself to the devil, and refused. Again the gnome thundered out his words, and again Anup whispered a faint refusal. And, lo! on a sudden the molten gold was rolled back like a carpet upon itself, enfolded the tiger and its terrible rider, and, crumpling up, was gathered again into the hillock, whose two sides closed with a tremendous sound that shook the ground again.

But in the midst of the great sound Anup heard clearly the word, "Beware!" and all the wakened hill-sides heard it, and shouted it to each other again and again, until in the distance the sound died away—"Beware—be—ware—ware!"

Next day Anup was found lying in his hovel nearly dead, and for many days it was thought he could not live. And when he woke up to life he was blind and deaf. What was life to him? He would go back to the hillock and sell himself to Jubandwip. Better be rich and well, the slave of a devil, than a blind pauper. So he asked his fellows to yoke his plow for him and take him to the patch of ground by the hillock near the tamarind-tree. So they took him, and standing apart saw the blind man guiding his plow hither and thither.

The bullocks, fat with no work, pulled to one side and the other; but the poor villager could not guide them, and the children among the bystanders laughed at the old man plowing in a circle, and lashing the empty air with his stick. And on a sudden, while all were watching the zigzag furrows, the plow grazed the hillock, and with an angry snap broke off short!

The bullocks, released from their weight, scampered hither and thither. A tuft of green herbage hung from the hillock side, and they stretched up their yoked necks to crop it. Those watching saw the weed pulled down toward their mouths, when suddenly the beasts together fell forward, their foreheads resting on the hillock.

Anup, feeling with his hands, came upon them. But what use a goad to drive on dead bullocks? Then Anup put out his hand to the hillock, and below his fingers he felt the chill touch of gold, and as if he had touched a serpent, he sprang back—"Jubandwip! Jubandwip!"

The villagers standing round heard the shout, and screaming, "Jubandwip! Jubandwip" fled to the village, leaving the old cripple by his bullocks. And the day wore on. The villagers crept back in twos and threes, and from a distance watched him. He was praying to the gnome, but they could not hear his words. He was kneeling and taking something from his knee. And then they saw him rise, and, as if he had his eyes, he walked, unconscious of their presence, muttering through their midst as they shrunk back to give him way, straight to his own hovel. At the door he paused, calling to his little nephew, "Tota! Tota!" and an urchin came running to him. The old man took the child's hand, and led him back; the villagers, who had crowded round, making way for the couple and following in a whispering, frightened pack at his heels—old people and young; men forgetting their work, women their facecloths, children their play.

And Anup reached his field—the bullocks like gray marble figures knelt before the hillock, their foreheads resting against the turf, the broken plow lay by them—and neared the awful mound. The curious villagers, pressing from behind, stood closer, and they heard the blind Anup invoke the gnome, "Jubandwip! lord, I pay the price: I have brought him"; and the little child, sobbing with fear, was lifted with one hand by the old man, while with the other he felt the air before him toward the hillock.

All the villagers stood round, horror-stricken, open-eyed, open-mouthed, silent as a company of the dead. Anup had reached the hillock, and raising the child with both hands he placed it on the top. There was a little scream—and then the child lay quiet.

The vultures were gathering in the sky; already round the hillock and the kneeling kine swooped the carrion kites. Anup was rubbing his eyes, putting his fingers in his ears. Did he see the dead child? Could he hear the scream of the carrion kites? No; for the gnome was mocking him, and he cried out:

"Jubandwip! lord, I have paid the price; thou hast him, and yet I am blind. Jubandwip, my lord—oh, Jubandwip! I am still blind—blind."

But there came no answer, and all the villagers, horror-stricken and sick, turned away, creeping homeward one behind the other. One who turned to look at the cripple by the hillock saw that round him were sweeping and hovering a cloud of hungry birds, while ever and again came the piteous cry across the fields: "I am still blind, oh, Jubandwip! my lord, I am still blind!"

And some hours after, as the evening was graying, the young men of the village, with the daring of ignorance in them, crept toward the field, and climbing up the bank, parted the tussocks of sword-grass that grew like a mane along it, and peered through at the hillock. But where are the bullocks—the child—the old man? Ask that jackal dragging something under the tamarind-tree. No need to ask.

Months after the government officers came to the village to learn the truth. And the young, curly-headed Englishman, with his dog behind him, went into Anup's hovel—no one had dared to enter it—and in it he found some wedges of metal. "Hatchet-heads," he called them, "of the Copper Age."

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE SALMON.

By Dr. Andrew Wilson.

Possibly the salmon is the best-known fish in the world, and despite the opinion of those who declare that the herring is the fish for epicures, the salmon appears likely to remain the "king of the fishes" in an edible sense, and to be the petted member of the fish-class. The importance of the salmon is oftener tacitly admitted than fully realized. Most people know that we make laws to protect his young and himself at various stages of their career; it is a matter of common remark that large sums of money are paid for the privilege of enticing him from his native rivers, and all are agreed that salmon-fisheries form a veritable mine of wealth to certain lucky beings who own or skillfully lease them.

With all this information, however, there are comparatively few persons who are correctly informed regarding the habits of the salmon, or even know the difference be-

tween a "salmon" and a "grilse," or between a "grilse" and a "smolt." And it may be taken for granted that there are still fewer persons who could give a plain account of the ordinary life-history of a salmon, or render an "unvarnished tale" of the trials and vicissitudes of its by no means uninteresting existence.

There is but little need to describe the salmon itself. The graceful body, with its glistening armor of steel-blue above and silvery-white beneath, is a familiar object to every one. We may, therefore, pass to consider the history of the fish itself, and for that purpose we may transport ourselves in imagination to the upper reach of some Scotch river in the Autumn or early Winter. There and then we shall find that the salmon ascend for the purpose of depositing the eggs from which new generations of fishes will in due time be produced. The mother-fish soon shows her activity by excavating a trench or furrow, in which she deposits her eggs, which are duly fertilized by the "milt" of the male fish, who also covers over the eggs with gravel by the action of his tail and other fins. All authorities agree in crediting the salmon with extreme fertility. One method of estimating the number of eggs produced by a female fish is that of calculating every pound of her weight to represent 900 eggs. But despite this fertility, it cannot be denied that only a small proportion of the ova are developed into salmon. Salmon-eggs are a toothsome luxury to hosts of their finny neighbors. Scarcely a fish exists that will not devour the eggs of the salmon. The bull-trout is their enemy; the pike is enamored of them; many-tongued rumor credits Salmo *pater* himself as inclined, when opportunity presents, to eat his progeny; and not a few birds are known to slay and spare not in the matter of salmon-eggs. Here tells the full force of the argument in favor or the artificial hatching of salmon-eggs. One account states that scarcely one egg per thousand attains development in the natural state, the rate of one fish out of 3,000 eggs being based on reliable data. From 3,000 eggs the fish-breeder will produce at least 1,000 "smolts," or young fry; and although the chances against even a small proportion of this latter number attaining development are very great, yet the enormous advantages of the artificial over the natural method of hatching can be readily perceived. For once art is superior to nature, in so far as the result of giving us greater numbers of young salmon is concerned—an acceptable boon to the lovers of fish.

It need scarcely be remarked that the earlier stages in the development of the salmon-egg are marked by an apparent quiet, which, to the ordinary observer, would seem to be ill-calculated to herald the birth of the young fish. But beneath the apparent quiescence, a wondrous process of building up the frame of the young fish is going on. From the jelly-like substance of the egg, *Madre Natura* is evolving bone and skin, muscle and nerve, and a general organization, which stands high, indeed, in the scale of being. The shortest period in which salmon-eggs can be hatched after their deposition is about ninety days; but much depends on the temperature and surrounding conditions. The young salmon at length emerges from the egg, as a tiny being, named a *parr*. The mention of this name gives rise to recollections of many an exciting argument and debate, both within and without courts of law, regarding the correct answer to the question, "Are parr the young of salmon?" The question may now be regarded as having been definitely answered in the affirmative, and we may, therefore, inquire in the next place what becomes of the parr. Sooner or later the parr becomes a *smolt*, and with the change of name acquires a change of costume; the smolt developing a bright, shining armor of scales, and being thus at once distinguished from the more sombre-dressed parr.

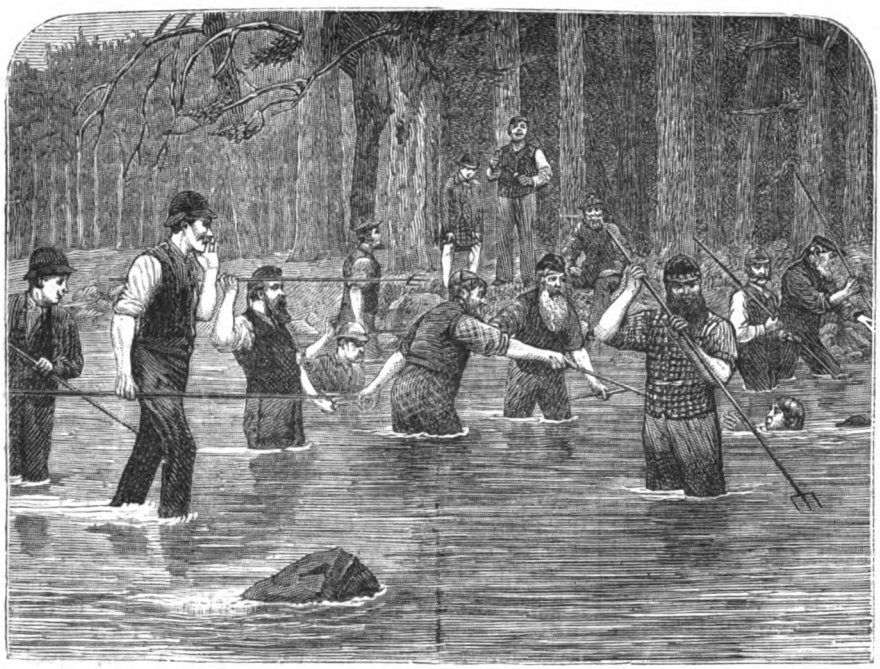
A difficult, and at the same time very curious, question arises at this stage of our inquiries. The period at which the parr becomes the smolt is, or rather was, a point on which varied opinions were pronounced. The chief point around which this discussion traveled may be summed up in the inquiry whether the parr arrived at the smolt-stage at the end of two years and two months after leaving the egg, or when they were between thirteen and fifteen months old. Competent authorities arrived ultimately at the conclusion with which Sir Roger de Coverley dismissed his difficulties, namely, that "much might be said on both sides." Both views were correct, but each only expressed half the truth.

Each brood of salmon appears to divide itself into two bands. One band goes to the sea as smolts at the end of the first year, and the other at the end of the second year, whilst not unfrequently a third party may delay its seaward journey in the character of smolts until the end of the third year. One of the latest opinions on this head may be cited, to the effect that eight per cent. of the salmon becomes smolts at the end of the first year, sixty per cent. at the end of the second year, and thirty-two per cent. at the end of the third year of their life. Another authority maintains that the male parr, especially, are not prepared to pass to the sea until the second or third year of their existence. Be this as it may, the curious fact remains that the young salmon enter upon the days of their youth, so to speak, at different periods of their existence.

As may be gathered from what has already been remarked about the smolts, their destination is the sea. In the guise of a smolt, the young salmon pays its first visit to the ocean, leaving its native river in May or June. The parr not only never seeks the sea, but, as far as we know, will die if placed in salt water. Once in the sea, however, the silvery smolt grows and thrives apace. The change of water serves as a stimulus to its powers of nutrition, and most remarkable are some of the details furnished with regard to the rate of increase exhibited by the little fishes. The smolt attains a length of three or four inches, and in this stage proceeds to the sea. In a very few weeks these little fishes will return to their native rivers as *grilse*, weighing from three to five, or even nine pounds, according to the length of their stay in salt water.

The grilse-stage may be regarded as that of the budding manhood of the salmon. As the grilse, the fish is capable of producing eggs, and the fishes are supposed to spawn when they return from the sea to their native waters. The grilse in its turn leaves the river in due season and passes to the sea, but returns on its next visit to the river in its full development, and in the guise of the "salmon." Each year the salmon will migrate from fresh water to the sea, and will be found to increase amazingly after each seaward journey. The well-known experiment of the late Duke of Athole on the latter point may be referred to as illustrative of the rapid growth of the salmon. In 1859, three salmon, respectively weighing ten pounds, eleven and a half pounds and twelve and a half pounds, were caught as they were swimming to the sea. They were duly marked and set free. After six months' liberty they were again captured in the river, and weighed respectively seventeen pounds, eighteen pounds and nineteen pounds.

The value of the salmon as a food-fish has, of necessity, stimulated legislation on the subject. The "Commissioners" of Salmon Fisheries have had many a grievance in the past to contend with, but from the latest evidence it would seem that the future of the salmon is as yet

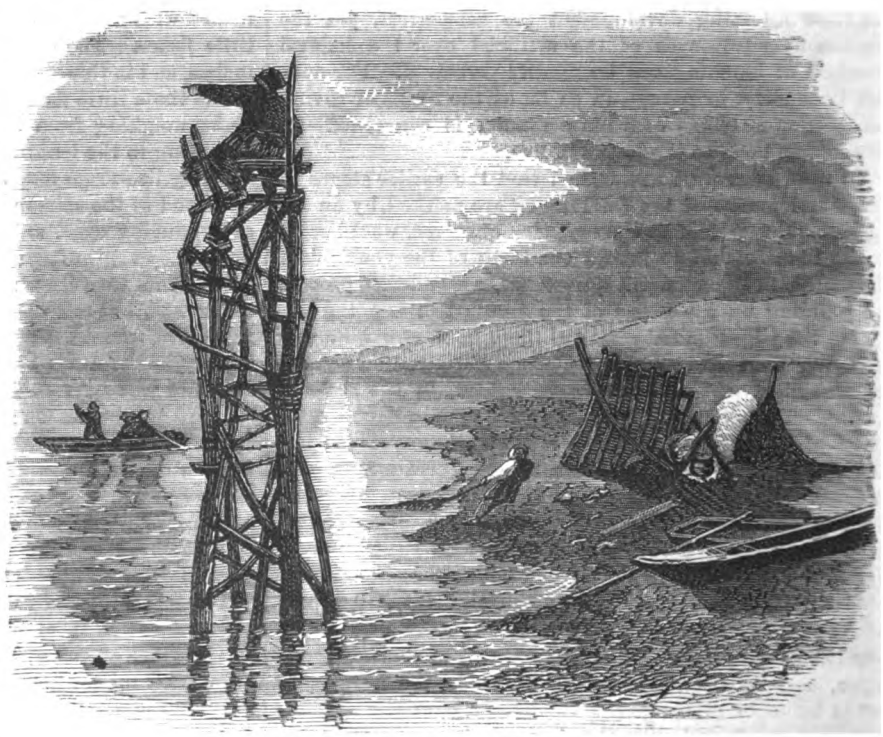


SALMON-SPEARING ON THE DEE, AT BRAEMAR, SCOTLAND.

undreamt of. With proper care of the fish itself, by due attention to the salmon rivers, by the removal of barriers to the upward passage of the salmon, and, above all, by the interdicting of the practice of river-poisoning by manufacturing nuisances, we may produce salmon in our markets as cheaply and as plentifully as herrings.

Mr. Young, one of the legal guardians of the salmon and its interests, for example, gives us some interesting information respecting the natural and artificial barriers to the ascent of salmon. Many lakes (*e.g.*, Loch Tay, Loch Shiel), which might be stocked with sea-trout and salmon, are tenantless, because the conformation of the river-course prevents the upward passage of these fishes. The erection of "salmon-ladders," by means of which these fishes are enabled to pass even perpendicular rocks of considerable height, has opened up some rivers before inaccessible to the fishes, and has, in the words of the commissioners, "created" a valuable salmon-fishery. A sore point with the salmon-guardians is the presence of mills and manufactories with their innumerable pollutions; and the fact that such sources of impurity are removable without injury to the manufactories, points out a remedy for the evil—for an unnecessary evil it unquestionably is. But legislation and public opinion are together tending in the direction of improvement in this matter, and when the day of the pollution of rivers has passed away, it may be safely said that the salmon-millennium is nigh at hand.

The delights of salmon-fishing, the hooking of the monster, the excited chase and the capture, after, it may be, many a long mile of "play," are known only to the initiated and the expert. But there are other scenes in the life of the salmon not unmingled with the poetic, and which at present rise to our mental view. The scene is a long stretch of sandy shore on the Frith of Forth: the time is evening, with a setting sun fast disappearing behind a bank of clouds, and throwing a fiery effulgence over land and sea. There, seaward from the very door of the salmon fisher's hut, runs a long line of nets supported on huge poles, and throwing itself here and there into huge pockets, in which the finny prey is enticed, bewildered and finally captured. The tide is receding, and the salmon-fishers, in huge jack-boots, wade to the furthest limits of the shore, and then, as they merge into deeper water, push off for the nets in their flat-bottomed "cobble." Soon they reach the first of their great net-pockets; and one unwinds a man-hole in the nets, and enters the pocket, wading about in his great boots, and armed with a net borne on the end of a stout pole. Cautiously he feels his way about, groping with the net around the latticed den, like a hunter seeking some agile quarry. Splash—there goes a tail-fin! The net has touched the fish, and now



SALMON-WATCHING ON THE RHINE.

begins the chase in earnest. Slowly the fisher careers round and round the pocket, until at last he presses his prey into a corner of the huge purse. The contest of man and fish now begins. Sloping his net, the fisher contrives to edge his fish into it, and cautiously shifts fish and net, still under water, nearer and nearer to the man-hole, at which the cobble waits. Now comes the tug of war. The net is lifted suddenly; the great fish is in its toils, but it is as much as the man can do to grasp the net itself, and lift it so that his neighbor may seize the glittering fish, and with a merciful blow on the back of the neck send it painlessly to the shades. A grilse and other salmon follow; and as the last pocket is emptied of its contents the cobble is pretty sorely laden, and has to be fastened far beyond its former anchorage, whilst its owners carry the rich spoil of the sea homeward.

THE LAST QUARREL.

THERE was a "hop" at the Powhatan Hotel, and all the guests from the White House, and the Vice-President, were invited. It might have been pleasant enough if the weather had not been so intensely warm and the crowd so great. On the wide piazza a lady and gentleman were promenading.

"But, Susan, you know we promised to ride to Black Rock to see my mother to-morrow."

"Never mind your mother, Leonard; the next day will do quite as well for her. I really must go to this delightful picnic, and I would rather you went with me, of course, than Mr. Andrew."

"You know, Sue, I cannot break my promise to my mother."

THE LAST QUARREL.—"UPON A FEW PLANKS LAY TWO PALE, SILENT FIGURES, AND ONE WAS LEONARD. 'HE'S ALL RIGHT,' SAID THE DOCTOR. 'PUT YOUR EAR TO HIS MOUTH.'"

The sun has meanwhile gone down, and the night drawn on apace. The salmon yonder are being packed in boxes, and the rich green fronds of the bracken serve them for shrouds. To-morrow, when you hie homeward to town, the silvery fishes will accompany you. You shall see them laid in state on the fishmonger's cool, iced slab; and if perchance you receive an invite to dine with some magnate of the land, you will, mayhap, feast right royally on the very "king of fishes" you saw captured whilst the sun was setting on the seashore, by the ruined castle and the fisher's hut. But whenever a salmon graces the board, I pray you, say grace right thankfully for the rich feast provided for you by the monarch of the sea.

"You would rather disappoint me, I suppose."

"You are young, your pleasures are legion—besides, we promised."

"Then I suppose you will let me go alone?"

"If you go, it will be without me; but, Susan, don't do that—it is sure to excite gossip; our little misunderstandings have become too frequent."

"I don't care. Nelly is going, and Mr. Andrew will take me. If you don't wish to go you needn't."

"I wish you wouldn't let Andrew pay you so much attention. He certainly must guess by this time that you are engaged to me."

"Dear me! it's a dreadful bore to be engaged. You always want me to do something absurd. I didn't promise your mother, so it doesn't really matter; there, let me go—I am engaged; the band have begun the Lancers."

Leonard was dissatisfied. He returned to the charge

ECONOMY in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes that good breeding has on our conversation.

before the evening was over. Susan knew he was right, beyond a doubt; but that very knowledge made her angry, so she followed her cousin up-stairs without bidding Leonard good-night.

Susan was dissatisfied with herself, and began to put off her ornaments in silence; but Ellen had had what girls call a good time, and had even more than usual to say. At length the morning light began to peep into their room.

"Oh, dear!" said Ellen, "that's the worst of it. I can't sleep a bit after the music and dancing, and I sha'n't have a chance to-morrow, for there's the picnic, and, in the evening, the hop at the White House, and we shall look like ghosts."

A pause.

"How hot it is!" and Ellen gave herself another fling. "Sue, don't you hear me?"

"Of course I do," snapped Susan; "why don't you keep still?"

"Because I can't. I'm not sleepy—are you?"

"No!"

"I do hate to be in bed when I can't sleep, and it's getting so light."

Next she raised her head and pulled her watch from under the pillow.

"Do you know, Sue, it won't be time to dress for breakfast for another hour, and I'm disgusted with this horrid room."

"Well, do dress yourself and go down-stairs."

"That's no use; there isn't a soul up in the house."

"What a fib!"

"Well, of course I mean an *eligible*. No one I care for will be up at that time. You mustn't be so short. I suppose old Mrs. Walker will be out on the beach, but I can't flirt with her, can I? Besides, it's no fun to go down early. I like to wait till the breakfast-table is full, and make a sensation."

She shook her pillow, and lay still for a minute and a quarter.

"Sue, if you were me, would you wear your blue grenadine or your white tarlatan to-night."

"If I were you, Nell, I would keep still, and let my cousin sleep."

"How cross you are! I don't believe you are sleepy."

"Well, I'm tired and worried."

"What's the matter?" No answer. "I know. You can't fool me; you've quarreled with Len Hatfield again. I thought as much last night."

Susan forgot her crossness in the desire for sympathy:

"And the worst of it is, Nell, it's all my fault."

"You'll quarrel once too often."

"Well, I do think it is his place to give up to me."

"What's the fuss about this time?"

"Why, you know we were to go to his mother's this afternoon, and, now, I want to go to the picnic instead. He could put his mother off—at any rate, we each want our own way."

"Well, Susan Leavitt, I know you said you would go, and let him send a note to Mrs. Hatfield. You ought to keep your word; besides, I think you would rather stay with Lena than go with us."

Ellen rattled away all the time they were dressing, but Susan was silent.

The first breakfast-bell rang, and the second, but still Susan lingered. Her cousin went to make a sensation without her. From the open window she saw Mr. Andrew returning from the beach. She caught her hat from its nail, and swinging it by the ribbons, ran down to meet him. As they exchanged a few careless words Susan contrived, apparently by accident, to toss her hat over the balustrade.

"The very thing," thought she, as Mr. Andrew went down the steps. "I'll let him carry it into the breakfast-table, and Leonard will think I have been for a walk, and he'll be dreadfully jealous."

Accordingly, the young lady did not offer to regain her property, and the pair flushed—the one by excitement, the other by exercise—went to breakfast together.

Leonard watched them. He could not hear what they said, but he had no doubt they had been walking; for he saw the brown hat first in Andrew's hand, and, finally, hanging from the back of his chair.

Mr. Andrew was very attentive, partly that he guessed Leonard would watch them, for he knew of the quarrel, and partly that Susan was a lively, pretty girl, and he felt in the humor to abet her in a little mischief.

The picnic party adjourned to the piazza. Susan began to wish Leonard would ask her to stay. She looked at him; he was reading the marriages and deaths from the morning paper to Mrs. Walker, whose eyes were weak. A waiter came to receive orders for luncheon and carriages. Mr. Andrew began to count the party.

"Hatfield!" calling to Leonard, "you go, of course?"

"I am otherwise engaged."

Leonard had determined to say no more—he did not believe Susan would go without him—it had never entered his mind she could be jealous of his mother.

"Sue," said Ellen, marching into the room where Susan was dressing, "do you mean to go without Leonard?"

"Why shouldn't I?" and she nervously passed the brush over her already smooth and shining hair.

"Because you have no business to fool with that Andrew; he's only flirting with you to get rid of his time."

"I don't see why I mayn't flirt as well as you."

"Why, because you are engaged; you ought to consult Leonard's wishes."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Susan, haughtily. "I don't intend to; you'll see."

"Well, I know when I'm engaged I won't be so silly. You may lose him yet, Sue. *Prenez garde.*"

"I do think, Nell, you're a pretty one to lecture me! You always were ten times worse of a flirt than I."

"There's a time for all things," returned Ellen, "and my time happens to be now; yours was last Winter. You had no business to be engaged until you could make up your mind to lay aside all such nonsense. I will tell you what, when I find out which I like best the rest shall know it." Ellen's pretty face was very earnest. "I won't have them coming round after I'm engaged any more than I will when I'm married. I'd like to see that puppy, Andrew, ask me to ride with him! If I were in your place I'd have thrown *something* at him—either a glass of water or a plate, whichever happened to be handy."

"He don't know I'm engaged to Len," said Susan, with crimson cheeks, as she bent her head to button a boot.

"Bah-ah-ah!" said Ellen, rather rudely, it must be confessed. "What do you suppose all these folks think of your everlasting quarrels? and, besides——" Ellen sunk upon the bed in a paroxysm of laughter—"Didn't we see you the other night—about a dozen of us—walking up and down under the high rocks with Leonard's arm around your waist! You were just under us, and, I suppose, thought yourselves as much alone as Adam and Eve, and were equally in Paradise. Not know you're engaged! tell that to the horse-marines!"

"How very vulgar you are, Ellen!" said Susan, raising her head, and feeling hot to the very tips of her fingers.

Ellen laughed again. Susan felt so angry that she had been caught, as she knew she must have been, that she ran out of the room to avoid hearing any more.

All that day Susan Leavitt was miserable; she could not enjoy anything; her head ached, she was completely sick of Andrew and his attentions, and she had the anticipation of Leonard's reproaches in the evening. Ellen was very compassionate when she found her cousin's headache was real; she held Susan's head on her shoulder all the way home, and afterward insisted that she should lie on the bed and try to sleep, instead of going to dinner, promising to make it all right with Leonard, and to wake her in time to dress for the hop at the White House in the evening.

"And, Nelly," as that young lady, renovated by a fresh toilet, was about to flourish down-stairs, "be sure you let him know that I didn't go out this morning before breakfast;" and Susan pressed her burning forehead against the pillow, resolving to quarrel no more with her lover, reflecting upon his many perfections and her own shortcomings, until, overcome by weariness and want of rest, she fell asleep.

Ellen's eyes wandered around the dining-tables; she watched anxiously every late comer to the saloon. Leonard did not come; she grew anxious; he might have returned to New York; in fact, she did not know what might be the upshot; and then she minced her ice-cream, feeling thoroughly provoked with the pair. After dinner she went up-stairs. Susie was asleep—that was a good thing. She watched on the piazza, and then, to get rid of her thoughts, began a promenade with a gentlemanly individual, whose time likewise seemed to hang heavy on his hands. At length Mr. Andrew appeared, from some parts unknown, where he had been igniting some tobacco.

"Ah, Miss Leavitt!" said he; "your cousin was not out to dinner—what is the matter?"

Ellen stopped short for the purpose, as she afterward said, of snubbing him.

"She's recruiting her exhausted energies for the evening; the infliction of your company this morning seems to have fatigued her."

"I'm glad it's no worse. I suspected she was afraid of seeing or hearing something below to damage her appetite."

His smile and manner were so good-natured that Ellen laughed in spite of herself, and concluded by sending to find out what had become of Leonard.

When she wakened Susan to dress for the evening she had but little to tell; Leonard had started about noon in a row-boat; Mr. Andrew had been to his room—the trunks and shaving apparatus were there. "So," said Ellen, in conclusion, "he'll turn up some time or other."

Upon mature deliberation Susan thought so, too. She felt considerably refreshed by her sleep, her headache had gone, a cup of coffee had given her fresh courage. Ellen brushed her hair and petted her, instead of teasing, and neither of the girls doubted that Leonard would make his appearance in due season. Still Susan was a little nervous about meeting her injured lover, and her pride rose somewhat as she thought of the apology due to Mr. Hatfield; but then she glanced at the mirror. Leonard was very fond of his lady-love's beauty; she had on a dress of his favorite color, the delicate wreath of French flowers in her hair he had brought from New York the week before as a peace-offering after their last quarrel but three, and as she clasped her bracelet, likewise his gift, she really thought herself irresistible.

The hall was nearly full; Ellen had already gone down; Susan was peeping over the balustrade; some one said something about two men being drowned. Susan clutched the railing and listened.

"They were lying in the boat-house; one was a gentleman from the Powhatan."

Susan rushed through the crowd and caught the man by the arm.

"Was it the boat from Black Rock?"

"Yes, surely."

"And I did not speak to him this morning. Oh, Ellen! it's all my fault!"

No one moved or spoke, a horror seemed to have fallen over the gayly-dressed pleasure-seekers. Susan tightened the clasp of her hand upon the rough boatman.

"Take me to the boat-house."

Mr. Andrew came forward, and, drawing her hand through his arm, they hurried to the shore.

"I tempted you——" he began; she did not listen.

Three times she forced herself inside the door of the boat-house; and as many times was put out by six feet of doctor. The tide was coming up, the ground grew wet. Susan did not care; she tore the white gloves in ribbons from her hands; Mr. Andrew removed the jewels from her arms, but she scarcely noticed him. With the help of some gentlemen he kept the crowd from her as well as he could, and at last the tall doctor let them in.

Upon a few planks lay two pale, silent figures, and one was Leonard. Neither of them was dead, but both were unconscious.

"He's all right," said the doctor. "Put your ear to his mouth."

Susan turned to Mr. Andrew.

"Go back and tell them."

"And leave you?" he returned, in surprise.

"Yes," she said; "I shall stay here. I am not afraid."

From the first she had been very quiet, but when at length Leonard opened his eyes and spoke, she began to weep; and the rough boatmen, who had pitied the beautiful lady so much, could not understand why she should take on, now that her sweetheart was safe.

Some shutters had been brought, on to which the doctors lifted the men, to carry them to the hotel. Drawing a shawl over her shoulders, which she had repeatedly refused, Susan followed with Mr. Andrew.

"I think," said that gentleman, as they splashed through the seawater, now become ankle-deep, "that if we had staid here much longer we should have been drowned ourselves. I don't think, Miss Susan, that Mr. Hatfield will thank me for the evening's work; I fully expect you have caught your death; you are dripping wet. I expected a challenge for this morning's mischief—now, I suppose he will shoot me down without further notice."

"You are so kind, Mr. Andrew," answered Susan. "I shall thank you for your care of me this evening to the end of my life."

Mrs. Leavitt and Ellen were watching anxiously, sustained by fresh bulletins every five minutes. There had been no dancing at the White House, and the crowd assembled at the Powhatan was something remarkable.

Poor Susan was a deplorable-looking object; her elegant crape ball-dress was torn and crushed in a manner that distressed the ladies to witness, the flounces were saturated with salt-water, the lace bertha and its lovely flowers were dripping and drooping, the satin shoes and silk stockings were covered with wet sand.

"Take this young lady," said Mr. Andrew; "by force, if necessary; give her some hot brandy-and-water, and warm her and dry her. She's by far the worst of the two, now."

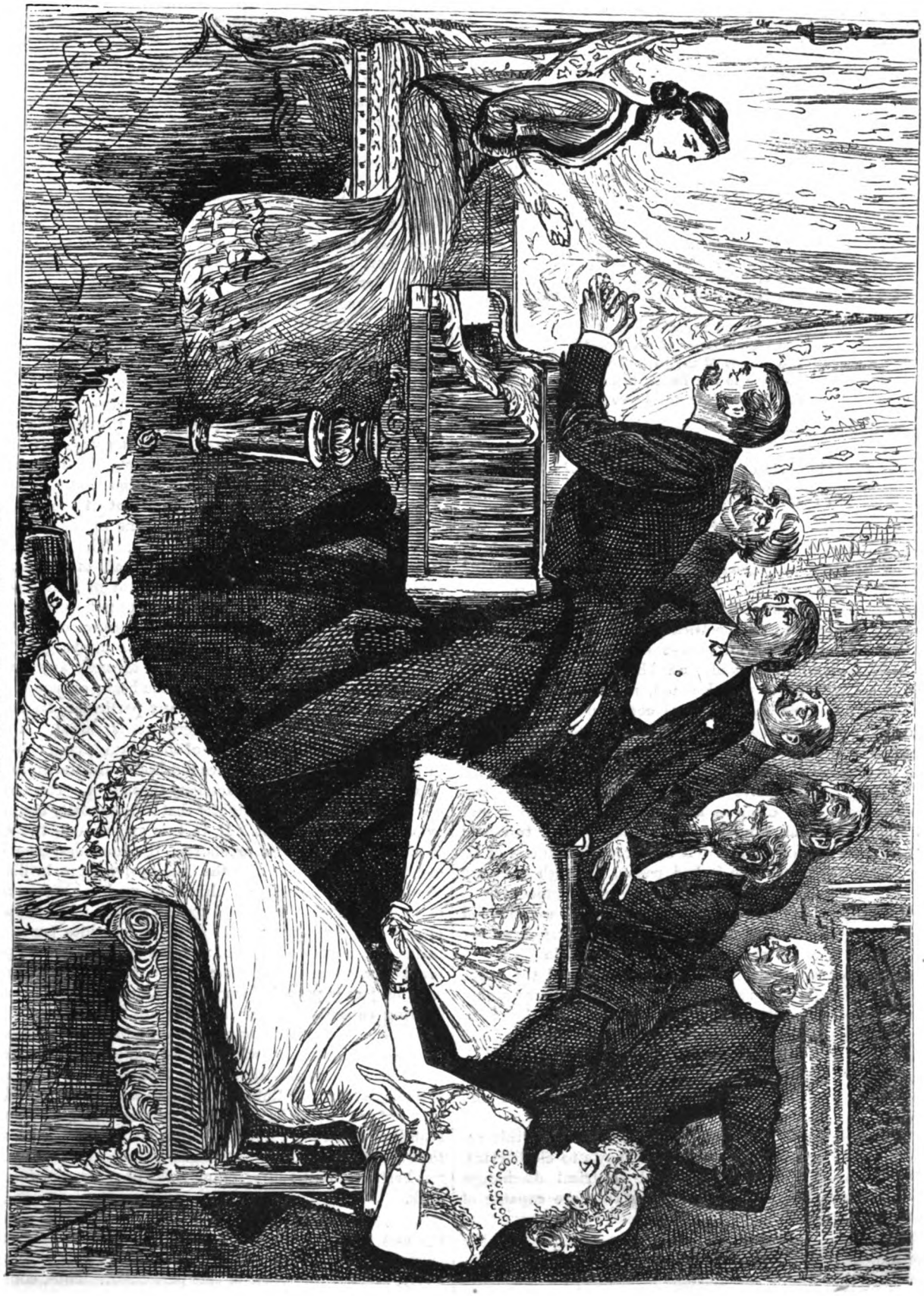
Susan was forced to let her cousin and the ladies

LOVE'S ENVOY.—A MARBLE STATUE BY CARONI EMANUELE, OF FLORENCE.

generally, divest her of her wet dress; they put a warm wrapper upon her; with the white flowers still in her hair, she resumed her place at Leonard's side.

Mr. Hatfield appeared at dinner the next day, declaring himself as good as new. Susan had learned a lesson. She promised to obey, shortly after, and I believe she kept her word.

Mr. Hatfield says his last quarrel with his wife was the one which all the world knows of, at that celebrated hop at the Powhatan.



TWO THRONES.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 630.

TWO THRONES.

By Dumaurier.

Oh, Beauty, peerless as thou art,
And wide thy range, and keen thy dart,
And meek the captives of thy bow,
Inconstant beats the manly heart—
The present Bard's extremely so!

Wit, Wisdom, Strength and Valor meet
(The Bard amongst them,) at thy feet
To kneel in homage as of old;
Yet turn a rival Queen to greet,
Whose crown is of a purer gold!

Preen as thou wilt thy feathers fine,
A gift is hers, by grace divine,
Even more potent to enthrall,
O Bird of Paradise, than thine,
The hearts and souls of one and all!

And what avail thy gilded crest,
The silver shimmer of thy breast,
The glories of thy painted wing,
If, yielding to the Bard's behest,
The Nightingale vouchsafe to sing?

HOW BUILDINGS ARE PROTECTED AGAINST LIGHTNING.

By Robert James Mann.

In the year 1764 the steeple of St. Bride's Church, in Fleet Street, London, was struck by a flash of lightning and seriously damaged. This accident occurred just at the time when the attention of scientific men had been strongly drawn to the electrical nature of thunderstorms, by the memorable experiments of Benjamin Franklin. Dr. Watson, who shortly afterward became a Vice-President of the Royal Society of London, and who had been on various occasions the means of communicating the proceedings and views of Franklin to its Fellows, in consequence was induced to make a careful inquiry into the mechanical effects of the discharge, and he found that the lightning had passed to the earth along a track which was partly composed of iron, and partly of masonwork and timber, and that wherever the discharge had traversed thick rods of iron it had left no perceptible traces of its passage, but that where it had passed through masonry or wood it had shattered the material into fragments.

The lightning first struck the weather-cock which stood on the top pinnacle of the steeple, and then ran down the stout iron bars by which this was held aloft in its place, effecting so far no injury; but when it reached the lower extremities of these bars it destroyed several large stones as it leaped across to other masses of iron, which had been built into the masonry to give strength to the wall; and further down, where no more iron was to be found, it made such vast gaps in the structure that not less than ninety feet of the steeple had to be taken down and rebuilt.

The fact which was accidentally illustrated in this occurrence is one which is now well known to electricians. When concentrated and powerful electrical discharges occur through material substances that are capable of affording them a ready and easy passage, no permanent disturbance is caused in the adhesive coherence of the molecules. But when they make their way through substances that afford considerable resistance, the molecules are thrown into paroxysms of convulsion, and very frequently are so widely separated from each other that the structure is destroyed.

As a general rule, the greater the resistance that is offered to the passage of an electrical discharge the more marked is the disrupture and destructive effects that are produced when the transmission takes place; or, as the same fact is expressed in the more technical language of the electrician, the worst conductors are most liable to be injured by the passage of discharges of high tension. This simply means that there is an inert resistance exerted by the molecules of non-conducting substance, which prevents the vibratory movements amongst themselves—of which electrical transmission consists—from being established until the disturbing force is roused into an energy that suffices to tear them asunder at the same moment that their cohesive stubbornness is vanquished. When the electrical transmission is made through easily conducting substance, the molecular vibration is established without the occurrence of any very strong molecular resistance, and consequently without any strain that is dangerous to cohesive integrity. The propagation of the vibratory state is set up before the disturbing force is intensified by persistent resistance into destructive strength.

But when powerful electrical discharges are passed through substances of good conducting capacity, the molecular disturbances that are propagated through the mass are manifested to observation in another way. If a discharge of such character, for instance, is transmitted through a metallic wire of moderate dimensions, the wire becomes hot to the touch at the instant of the passage. In that case the heat is, in reality, due to the vibratory movement of the molecules of the wire. The disturbance takes effect in heating the wire, instead of in tearing asunder its molecules. But the amount of heat that in such an instance is produced depends upon two circumstances: it is affected both by the dimension of the wire and by the intensity or energy of the discharge. The larger the amount of the discharge through any particular stretch of wire, the greater is the heat; or, again, the smaller the wire through which any particular discharge is passed, the more its temperature is raised. A frequently-exhibited experiment of the lecture-room consists in turning a fine platinum wire red-hot by the transmission of a sustained current of electricity through it. The wire is easily caused to glow so brightly that its luminosity becomes evident in full daylight. If, in this experiment, the wire is either made smaller or shorter, the incandescence becomes more intense, and the luminosity more brilliant. The wire may, indeed, be ultimately made either so fine or so short, that it is melted by the heat. A long strand of very fine copper wire laid along upon white paper remains only as a dark stain of metallic dust impressed upon the paper, when the discharge of a powerful battery of Leyden jars is passed through it. Metals of inferior conducting capacity in a similar way are more heated than metals of a better conducting power, and of equal dimensions. Thus, platinum wire is more heated than iron, iron more than silver, and silver more than copper. If a wire is made of alternate links of platinum and silver, each link being of precisely the same thickness and length, when a sustained electrical current of sufficient intensity is passed through it, all the platinum links are raised to a shining red heat, whilst the intervening links of silver remain still dark.

As a general rule, metals are of good conducting capacity, and afford a ready transmission for electrical disturbance. But they vary very much, indeed, amongst themselves, in their capacities in this particular. Thus, copper stands foremost among them for its conducting power; silver has about one-third the conducting capacity of copper; brass a little less than that; iron less than brass;

tin and lead considerably less than iron; and platinum is very nearly equal in transmitting capacity to iron. This capacity of metallic bodies for the easy and unresisted transmission of electricity, without material derangement of their molecular state, is the circumstance which has been taken advantage of by science in establishing an organized defense against the injurious effects of lightning.

In the Autumn of the year 1750 a letter was written from Philadelphia by Benjamin Franklin to a friend in London, in which he dwelt upon his conviction of the absolute identity of lightning and electricity, and urged that all damage from lightning might be certainly prevented if iron rods with sharp points were fixed to the highest parts of the buildings. This was the first clear and definite conception of the idea of the lightning-rod which is now so extensively employed. The suggestion was at once thrown into the form of a pamphlet, and printed in London. It was eighteen months after this time, namely, in May, 1752, that electric sparks were for the first time drawn from the clouds at Marly-la-Ville, near Paris, through an iron rod one inch in diameter and eighty feet high, which was held up toward the clouds by a wooden scaffold, and which had been erected by M. Dalibard in pursuance of the plan suggested by Franklin. The sparks were in the first instance obtained by an old soldier, who had been left in charge of the apparatus during the passage of a thunderstorm overhead.

It was on the 4th of July in the same year, 1752, and, therefore, nearly two months afterward, that Franklin's own celebrated experiment with the kite was performed, and that sparks were drawn from the thunder-cloud in a similar way through its wet string. In the same year Franklin carried his own idea into practical effect, by erecting an iron rod upon his house in Philadelphia. This rod was furnished with a steel point projecting eight feet above the roof of the house, and it was carried five feet into the ground. It was, essentially, the first lightning-rod constructed for purposes of protection. The first conductor erected in England was set up in 1762, by Dr. Watson—already alluded to as the enthusiastic advocate of Franklin's views—over his residence at Payne's Hill, near London; this rod had been erected upon Dr. Watson's house just two years at the time of the destruction of the steeple of St. Bride's Church.

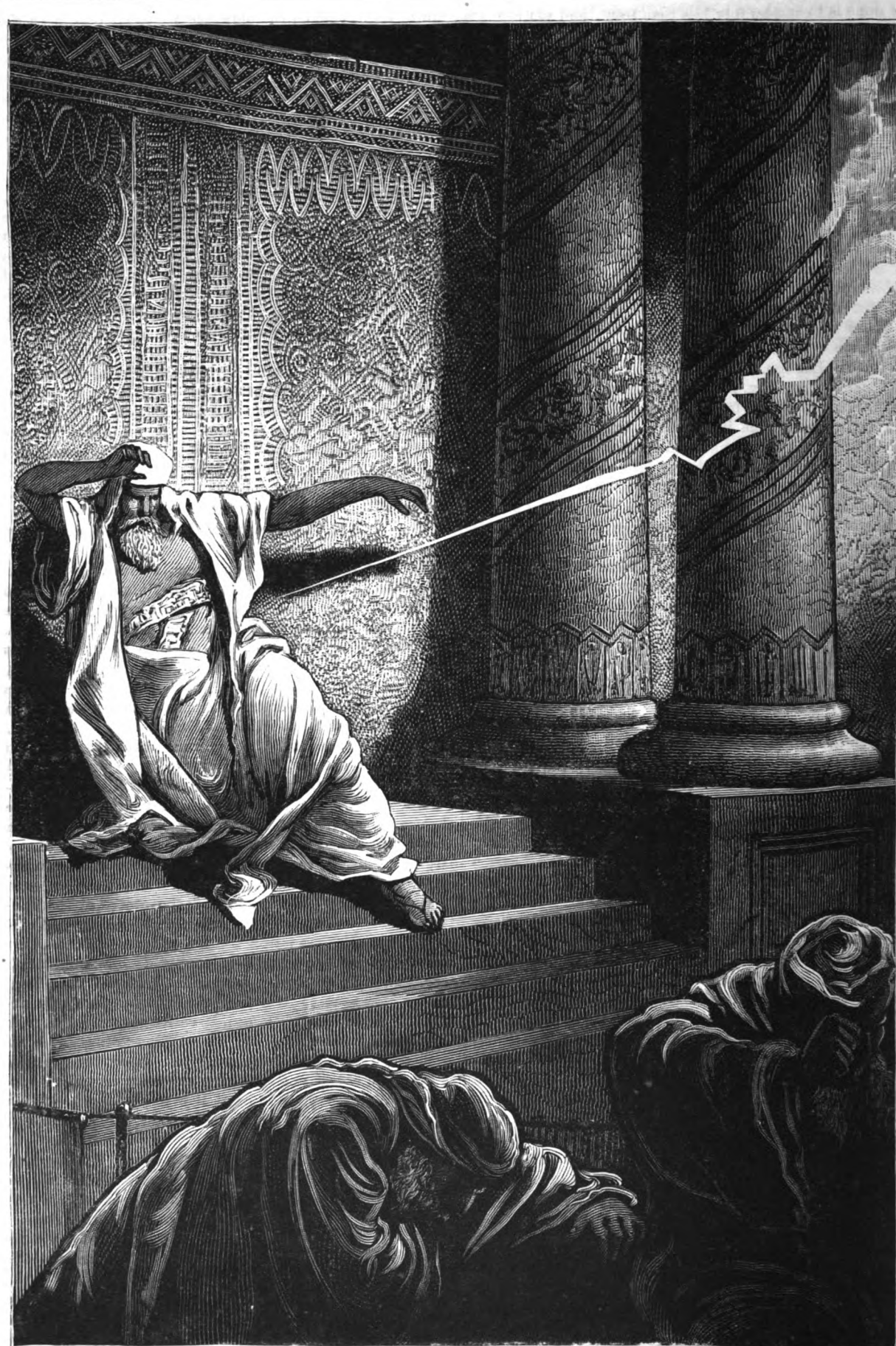
Under the earnest support of a few scientific men, the practice of erecting lightning-rods for purposes of protection from this time gradually forced its way into public notice. In the year 1769 the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's applied to the Royal Society of London to tell them how they should set about fixing a rod to their noble cathedral. The first rod set up on the continent of Europe was attached to the church of St. Jacob, at Hamburg. This was erected in 1769. In 1771 the celebrated naturalist, Professor de Saussure, fixed a conductor upon his house in Geneva. The practice was, nevertheless, still looked upon with much doubt and suspicion. As recently as 1838 the Governor-General and Council of the East India Company ordered that all lightning-rods should be removed from arsenals and powder-magazines in India, on account of the danger which their employment involved.

The French were, from the first, keenly alive to the importance of adopting Franklin's recommendations in the matter of protection against lightning. Some opposition had, in the first instance, to be encountered, chiefly on account of the jealousy and misapprehension of the Abbé Nollet, who deemed himself the great scientific authority of the day in such matters, and, therefore, was inclined to resent the intrusion of a new prophet into his domains. He at first denied that there was any such person as the alleged author of the new system in existence, and then, when the London pamphlet had been translated into French, he shifted his ground, and maintained that the proposed innovation was both dangerous and inefficacious. A most admirable French designation was, nevertheless, contrived for Franklin's rod. It was aptly called the "Paratonnerre," a French compound word, which signified the fender off of lightning, and in 1823 formal instructions were drawn up by the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and adopted by the French Government, for the scientific construction of the apparatus. An amended and improved form of these instructions was again issued in 1854. The memorandum of 1823 was signed by the august name of Gay Lussac, and to that of 1854 was appended the scarcely less distinguished signature of Professor Pouillet. Additional memoranda were supplied by the Academy in 1855 and 1867.

No proceedings of a similarly intelligent and practical kind have hitherto been attempted in England, and these French documents have accordingly remained the authoritative guide of our own architects and engineers in their practice. The history of Franklin's invention constitutes one of the most charming and interesting episodes in the annals of physical science. But the subject is, unfortunately, too long to be more fully dwelt upon where all the space at command is required for a more immediately practical object.

The first thing to be considered in arranging for the protection of any building against lightning is the metallic conductor, which is to be provided to serve as the main channel for the electrical discharge. The self-same plan which was adopted in the first instance by Franklin has still, in the main, to be pursued. A continuous metal bar, or rod, is to be attached to the building, so that it projects into the air above its highest part, and dips into the earth below its foundations. This rod must, above all things, be of sufficient capacity for the work which it is intended to perform; that is to say, it must be so thick that it would not offer any material resistance to the largest discharge of lightning that could in any circumstances be thrown upon it from the clouds. It must be of such ample dimensions that it would not even be heated to any large extent by such a discharge, for heat in such circumstances, it must be remembered, would imply the presence of resistance, or obstruction, and the object of the contrivance is that the transmission shall be unimpeded and free. Franklin used iron for his rod on account of its comparative cheapness. But copper is now very much more generally employed, for various reasons. It is more readily bent so as to be applied closely to all the irregularities of the building. It is less easily corroded by moist air; and it has a very much higher conducting capacity. Iron may be as effectively employed as copper; but if this is done the main stem of the rod must be six times as large as it would need to be if it were of copper; that is to say, it must have six times the amount of metal in any given length, such as a foot, or a yard; it must have six times as large an area when it is cut across. And beyond this, it must also be examined after its erection, from time to time, to make sure that its conducting capacity has not been diminished by the influence of corrosion.

The exact size which a copper bar or rod needs to have to insure this essential condition of an unimpeded passage for the largest discharge of lightning that could fall upon it from the clouds is not certainly known. It is not practicable, either, to refer this uncertainty to the questioning of direct experiment, where it is lightning that has to be drawn upon for the prosecution of the test. All that can



A TEMPLE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

be done is to employ a bar that is larger than any that has been known to be injured by a discharge. So far as practical experience has been yet gained, a strip, or bar of copper one inch wide, and an eighth of an inch thick, appears to be of ample dimensions for all practical purposes, where the conductor does not exceed eighty feet in length. Such a strip, or a rod of equal sectional area, would weigh a little less than half a pound to the foot. It must not, however, be overlooked that since the resistance of a conductor increases with its length, as well as in proportion to its smallness, still larger rods must be used, wherever the greater extent of high and large structures has to be dealt with. For each extent of eighty feet another such strip would need to be added the whole length. The strip, or bar, may be safely and advantageously attached directly to the masonry or brickwork of walls. No better plan can be pursued than to clasp a bent strip of copper round the conductor, and fix this to the wall by copper nails driven into the joints, as shown in Fig. 1. The exact form of the conductor, however, is not a matter of any real consequence, provided only that there be thickness enough of the metal. The strip is sometimes rolled up into the form of a hollow cylinder or pipe. It is sometimes molded into the shape of a solid cylindrical rod, and it is very commonly replaced by a rope of copper wire, twisted together. Fig. 2 represents the kind of copper wire rope which is most frequently employed, attached to the wall in a similar way to the flat conductor.

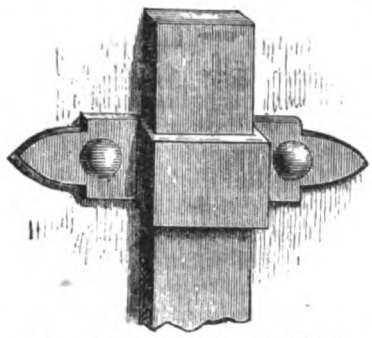


FIG. 1.— THE METHOD OF FASTENING A FLAT LIGHTNING-ROD TO A WALL, BY A COPPER STRAP AND NAILS.

This rope consists of seven strands, with seven wires in each, or forty-nine in all; and weighs about two-thirds of a pound to the foot, when used for the defense of a building of moderate size. Larger ropes are provided for larger structures. The conductor, whatever its length, must be absolutely continuous from end to end. If under any circumstances separate pieces have to be joined up in the length, these must overlap by clean metal surfaces, some inches in extent, and be closely riveted, or bound together in such a way as that the intrusion of moisture between the surfaces in contact shall be prevented. Wherever it can be done, the joints should be very carefully covered over by a coating of solder, to prevent the corroding influence of moist air. But joints, as a general rule, are not required in the main stem of the conductor, because both ropes and strips, or, as these are technically termed, *tapes* of copper are now manufactured of any length that is required. A rolled copper tape which is very flexible, and therefore very convenient both for transport and for application to irregular surfaces, is now being gradually introduced by electrical engineers, and is entirely deserving of general confidence.

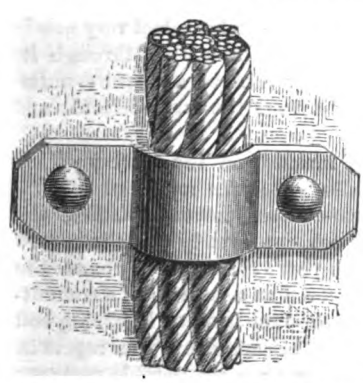


FIG. 2.— THE ROPE OF COPPER WIRE WHICH IS FREQUENTLY EMPLOYED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

When a copper conductor of this kind has been properly applied to the walls of a building, its efficacy as a protection in a large measure depends upon the fact that when a lightning-charged cloud hovers in the air a little distance above the top of the rod, it becomes powerfully electrical, through the influence of induction, with a charge of an opposite kind to that in the cloud. And there is, therefore, a strong tendency for the charge in the cloud to pass into the rod, and for the charge in the rod to issue to the cloud. If in such circumstances the tension becomes so strong that the charges can leap across the intervening gap of air, a flash of lightning occurs. But as, in obedience to the direction of the tension, it goes at once into the rod, it there finds an easy path prepared for its transmission to the earth, and traverses this path without producing any mechanical disintegration between the molecules of the conductor.

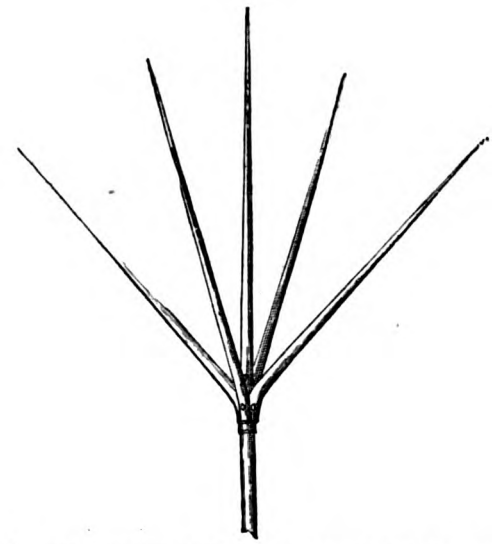


FIG. 3.— THE MULTIPLE POINT, OR AIGRETTE, MOST COMMONLY USED AT THE TOP OF LIGHTNING-RODS IN ENGLAND.

Such is essentially the service which the conductor renders when an actual stroke of lightning takes place. It affords an easy and open channel which the lightning is quite sure to take in preference to the harder task of making its way through the impeding and resisting structures of the building.

But there is another way in which the lightning-conductor also contributes to protection. It lessens the tension, and so diminishes the striking

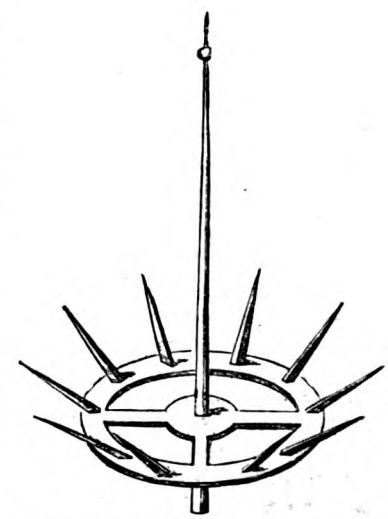


FIG. 4.— THE MULTIPLE POINT RECOMMENDED IN FRANCE BY M. CALLAUD.

power of an approaching storm-cloud. This, however, will be best explained by a reference to the method in which the conductor is finished above where it projects toward the cloud.

In every case a lightning-conductor is so planned that it terminates above either in a point or in a cluster of points arranged in some such way as is represented in the accompanying woodcuts (Figs. 3 and 4). Fig. 3 shows the form in most general use in England. Fig 4 represents the very excellent modification that has been introduced by M. Callaud in France, in which sharp radiant spikes are fixed upon the upper surface of a flat ring of copper, with one long terminal point rising in the centre above. The main stem in each case is a copper rod about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and so contrived that it can be firmly screwed into the upper end of the conductor. The tips of the points are sometimes very advantageously made of an alloy formed by mixing together eight hundred and thirty-five parts of silver and one hundred and sixty-five parts of copper, because this compound does not readily suffer corrosion from exposure to the air. Sharp tips of this alloy are prepared about two inches long, so that they can be screwed into the branches of the copper rod. The cluster itself is fixed so that the tuft of points projects about five feet above the highest part of the building to which it is attached.

The pointed form is given to the top of the rod on account of the power which conductors of this shape possess of facilitating both the discharge and the inflow of an electrical stream. They dispose the escape to take place in the condition of a gentle, continuous current, instead of in the more impulsive and less controllable form of an abrupt and instantaneous spark. That such is really the action of the point is experimentally shown when a sharp sewing-needle is brought near to strips of paper which have been made divergent by an electrical charge. The strips lose their divergent power, and fall suddenly together, whilst the needle is still two or three feet away.

The consequence of this peculiar influence of the point in the case of a lightning-conductor is that when a charged thunder-cloud hangs in the air over the conductor, the charge which has been inductively heaped up in it at the outer end begins to stream gently away into the cloud, at the same time that the accumulated charge of the cloud is drawn in a like silent way through the point and transmitted to the earth. The cloud is thus effectively exhausted of its charge without having developed disruptive energy enough to cause an actual outburst of lightning.

But the lower extremity of a lightning-conductor, where it passes into the earth, is even more important to the efficient action of the apparatus than the pointed summit which is projected into the air. As in the case of the rain-pipe which is prepared to protect a house from injury by wet, it would be of small consequence that the pipe itself were of ample dimensions for the passage of the rain if it were narrowed and obstructed at its outlet at the bottom; so is it also with the conductor which provided for the safe transmission of the lightning. If there be not room enough for the pent-up downpour, whether it be water or electricity, to escape, there must be a mischievous overflow above; and the overflow, if it be of electric fire, may obviously be attended with more disastrous results than if it be merely a deluge of water.

Although the water and the electrical force are, in truth, quite different things, this comparison is by no means overstrained, for the earth is the great reservoir of both. Whatever amount of either is raised temporarily into the air must sooner or later flow back again to the ground, and if conduits are provided for the conveyance of the flow, they must be so planned as to permit an unobstructed outflow.

The outlet for the discharge of lightning from a conductor into the earth is, however, a matter of extended superficial space rather than of internal cavity, such as water would require. The transmission of the electrical discharge, on account of the expansive repulsion of the force, is accomplished, mainly along the outside, or superficial, molecules of the conductor rather than within. What is therefore required in providing the outlet into the earth is an amplified expansion of the mass. The conductor must be enlarged where it comes into communication with the ground. It is not enough, as is too commonly conceived, that the rod shall be thrust a few inches into the earth. It must be carried a considerable distance into the soil, and must be placed everywhere in the most intimate connection with it. This must on no account be lost sight of.

A lightning-rod with an insufficient earth-contact is not only useless, but dangerous in an extreme degree, and the more ample its own dimensions, the more imminent the danger, if there be an obstructed outlet beneath; the more likely to lead incidentally to that overflow of the devastating electric fire which it is its intended function to prevent. It is not possible to insist too vehemently upon this, because mistake or oversight in this particular is a more frequent source of injury by lightning than any other circumstance that is encountered. In nearly every case where damage has occurred to buildings that have had lightning-conductors attached to them, it has been found that the mischief can be traced to this cause—an overflow brought about by impeded outlet to the earth.

When a lightning-rod of ample capacity, and of sufficient earth-outlet, receives a stroke of lightning, the discharge passes down it in the form of a gentle stream which has not the slightest inclination to burst out anywhere. A living person might stand close to the rod at the time of the discharge without incurring any risk. But if the same stroke were falling upon a rod with insufficient outlet to the earth, being thereby impeded in its flow, it would pass haltingly along, and with a constant inclination to burst out laterally, by-the-way, so that any one standing in close neighborhood to the rod at the time of the discharge would be in imminent danger of receiving some portion of it through himself.

As an absolute matter of fact, when a stroke of lightning passes to the earth through a building furnished with a conductor, it does not quite confine itself to the open path. It avails itself of all the substances that lie in the direction of its track. But it distributes itself amongst them in proportion to the facility with which it can make its way. Very much the largest part goes by the easiest route. With a large conductor of ample earth-contact very nearly the whole of the discharge passes harmlessly through its easy line, so that only a very minute and quite unimportant portion is left to traverse the more difficult and undisturbed route.

It is a very interesting incident in the history of the lightning-rod that Franklin was quite aware of the importance of a large earth-contact, notwithstanding the gross blunders that have been continually made in regard to it since his time. In the year 1772, when he chanced to be residing in England, he acted as a member of a committee constituted to consider the best form of lightning-rod for powder-magazines, and he himself drew up a report in which there occurs the following most notable passage: "In common cases it has been judged sufficient if the lower parts of the conductor were sunk three or four feet into the ground till it came to moist earth; but this being of

great consequence, we are of opinion that greater precaution should be taken; therefore we would advise that at each end of each magazine a well should be dug so as to have in it at least four feet of standing water. From the bottom of this water should rise a piece of leaden pipe to, or near to, the surface of the ground, where it should be joined to the end of an upright bar," to be itself connected with the earth end of the conductor.

Yet in the face of this sound doctrine, even at the present day men of some scientific attainment may be sometimes heard to say that it is enough for a lightning-rod to have its base just thrust a few inches into the earth. The notion in such instances is that it cannot be a matter of any further moment where the electric discharge goes to if it is once got as low as the earth. The fallacy of this argument is that it entirely overlooks the most important condition which has here been so urgently insisted on—namely, that an electrical discharge moves haltingly, and with a strong disposition to attempt a lateral outburst through a rod which has an obstructed outflow, whilst it is devoid of all such mischievous tendency when it passes through a rod with a capacious earth-contact.

In the amended instructions of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, issued in 1855, it was urged that a lightning-rod should invariably have a connection with water beneath the ground, or with moist earth, and to make sure that this essential condition was satisfactorily secured. It was advised that the rod, after reaching the earth, should be divided into two subordinate branches, and that of these, the one should be carried deep into the ground until it reached some permanent reservoir of water, whilst the other was trailed superficially along only a few inches within the ground, so that it might be in a region that was most readily moistened by rain.

The earth-contacts of the Palace of the Louvre were forthwith remodeled upon this plan. This was a very important step in the right direction. Dry earth is in no case a really good conductor; very many of the accidents which have occurred in connection with the presence of lightning-rods have been due to some oversight in this particular.

Father Secchi of Rome had occasion, in 1872, to draw up a report in which he dwelt emphatically upon the need of a very large surface of conducting material for the discharge of lightning into the ground. In this document, in reference to this particular necessity, he very strongly marks the conclusion at which he had himself arrived, for he roundly and most truly says, "there never can be too much" facility for the discharge.

It is quite possible for a skillful electrician to make a good earth termination for a lightning-rod in even dry soil. But he can only do so by rendering the superficial contact between the conductor and the ground very large indeed. The great principle to be observed in such a case is that the drier the earth the larger must be the downward expansion of the rod. It must either branch out into the ground after the fashion of the roots of a tree, or it must be expanded into a bulbous root of considerable dimensions.

Whenever it is possible to get at the main iron pipe of the water supply of a town, it is very easy, indeed, to accomplish this underground expansion. It is only necessary to trail the bottom of the conductor along in close contact with the iron of the main, and pack it round with a considerable thickness of broken coke, closing the whole over with earth and beating it down. When this cannot be done, a trench may be opened along in the ground for at least thirty feet, which may be either in one straight line a few inches within the ground, or in branched divisions radiating out from each other like the expanded fingers of a hand. The end of the conductor is then to be trailed along in the trench, dividing it into corresponding branches, if the branching plan is preferred, and then packed round with broken coke, the whole being finally covered over by earth, and beaten firmly down. Not less than three bushels of coke must be employed for completing the earth-contact for a building of ordinary size, and very much more where a larger structure is concerned. The reason for the use of the coke is, that being itself a tolerable conductor, it enlarges the conducting contact with the ground to the size of its own mass, and that it does this at a comparatively trifling cost—being in itself so very much cheaper than the same quantity of pure metal, such as copper. It also has the further recommendation that it is not corroded by being buried in moist earth as most metallic bodies are. It virtually confers the large bulbous root upon the conductor, where it is buried up in the ground at a very small outlay.

A good lightning-rod thus takes somewhat the form of a tree. It has a compact central stem, it has branches spread out like point-tipped leaves into the air, and it has expanded rootlets under the ground. The branches above are distributed to the ridges, and to all the prominent parts of the building, which is under their protection, and wherever there are any large metallic masses employed in the structure, such as sheets of lead, iron pipes, or metal balconies, each one of these must be connected with the main system of the conductor by its own metallic strip, and must also have its own projecting air-point. The air-terminals thus assume the state of a widely spread bundle of points opening out to the sky, and projecting everywhere beyond the building.

If the structure be small, three or four such terminals distributed to the loftiest chimneys, and to the most prominent ridges and gables, may be as much as is required. But if the building is large, the points must be proportionally multiplied and the bundle-like distribution be increased. In the Hôtel de Ville, at Brussels—which is, perhaps, one of the best examples of lightning defense applied to a public building upon a large scale—no less than four hundred and twenty-six points have been provided. The main branches of the conductor are carried along all the ridges of the roof, and shoot up as a complete forest of tufted spikes from all the pinnacles and towers (Fig. 5). The chief front of the building has a pinnacled turret and spire rising two hundred and ninety-seven feet above the ground, and bearing at the top a gilt statue of St. Michel, flourishing his sword over the prostrate dragon (Fig. 6). The point of this sword serves as a very appropriate termination to the system of conductors. But it is not relied upon alone. In order to make assurance doubly sure, the platform upon which this figure stands is surrounded by a vast chevaux-de-frise of forty-eight spikes radiating out to all quarters of the sky in a circle sixteen feet in diameter. The statue is pivoted upon a stout central bar of iron, which rises out of a lead-and-copper-covered cupola, and this metallic mass is closely connected with the highest range of the coronet of spikes.

Eight iron rods run down from this lofty spire, and are joined below by numerous other rods that descend from the subordinate pinnacles and spires, and these rods (shown at *c*, in Fig. 7,) are all at last collected into one metallic mass in the inner court, about three feet from the ground (as shown at *d*, in Fig. 7), by being plunged into a square iron box quite filled with zinc, that has been poured in round the rods in a molten state. Three times as many rods distributed into three distinct bundles then issue from the iron box beneath, as represented between *d* and *e*,

in Fig. 7, to establish the connection with the earth, and of these one bundle passes down to an iron tank sunk into a water-filled well dug out beneath the foundations of the building. The second bundle is carried to the iron main of the water supply of the town; and the third is continued on in a similar way to one of the large iron mains of the gas supply.

In this ingenious way not less than three hundred thousand square yards of earth-contact have been secured for the lower termination of the system. It will not be deemed unworthy of a passing note that Professor Melsens, the skillful and bold originator and director of this admirable work, holds that even a large town should be defended from lightning in a similar way by one general system of connected rods distributed to all the most prominent buildings, and issuing from one common earth-termination of very ample capacity.

Such a system is, no doubt, in principle correct, although it may be difficult to carry it out in detail, and is therefore worthy of being followed in smaller works so far as each individual case permits.

The great principle, therefore, which has to be kept constantly and prominently in view in the construction of lightning-rods is simply that the conductor shall be made as capacious as possible, and that there are three quite distinct ways in which ample capacity may be insured: (1) By the employment of large rods for the main stem of the conductor; (2) by the multiplication of the points which bristle up into the air from the highest parts of the building, and (3) by the amplification of the earth-contact under the ground.

It should, however, also be known that it is practicable to ascertain how far in any individual case sufficiency of capacity has been attained, by testing the resistance which the system of conductors affords to a weak current of artificial electricity passed through it to the earth from a battery provided by the electrician for the purpose, although this requires a considerable amount of technical knowledge and skill in the operator to carry it into effect. Such tests need also to be repeated from time to time to make sure that the channel of outlet into the earth is not becoming accidentally diminished or obstructed through the influence of destructive corrosion.

In the memorandum of instructions which was issued by the French Academy of Sciences in 1823, it was laid down as a kind of law that every point of a lightning-conductor efficiently protects a conical space, which extends as far again round the centre of the base of the cone as the cone itself is high. It is now known that this proportion is not implicitly to be trusted to. The presence of large masses of metal in a building, and some other circumstances with which practical electricians are familiar, may require additional precautions beyond those which are involved in its adoption. It may, nevertheless, be looked upon as a good general guide, subject to such incidental modifications.

The lightning-conductor should be arranged so that no portion of the building presumed to be under its protection projects anywhere beyond the surface of such a cone, having a base four times as wide as the conductor itself is high, without an additional point being furnished to it, and placed in connection with the conductor. If the sketch in Fig. 3 be taken to represent a church with a lightning-conductor *a b* upon its tower, whose terminal aigrette, *a*, is one hundred feet above the ground, and the lines *a e*, *a f*, be conceived to mark out a cone whose base is four hundred feet in diameter, then the gable *c* would be beyond the area of protection, and it would be necessary that an additional point, or tuft of points, should be erected there, and connected with the main stem of the conductor as indicated at *d*. Any number of branches and points may be arranged upon the same general system where large buildings are concerned, as, indeed, is the case in the instance furnished by the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels.

FIG. 5.—SHOWING THE SYSTEM WHICH HAS BEEN ADOPTED FOR PROTECTING THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT BRUSSELS FROM LIGHTNING.

There is one measure of precaution which must never be lost sight of in arranging any system of lightning-conductors in towns. The rods must in no instance be carried anywhere near to small soft-metal gas-pipes, or there will be imminent risk of the discharge escaping

deviously to the gas-pipes, on account of the very large and free metallic communication with the earth which these invariably possess, melting them during its passage, and setting fire to the gas which escapes at the damaged place.

Very numerous instances are on record in which the discharge has burst in this way from a conductor with small earth-contact through six feet of solid masonry to get to a gas-standard with large earth communication fixed on the inside of the wall immediately opposite to the conductor. The obvious remedy for this danger, when for any reason a lightning-conductor is required to pass near to a small, flexible gas-pipe, is that the conductor should be itself carried down to one of the large mains of the gas supply.

By adopting this plan, it is clear that all risk would be effectually obviated, because a discharge of lightning

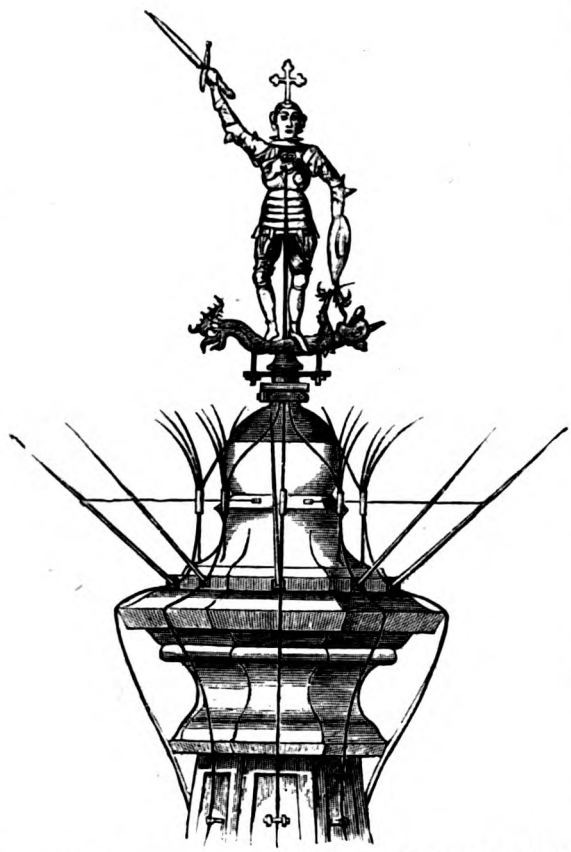


FIG. 6.—THE STATUE OF ST. MICHEL, WHICH SURMOUNTS THE SPIRE OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT BRUSSELS, WITH ITS SUBJACENT CORONET OF TUFTED POINTS.

would not, under such circumstances, need to strike across to the gaspipe to get to the earth-communication of the main, having already its own connection established with that same earth-contact by a nearer and easier route.

THE EDITOR'S OPERA-GLASS.

THE Decorative Art Society of New York have made many agreeable loan exhibitions in aid of their admirable industry; but none has been more successful than the fan collection which filled in the later days of Lent. Amongst the most distinguished contributors is Mrs. Grant, who, in her many triumphant progresses round the world with the ex-President, has collected fans in every land with the most excellent discretion. One of these famous fans, of ivory and gold—the true *chryselophantine* of the ancients—was given to Mrs. Grant by the Queen of Siam; the other was presented by the City of Mexico. Mrs. Grant has also brought beautiful fans from China, Japan, Paris, Madrid and Cuba, and knows all about the history of her fans.

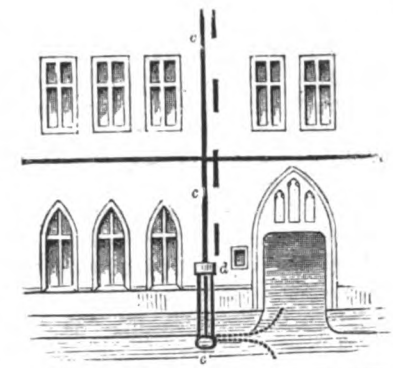


FIG. 7.—A PORTION OF THE INNER COURTYARD OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE, SHOWING HOW THE EARTH CONTACT OF THE LIGHTNING-CONDUCTOR IS MANAGED.

Mrs. Astor, another tasteful and opulent collector, sent a fan painted by Watteau, and another enriched with jewels. It is strange that American women, who are so fond of jewels, have not as yet much carried jeweled fans. Mrs. Barlow sent a lovely specimen, painted with the story of Chryseis; and Mrs. Childs, of Philadelphia, contributed a bit of fourteenth century tumult by sending a fan which has a dagger concealed in the handle. Why has this incident not been used in a play? The great house of Tiffany sent a fan which had been presented to a Polish ambassador by Louis XV., probably for some lovely Polish countess (who have been fascinators of kings and emperors from the earliest to the latest moment of history). Mrs. Alsop sent a curious fan of the days of the French Revolution, bearing on one side a map of France; on the other, the head of Mirabeau.

There is no object in the world so full of romance and history, epigram and suggestion, so eloquent of the caprices of fair women, as the fan; and the Spanish fan loaned by Miss Furniss is a drama of black lace mantillas and castanets.

There was a "slight abatement of penitential fervor" at *Mi-Carême*, a cotillion dinner at Delmonico's, and other parties; a wedding or two, and the usual procession of splendid private dinners. But the observance of Lent was very general in gay New York. The faces jaded by the Winter gayety look the better for it.

Now comes up the agitating question as to whether bridesmaids may not be dispensed with, one pretty bride having gone to the altar with only one fair angel as her minister! The general public is the loser, as the long line of beautiful women who preceded the—*victim*, we were

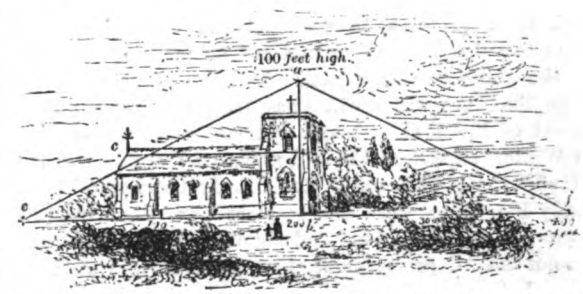


FIG. 8.—ILLUSTRATING THE CONICAL SPACE CONSIDERED APPROXIMATELY AND RUDELY AS PROTECTED BY A LIGHTNING-ROD.

about to say—the vestals who helped to light the torch of Hymen—were always pretty objects for an old opera-glass to look at.

The theatricals of Lent were somewhat disappointing.

Even that renowned and picturesque old highwayman, Claude Duval, was resuscitated in vain. For a man who enjoyed so lively a time as he did when on earth, his spirit must blame those who made him so stupid on the mimic stage. His predecessor, *Billee Taylor*, was bright and animated, and successful in his love for *Eliza*. Really, one can scarcely forgive the authors for not giving us something as good as that again.

Meantime, a very important event happened on April 3d, under the espionage of Mr. Palmer and Mr. Wallack: a universal *matinée* for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. Unwilling that the sad story should again be told of the starving of an actor when on the road from New York to Boston—a story which recalls the days of poor Savage, and of Edmund Kean's early sorrows—these generous men determine to raise a fund which shall be peremptorily ready and solvent to meet such emergencies. As the actors have given to every charity, the public gladly returned the compliment, and were most handsomely responsive.

Over the water, the Prince of Wales has been supping with Mr. Irving at Mrs. Bancroft's—pretty Marie Wilton (she used to be) the genius of the English stage—and taking, as he always does, a great interest in acting and actors. Mrs. Langtry and Mr. and Mrs. Labouchère were of the party. It seems, therefore, that Mrs. Langtry has the friendship at least of one of the most prominent actresses of the English stage.

It seems rather behind the age that gay and witty Paris goes back to the old story of the drunken actor, and gives us a comedietta in verse, called "Une Aventure de Garrick." This is the work of two lawyers—Fabrice Carré and Pierre Ferney, and fell flat—a thing which never befell the English version. It was, however, poorly played at the Odéon.

The sale of a fine gallery in the quiet days of Lent is always an important topic of conversation, and the wonder why Mr. John Wolfe should choose to sell such pictures as his, as, for instance, the best Bougeurreau in the world, and one of the best of Cabanals, has been an added wonder. Very few such pictures come into the market now as those which Mr. Wolfe has been buying for the last twelve years. His portrait of Hasenclever, painted by himself, is one of the choicest pictures in the country. In London our English cousins have had a similar opportunity to buy some of Lord Beaconsfield's superb collections of engravings and etchings. A fine lot of William Blake's illustrations, as originally issued, colored with his own hand, and many proofs of Hogarth, Cruikshank and Bartolozzi, also were disposed of at this sale.

The prices paid for these works of art prove conclusively that a picture is, if a good one, a better investment than bank-stock or houses in almost all instances.

And from pictures to society being but a step from shadow to substance, we cannot but be amused to record that the more fastidious and exclusive of social ladies declare that they will break away from the present management of the F.C.D.C. and Patriarchs balls, and give, next Winter, an eliminated and more aristocratic, and less "mixed" Patriarchs, called the "Lady Patriarchs"! As if Lady Patriarchs were nice! Does age, then, improve the woman, as it does wine and cigars? We thought not. Why not take a pretty name, like Almacks, and give exclusive balls, called the "Aspasias," or the "Terpsichores"? In England the ladies of distinction are talking of rehabilitating Almacks, where the *haut ton* can be severe on Dukes of Wellington, if they choose, like Lady Jersey, of old. The same committee will throw open the grounds of Kensington House for promenade on Sunday afternoons, for subscribers only. All *fêtes* and entertainments only open to selected guests, friends of the subscribers. The attempt to be *exclusive* is as old as the Garden of Eden, where a "new departure" was ordered because a certain uninvited guest crept in. But, alas! then as now, it is the uninvited guest who remains master of the situation.

The opera of "Lohengrin" was never so badly sung, probably, as it was during the late opera season; and yet the boxes were crowded. What German city would not have been ashamed of such a "Lohengrin"? Ladies take those opera-boxes, however, where they can see and be seen, and play with their fans and talk to admiring crowds. "How pleasant the opera would be if we could have it without music," said some honest critic.

Perhaps the handsomest medal ever seen in America has been just sent to the curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, by the King of Italy. It is of solid gold, bearing the royal effigy in relief, and on the reverse side is stamped "To General Count Louis Palmira di Cesnola, discoverer and illustrator of the Cypriote Antiquities." Visone, the minister, accompanies the gift with an autograph letter, which runs somewhat thus: "Accept, sir, this most honorable and durable memorial of the King, as a reward for your noble past; also an encouragement to you to add still more to the honor of the Italian name." In the present state of attack upon General di Cesnola by Mr. Feurdent and others, this compliment from his King must be most welcome.

"How many new books are there?" asked a lady of a publisher. "Three hundred a day," was the polite but somewhat discouraging answer. We hear of a new French novel — somewhat promising — of which several parts have appeared in *La République Illustrée*, called, "Son Excellence Satinette," which sketches the witty Madame Adam, and the less noble Madame de Kaulia, most openly. We have no such works here, unless the society sketches from the pen of well-known women of fashion may be called so, or the novel of Democracy, which tells the Washington story of twenty years ago, may be so described. But the coming event of the proposed admission of women to Columbia College may educate for us the long-expected American novel-writer, who shall combine—as did Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Gore, and as later have a host of clever society women—a knowledge of good society, with the power to tell its plot and counter-plot well and in a fascinating manner.

And yet, why should woman ever do that which she does not do well? Answer, intelligent and gifted Miss Anna Dickinson, Queen of the Lecture Platform? Why will Miss Dickinson essay *Hamlet?* It is a sad story, this of the ever-baffled dramatic instinct. Three women, well-known in America, have repeatedly tried, and as repeatedly failed, in the difficult *rôle* of the actress, and no more conspicuous instance of failure exists than is found in their three stories.

Miss Dickinson made a conspicuous example of failure on three counts. She neither looked her part, nor knew it, nor could have played it had she known it. She must be judged harshly, because she has been something so much better. The emotional, mysterious, intellectual *Hamlet* evaded her; in fact, it was the "*worst* ransacking" of the hidden elements of *Hamlet* ever seen; and she made of the gentlest of Shakespeare's "inspired madmen" "a garrulous and awkward spitfire." So says one of her most intelligent observers.

All this is a fanciful subject for opera-glasses to look upon and to record; but truth is mighty, and should prevail. If these ambitious ladies would only cease their preposterous reachings for the utterly impossible, the

stage would cease to be what now it too often is—a thing to be avoided. It degrades the noble art of the drama. It is absurd, and most belittling, and the spectacle of personal humiliation is utterly painful.

Meantime, another distinguished lady, whose part has been cast in a very hard *rôle*—Queen Victoria—has been enjoying the peaceful seclusion of Mentone. It makes the mouth water to read this description of Mentone on a New York Spring day: "Surrounded by olive orchards, and protected from the northern blasts by the lofty range of mountains at the rear, the royal residence enjoys that perfect privacy Her Majesty so thoroughly appreciates. The views from the terrace and flower-gardens are transcendently beautiful. On clear days the snow-covered mountains of Corsica, some sixty miles distant, may be seen without the aid of a telescope, whilst the Mediterranean, with its ever-changing malachite and cerulean hues, affords an incomparable picture in anger and in calm."

And yet, our own Winter watering-place, Atlantic City, has some of these charms! The ever-picturesque Fortress Monroe also deserves many of those very epithets. Its long corridors under glass, its vivid picture of the ocean stretching far and wide, the gay music of the band, the crowded life, all are very brilliant. But, alas! for a tender beefsteak! that is a joy unknown to the seeker after the hygienic effects of the Hygienic Hotel.

If our American hotel-keepers would only feed their guests simply and well! How few of them offer a good cup of coffee or an eatable bit of butter, a tender chop or a loaf of light bread! The invalid needs these things pre-eminently, and no wonder that the person who seeks relief at Atlantic City, or in Florida, often comes home less benefited than if he had staid at home. There are other needs besides climate in this world.

Our own Congress has been very quiet during Lent. Mr. Bradlaugh, in England, has behaved worse than a whole House of Representatives, which is saying a great deal. Mr. Conkling has declined to be a judge, some say to be a foreign minister, for which he is eminently fitted. President Arthur has made the Spring season gay and agreeable by his many dinners—a real Mayday Festival.

We cannot but regret to see a quarrel amongst Senators over the payment of President Garfield's physician fees. It would be seemly to pass every one without question, and to save that poor widow the anguish of reading of so feeble an attempt to economize our national expenses. For the black hearts that can now traduce Garfield we have no language too strong or too abhorrent. Certainly let *those* ashes be lightly trodden upon.

And for that unfortunate Dr. Lamson, the descendant of General Philip Schuyler, the man so summarily tried and condemned, let us utter a word of pity. He may not have been guilty. His way of administering poison was decidedly too open and bungling. What if some other fiend were guilty, and he the sufferer?

"And now for the May, the blooming May."

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

VENTRILOQUISM BY BIRDS.—Many birds, according to Mr. E. E. Fish, appear to possess powers of ventriloquism. A cuckoo, not a rod off, can make his voice appear to come from a furlong away; the thrush, singing from a low perch, seems to be in the tree-top; the vesper sparrow and field sparrow on the roadside fence, as if singing from a distant field. The robin has a similar power, and the catbird can sing in a loud, voluble sound, or in a low, soft, sweet and tender warble. The ovenbird, the smallest of the thrushes, singing from a distance, can throw its sharp, ringing notes in such a way as to cause the listener to believe that it is almost within reach.

MAGNETIC BRICKS.—It was lately observed by Herr Kepner, at Salzburg, in the Tyrol, that some old bricks had an attractive or repellent force on a compass. From each of eight varieties of clay in the neighborhood two bricks were molded, and one of the two in each case was baked. The unbaked bricks had no action on a magnetic needle, but seven of the eight baked bricks proved polarly magnetic. Some further experiments have been made by Herren Kell and Trienti. Particles of powder of the magnetic bricks adhered to a steel magnet. Breunerite, mica-slate, argillaceous mica-slate, argillaceous iron-garnet, chlorite and hornblende, were, before heating, unmagnetic, but intense heating produced a magnetic polarity, the axis of which seemed to be perpendicular to the plane of stratification. The magnetism of newly heated rocks seems to fall off somewhat in course of time, but some slag of the Ortzthal, perhaps thousands of years old, was found to be still magnetic.

A NEW VARIETY OF GLASS.—A Vienna chemist has recently discovered a new variety of glass. It does not contain any silica, boric acid, potash, soda, lime, or lead, and is likely to attract the attention of all professional persons on account of its peculiar composition. Externally it is exactly similar to glass, but its lustre is higher, and it has a greater refraction, of equal hardness, perfectly white, clear, transparent, can be ground and polished, completely insoluble in water, neutral, and it is only attacked by hydrochloric or nitric acid, and is not affected by hydrofluoric acid. It is easily fusible in the flame of a candle, and can be made of any color. Its most important property is that it can be readily fused on to zinc, brass, and iron; it can also be used for the glazing of articles of glass and porcelain. As hydrofluoric acid has no effect on the glass, it is likely to find employment for many technical purposes.

TINNING OF PAPER AND FABRICS.—A chemist, M. Windeuran, has succeeded in tinning linen, cotton, or paper fabrics by the following process: A pound of zinc powder with a solution of albumen; then he spreads the mixture on the stuff by means of a brush. After drying he fixes the layers by passing the cloth through dry steam, in order to coagulate the albumen. He then passes the stuff, or paper, through a solution of chloride of tin. The metallic tin is reduced to an extremely thin coating on the zinc. The cloth is then washed, dried, and rolled.

PROF. B. PIERCE maintains that the discovery of Neptune was "only a happy accident;" the planet found by Galli, in accordance with Leverrier's direction, was *not* the planet "to which geometrical analysis had directed the telescope."

A "SOLAR" locomotive has been placed on the French Northern Railway. It is so called owing to an electric light which is placed in front and fed by the engine itself, and intended to illuminate the way for a long distance in front.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A FRIEND called upon Rossini one day and found the great maestro smoking. "Ah, that is good," said the friend, taking out his cigar-case, "since you don't object." "Pardon me," replied the artist, placidly, "the smoke of my own cigar satisfies me."

"YOU say you were about to be married—pray, did you ever inquire who your future wife was?" "No, sir, never; why should I? When a man is on the point of drowning himself he does not stay to inquire about the source of the river that's to swallow him up."

"WHAT is the majesty of the law, mother?" asked an inquisitive boy, the other day. "The majesty of the law, my son?" "Yes, mother; "I hear a great deal about it nowadays." "Well," observed the mother, reflectively, "I scarcely know what the majesty of the law is; but I have an idea that it is something which enables railway speculators to escape the penalty of their crimes."

TOM MARSHALL being once fined ten dollars for contempt in a Kentucky court, looked at the judge with a smile, and asked where he was to get the money, as he had not a cent. "Borrow it of a friend," said the court. "Well, sir," answered Mr. Marshall, "you are the best friend I have; will you lend me the money?" "Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "you may remit the fine. The State is as able to lose it as I am."

"IT may be months, darling, before we meet again," he said, squeezing her hand as if that grip were his last; "mountains and valleys will divide us, forests and oceans, perhaps the river of death itself. Can I do anything more than I have done to make you cherish my memory, and keep your love for me unchanged?" "Oh, yes," she exclaimed, choking down the sobs; "buy me a box of tortoiseshell hairpins before you start."

IT IS NOT THE FACT

That the proper way to open a deadlock is with a skeleton key.

That a dark lady canot be said to belong to the fair sex.

That all machinery-wheels do always travel in cog.

That the best way to turn people's heads is to come into church late with creaking boots.

That a new covering is being provided for all the New Year bells that have peeled.

That a chimney-sweep likes his trade because it soots him.

That the best way to have your eyes opened is—by getting married.

That when a man stands on his dignity he is any the taller for it.

A TYPE OF BEAUTY.

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THE MELODRAMATIC ASPECTS OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.—GERMANIA AT THE RHINE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE MELODRAMATIC ASPECTS OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

By Archibald Forbes.

In the nature of things all wars must be studded thick with dramatic incident. "The pomp and circumstance of glorious war" exist, indeed, chiefly in the poet's imagination; for soldiers leave off the gaudy gewgaws of peace-time when the actual hard marching and hard fighting have to be done, and only put on their gauds again should it be their fortune to return victorious from the campaign. Just as a ship meets the hurricane under bare poles, so does an army in the field clear for action by laying aside the plumes and epaulets and tinsel generally that make up its "pomp and circumstance" on the peaceful parade-ground at home. But war has intrinsically a singular force of dramatic interest. The *Ausmarsch*, as the Germans call it, pregnant alike with proud aspirations and with bitter anguish—the heart-swelling at the strains of "The girl I leave behind me" contending with the other heart-swelling; the eagerness for martial distinction; the whirl and turmoil of the battle, the "rapture of the fray," as Kinglake styles it; the spasms of hope of success alternating with those of apprehension of defeat; the long strain of suspense; the cheering of the charge and the groaning of the wounded; the swelling triumph of the victory or the bitter realization of the defeat—all these things present a drama of varied emotional interest, the lurid fascination of which never fails to inthrall the world.

But while this is so, the story of some wars is comparatively prosaic, while others teem with sensations outside that of the actual fighting, and so present an exceptionally wide range of melodramatic incident. Of no war of modern times can this be more truly said than of the Franco-German war of 1870–1. Its story abounds with what in stage parlance are called "situations"; its every episode was sensational. It was a strife, not so much of political friction, but of great nation against great nation. The hearts of the people were in it: empires and dynasties were the stakes; monarchs and the offspring of monarchs were in the field; it shattered one imperial dynasty and it created another.

The difficulty is not to find its melodramatic incidents, but to make a selection of them out of the wealth of those which are the most striking. In the early days of June, 1870, the atmosphere of Europe is that of profound peace. Earl Granville, the British Foreign Minister, has made the statement that there is not a cloud, or the shadow of a cloud, in the political sky. A few days later King Wilhelm of Prussia is quietly rusticating at the little watering-place of Ems. There besets him there Benedetti, the French Ambassador to his Court. Benedetti demands, in the name of his master, the Emperor Napoleon, that King Wilhelm will disavow his sanction to the candidature of his kinsman, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, for the throne of Spain. Wilhelm replies that his sanction has not been asked, and Prince Leopold simplifies matters, and seemingly resolves the difficulty, by declining to be a candidate. But this does not satisfy Benedetti's master. Benedetti is instructed to obtain from King Wilhelm a categorical promise that in the future, under no circumstances, will he permit a German Prince to become a candidate for the throne of Spain. Then the old man's blood is stirred. He declines to give any such promise. Benedetti, pursuant to instruction, persists in the endeavor to exact the promise, or to sting Wilhelm into an angry refusal. He accosts the old king on the promenade. Wilhelm's face flushes with hot wrath; but he forgets not the dignity of his kingship. Looking over Benedetti as if he were a worm on the pavement, he says to his aide-de-camp, Count Lehndorff, "Tell this gentleman I have nothing to say to him!" and then he turns on his heel and stalks away, leaving the Frenchman *planté là*.

And so begins the war that, sought by that Frenchman's master, is to hurl the latter from his throne—a war none the less that the declaration of hostilities comes from France, the preparations for which had been maturing in Germany, under the superintendence of Moltke and Roon, ever since Bismarck, when he left the Tuileries three years before, took away the conviction that war between France and Germany was inevitable, and that the task before him was to get Germany ready for the contest, postpone the crisis till she was ready, and bring it on when that consummation had been attained. Napoleon, Wilhelm and Benedetti were alike the puppets and plaything of the great burly Chancellor.

"*A Berlin!*" was the cry of the French soldiers as they marched along the boulevards of Paris amid the frantic applause of the spasmodic boulevardiers. The braggart cry came from an army that never got nearer Berlin than the frontier of France—came from an army which Le Boeuf warranted ready for war to the last button on the last soldier's gaiter, but which in reality lacked every attribute of an army save the gallant courage that, with all his faults, is inherent in the French soldier. In Germany there was infinitely less throat-splitting, but infinitely more method and alacrity of preparation. Moltke had touched that bell of his in his room in the bureau of the general staff, that bell whose sound is the signal for the telegraph wires to speed to the headquarters of the respective army corps the signal for the mobilization of the reserves of the German army. That army is a national army, a microcosm of the nation, and the hosts which hurried to the German frontier were in reality the flower of the German nation going forth to do battle for King and Fatherland. Just because this was so, there was at once an unique glow of patriotic enthusiasm and an unique volume of subdued lamentation throughout the land. For the greater part of the reserve men were husbands and fathers; and so wherever rose high the din of the cheers, there was an undertone of quiet sobbing alike from castle and cottage.

The Guard Corps of Prussia is defiling across the bridge over the canal, and marching up Unter den Linden on its way to the railway-station on the outskirts of the capital. One of the lower windows in the Royal Palace is wide open, and at it stands the venerable King Wilhelm, Queen Augusta, his wife, and his daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess, whose gallant husband has already left Berlin to take command of his army. The same night the King himself is departing from his capital; for he, too, old as he is, will make the campaign; and he stands here in the familiar window, at once to greet his troops as they march forth to the battle and to say farewell to his Berliners. The rays of the slanting Summer sun ere they strike his snow-white hair light up the statue of Frederic the Great, sitting there on the warhorse over against the palace-front. *Alte Fritz* looks grimly down on his own descendants and on the descendants of the stalwart warriors whom he led so often to victory. Wilhelm is no orator, and oratory on such an occasion would jar on the German character. He says a few plain, manly, feeling words to the throng outside that is hanging on his accents; speaks of his reluctance for war, of the justice of the cause, of

his trust in Providence, of his confidence in the valor of his soldiers; then he tells the Berliners that he leaves to them the care of those nearest and dearest to him; and the old man has said his say with a glisten in his eyes and a break in his voice as the last words come from him ere he turns from the window to get ready for the road.

On the early morning of August 2d it happened to me to be riding with a German patrol along the foreposts in front of Saarbrück. On the Spicheren height, over against us, within easy rifle-range of us, was camped Frossard's division of the French army. As we rode there came to us from Frossard's camp great gusts of clamorous cheering. One of the Uhlans with me opined that the cheering was caused by the news of a French success somewhere; the other ascribed it rather to an extra issue of wine. How were we to know, what was the actual fact, that the French Emperor had come down to the frontier to make a military promenade, wherewith to encourage his Parisians, and that the boy Prince Imperial, the lad whom the Uhlans called "Lulu," had been brought with his father, that he might obtain what was grandiloquently termed his "baptism of fire"? Five hours later that rite was being duly administered to the lad whom, nine years later, I saw lying a mangled corpse on the bloody sward by the Ityotyosi River. The skirmish of the 2d August was not the only occasion on which the Prince Imperial was under fire in the Franco-German war. He told me in Zululand that on the morning of the 15th August, the day after the battle of Borny, he and his father were breakfasting in the garden of the chateau of Longueville, on the southern side of Metz. A German battery audaciously galloped up within range and opened fire on the battalion covering the chateau. Shells crashed through the roof of the building and fell among the soldiers. One burst in a group of officers breakfasting in an adjacent *bosquet*, and killed three of them. The chateau of Longueville became overhot quarters for Napoleon and his son, and the same afternoon the Imperial cortége left Metz and the army of Bazaine altogether, and hied itself inland to Chalons.

What scene in history is more dramatic than that which occurred on the hill of Donchery, over against Sedan, on the afternoon of the 1st September, 1870? Twice before daylight the German hosts, fighting hard, had been pushing their way to grip, in their iron clasp, the doomed army that MacMahon had led into the valley of the Meuse. At length the environment had been effected, and the French army was struggling in vain to break the circle of steel that had girdled it about, all in a chaos of confusion and bewilderment as it was. The picture of that terrible afternoon rises before my eye as I write, the cruel ring of German fire, ever gathering in more closely on that plateau, whereon stood the Frenchmen, as in a shambles; the storm of shell-fire that tore lanes through the dense masses all exposed there to its pitiless pelting; the impotent yet vehement protests against the inevitable, in the shape of furious sorties; now a wild, headlong charge of Marguerite's cuirassiers, thundering in glittering steel-clad splendor down the slope of Illy, with a whirl of impetus that seemed resistless, till the biting fire of the German infantrymen smote the charging mass fair in the face, and rolled riders and horses over into swift, sudden death; now the frantic gallop to their death of a regiment of light horsemen on their gray Arab stallions, up to the very muzzles of the needle-guns that the German linesmen held with so unwavering steadiness; now a spurt of red-trousered foot soldiers darting against a chance gap in the stern ring of environment, quelled too surely by the ruthless flanking fire. No semblance of order there; no symptom of leadership; simply an inferno, in the heart of which writhed an indiscriminate mass of brave men, with no thought save of fighting it out to the bitter end!

But the bitter end—the dire extremity of annihilation—is averted by Napoleon, who for once since the war begun takes heart to think and act on his own inspiration. From the Prussian King's headquarters, on the hill of Donchery, is discerned a horseman riding from out the smoke that envelops Sedan, accompanied by another, bearing a white flag fluttering from the end of a lance. He must be the bearer of a flag of truce. As he approaches the King, who has risen at his approach, he dismounts; and a Prussian officer, who had ridden down to meet him, announced him as General Count Reillé, personal aide-de-camp to His Majesty the Emperor of the French. At the word a thrill runs through the staff of the German monarch, for it has not been hitherto suspected that Napoleon is down there amidst that cloud of fireflecked smoke. Reillé's lip quivers as with a low bow he hands a letter to King Wilhelm, who goes a little aside to read it, accompanied by Bismarck. The note is signed "Napoleon," and it runs:

"Not having been able to die at the head of my troops, I tender my sword to Your Majesty, and ask you to receive my surrender."

I wonder whether, as he realized the significance of these lines, Wilhelm thought of his mother, and of the heartless indignities which the First Napoleon heaped upon Louisa in her own palace at Berlin, when she appealed to him for forbearance in the hour of her own and her country's need, after Prussia's defeat at Jena by the *grande armée* of Napoleon?

Political and military reasons alike demanded the postponement of the acceptance of Napoleon's surrender; and Reillé, with drooping head, rode back into the fortress-city, with a reply that asks for explanations. Meanwhile the news that the Emperor is inside Sedan has spread through the adjacent soldiery; the shout "*Der Kaiser ist da!*" as every forefinger points into Sedan, darts through the excited ranks with the swiftness of lightning, till it culminates in a roar that drowns the rattle of the musketry fire.

The scene changes to the following morning, and to that stretch of *chaussée* between Donchery and the village of Frenois. See Bismarck spring suddenly from his horse, at the sight of a face in that shabby carriage that is coming toward him from the direction of Sedan! Is he excited for once, that he lets the beast go, forgetting even to keep hold of the rain, as he approaches the carriage, and doffing his cap, bows low? Well may he be stirred from his wonted composure! Note him to whom he bows—the man with the leaden-colored face, the lines of which are drawn and deepened as if by some spasm—the man with the disheveled mustache and the weary—oh, so weary!—stoop of the shoulders! That face is familiar to all Europe, but with a different expression; it is the face of Napoleon the Third—and last. Bismarck has recovered his impassiveness ere the Emperor alights, and engages in that strange conference with him outside the weaver's cottage by the edge of the road. Surely that conference is the spectacle of the century for the Old World! And yet so few witness it; only the passing men of the German provision-trains, uncouthly bellowing as they pass, "*Wo ist denn der Napoleon?*" only a handful of German staff chatting on the grass with the three French generals who are Napoleon's companions; only the two stalwart white cuirassiers who stand sentry with drawn swords behind Napoleon's chair, formally constituting him a prisoner; only my companion and myself by the garden hedge, listening to the hoarse murmur of Bismarck's voice, and

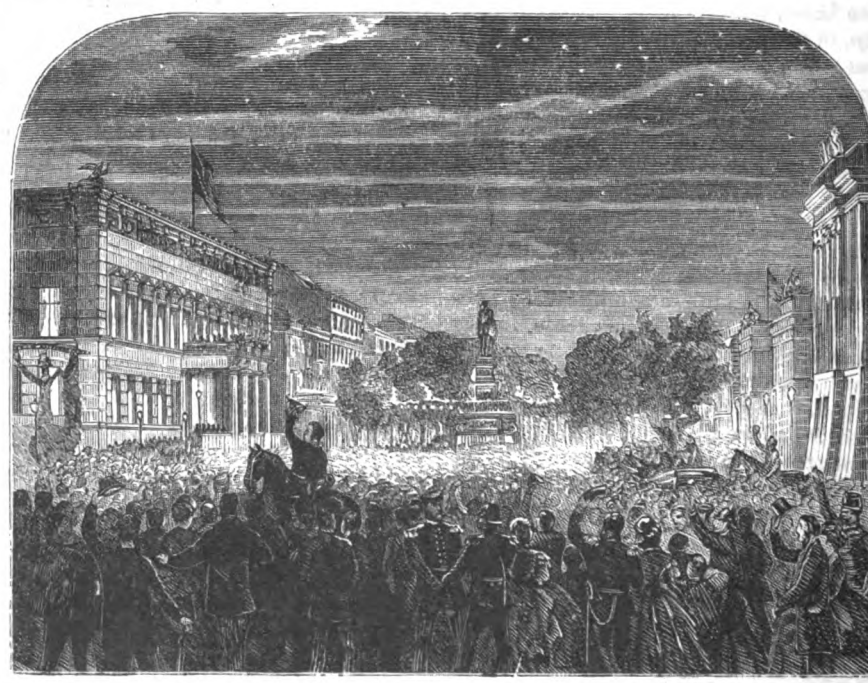
NAPOLEON III.

COUNT BENEDETTI.

watching the forefinger of one of his hands fall with a little smack into the palm of the other.

After an hour spent in conference, Bismarck leaves the French Emperor, and rides away to the rear to consult his own royal master as to the propositions made by Napoleon, leaving the latter meanwhile to digest the situation. It is not a dignified situation for the man who three months ago postured before the world as the arbiter of Europe! A colloquy with Bismarck, stern of heart, sharp if courteous of speech, unyielding in resolve, for an hour or more; for another hour or more a spell of suspense while the man who had vanquished should pronounce the destiny of the vanquished. He, the Emperor of the French, the proudest monarch in Europe, kicking his heels on the roadside by a weaver's cottage, while a Prussian Count gallops to a Prussian King for instructions! The Emperor's composure, well maintained though it be, is obviously sorely strained. He gets up from the chair in front of the cottage and betakes himself to moodily tramping up and down a path in the cottage-garden, limping slightly as he walks, and smoking cigarette after cigarette.

Presently Bismarck returns, hot and flushed from his hard ride. De Wimpfen, the commander-in-chief of the French army, *vice* MacMahon, wounded, hesitates to conclude its capitulation, and until that is completed, Wilhelm declines to see Napoleon and to recognize his individual surrender. So Napoleon re-enters his carriage, and, accompanied by Bismarck and escorted by the cuirassiers, he is conducted some distance on the road back toward Sedan, until the Chateau Bellevue is reached. Here he is permitted to alight,



SCENE BEFORE THE KING'S PALACE, BERLIN—THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF WAR.

and he wearily trails himself up its steps and throws himself upon a sofa in the drawing-room to wait until the argument is ended between Moltke and De Wimpfen. The latter is very obstinate; but Moltke has certain logic at his command that is sternly convincing. He begs the French general to accompany him from the dining-room of the Chateau Bellevue, where the conference as to the capitulation is being held, out on to the little esplanade that commands a wide view of the adjacent country. There he grimly points out how a ring of over four hundred Prussian field-guns, each gun unlimbered and ready for action, encircles Sedan and the broken army huddled up under its ramparts, ready at the word to commence a bombardment that would have been a butchery.

"It is now twenty minutes to twelve," quietly remarks Moltke. "Our cannon are ordered to open fire at noon; and the order will only be countermanded if the capitulation is signed before that hour!"

De Wimpfen sees the force of Moltke's arguments, returns to the chateau and affixes his signature to the capitulation. Napoleon's surrender as a prisoner of war is consummated with the surrender of his army. No obstacle now exists to the meeting he has craved for between Wilhelm and himself. Soon a clatter of scabbards is heard on the road leading to the chateau, and Wilhelm canters up on his black charger, accompanied by the Crown Prince and a large escort of staff officers. As Wilhelm dismounts, Napoleon comes down the steps to salute him.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA EMBRACING THE CROWN-PRINCE BEFORE SETTING OUT FOR THE FIELD.

What a greeting! . The German, tall, upright, bluff, square-shouldered, with the flash of victory from the keen blue eye under the helmet, and the flush of success on the fresh cheek. The Frenchman, bent, leaden-faced, his eye drooping, his lip quivering, bare-headed and disheveled. As the two clasp hands silently, Napoleon's handkerchief is at his eyes, and Wilhelm's face is working strangely.

A dramatic scene, truly, in itself; but how much more

dramatic when the occasions of the previous meetings between these two men are remembered! So far as I know, these were but two. In the year 1814, when the Prussians and Russians were in occupation of Paris, and Napoleon I. had already been relegated to his exile in Elba, there was living in the Chateau of St. Leu, some ten miles to the north of Paris, a Queen without a throne—for she was the wife of a monarch who had abdicated—along with her two surviving sons, the elder of whom was about eight years of age. This Queen's chateau, undoubted Bonapartiste as the lady was, came to be regarded as neutral ground. The coterie in her drawing-rooms was sufficiently enticing. It was dull times for the conquerors, and the great men among them were fain to mix in the sparkling society that was open to them on the neutral ground in the chateau of St. Leu. Hither came once and again the Russian Emperor Alexander, with his minister, Pozzo di Borgo. Blucher preferred a skirmish to a *conversazione*, but Prince Augustus of Prussia would look in, and sometimes there came with him a slim, yellow-haired lad in a lieutenant's uniform, and with the down not yet budded on his lip. The mistress of the pleasant chateau was Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first marriage, and wife of Louis Napoleon, that Bonaparte who preferred Lausanne and his library to the throne of Holland. The yellow-haired lad in the lieutenant's uniform of 1814 is to-day the white-haired monarch of Prussia, the victor of Sedan, and the elder of Hortense's two boys is he who is now standing with his handkerchief at his eyes on the gravel in front of the Chateau Bellevue.

Later these two men met again; this time in Paris, in 1867. Napoleon was in the zenith of his mushroom supremacy. The year before, his intervention had staid Prussia's hand when its clutch was closing on the throat of Austria, as the Prussian hosts lay on the Marschfeld, within sight of the spires of Vienna. All the nations of the earth had gathered to Paris to witness the varied splendors of that Great Exposition that filled the pavilions and corridors of the huge structure which flanked the Champs Elysées. The Emperors and Kings of Europe were the guests of the Tuileries, and King Wilhelm of Prussia, with his great Chancellor, Bismarck, and his illustrious general, Moltke, had the boy of St. Leu for host. The germ of the war, of which Sedan was an episode, had, it is true, sprung from an interview between Napoleon and Bismarck, in the course of this visit of the Prussian monarch to Paris, and the shadow of Sadowa had dulled the warmth of the greeting that the Parisians had given to Wilhelm; but the Prussian King had eaten the salt of the French Emperor—of the broken man who now stood crushed before him, waiting to learn what was to befall him. It was not strange that neither of the actors in this wonderful scene could restrain his emotion.

Two days later, while Napoleon was being escorted to Wilhelmshöhe as a prisoner of war, Paris was in the throes of one of its many revolutions. Grammont and Ollivier had collapsed, and the "gentlemen of the pavement," as Bismarck contumeliously styled the Provisional Governments, are in the ascendant. It is twilight in Paris on that turbulent 4th of September. A quiet brougham is waiting outside a little door on the river-front of the Tuileries, close by the Pont Neuf. There is no imperial crown on its panels, no imperial bees stud the plain harness; it is waiting, it is true, for an Empress, but it is no imperial carriage, but the brougham of Dr. Evans, a well-known American surgeon-dentist, long resident in the French capital. As the gloom darkens there emerges from the door a tall woman, plainly dressed, pale, but more self-possessed than the few friends who are her escort. She enters the brougham and it drives away, carrying into exile Eugenie, the wife of the man who is on his journey to the captivity of Wilhelmshöhe. France is a Republic, and the Empire is a contemned memory.

Perhaps the siege of Paris by the Germans was the most startling event in the modern history of the Old World since Napoleon the First, broke loose from his Elba exile, rode under the archway of the Place de Carrousel. Which was the stranger thing—that the rest of the world should be closed out from that city, which is, so to speak, the trysting-place of the world, or that Paris, the high change of the *flaneur*, the *canard*-monger, the shrewd leader of the *haut finance*, should be cut off from the rest of the earth, and utterly isolated for the space of four long months? It was, as it were, an ossification for the time of the heart of Europe, and the circulation of the continent's blood was broken and erratic, till the functions of its social heart were restored again. And that Paris should not only be isolated, but that in her isolation her great caravansaries and her sumptuous places of amusement should be turned into hospitals, wherein wounded men lay groaning; that her volatile population should become fighting men and Sisters of Mercy; that hostile shells should smite her high places, and hunger and torture her citizens! The writer of fiction who would have dared to introduce such an episode into his story would have been cried down by the critics for his wanton disregard of abstract possibility!

Fiction would not have dared to be so strange as the stern truth embodied in that environment of Teuton soldiery that surrounded the Queen City of the Old World from September, 1870, to February, 1871. While inside Trochu planned, ever unavailingly, outside, in Versailles, Bismarck grimly waited for the "physiological moment," and the palace of the *grand monarque*, with its proud inscription "*A toutes les gloires de la France*," was in use as an hospital for the wounded German soldiers. But on the 18th of January, 1871, the grandest *salle* of that palace, the sumptuous *Galerie des Glaces*, was cleared of the truckle-beds of the wounded soldiery, that it might be the scene for the proclamation of a new Emperor. The great mirrors that once reflected the splendor of the Court of Louis reflect to-day the varied uniforms of the German armies. Not Prussian uniforms alone do the mirrors reflect, but Bavarian, Würtemberger, Saxon, also, for to-day witnesses the consummation of German unity, and the creation, or rather the resurrection, of a German Empire. The raised dais at the upper end of the long hall is thronged with the princes and potentates of Germany, gathered there to proclaim as "the German Emperor" the square-shouldered, white-haired monarch who stands in the centre of the forefront of the throng. Behind and on either side of him are the men who have made that Empire—Bismarck, the planner; Moltke, the strategist; Roon, the army reformer. By his side, flushed with pride in his father, stands the gallant Crown Prince, scholar, general, patriot. Suddenly there stands forth the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, with a clash of his sword as its scabbard-point rings on the polished floor. He waves his plumed helmet aloft, and shouts, "Hurrah for the German Emperor!" The deep-noted "Hoch!" is caught up vociferously by the throng; it is repeated over and over again, till the echo of the cheering booms out over the Place d'Armes below. The wounded soldiers in the adjacent galleries hear it as they lie, and they give it back in feebler, but not less earnest, tones. The Crown Prince is on his knees before the Emperor, his father, kissing the hand of father and Kaiser. The cannon bellow out the salute, the

noise of which mingles with the firing of the fighting line out to the front by Montretout and Ville d'Avray. There is a flush of triumph on Bismarck's dark face, for the unity of Germany has been formally consummated, and the Empire of Charlemagne has been resuscitated.

The "physiological moment" came at last, postponed long enough to vindicate the heroism of Paris. She had succumbed only to direst need. It happened to me to be the earliest witness, from the outside, of the plight of hungry misery to which she had been reduced before she brought herself to suffer the humiliation of surrender. Wan citizens crept by on the unlit boulevards, before and since a parade of luxury and sleek affluence. No *cafés* invited the promenader with brilliant splendor of illumination and garish lavishness of decoration; for there were no promenaders to entice, no fuel to furnish gas, no dainty viands wherewith to trick out the plate-glass windows. The gayety, the profusion, and the sinfulness of that Paris which one had known of yore had given place to sombre dejection, to utter depletion, to decorum at once beautiful, startling and sad. The Red Cross floated from almost every house, indicative of sick and wounded inmates; bandaged cripples limped along the streets, and the only traffic was furnished by the interminable procession of funerals.

But there was to befall Paris a yet sorer humiliation than surrender—the entry within her gates of the conquering army. It is curious how history repeats itself. In 1814, when Blucher carried the heights of Montmartre and led his soldiers down into the city, a Prussian bandmaster composed a marching-tune for the occasion, which he called the "Pariser Einzugs-Marsch"—the "March for the Entry into Paris." It was brought into requisition again in 1815, when the Allies occupied Paris after Waterloo; and now once again Paris was to hear the appropriate strains, as the Teuton columns tramped past Napoleon's Arch of Triumph and flowed like a broad river down the Champs Elysées. But before the entry into Paris there was held a grand review on the plain of Longchamps, on the skirts of the Bois de Boulogne. To this day the foresters of the Bois point out the faint traces of long trenches in its glades, which they aver to having been the cooking-places of the Prussian army that camped there in 1815. And if you ask of a forester why there are no large trees in the Bois, notwithstanding that it is one of the most ancient forestal domains in France, he will assign the reason that the allied forces after Waterloo wrecked the old forest by cutting down the trees wherewith to boil their camp-kettles. A glorious pageant this review, as the old Kaiser on his strong, black horse cantered along the serried lines that stretched from the Cascade down to the verge of the village of Auteuil! Wilhelm himself refrained from leading the way into the subjugated city, and rode quietly back to Versailles, past the gaunt, fire-blackened skeleton of the once beautiful Chateau of St. Cloud. But his soldiers tramped on through the Bois to the Porte Maillot, and thence spread over that portion of the French capital which by arrangement was assigned for the temporary German occupation. From the Trocadero a whole division looked forth on the beautiful city. Lo! before the Teuton host lays Paris as in a panorama. Over against it, rose the gilded dome of the Invalides, below which lie the ashes of the great Napoleon. Behind, the grand pile of the Arch of Triumph reared its head. In the distance rose the towers of St. Sulpice, the Pantheon, Notre Dame. At the feet of the Germans wound the Seine, striped out with its beautiful quays, esplanades and bridges; beyond, the Champ de Mars, clad with the white tents of the French. Another division, marching straight down the Champs Elysées, saw from its bivouac-place on the Place de la Concorde, the garden-front of the historic Tuileries.

In the Place, the allegorical statues of the French city are draped with crape. Profounder than those hooding the others are the trappings of mourning on the statue of Strasbourg, the fair Rhine city that has been torn from France. And who is this tall, square man on the big horse, who, helmet on head and clothed in undress cuirassier uniform, sits in his saddle in the shadow of the statue of Strasbourg, and looks fixedly through the leafless trees of the garden at that corner of the Tuileries which is next the Rue Rivoli? Bismarck, from underneath the emblem of the province he has reft from France, as he sits here amid the consummation of that enterprise of which he has been the life and the soul, is looking at the windows of that room in the Tuileries wherein he and Napoleon had the interview in 1877, from which the former came out with the fixed conviction that the only solution of the problem at issue between France and Germany must be war. The conviction has been fulfilled, and to his triumph. Who shall say to what extent has it been that his conviction that the war was inevitable has been the cause of that war?

A VERITABLE GHOST STORY.

JOSEPH ADDISON, when the Right Honorable Robert Boyle knocked at the door of the garret in the Haymarket; the Heir of Linne, when the ceiling broke over his thriftless head, and the one "faithful friend" left to him stood confessed—were joyful men; but never a man, in fact or fiction, was more joyful than I, when, on a certain morning in the month of September, a letter was put into my hands bearing a country post-mark. London, at all times odious to me, is peculiarly odious in September.

Since February I had been close locked in the embraces of the "stony-hearted stepmother," and I could see no remission of my doom. Others might repair the wall, but I could abide only in my breaches; and for the most insipid of all reasons—for the reason that there was no other place whereto I could betake myself. For me no door of hospitality creaked on generous hinge; no friendly hand beckoned to me; no voice, I could not hear, summoned me through the penny post. So in London I staid, and cursed my fate; for to go a-touring as my own host was beyond the question.

A combination of untoward events had for some time past confined me to a simple and retired mode of life, and had, indeed, brought me into disagreeable proximity to that "eternal want of pence" which, if Mr. Tennyson will permit me to venture on a more than conjectural emendation, is by no means confined to public men, among whom I have no pretensions to range myself.

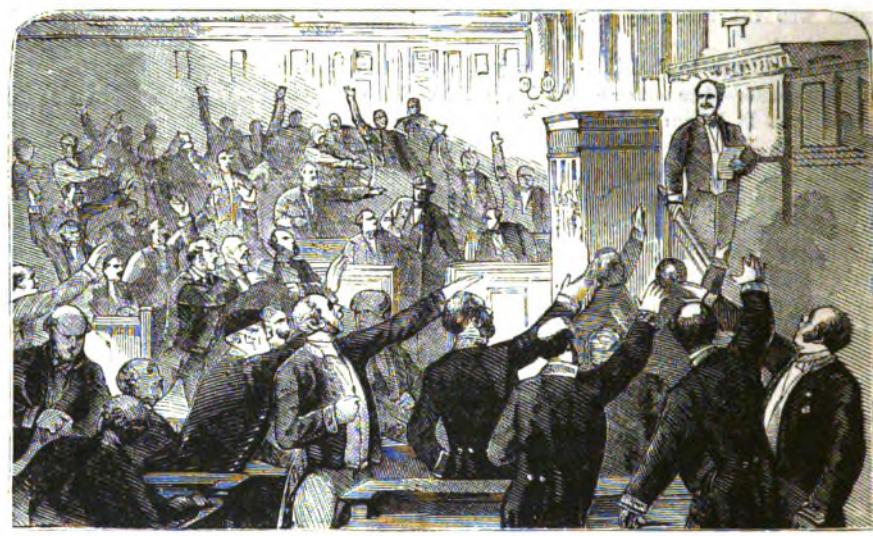
The letter was from my old friend and comrade of school and college, Matthew Morley. "Come down," it ran, "as quick as your own engagements and the Midland Counties' line will let you. Bring everything that you have necessary for hunting, shooting and fishing, save horses, birds, and fishes, which I will provide. Bring your best spirits and your best appetite, and stay till you have exhausted both. There is no party—only Jacky." Was ever written or read so perfect an invitation?

My preparations were soon made, and before almost I

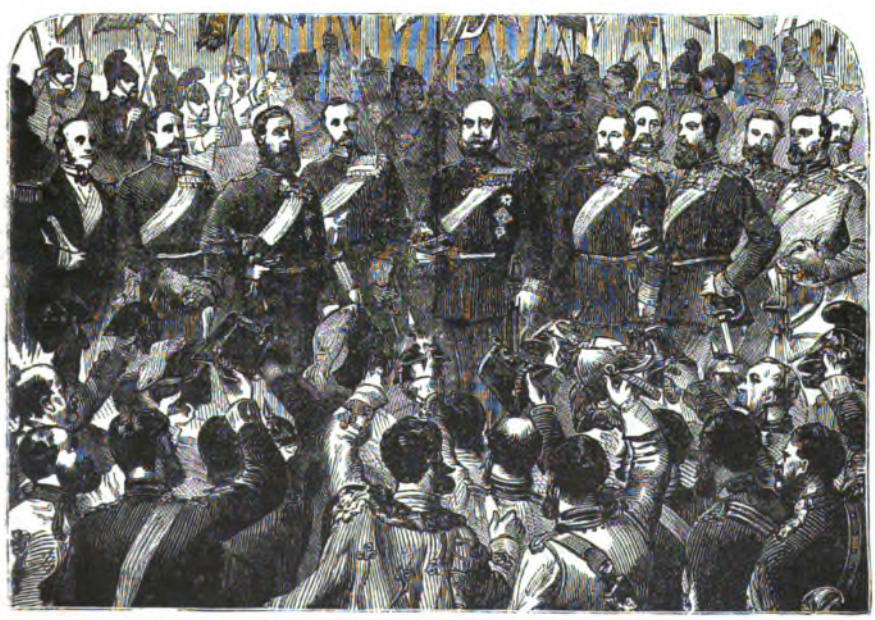
NAPOLEON III. RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS OF THE SENATE.

had fairly realized my deliverance, I found myself whirling away through a sunny English landscape to fresh air, pleasant quarters, good company, and above, perhaps, and beyond all, to a blessed state of freedom, to a Utopia where the wicked should cease from troubling, and the weary one be at rest for a time.

My friend Mat was universally acknowledged to be the "best fellow out." Whether he truly merited this tremendous distinction, I cannot undertake to decide; but he certainly was a very "good fellow." Handsome, clever, agreeable, and sufficiently rich, he was one of those rare



SCENE IN THE FRENCH SENATE ON THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

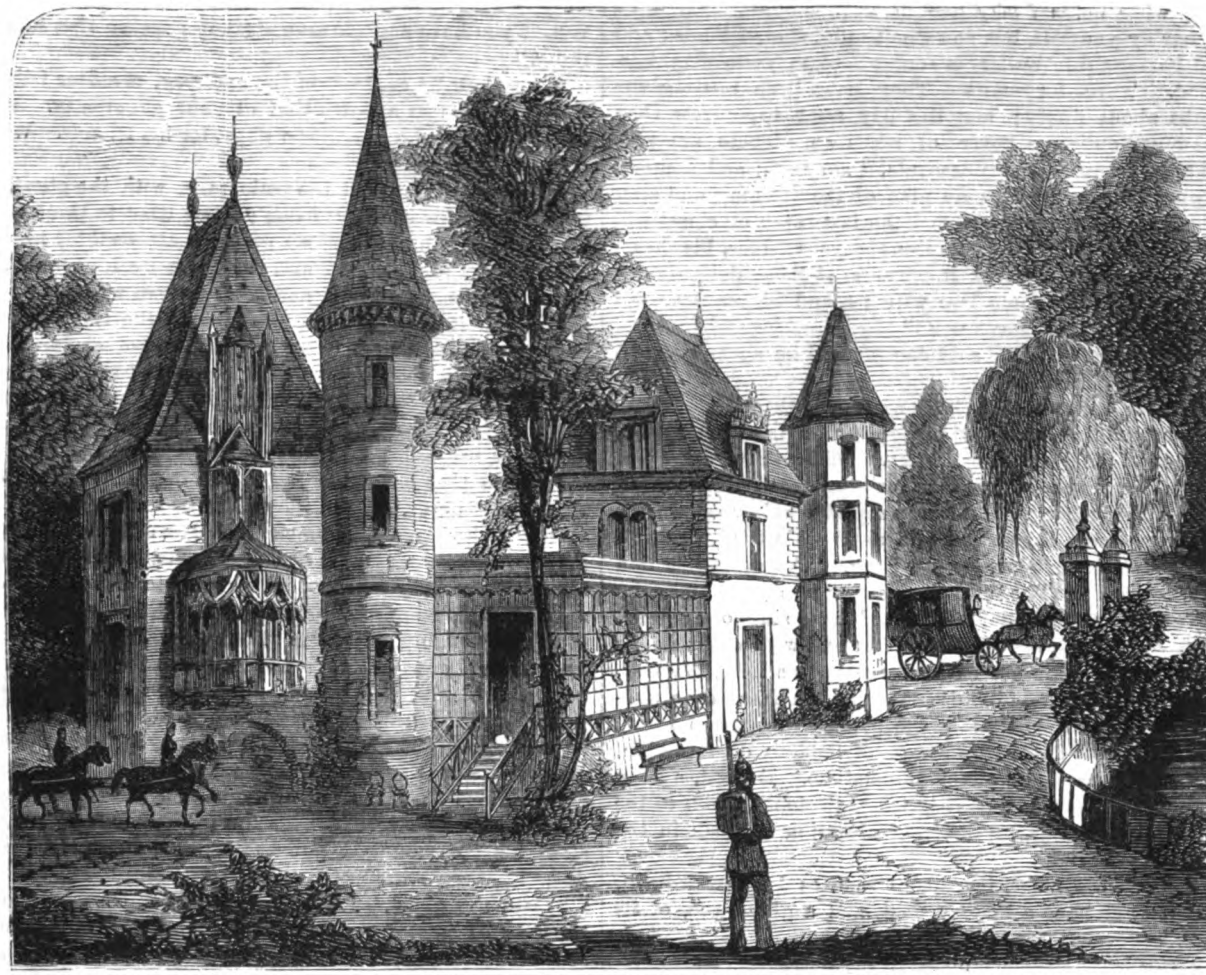


KING WILLIAM PROCLAIMED EMPEROR IN THE GALLERY OF MIRRORS, VERSAILLES.

and happy individuals who are equally popular with both sexes — nobody's enemy, in short, and least of all his own. His wife was a little, plump, sweet partridge of a woman, not precisely pretty, but very pleasant to look upon — well read, a capital talker, yet withal an excellent housekeeper. They had one child — a fat, curly-headed, blue-eyed boy, who promised, as his father said, to take a deal of spoiling. Altogether, they were a very charming couple, and kept a very charming house.

Jacky merits few words to himself. His name was Johnson, but he must not be confounded with the common wearers of that vulgar patronymic. A strange peculiarity gave him a status and a personality of his own, and that was an extraordinary affection for Ireland, and all people and things Irish. To pass for a son of that moist and melancholy soil was the master-passion of his heart, though he was English to the backbone, and had never, it was believed, set foot outside the country of his birth. But he had absorbed a vast amount of reading on the subject, chiefly of the romantic order.

Charles Lever, in particular, was the idol of his worship, and from him, and others who have written of the glories and the griefs of Erin's green isle, he had compounded a curious form of language which he



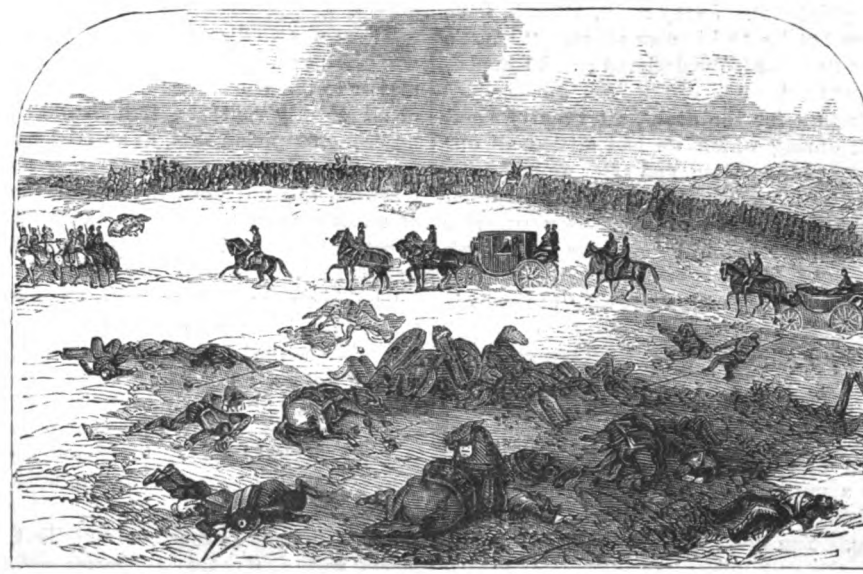
THE MELODRAMATIC ASPECTS OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.—CHATEAU OF BELLEVUE, WHERE NAPOLEON III. MET THE KING OF PRUSSIA. SEE PAGE 641.

delivered as one, he fondly conceived, to the manner born. For the rest, he was a vulgar, kind-hearted, merry little fellow, very liberal with his money, of which he always had a plentiful supply, and a past-master in all the theory of sport, though something less admirable in practice. How the friendship between him and Mat ever originated was a mystery, but firm friends they were, and for some years past there had existed a regular partnership between them in all their sporting arrangements. Such were the friends to whom I was bound.

They were waiting for me at the station where I had been bid to alight. Jacky, on the platform, fat, radiant, and sunburned; and outside, Mat, in the neatest of dog-carts, with a wicked-looking bay mare between the shafts, in a mighty state of impatience to be quit of the broken-knee'd company in which she found herself.

"Jump up, my boy!" cried Mat. "The mare's a bit fidgety; your things will come on in the cart. Now, Jacky, gently with my springs. Sit tight!" and, with a tremendous bound, off we went. As we rattled along, Mat unfolded the plan of the campaign. He had got the place marvelously cheap, he said; as it was so big nobody would take it.

"It's a trifle out of repair, but we have put as much as we want in capital order.



NAPOLEON III. PASSING THROUGH THE BATTLEFIELD OF SEDAN ON HIS WAY TO BOUILLON.

One wing holds Jacky and us well enough. You'll be rather by yourself, but you won't mind that, I know; and old Parsons (the butler) is somewhere in your neighborhood. Then for sport. They have been rattling the clubs about finely; and the day after to-morrow they draw an outlying cover of my own. There are partridges, I know; and pheasants, I am told; and a moat, supposed to contain some pike of fabulous age and size. The cook is in rare fettle, and the last batch of claret will make your hair curl. Parsons says it does his heart good to see Jacky drink it. There, if these delights thy mind can move, come live with us, and be our love, till something better moves you!"

"Divil doubt him!" said Jacky; and he spoke my sentiments to a nicety.

We had turned off the high-road now, through a pretty, ivy-covered lodge, and were bowling along through rich, wide-stretching pastures, intersected with a variety of what Jacky was pleased to call most "gentlemanly" fences. Another gate, a sweep round a well-wooded little copse, and the house came in sight. Certainly it was a large and ancient-looking building. "A looming bastion topped with fire," it seemed, standing up square and grim against the setting sun. It formed three sides of a square, each wing being crowned at either end with a turret. In the centre a stone portico gave access to a long, low hall, paved with black-and-white marble. In front lay a well-shaven lawn, divided from the fields by a sunken fence, and a pair of light iron gates, of modern construction, hung between pillars of venerable stone. Behind, a large paddock, fringed with stately trees, stretched down to the home of the mighty pike, now gleaming crimson in the rich western light.

"A fine old place, indeed," I said, as I jumped down. "It should have a history, Mat, and a ghost, too, of its own."

Jacky looked at me, nodding mysteriously, and pursing up his fat lips, as though he could a tale unfold and he would.

"I don't know about the history," answered Mat, with a short laugh, "but some will swear to the ghost. But come, we have only just time to dress. Let me show you to your room."

'Twas a merry party sat down to dinner that night. Mat's wife seemed as pleased to see me as was her husband; the cook surpassed herself, and the claret was more than all my fancy painted it. Jacky must, I think, have drunk at least three bottles to his own share. "There's not a headache in a hogshead," he declared; and I hoped, for his sake, there was not.

As we were separating for the night, after a prolonged tobacco-parliament, during which we had settled all our own affairs and those of the nation, and after we had carefully corrected any possible acidity that might have lurked in the claret by the application of some very superior Scotch whisky, I asked Mat what he meant by his remark anent the ghost.

"Nothing," was the answer, with a yawn; "at least it's all nonsense."

"But what is it that's all nonsense?" I persevered.

"See here now——" began Jacky; but Mat stopped him.

"If Jacky once gets on the subject of ghosts he'll talk till the first Monday after eternity. It's some folly of the servants. There's a pretty kitchenmaid in love with one of the grooms, and she's reported by Parsons to have seen or heard something. You know what that means: if one servant begins, all the rest follow like a flock of sheep. Even old Parsons looks grave of mornings. Of course, as I say, it's all nonsense; but perhaps I should have warned you, if you have any particular fancies about that sort of thing."

"Not at all," I said; "on the contrary, my dear fellow, I look on this as a new proof of your generosity. It is not every man who provides a ghost for his friends. What do you think, Jacky?"

"Begorra," answered the little man, with the ghost, as it were, of a hiccough, "I don't know what to think of it at all, at all. But if there's a ghost, faith, we'll lay him in a Red Sea of Mat's claret, and what better can ye wish?"

This was unanswerable, and so to bed we went.

Whether it was the change of scene, the railway journey, the claret, or the whisky, or all these causes combined, I know not; but this I know, that I slept a deep, unbroken sleep, "like any christom child," till the sound of pouring water opened my eyes on the servant setting forth, for my delectation, a mighty tub; and that if all the ghosts that haunt the limbo of departed spirits were abroad that night, at least they disturbed not me.

Others, however, it seemed had been less fortunate. Parsons's face wore an air of severest gloom, as I encountered that worthy servant on my way to the breakfast-room, and his respectful greeting was clouded with a sense of injury. Within, I found all ill at ease. Jacky's appetite was almost gone—though that, to be sure, might have been the claret; but on his mind there evidently lay a weightier burden than all the claret that ever left the pleasant land of France could have imposed. Mat himself was short in speech and temper; while something far more serious than the fall of China had manifestly happened to render sweet Mrs. Mat no longer mistress of herself. That confounded ghost, I argued, mentally, for a ducat!

It was the ghost. It had been at its tricks again, and the cook had given warning. Here was matter for sorrow, indeed! The house was large, my nerves strong, my digestion good. All the ghosts that Mrs. Crowe ever heard of might, so far as I was concerned, have played their ghostliest on whomsoever and in whatsoever fashion they pleased; but the cook must not be disturbed. In her all our comfort, all our happiness, our very being, were centred.

"She fills, she bounds, connects and equals all!"

For the first time I began to feel a real interest in the goblin.

There was no disguising the fact; the whole community was unhinged. Every one, I need scarcely say, from the master to the kitchenmaid, was loud in scornful disbelief of all ghostly visitants, though Jacky seemed to have a lingering suspicion that, as an Irishman, it did not behove him altogether to repudiate their existence. Despite, however, this universal skepticism, there was a sensation of uneasiness in the domestic atmosphere. Ghost or no ghost, the matter, it was generally felt, had exceeded the limits of a jest.

The day wore somewhat wearily away. We inspected the stables, but there was no proposal to have the horses out. We walked down to the moat, and stared at its muddy waters, speculating bitterly on the size of their inhabitants, but made no movement to put our speculations to the proof. We smoked a great deal, however, and all drank brandy-and-soda-water at luncheon. At dinner, as may be guessed, we were less hungry than thirsty.

The soup was pronounced excellent, and the claret attacked with a more than Bulgarian savageness. When our hostess left the dining-room, she left us for the evening.

Something, it was agreed, must be determined about this hideous goblin that threatened to destroy our peaceful home; and good Mrs. Mat was well aware of the importance of tobacco in masculine councils. An immediate adjournment was made, therefore, to the smoking-room; the "materials," as Jacky called the whisky, were produced; for in such a crisis our souls were too big for coffee, and Mat, of course, took the chair.

I need not particularize our deliberations. Unlike many of more national import, they had a practical result, and to that result I will come.

As I have said—or, as I think I have not said yet, as I will say now—a gallery ran round the house on the third and topmost story. Here were the rooms where the servants slept, and others, long dismantled, tenanted only by spiders and mice, and furnished mostly with cobwebs. In the centre of this gallery, fronting a deep bay-window, a wide staircase led to the lower story. Beneath the turrets, which crowned, as I have said, either end of the wings, a similar but smaller window admitted, through tiny diamond-shaped panes, a dim mysterious light. It was a gloomy place—a place of all others for a ghost; and here it was our particular goblin delighted to play its unhallowed pranks.

Here, then, it was resolved we should take our watch. It was from this gallery, or from its immediate neighborhood, that the sounds arose that disturbed the midnight slumbers of our domestics, and, as a natural consequence, poisoned the happiness of our own waking hours. If the ghost, then, came of mortal mold, and proved itself no more of phantom coinage than the Black Friar that visited Juan in the halls of Amundeville, here was the place where we should be most likely to lay hands on the rash intruder. If it came from below—I allude to the lower part of the house, not to that nether world to which disembodied spirits are vulgarly affiliated—it was obvious that it must pass to the scene of its operations by the staircase which we commanded. If in the gallery itself, or in the rooms opening on the gallery, was its lurking-place, then, at any rate, we could not be more conveniently posted to track it to its lair.

It had struck eleven when Mat gave the signal for departure. Armed each of us with a stout cudgel, and, stepping lightly with slippered feet, we set out for the scene of operations. A bright moon, shining nearly at the full in a cloudy sky, gave a fitful light to our passage. All around was at times as bright as day, but with an unnatural and fantastic brightness; and anon some passing cloud would plunge us and everything into a gloom peopled with all manner of spectral shapes and shadows. Whoever has made his way at such an hour and by such uncertain light through an old, half-empty house will understand the feelings with which we moved to our destined quarters.

> "Foredoomed to ghosts and phantoms,
> That gallant army came."

The disposition of our forces was as follows: Mat commanded in the centre, Jacky on the right wing, I on the left. There was no lack of concealment, of deep-set corners and umbrageous nooks, whence, like to beautiful-browed Œnone, we could see all, ourselves unseen. Ensconced in one of these coigns of vantage, a dusky recess at the extreme end of the left wing, and commanding the whole length of the gallery, up to the left of Mat's position, I watched and waited.

How long I had kept vigil I cannot precisely say, but I know that I had more than once caught myself nodding painfully. If only I might have smoked! The smallest and mildest of cigarettes would have been invaluable; but Mat had been careful to impress upon us the fatal objection to such a course. Tobacco, somebody once said—was it not Lord Beaconsfield?—is the tomb of Love; according to Mat, it was also the one tomb from which all ghosts, of the kind we expected to catch, distinctly refused to arise.

Cold, cramped, and comfortless, I had just been awaked to an unnatural consciousness by the sudden dislocation of my neck, consequent on a nod of abnormal violence, when there fell a sound, on what, in courtesy, I must term my listening ear, which set every nerve in my body tingling, and banished at once both the substance and the idea of sleep. It was a strange sound, unlike any I had ever heard before. It was not a cry, nor a groan, nor a sigh, but a compound, as it were, of all three—a very ghostly sound, indeed, and wide awake I was, from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet, the instant I heard it.

Whence it came I could not be certain, save that it was not from above or below, but on the level of the gallery itself; and as there was nothing behind me but the blank wall and the bow-window, it must obviously have come from some point between Mat's post and mine. Leaving my corner, then, I moved stealthily up to get touch, as the soldiers say, of the former's left. At that moment a larger and darker cloud than usual plunged the gallery into a deeper and more protracted gloom. As I passed by one of the disused rooms, through the half-open door of which the cool night-breeze, wafted in through a broken window, blew softly on my face, the cry was reflected with startling and sudden distinctness, while at the same instant something seemed to brush past my shoulder, so close as almost to touch me. Down the gallery, toward Mat, I heard a sound as of some rapid movement, through the upper air, for the oaken floor gave forth no sound of passing tread; and once again, but further this time and fainter, that strange ghostly wail rose and died away upon the night. I do not think—at least I like not to think—that I was frightened; but I set my teeth hard and took a tighter grip of my trusty stick, as, raising my voice as loud as I dared without waking the house, I called to Mat to be on his guard, and quickened my pace up the gallery. Once again, as I did so, I heard the cry, and that strange swooping sound, that "beat of invisible wings," as though some spirit of ill—Azrael, perhaps, himself—were abroad that night. The next instant I was round the corner.

No sight nor sound of either of my brothers on guard, though that cry, had they been on their posts, must have reached them as clearly as me! Had they played me false and sneaked off to bed, leaving me and the ghost to fight it out between us? What should I do? Follow their example, and leave the foe in undisturbed possession of the field? While I pondered, much perplexed and in no sweet temper, again the cry sounded, and this time, beyond all doubt, from Jacky's post on the right; but scarcely had it died away when another sound rose on the air, of a very different and less ghostly kind—a woman's voice, shrill and sudden; and close on it an exclamation, the purport of which I could not catch, but couched, unless my ears deceived me strangely, in Jacky's familiar tones. Even in the way of kindness, no ghost can be permitted to lift his hand against a woman! Off I set accordingly, burning with all manner of valiant resolves, and, turning the corner, ran full into the arms of one of the maids, a comely wench, with disheveled hair, far-streaming robe, and a petticoat thrown hastily over a pair of plump shoulders.

"The ghost, the ghost! It's got Kate!" was all the girl could gasp, as pointing down the passage, she disengaged

NAPOLEON ARRIVING AS A PRISONER IN THE PRUSSIAN CAMP.

herself from my involuntary embraces, and leaving her upper garment in my hands ("Gods and men," sighed old Pan, "we are all deluded thus!"), was off like a lapwing. Strict orders had been issued that, no matter what tumult might rage without, no servant, unless specially summoned, was to leave his or her room that night. But this was more than flesh and blood could stand. The gallery was filling fast with white-robed figures and many twinkling feet,

> "With floating draperies and with flying hair,
> With eager eyes, and light but hurried tread,
> And bosoms, arms and ankles glancing bare."

It was useless to order them back to their rooms; in the presence of a ghost all men are equal. So summoning one of the footmen, who was rather more decently clad than the rest, and brandished, moreover, a poker in his manly grasp, I advanced against the enemy.

The two kitchen-maids were the only inhabitants of the wing over which Jacky had been set to watch. There were five rooms on the right-hand side, looking from the centre, and on the left six smaller rooms, scarcely more than large closets, which had never been inhabited within the memory of man. It was in the two first of these five rooms that the girls slept, a door between the two afford-

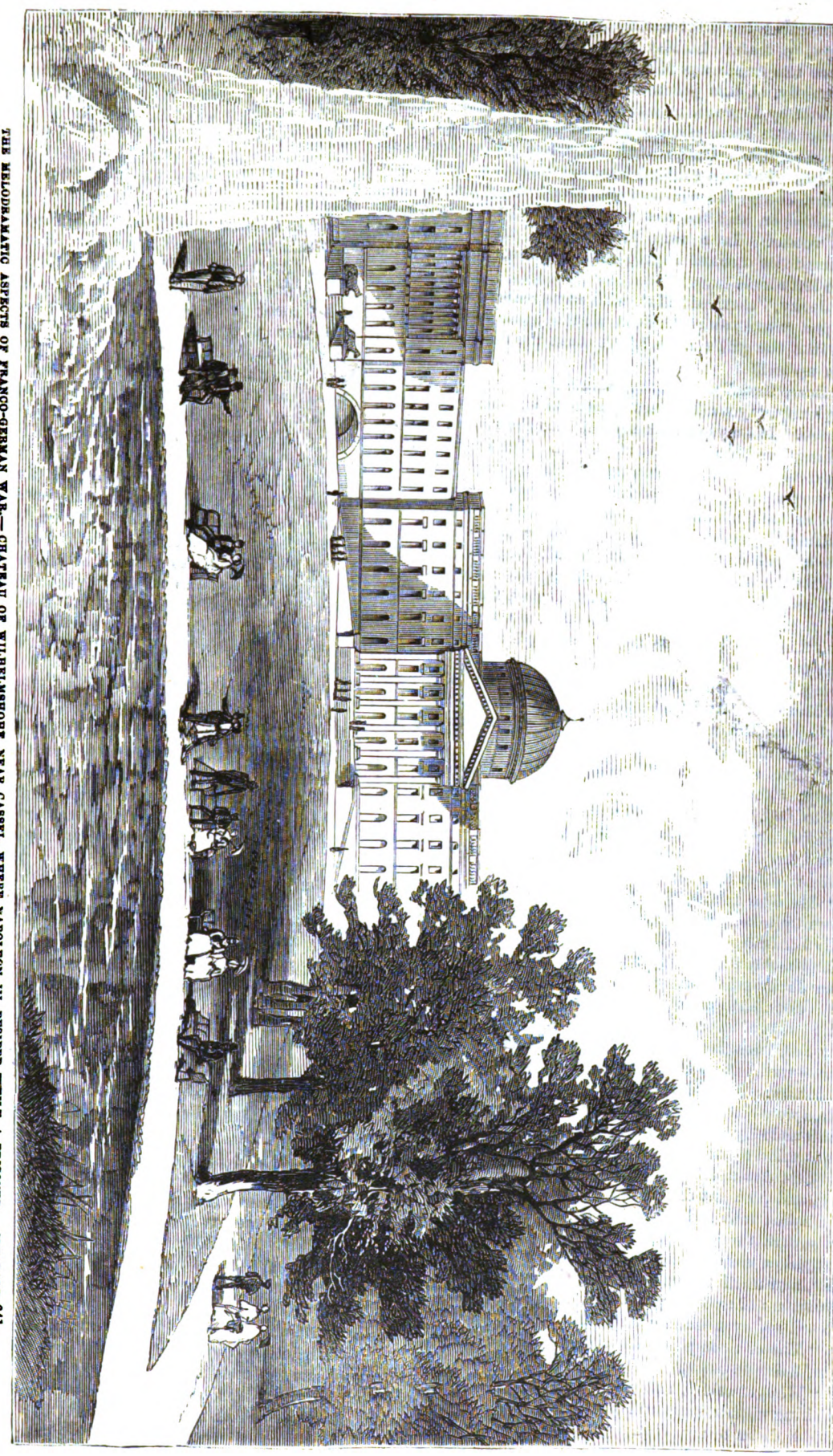
THE CAPTIVE EMPEROR TAKING EXERCISE IN THE GARDENS OF WILHELMSHOHE.

WHY THERE ARE NO OLD TREES IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

ing free communication and mutual protection. Ellen, the fat maid whom I encountered, had vouchsafed the information that the ghost had "got Kate"; and from unmistakable sounds emanating from Kate's room, it was evident at least that, ghost or no ghost, something had happened very seriously to upset that young person's equilibrium. The door was opened and in I rushed, closely followed by my stalwart ally.

What a spectacle of fear met my sight! In the centre of the room stood poor Kate, in no other garment than her night-dress, and revealing in

the moonlight that streamed in through the window rather more of a stout and well-shaped person than, I trust, that usually discreet damsel was in the habit of submitting to male inspection; while the same tale-telling luminary brought into prominent relief—"alas, that e'er it should!"—the familiar form of—Jacky! Jacky himself, and none other, standing by the bedside, and staring at us with the most comical look of perplexity that ever human countenance wore. The situation was embarrassing, certainly, but ghostly—no; a more earthly pair I never set eyes on. The situation, I say, was embarrassing for all of us. Where the deuce was Mat? was my first thought. The servants, of course, were all crowding into the doorway; the girl was sobbing hysterically; Jacky was pouring forth, scarcely less hysterically, a torrent of voluble, but wholly incoherent, explanations; the men were tittering, and the women muttering, "Shame!" A pleasant



THE MELODRAMATIC ASPECTS OF FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.—CHATEAU OF WILHELMSHOHE, NEAR CASSEL, WHERE NAPOLEON III. RESIDED WHILE A PRISONER.—SEE PAGE 641.

predicament truly for a simple young man bent upon a happy, peaceful holiday from all care and worry! Where the deuce was Mat?

Happily, at this juncture he appeared upon the scene, followed by Parsons, in whose reverend presence the most questionable transaction could not but assume an air of respectability. Under such influence order was soon restored. The still sobbing Kate was consigned to the care of Mrs. Jones, the sympathetic, albeit sadly scandalized, housekeeper, and the rest were dismissed to their respective rooms. In a very few minutes the gallery had assumed its normal aspect and stillness, and we three were left alone.

"Jacky," then said Mat, with some reasonable show of temper, "what on earth does all this mean? What took you into the girl's room? and what the deuce have you been up to?"

"Sure, then," said Jacky, scratching his head in sore perplexity, "your last two questions are easily answered enough. It's myself took myself into the room; and it's nothing I've been up to at all, at all. But for what it all means, the deuce a bit I can tell. I heard a very queer noise—a very moral of my grandmother's banshee—and seeing an open door, made bold to peep in, thinking I'd be after catching the rascal, when out jumped a fine fat lass, with little enough on her, squeaking for all the world like a pig with its throat cut; and seeing there was another of them, with as good a pair of lungs in full play, I stepped up to her, poor soul! and let her see I was no ghost, but as good flesh and blood as herself, and plenty of it, by the same token, it's she that's got. An' then ye all came blundering in as though there was murdering and all manner of villany on. And that's all I know of the matter, Mat, me boy, as I'm a living man, and a mighty thirsty one, too, after all this pother."

"There, that will do," broke in Mat, yawning portentously; "for goodness sake stop that nonsense, and let's get to bed. See, here's the morning on us already, and we blinking here like a nest of owls. Come along; and, Jacky, for decency's sake leave the girls alone till we've had our sleep out."

"My dear fellow, I'm as innocent as little Mat himself. More by token, I couldn't keep my eyes open to look at holy St. Bridget herself."

Down-stairs accordingly we proceeded, and after we had seen Jacky safe to his room, Mat accompanied me to my own door. As we went, I related my experiences, and asked him if he had heard or seen nothing.

"Yes," was the answer; "I have heard a good deal, and seen—well, not so much, but quite enough. But no more of it now. You shall know everything in good time, and when we've all had our sleep—which I, for one, want most confoundedly—and are washed and clothed and in our right mind again, I think I can promise you a sight of this 'goblin damned.' So good-night, or, rather, good-morning, and pleasant dreams to you."

I rolled into bed without a thought of anything natural or supernatural, and almost before my head had touched the pillow was sleeping the sleep of the just. Far on into the day, and until the sun was high in the heavens, I lay in a dreamless slumber; yet it seemed to me that I had scarce closed my eyes when a servant stood at my bedside.

"Master's compliments, sir, and he's got the ghost, if you'd like to see it. He's at breakfast now."

"What!" said I, rubbing my heavy eyes, and devoutly wishing master, man and ghost anywhere but where they could disturb my rest. "Who's at breakfast? Your master or the ghost?"

"Both, sir, please."

"All right," I said, leaping on to the floor, for I felt to hesitate was to be lost. "Tell your master I will be with him in a moment."

The cold water of my bath revived me, and after a very hasty toilet, I started for the breakfast-room. On my way across the hall I was joined by Jacky, looking very sleepy and still more shame-faced.

"They've caught the beast," said he, with a mighty yawn, "and the saints be praised for it! But why would they be after catching him so early? Sure I haven't had as much sleep as would serve a donkey."

Within the breakfast-room was quite a gathering of the clans. At the head of the table sat Mat; the boy, with a half-puzzled, half-laughing look in his big blue eyes, stood at his knee; and over his shoulder leaned sweet Mrs. Mat, one glance at whose fresh, blooming face would have sent all the ghosts that ever churchyard disgorged howling back into their graves. At the other end were grouped the servants; in front the venerable Parsons, with a placid yet scornful expression, as who should say, "Lo! now, how small a matter has made fools of you all!" In the extreme rear, nestling close under the wing of good Mrs. Jones, stood pretty Kate, looking terribly ashamed of herself, and blushing like a peony as the portly form of Jacky waddled through the doorway.

But the ghost—where was the ghost?

On Mat's hand was perched a little hooked-nosed bird, with ruffled feathers of dirty white, and angry, staring eyes, blinking solemnly at intervals, as though unused to bear the light of day, and struggling ever and again with beak and claw to free itself from such unwelcome companionship.

"Here you are!" laughed Mat, holding the little creature up as we came into the room. "The parent ghosts have flown, but here's one of the little goblins for you."

I looked at Jacky, and a wondrous sight he was. His mouth and eyes opened both to their widest stretch, as he bent forward to examine the awful phantom. His jolly round face flushed red as a November sun in a fog. With his right hand he slowly scratched his head, as though he would scratch into his puzzled old pate the full significance of what he saw; his left, plunged deep into his breeches pocket, rattled nervously the contents thereof. At last he broke the silence with a long, low whistle, and then, true even in that supreme moment to the idol of his worship, delivered himself of these memorable words:

"May the devil admire me, but its a *owl!*"

ANCIENT IRISH GOLDWORK.

Sir William Wilde believes that in all probability gold was the metal with which the primitive inhabitants of Ireland were first acquainted. A greater variety of antique articles of gold have been found there than in any other country in Northwestern Europe, from the Alps to the utmost inhabited limits of Norway or Sweden. Records of these discoveries can be traced through the archæological tracts and historical works relating to Ireland published within the last two hundred years, and in the unpublished minutes and published "Transactions of the Academy."

At the close of 1867 the museum contained over three hundred specimens of antique manufactured gold; these, however, constitute a small portion of the gold antiquities found in that country within the past century, the great bulk of which reached the crucible; and even since the opening of the Museum, thirty-seven years ago, many more of these valuables have so disappeared than have

been preserved by all the collectors, public and private. The majority of the gold articles illustrative of the antiquities of the "Britannic Isles" now preserved in the British Museum are Irish.

But of all the singular discoveries made in Ireland, that which constitutes the greatest puzzle to antiquaries and archæologists is the Chinese Seals, which, within the last eighty-four years, have been found to the number of one hundred, and in districts widely apart and remotely situated, and under circumstances which have hitherto defied speculation and conjecture. They have been found in bogs and uplands, in the beds of rivers, under the roots of large trees, beside burial-grounds, and in the neighborhood of modern human habitations; "in fact," says Sir William, "in all localities where they might have been dropped accidentally."

These Chinese seals consist of cubical portions of white porcelain about five-eighths of an inch upon each side of the square, surmounted by the figure of an ape and embossed upon the reverse surface with characters of a very ancient form of Chinese writing. Impressions of sixty-three have been published, and all have been read by competent scholars. Many of them are highly poetical, such as "Pure is the breeze on the stream," "Heaven and water are of the same color," "The arrow returns to him who trusts to himself," "A friend like the Mei flower," etc.

A collection of golden antiquities discovered in 1854 in the County of Clare, while excavating for the Limerick and Ennis Railway, is reported to be worth not less than fifteen thousand dollars. The articles were gorgets, an immense number of rings and armillæ, several fibulæ, and some small torques. The whole were placed together in a small stone chamber made for their reception, immediately beneath the surface in dry alluvial soil.

It is only within the last few years ancient gorgets have been discovered, the only specimens of which are those in the Museum of Dublin.

A PERFORATED MOUNTAIN.

TORGHATTEN is an insular granitic rock, one of the thousands of such islands that fringe the coast of Scandinavia. It is situated a few miles south of the Arctic circle, and composed of stratified granite, or "gneiss." When seen at a distance from the south, it is remarkably like a round-topped, broad-rimmed hat. It is 824 feet high, and pierced with a very curious natural tunnel, 530 feet long (Professor Sollas says 600, but this is wrong). This tunnel is 250 feet high at its western entrance, 66 feet high at its eastern entrance, and about 200 feet high in the middle. The floor slopes downward from east to west, being 470 feet above the sea-level on the east side, and 400 feet on the west. As the passenger packet passes on the east side, the daylight is seen fairly through the mountain.

Professor Sollas attributes its origin to mechanical disintegration, aided by joints. When I first visited this region, in 1856, but little was known of this remarkable perforated mountain, beyond what could be seen in passing. I then ventured to suggest an explanation of its origin, which the accurate measurements subsequently made by Norwegian surveyors help to confirm.

Torghatten stands out a short distance from the mainland of Norway, and to the west of it, of course. Every valley opening up on this coast is more or less terraced, and these terraces indicate a former submergence of this part of Scandinavia in varying degrees, the maximum reaching about 600 feet. By eye measurement at the time, I estimated the height of this tunnel at about 600 feet, and thus concluded that once upon a time the waves dashed against that part of the rock and battered out this tunnel, as one of those ordinary sea-caves that abound on every rocky coast where the material of the rock varies in hardness or friability. I was not then aware of the difference between the height of the east and west opening, only having seen it from the east.

The fact that the west side of the tunnel, which is exposed to the open sea, is about four times as high as the east mouth, confirms my theory, seeing that all the well-known sea-caverns of this kind on our own and other coasts have similar proportions in relation to their sea and inland extremities. The down slope of the floor corresponds in like manner, the west side being 70 feet lower than the east.

Besides this, the maximum height of the cavern corresponds remarkably with the height of the highest terraces, being 650 feet against their 600. The additional 50 feet is accounted for by the height of roof above sea-level, and the subsequent falling of the roof, as shown by blocks now lying on the floor. Such a cavern, started at the time of maximum submersion, would have its floor lowered as the land rose above the sea when they formed the lower terraces that abound in the valleys.

The "joints" described by Professor Sollas undoubtedly exist, and mechanical disintegration has taken place since the original excavation of the tunnel. This is proved by the blocks that have fallen from the roof and now cumber the floor, just as the boulders lie on the floor of a cavern under Dunluce Castle, which only differs in being now at the sea-level.

On a subsequent visit, nineteen years later, I observed several abortive attempts at similar caverns on the rocks of the neighborhood—that is, hollows which overhang on the face of the cliffs, where joints and the mechanical disintegration described by Sollas were exhibited. But mere mechanical disintegration, and consequent falling of rock, cannot excavate a long tunnel. Horizontal traction, as well as vertical fall, is required. The material separated by the joints must be carried away from one end to the other—530 feet in this case; or, at least, from the middle to each end—265 feet in each direction. The only agents we know capable of doing this with granite rock or pseudo-stratified gneiss are the sea-waves or a torrent river.

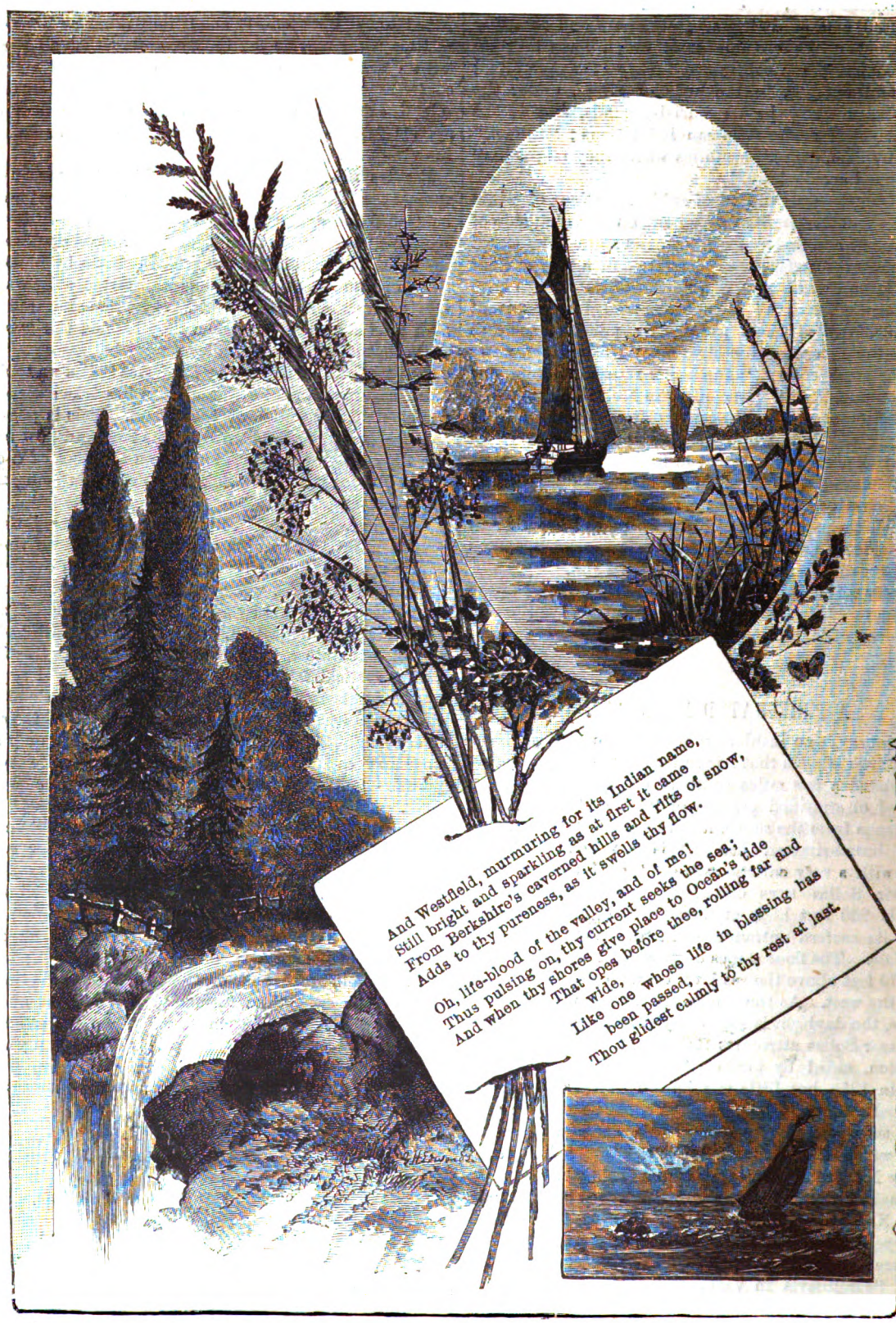
Such caverns abound inland in limestone, but these are due to the solvent action of water containing carbonic acid. It has no such action on gneissic or other similar metamorphic rocks, while every seacoast formed of such rocks exhibits more or less of such perforation by the waves. St. Katherine's Rock, at Tenby, is an insular mass perforated by a tunnel closely resembling Torghatten; the cliffs of Mohil, on the Irish coast, and the whole face of the serpentine formation of Cornwall about the Lizard, abound with such tunnels, arches, sea-caverns, etc., all visibly done by the waves hammering out the softer portions of the rocks.

THE RIVER.

ON our cold border of Canadian hills,
Midst lonely lakelets and unnoted rills,
Thou hast thy birth, sweet River of the Vale,
Of fountains purest, and that never fail.
My fancy paints thee on thy march begun,
The infant river's first essay to run:
A sturdy brooklet, gathering the springs,
And giving "promise of much greater things."
So some bright genius, from a lonely birth,
Goes with his God-gifts to rejoice the earth.

On glides the stream, and with increasing length,
Receives in trust its volume and its strength;
Here, by wild mountain shagg'd with piney hair,
A brook comes tumbling down its rocky stair,
Leaps to thy bosom with a shout of joy,
Like some delighted, journey-promised boy;
There, more like maiden sweet, composed and still,
Steals from the plain the tributary rill.

Anon, fresh from its native mountains roll'd,
Wild Ammonoosuc, with its waters cold,
Adds to thy wealth; and further still along,
Sweet Ashuelot hails thee with a song.
Pocomptuc, hermit of the western hills,
Gives to thy flood his own collected rills;
Fretted with toil, and seeking rest in thee,
Sinks to thy breast the laboring Chicopee;



THE RIVER.

AT THE CHATEAU.—"OUT OF ITS LEAFY BOSOM THERE DROPPED TO THE GROUND, SUDDENLY AND NOISELESSLY, THE FORM OF A MAN." . . . . "THERE STOOD, ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE BRIDAL-CHAMBER, A TALL AND HANDSOME WOMAN, TO WHOSE HAND AND LOOSE DRESS A CHILD OF FOUR OR FIVE YEARS WAS CLINGING."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW—A SONNET.

By Cardinal Newman.

They do but grope in learning's pedant round
Who on the fantasies of sense bestow
An idol substance, bidding us bow low
Before those shades of being which are found
Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground;
As if such shapes and modes, which come and go,
Had aught of Truth or Life in their poor show,
To sway or judge, and skill to pain or wound.

Son of immortal seed, high-destined man!
Know thy dread gift—a creature, yet a cause:
Each mind is its own centre, and it draws
Home to itself, and molds in its thought's span,
All outward things, the vassals of its will,
Aided by heaven, by earth unthwarted still.

AT THE CHATEAU.

By Susan Archer Weiss.

THE night was chill and cloudy. Fitful gusts of wind swept across the fields and whistled in the hedges. The tall, Lombardy poplars, bordering the avenue leading to the chateau, swayed and bent their lofty heads, one to another, whispering hoarsely together, and then stood still and shivered and trembled, as at some secret known only to themselves.

Lights glanced to and fro in the windows of the chateau—more lights than usual—though there were no signs of festivity. Presently a carriage rolled down the avenue, in the direction of the town, and then the lights disappeared one by one, and the chateau lay still and silent in the midst of its surrounding trees.

After a while a clock in the stable-tower struck loudly—eleven. A dog barked, as if in answer, and all was again still.

As the last sounds died away, one of the poplars—that which was thickest, and whose branches grew nearest the ground—shivered again—shivered, as it were, inwardly, and with some dread secred at its heart. Then one of its branches alone was agitated, and out of its leafy bosom there dropped to the ground, suddenly and noiselessly, the form of a man.

He stood for an instant, slowly turning his head, gazing around in the darkness, and listening intently. Then crouching nearly double, he crept along with a slight limp, on the inner side of the thick hawthorn hedge, till he reached the garden-wall. Noiselessly he slipped over this, glided up the leafy alley, and concealed himself in a thicket of laurels near a postern-door.

In the chateau all was still. There was no sound about the house save the ticking of a great hall-clock; no light save one which burned dimly in a chamber where lay the old master of the chateau, asleep, his snow-white mustache contrasting with his sallow complexion. A pair of handsome crutches stood by the bed.

In an armchair sat a portly, middle-aged man, dressed in a plain dark livery. His face was sleek and grave. He looked the ideal of a faithful family servant.

The old gentleman coughed and stirred. The valet rose, poured some drops into a glass and presented them to him; then he adjusted the pillows and the bedclothes, and respectfully inquired whether his master desired anything else that night.

"Nothing. You may go, my good Dupres. I feel quite comfortable, and shall sleep well."

Dupres moved a screen between his master and the dim light, and placed the bell-pull close at hand.

"You will see that everything is right, and the house properly secured, Dupres? François is careless, and I do not feel so much at ease when the colonel is absent."

"Certainly, monsieur; I will see that all is right, though there is nothing to apprehend."

He softly closed the door behind him, and then, with a noiseless tread, passed through one or two long corridors and down a narrow staircase in the rear of the mansion.

At the foot of this staircase was a door, which he softly unlocked. A gust of fresh air burst in, laden with a breath of flowers. The door opened into the garden.

Raising his fingers to his lips, Dupres uttered a low and peculiar whistle. Immediately a dark shadow loomed up before him and stepped into the doorway.

"Ah, Jacques!" he whispered.

"Good! Is all right?"

"Yes. I feared it would miscarry, for the colonel received Martyn's letter only an hour or two since. However, he has gone. There is now only monsieur, who is a cripple, and madam, the colonel's wife, with mademoiselle, their daughter, and the little one—the boy—a mere child."

"The servants?"

"Are quite at a distance. No fear of them. The only one I fear is madam. She has eyes and ears like a lynx and the courage of a tigress! *Ma foi!* but if she met even you, *Tête-noir*——"

"Pish! One turn of my thumb—thus. You know the old trick, Raynaude."

"Hist! There is no time to be lost, if you would be safe away from this by daybreak. Come."

"Stay. You think only of the work. You do not reflect, comrade, that I have been since last night in that cursed tree—that my limbs are cramped and my stomach empty. It will take a good meal and a full flask to warm me up and fit me for duty."

"Then remain here, and keep very quiet. I will bring you food."

He departed, but quickly returned with bread, meat, fruit, and a flask of wine. The newcomer, whom he had called *Tête-noir*, eagerly devoured these provisions by the light of a shaded lantern.

By this light one could faintly distinguish his appearance; his frame, not tall, but broad-shouldered, thick-necked and powerfully built; his large, sinewy hands and arms; his receding chin and forehead, and the small eyes glittering beneath thick black brows, giving to him an appearance of dull and brutal ferocity.

The semblance was increased by a long tooth projecting beyond the rest, with which he tore the meat from the mutton-bone in his hands.

As he ate, Dupres, bending over him, spoke earnestly close to his ear."

"Mark. I will lead you to an ante-room. There you will conceal yourself as I shall show. Then you wait. At twelve precisely Medemoiselle Amie will come. She will unlock the door of the bridal-chamber and go within. To the right of that chamber is an oratory; to the left is the corresponding closet, in which are the jewels and the money kept for the mademoiselle's wedding-gifts. They are in a strong box on a shelf—a box of oak-wood, bound with iron hoops and rivets. This I know from my wife, who is madam's maid. Now, mark! When mademoiselle enters the oratory—it is a vow to the Madonna until she be married three days hence—do you creep in after her,

and conceal yourself behind the curtains of the bed until she leaves. Then your work is clear. Be careful of the diamonds. They are more easily concealed and more valuable than the gold. With these, you see, you are provided for; and when you reach America—*ma foi!* you are safe."

"And you—you will follow?"

"Not within a year. It would excite suspicion. *Peste!* I think madam, with her lynx eyes, already mistrusts me, notwithstanding that I have married her trusted maid, Marienne. I detest madam; also the little one, Philippa. He struck my boy—my Jean Baptiste—and one dare not strike back if one would not lose one's place, though I would willingly choke the cub—a young aristocrat. And this reminds me, *Tête-noir*—if you are interrupted, if you are discovered, what then will you do?"

For answer *Tête-noir* raised his hand, grasped his throat, and gave his thumb the peculiar twist or turn which he had before used.

"I should not like it to be mademoiselle. Be careful not to alarm mademoiselle—a good child, and so soon to be a bride. See you, my Marienne dotes on mademoiselle, whom she nursed, and for her sake——"

"Bah! Away with your Marienne and your Jean Baptiste, who have made a fool of you, Reynaude. When a man marries he is spoiled. But what would your Marienne say—or your master, either—if they could know that once upon a time the good and respectable Dupres was—ah, well, what of that brand upon your shoulder, my friend?"

"Cut out—trust me for that. But see you, *Tête-noir*, if you had not found me out, and come to me for help, I should have continued to be an honest man—trust my word for it—for sake of my wife and child, whom I love."

"Ha, ha!—an honest man! yea, such as I was when, twenty years ago, you came to me at my blacksmith's forge and proposed to take me into your confidence and make me rich all at once! So we are quits, see you; only I still owe you for *this*," he added, with a smothered laugh, as he stretched out a leg which was an inch or so shorter than the other. "Dost remember, friend, the night when it fell to my lot to go down the rope first, and I could have escaped but for your betraying me when the jailer entered as you were about to follow. I was already at the foot of the wall when the ball struck *here*, and——"

"*Tchit!* let it pass. Do you forget, *Tête-noir*, that we have business awaiting us?—that it is nearly midnight, and that you must be far away before daybreak if you would be safe?"

The man lifted the flask to his lips and took a long and deep draught.

"Now," said he, rising and stretching his limbs, "now I am ready. Lead on!"

Slowly, without a sound, they ascended the stair, passed through one or two corridors and entered a small apartment, where Dupres placed his companion behind a projection of the wall.

"Here you will be out of sight and in deep shadow—keep still. I must go, for it wants already but a few moments to twelve. I will wait at the postern. Marienne will not miss me. She has been asleep these three hours, and will not awaken."

Tête-noir stood where he had been placed. It seemed to him long ere the stable-clock and the clock in the hall, chiming together, struck twelve. Longer still ere he saw a gleam of light in the passage, and heard a light step approaching.

He drew himself close against the wall. He heard the click of a lock and caught a glimpse of a slender figure entering the door of the bridal-chamber. Then all was still; and with a slow and catlike tread he followed as he had been instructed, and concealed himself behind the blue-and-white canopy of the bed.

About ten minutes passed, when he again heard the same light step.

The young girl, for whose bridal this dainty, sweet-scented chamber, with its tasteful furniture had been prepared, had concluded her midnight orisons, and was preparing to return to her apartment. *Tête-noir* watched the shadows on the ceiling, as, with the lamp in her hand, she slowly moved across the floor.

Suddenly she stood still. Had she heard the rustle o , his arm against the draperies, as he incautiously moved it. For an instant she remained perfectly motionless in the centre of the floor, and then slowly and hesitatingly, step by step, approached the bed.

Tête-noir set his teeth and dug his right thumb deep into the palm of his hand. If she found him there, and he should spare her, she would betray him.

She would describe him, and it would soon be known that the daring burglar was *Tête-noir*, the escaped galley-slave, and he would be arrested long before he could reach the coast.

The question would be—her life or his own? *Tête-noir* was not one to hesitate about the answer; and therefore he set his teeth hard, and dug that terrible iron thumb deep into his palm.

Slowly the young girl approached, and timidly, as it were, laid hold of the draperies on the opposite side of the couch. *Tête-noir* saw a delicate ivory hand and jeweled fingers which seemed to hesitate, as if afraid to draw apart the curtains.

Was she listening? Did she not hear his thick and constrained breathing? A feeling of brutal anger against her rose within him. Why would she persist in this folly, and draw evil upon herself?

Then through the slight crevice between the curtains he saw the opposite drapery slowly part, and a lovely young face, smiling and blushing, peeped timidly in.

What were the girl's thoughts *Tête-noir* could form no idea. Of the feeling which caused her bosom to heave and brought the moisture to her eyes, the happy smile to the lip, the deepening blush to her cheek, he—lost soul that he was—was incapable of forming a conception.

But he stood with a strange feeling of awe and reverence upon him, as, for a moment, the lovely vision lingered. And when the folds of the curtain again closed, and the light glided swiftly away, as though half frightened or abashed by her own act, he drew a long breath of relief. So angel and demon, for an instant facing each other, parted, and each went its way.

A few moments sufficed to force the lock of the chamber which the young girl had secured behind her, and thus to have it open, ready for his retreat.

To open the closet was yet easier; but the strong-box cost him time and trouble, and he became impatient, and muttered an oath under his breath.

Once the instrument which he was using broke in his hand, and fell to the floor with a sharp, metallic clang. He held his breath and listened, but heard only the wind without. Finally, trusting to his great muscular strength, he wrenched open the half-forced lid, and gloated with a grim satisfaction upon the treasures within.

Then hastily, but carefully, he secured the jewels about his person, and began to slip into a broad leathern-belt the pieces of gold. He was in the act of doing this when he heard a sound near him, and he turned suddenly.

"*Mon Dieu!* Dupres, is it you?"

There stood, on the threshold of the bridal-chamber, a tall and handsome woman, to whose hand and loose dress a child of four or five years was clinging. He could see her face but dimly, yet as he incautiously turned, the light of his lantern fell on his own face, and the woman commenced to utter a shriek of terror.

Commenced, but did not finish it. With one bound *Tête-noir* was by her side, and the shriek was stifled in its birth, and died gurgling in her throat.

Then the child cried out, and the hand of the outlaw was upon him also. There was a slight struggling sound, a deathlike stillness; and *Tête-noir* arose, and stepping back into the closet, secured the belt of gold, and without staying to buckle it on, stepped over the bodies and

WATTLE BLOSSOMS.—AN AUSTRALIAN PICTURE.

hastened back, as he had come, to the postern-door. Dupres stood there awaiting him.

"You succeeded?" he whispered, anxiously.

In answer, the other slightly tapped his belt, and then his breast.

"I did more, my friend. It was not to be avoided; but you will never again be troubled with my lady and the little one—the cub."

"*Mon Dieu!* what mean you?"

"What could I do? These accursed women will interfere in everything. To have spared them would have been to sacrifice myself, and perhaps you."

Dupres was greatly agitated.

"I did not expect this. Not that I care, only I shall be suspected."

"Then, my friend, I shall help you. You may think it rough, but you will thank me some day. There, then—take this."

Suddenly *Tête-noir*, drawing back his muscular arm, struck Dupres a tremendous blow, which felled him like an ox. Then he grasped his throat and choked him until he was black in the face.

ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.—"BEFORE HIS FRIENDS COULD COVER THE BRUTE WITH THEIR RIFLES, THE TIGER, BLINDED WITH RAGE, BOUNDED OVER THE ROCKY LEDGE."

"That will help to pay off old scores," he muttered, as he rose and rapidly made his way out of the house.

When Dupres recovered consciousness it was daylight, and he saw white faces bending over him, and heard confused exclamations of horror and pity. Careful hands lifted and supported him, as, sick and dizzy, he tottered onward to his rooms.

At a turning of the long passageway they met a number of persons in a close group.

"Stand back!" said a voice; "they are bringing the bodies this way."

They paused and stood still. Dupres gave one reluctant, sidelong glance as the pale faces were borne past. Then he threw up his hands with a loud cry.

"Marienne! my wife!—my son!" and dropped in a heap before them.

"Poor Dupres!" said madam, as she took his hand in hers, and let warm tears fall upon it. "Poor, good Dupres! I did him injustice, and I have caused him great unhappiness. It was I who, hearing the noise, went to arouse him; and poor Marienne would go in search of him, while the little one refused to remain alone. I suspected him—I confess it; while at the very moment he lay half-dead by the hands of these wretches. But he shall never want a friend—never! he who nearly sacrificed his own life in defending our house. Good, faithful, honest Dupres!"

Wattle Blossoms.

THE blooming of the wattle is the most beautiful harbinger of the advent of the Australian Summer. Its perfume, wafted on the evening breeze, fills the air with a delicious fragrance which completely eclipses that of its corresponding European sister, the hawthorn blossom.

Gathering the wattle bloom in its first freshness is a favorite pastime of the youth of these colonies, and the scene depicted is a view on the banks of the Yarra, near the Botanical Gardens, where the wattle flourishes in picturesque profusion. The figure of the young lady holding the bunch of bright yellow blossoms in her hands is entirely in keeping with what is thoroughly an Australian picture.

ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

THE tiger is the scourge of India and the countries beyond it to the China Sea. The natives, unable to exterminate it, seek to appease it by superstitious means. Their main reliance, however, is the prowess and precise

arms of Europeans. To the latter it is a grand if dangerous sport, and every now and then a *battue* will be set on foot, in which the natives timidly join. They do not in all cases come off unscathed. Last year a brave young fellow from Calcutta was carried off by a man-eater, which, dashing through the crowd of yelling native beaters, seized the gallant hunter as easily as it would a hen, and bounded madly on with its living prey.

Unfortunately, the hunt had insensibly carried the party to the very verge of a precipice, where the sheer rock ran down almost perpendicularly. Before his friends could cover the brute with their rifles, the tiger, blinded with rage and some slight wounds, bounded over the rocky ledge and was in full descent. A rifle rang out, giving the man-eater a death-wound, and the only hope was that it might turn as it fell and break the fall of Harry Dawson; but it was not so ordained.

A shudder ran through all, as, gazing with straining eyes and stilled hearts down the abyss, they heard the awful thud when the two struck the rocky bottom. They could see the quiver of each body, the spurting blood, but they waited in vain to see Dawson make any effort to rise.

Descending in all haste, they reached the spot at last by long winding paths, and tenderly raised their fallen friend, who barely opened his eyes in mute recognition ere he breathed his last.

FOLK LORE—THE BOY THAT MOCKED THE STORKS.

The fortunes of the noble house of Stubbe, in Denmark, depended upon the mystic number seven: 7 churches, 7 mills, 7 islands, 7 lakes, 7 forests, 77 plows, 777 windows in their manor; cows, pigs, horses, all in proportion; and 7 children, or 77 if they could get them—so much the better, but 7 they must have. This last, as he proved to be, of the Stubbes, was a bad small boy, always making game of the young storks as they sat in their mother's nest on the housetop.

"Stork, long-legged stork," he sang. I'm sure I forget what besides, but something very rude, at which they were highly affronted.

"All very fine now, Mr. Stubbe; wait a little, and our turn will come. Who'll laugh then?" muttered the old mother.

The young squire grew up and was sent to Aalborg College, where he received a first-rate education—learned Italian and dancing; and very useful he must have found the former accomplishment, living on his estates in Jutland among the moors and forests. He spoke it, however, with a first-rate (Aalborg) accent.

Young Stubbe grows apace, and, somehow, does not tame down. He is thirty now, and should think of settling. Forty finds him an old bachelor, and fifty still.

"Marry before it is too late and I close my eyes," exclaims his venerable mother; so marry he did—a neighbor's daughter.

"Plenty of time, mother," he laughingly exclaimed; "you know we Stubbes always throw doublets. I shall have my seven children before five years are over."

There is great joy at Stubbesholm—an heir expected daily. Young Stubbe rubs his hands.

"Triplets, you'll see, mother, like the old lady on her epitaphium in the church-aisle—our grandam."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the old stork from the top of the chimney, where she was listening; "we shall see when the time comes."

The time did come, and a bad time, too. Dead twins—nearly costing the young mother's life; and months and years rolled on—more dead children, and more still, and Stubbe borne down with age and sorrow. Then says the old stork:

"Vengeance is not ours; we must pardon his offenses for his young wife's sake."

Next time a living baby comes, fresh and blue-eyed; and then come twins, and then a fourth, and twins again. Stubbe rubs his hands. Six children living; one more and he is saved; and so he would have been had he reckoned with the storks alone; but grim Death steps in—a fit of apoplexy after the christening-dinner of the last-born child. He is carried to the church-vaults, father of six children.

The fortunes of the Stubbes now ended. Like others of ancient lineage, they passed away—one lake, "Stubbe So," marked on the map, alone recalls their memory.

REMINISCENCES OF SERVICE AMONG THE COMANCHES.

By an Old Army Officer.

The Comanche Nation, with the exception of the Sioux, is the most numerous of the Indian tribes on this continent. Their primitive territory extended from the Gulf of Mexico, north and south, to and even beyond the Arkansas River; and from the Brazos River, of Texas, to the Rocky Mountains, east and west. Over this vast territory they roamed, free lances, demanding tribute and defying all intruders. The untold millions of buffalo which dotted the plains in groups afforded them food, raiment and shelter; and the Indians migrated with them as they moved with the seasons, north or south.

The southwestern plains of Texas sustained their immense droves, or *cavallados* of mustangs—wild horses—from which, at certain seasons, they would select, as modern stock-raisers do from their own pastures, the comeliest of the herd. Most skillful in the use of the lasso, a score or more would surround a herd of mustangs, which, under its leader, a stallion of noble mien and proportions, would be coursing the plain with unshod hoof, guiding their movements as a skilled general would a *corps d'armée*, as he gallops on the flanks.

Squads of two and three are stationed at convenient points contiguous to the range, whilst a group of well-mounted cavaliers enter pell-mell into the midst of the herd. The boldest and noblest in the gang are selected and detached. A fierce contest of speed now ensues, the one group striving with mighty determination to regain their lost position in the herd, the other to circumvent their various manœuvres. Driven to the verge of the ring formed around them, the parties which had been previously stationed there join in the chase with fresh horses, whilst the former retire, dismount and refresh their overstrained steeds. Thus the chase is kept up, and thus alternating, until the wild horses, completely blown, are easily secured and subdued with the lasso.

The Indians frequently join their forces to a party of professional Mexican mustangers. Then immense corrals, with extended wings, are built of brush, into which the entire *cavallado*, consisting of four or five hundred head, are driven. Then the expert Mexican, with his lasso, is in his glory! and such a scene is witnessed as will never, perhaps, occur again; the frantic mustangs bewildered and dazed, coursing around the inclosure, seeking escape; the Mexicans and Indians looking quietly on, marking with an unerring glance the merits of this, that or the other of their prey. Meanwhile the experts with the lasso

are preparing for the onslaught. Saddle-girths are tightened, the lassoes—composed of numerous strands of untanned oxhide, well soaked, and carefully plaited to the length of thirty or forty feet, with an eyelet at one end, through which a noose six or eight feet is formed, the other end being attached to the saddle-bow or pummel, the noose held in the right hand—are whirled with an easy, graceful motion about the head, to distend them, and preparatory to casting them, either over the head or on either leg, as may be expedient. All these preparations are made with method, and without precipitation; the mustanger the while eying and selecting his victim. Thus armed and equipped for the fray, he dashes fearlessly into the midst of the terror-stricken throng, secures his chosen animal, and with an iron grip dashes him, trembling with affright and consternation, to the ground. One after another the chosen spirits of the herd are eliminated, the Comanches coming in for a larger share and the choice of the captured spoils.

Not unfrequently the Indians will surprise the party of Mexican mustangers, and not only rob them of their hard day's earnings, but kill or capture and enslave them. Slavery not only is, but has been for all time, an institution which has prevailed amongst the Comanches. Mexico has been the chief field of their raids with this view. Whites on this side the border have suffered in this respect; but the white slave is not so easily subdued, and does not so readily assimilate to the manners and customs of the Indians as the Mexican.

The Comanches, then as now, were one of the most powerful as well as the most dreaded of all the tribes of nomad Indians. The nation was divided into four distinct bands. Those inhabiting and claiming inherent privileges in Texas and its waters were known as the "Honey Eaters"; north of these were the "Liver Eaters," and north of them the "Cutthroats," while on the extreme northern border, and ranging along and across the old Santa Fé trace, were the "Serpents," or "Snakes."

Fifty years ago, when this narrative commences, chiefs whom I knew twenty-five years ago—Buffalo Hump, Yellow Wolf, Ketemptsie, Sanaco, and others—were in the pride of manhood and power; war-chiefs, captains and leaders in raids and forays. Their reputation for bravery, intrepidity and dash extended far beyond the borders of their domain, and even into the white settlements, where the simple mention of their names in households would occasion trembling and shuddering in the family. Free lances in every acceptation of the term, and lords of the soil, they traversed the extensive plains in bands sufficiently strong to resist any interference by the timid Mexican inhabitants, who either lent an unwilling help or joined the Indians in their thieving, murderous forays. With herds of buffalo to supply every material want of nature, and droves of horses coursing the southwestern plains, from which remounts could be obtained for the taking, no wonder the Comanches should exhibit such an inborn pride and haughtiness of bearing. And it is still less wonderful that the government should find, at this day, so much difficulty in restraining their wonted roaming habits. And why, in heaven's name, the government does not use the more peaceably inclined of the Indian tribes in regularly organized regiments, armed and equipped as nearly as may be in their own fashion, as the English do in the East, to hold in check the more turbulent spirits, is beyond my ken.

In the year 1852 it was my province to scout at intervals amongst the Indian villages—Caddos, Wacos, Keechis and Iones, situated on the headwaters of the Brazos. On one of these trips I extended the scout up the Clear Fork, and on its banks fell in with a camp of Honey Eaters—Penateka Comanches. Their lodges, composed of dressed buffalo-hides, and conical in shape, covered the extensive valley, each with its curling smoke issuing from the opening at top, with the fringe of pecan-trees and elms bordering the stream, and the cedar-clad hills in the background, the herds of horses grazing in the distance, the striplings practicing the arts of war with their bows and arrows, the maidens romping on the green sod with ball or skip-rope, the wives plying their respective occupations of moccasin-making or fetching wood or water, the men lounging in groups, listening to the traditions of their tribe recounted by some prophet or sage, or fashioning arrows to serve in some contemplated raid, into Mexico, perhaps; the ensemble presenting a scene of peaceful quiet rarely to be met with. I established my camp on the verge of theirs, and sent my horses amongst theirs to graze, for I had ever found it the best policy to trust with an entire trust those who might overwhelm us by the force of numbers.

I was soon called upon at my tent by the recognized chiefs, Sanaco and Buffalo Hump, who came to know the object of my visit. This was soon explained to their satisfaction, and having partaken of a luncheon I had prepared, I went with them to the lodge of a young man, very ill, and whom Sanaco described as his nephew. I found him lying on a pallet of skins, attended by his sister, who was seated near him on the ground. The young man was suffering from acute diarrhea, and seemed very grateful for my visit and for the sympathy I expressed. Returning to my tent, I soon took back to him a flask of brandy, some loaf-sugar and some rice, and instructed the woman how to administer them. The next day I dined with Sanaco in state at his lodge. It was nearly dark, when the mess that was stewing over the fire was announced by the good wife to be ready. A single horn spoon served to fish out the tidbits, consisting chiefly of deer's head and some other meat, which to taste was to recognize at once as skunk. Nothing loath, I gulped down the disgusting morsel, and pretended—God forbid the hypocrisy—that I enjoyed it. No bread, salt or pepper graced the festive board. I observed that the men made their ablutions after the meal, as the Arabs do, but with water squirted from the mouth.

The repast was simple, frugal, and to many might have been loathsome; but, accompanied as it was with genuine and natural hospitality, it ill became me to evince in any manner my lack of appreciation.

The Indian, like the Arab, is generous to a fault to those who seek his hospitality. Proud of the herds on which he subsists, and the wild horses whence he derives his remounts, he begrudges not, nor does he aspire to the wealth or well-being of his neighbors; and, save those whose settlements encroach upon his domain, he regards with contempt and disdain all others. Bred as he has been to roam wheresoever he listeth, within certain well-defined bounds; never at a loss for food or for shelter, is it surprising that he should feel himself lost, a stranger in a strange land, a vagabond and a beggar, when accident throws him in the midst of our great cities? Even then his indomitable pride manifests itself in his bearing and in his conduct.

At night the order for the next day was proclaimed to the camp by Buffalo Hump, from a small eminence in the midst of it. The men listened with imperturbable countenances; the women, upon whom would devolve the onerous task of striking and packing the lodges, in utter listlessness, apparently. The order was given to break camp and march south, to attend, on my invitation, a council to be held at Fort Graham, the fifteenth of the

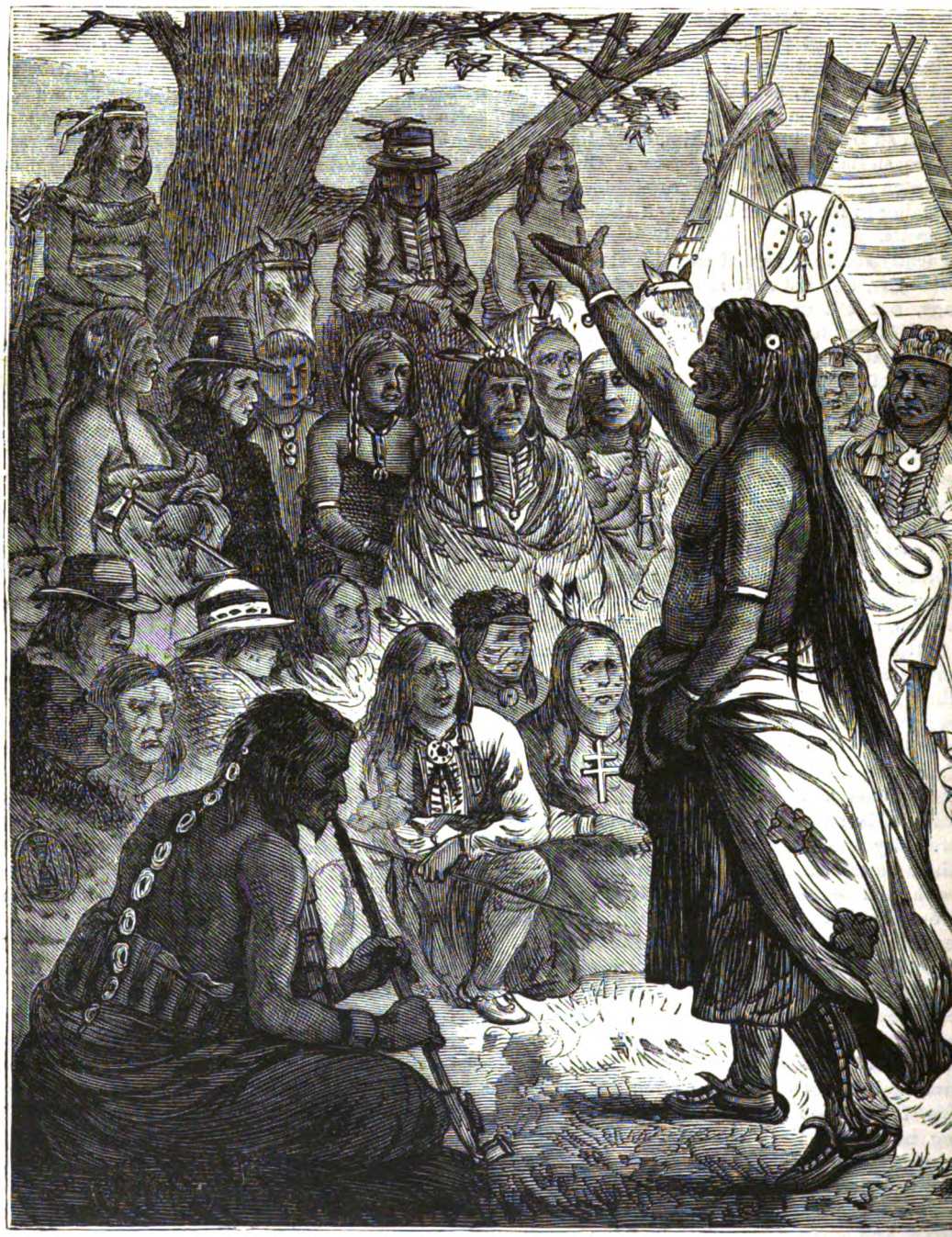
month. Accordingly, on the following morning lodges were struck, and the route taken southward, Sanaco, with his nephew mounted in front of him on the same horse, taking, with me, the lead of the train.

I arrived at Fort Graham some days before my Comanche friends, and announced to the agent, Colonel Stem, their coming, which was an unexpected surprise to him, as this would be the first occasion the Comanches deigned to attend a council for many years. Indeed, it was the accident of my falling in with them and the peculiar circumstances of that visit that induced them to come in at all.

The numerous tribes of friendly Indians inhabiting the northern frontier of Texas were all represented at the council, and their camps on the western bank of the Brazos River, opposite Fort Graham, presented a lively scene.

I had caused to be prepared by the company tailor a flag with clasped hands emblazoned thereon, and attached to an old guidon staff, to be presented to the Comanche chief, commemorative of the council, and as a perpetual symbol of friendship and peace. On the appointed day I repaired to the council-ground in full uniform, an orderly bearing the flag. Colonel Stem talked to the assembled chiefs in a friendly, conciliatory spirit, I interpreting in mongrel Spanish, which they all understood, and, failing in an expressive word or phraseology, using the universal Indian signs.

I noticed my quondam sick friend outside the circle, an attentive listener, but seemingly taking no part in the



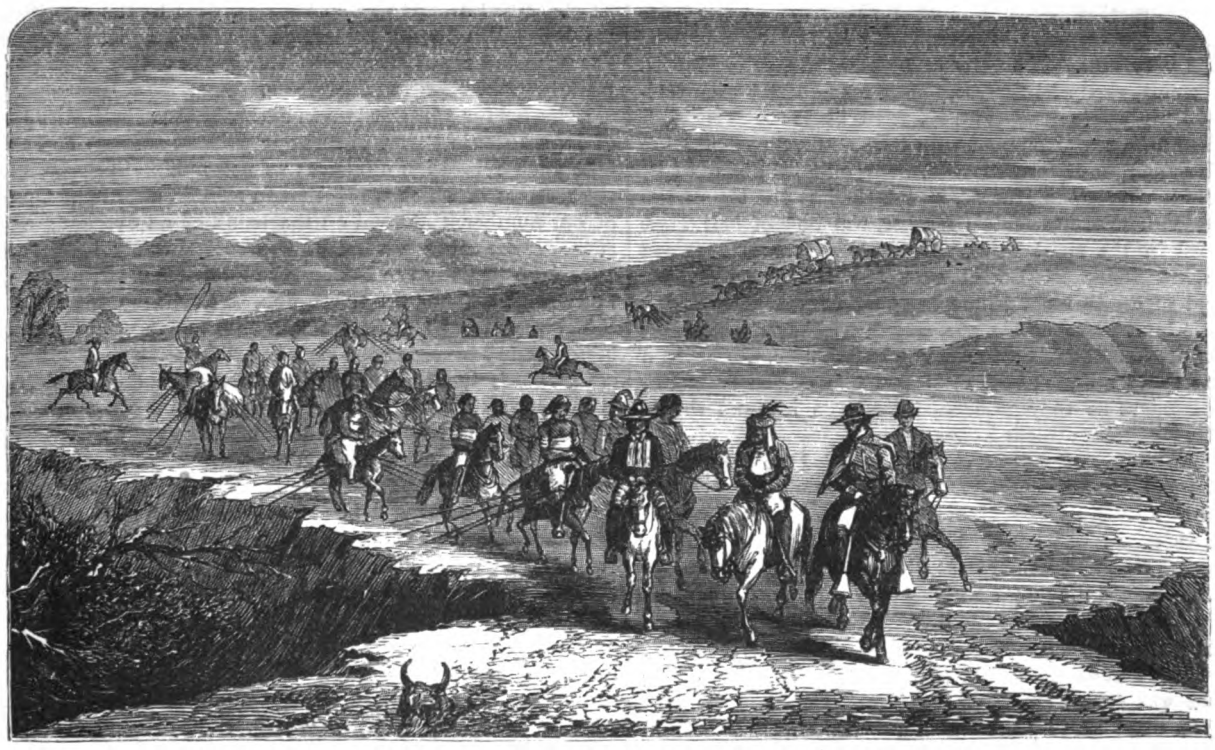
A COMANCHE CHIEF ADDRESSING HIS TRIBE.

A MEXICAN GIRL CARRIED OFF BY COMANCHES.

interesting events transpiring. The flag was duly presented to Sanaco with as impressive a speech as my feeble command of the "Indian-Spanish" would admit, and it was received with ejaculatiions expressive of the chief's pleasure and good faith.

The following day the garrison was swarmed with begging Indians; they pervaded every quarter; men, women and children seeking subsistence from the storehouses, thinking it niggardly in us to deny their requests.

Amongst others who came to my quarters was my sick friend. He took a chair on the broad piazza, whilst other chiefs, Sanaco, Buffalo Hump and Yellow Wolf, squatted on the ground. The officers of the garrison and Colonel Stem, the Indian agent, persisted in denying to him the dignity of chief. I maintained that he was a noted man. He was a young man of slender stature, but of noble and expressive features. His costume was that of a simple Comanche "brave," the only mark of distinction being a



A COMANCHE TRIBE ON ITS WAY TO A CONFERENCE.

silver cross of unusual dimensions suspended from the neck. This emblem, whether we knew or could appreciate its spiritual significance or not, created in my mind a decided sympathy for the man.

After sitting in stolid silence a considerable time he demanded of me a beef for his own proper use. Surprised and taken aback by the demand, especially as Colonel Stem had the day before not only distributed presents to the head men, but had given them abundance of provisions, I demanded in my turn why, under the circumstances, he should make such an unreasonable request, and if he had not received his quota.

"No," said he; "I am a war chief, and I did not wish to receive presents from any other than a war chief like myself."

"How shall I know that you are a war chief?"

"Call in Sanaco, Yellow Wolf, or José Maria, and question them."

Being sent for, the chiefs came into the parlor and squatted on their haunches on the floor.

I asked each one in his turn the name of the man, and whether his claims to be the great war chief of the Comanches were true or not. Each one expressed himself by placing the index fingers of the two hands the one against the other, the left indicating Que-nas-chu-cope, the Soaring Eagle—much higher than the other himself. José Maria, the Caddo chief, described how himself and three Texans, three or four years ago, had fallen in with a Comanche camp; that after a council they had decided to put them to death, and that this war chief, Que-nas-chu-cope, had taken their part and saved their lives, and that he should always feel under obligations to him.

This was enough. I embraced the chief, and requested him to place an arrow with his name on a scroll wound around it in my collection over the mantelpiece. This he declined, but said he would come again in the morning at ten o'clock, when I promised to have a beef ready for him.

Prompt to the appointed hour next morning, the chief was seen advancing across the plain, followed by a cortége of grim warriors, dressed in all the bravery of their rude nature. Que-nas-chu-cope especially had adorned himself in his very best. His robe of buffalo-hide, dressed with the utmost skill of his tribe, shone resplendent with various hieroglyphic designs on its snow-white surface. The plaited hair, supplemented with horse-hair, and decorated with numerous silver brooches, hung on the outside of it, reaching nearly the ground, and decked at the top of the head with a single eagle's feather, the bow of *bois d'ark* carried in the right hand, whilst his quiver of Mexican lion-skin hung suspended over the left shoulder, his shield of crude buffalo-hide hanging conveniently at his saddle-bow. The entire procession, as they *caracoled* on their prancing steeds into the garrison square, presented a scene quite unique; and reminded one of the turbulent Highlanders as they descended into the lowland settlements on their ruthless forays.

I met the warrior as he dismounted, and embracing, we proceeded to my quarters. All the other chiefs were present to witness the interview. I told him the beef I had promised was ready in the pen, and subject to his orders. Giving a triumphant glance at his comrades, he said he would dispose of him presently; meanwhile, he wished to make me a present. With that he took the lion-skin quiver from his shoulder, which, with the bow and shield, he laid at my feet, begging me to accept them. The shield was enveloped in an outer covering of buckskin, which, when removed, allowed to droop on either side two wreaths of heron feathers, intermixed with those of the eagle, hanging far below the lower rim of the shield, and extending beyond its outer circumference, so that when the shield was held before the person, by a dexterous movement of the arm the feathers would wave, and thus distract the attention of the opponent. It was the work of no mean art or taste, and was a present I could not but appreciate.

"You asked me yesterday," he said, "for an arrow to augment your collection. I give you a whole quiverful! The bow and the shield go with them."

"I accept the gift," said I, "and in return, I beg your acceptance of this six-shooter and one hundred cartridges. May it prove, as the silver cross does which decorates your breast, an enlightener of your heart and a civilizer of your understanding. Never raise it against a foe, except in legitimate war; and let it always be a reminder of your present friendly interview with the white man."

"My friend," replied the chief, "you have thought proper to refer to this beautiful and new-fashioned weapon as a civilizer. This," said he, pointing to the silver cross he wore, "is more potent as a civilizer than all the weapons in creation. It is the emblem of Christianity."

"You are a Christian, then?" said I.

"I am," said he, with an air of serenity and confidence.

"You will pardon me if I ask when, and under what circumstances, you were endued with the Christian sentiment."

"My friend," said he, "it is a long and a painful story, but as you seem to be interested, I will relate it to you in as few words as possible. Several years ago, when the white man and the Mexicans were at war, we young Comanche braves would make frequent raids on the frontiers of both countries. On one occasion I headed an expedition into Mexico and pushed on the murderous war-path, spreading consternation and terror even to the very gates of the City of Chihuahua. Lingering for some days on the outskirts of the town, it was finally determined to retrace our steps by slow marches, laden and embarrassed as we were with captives and booty. We had no fear of pursuit, for the white man kept the Mexican soldiers busy. I had hitherto given up all claims to the captives we had taken to my comrades. Indeed, I valued more the fame and reputation I was winning in action than the worldly gains resulting therefrom.

"We lay for a day or two in ambush, near the hacienda of Don Antonio Perez, to rest our wearied animals and to take such relaxation ourselves as the mountain gorge, in the recesses of which we had taken shelter, afforded. One of our number, stationed on the brink of an overhanging crag commanding a view of the entire valley beneath, watched especially the hacienda of Don Perez. One afternoon, whilst I was on the watch, I saw issue from the broad portals of the hacienda, a man and a woman, and take a road leading in the direction of our lair. As they approached, the woman riding astride, in the Mexican fashion (a white bronca of unusual style and beauty), and draped in a burnoose of blue cloth hanging on either side, and covering her dainty feet—this cross shining on her bosom in the rays of the rising sun—she seemed to me a ministering angel sent by the Great Spirit for my special benefit. Her attendant, riding a little in the rear, was evidently a domestic, or some trusted major-domo. He, too, was well mounted; and it behooved me to be more than wary to capture the twain without the assistance of my comrades, which I proposed to attempt. On they came, unsuspicious of the danger they were incurring, until, reaching a turn in the road leading directly beneath the pinnacle on which I was stationed, the fair maiden, discovering a flower growing far up the cliff, bade her

attendant dismount and pluck it for her. Instinctively obeying her every behest, her attendant dismounted, and, leaving his horse standing in the road, was soon climbing up the hillside. As quick as thought I had descended to the road in their rear, seized and mounted the bewildered mustang, rode alongside the young lady, and bade the now distracted attendant to descend and take the path in advance of us, which led to our hiding-place. The order was instantly given for the march, and ere the maiden had taken foot from the stirrup, we were far on our way to the crossing of the Del Norte. My prize had not had time for supplications or remonstrance. On we sped to the Pecos, at a point where it issued through the Organ Mountains on to the Llano Estacado, where we were safe from pursuit. Here we halted for a week to replenish our exhausted larder from the mountain sheep, or big horn, the black-tail deer, and cinnamon bear, which abound in that region, and to rest our fatigued animals. Buffalo ranged on the plains beneath us, but we did not care to chase them with our tired horses.

"Ninetta—for such was the name of the maiden I had captured—had reached the age of sixteen. Indeed, it was on her birthday, as she told me afterward, that she had fancied riding a-horseback; and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her father, who loved his child with an intensity of love none but a loving and indulgent father can conceive, for she was the living image of an idolized wife who died in giving birth to the daughter—notwithstanding the remonstrances of the ever-cautious Don Perez, she took the road leading directly into my ambuscade. She was lovely beyond conception; and, to my romantic Indian eye, there was something in the large, sloe-black orb, covered by the ever-drooping lid, constantly appealing to the better nature of the man which controlled and seemed to hold in captivity a something in my nature I had not yet discovered or realized. Whenever I approached, those drooping eyes would appeal to the inner man, and that cross continually shining on her bosom constantly rebuked any lascivious desires I might have indulged in. I soon allayed her anxieties in respect to her future fate. I supplied her amply with wiggyups, and with skins and furs for her comfort at night.

"Pablo, her attendant, was never-ceasing in his care for her comfort and health. Indeed, he never left her night or day; the cross seemed as attractive to him as it had been to me.

"Arrived at our destination, the grand camp of the Comanches, on the red-fork of the Arkansas, we were duly congratulated on our success. Ninetta was provided with a lodge in the most private part of the encampment, with Pablo, her faithful domestic, in another, not so pretentious, near her. I was untiring in my efforts to please and to win the noble emotions of my captive.

"Soon after my return I had been elected and proclaimed the great war chief of the Comanche nation by the unanimous voice of camp chiefs and heads of families. The attendant festivities and dances on my installation distracted my attention for a while from Ninetta; but I soon wearied of these, and devoted myself once more to the pursuit of love. I loved, idolized the very ground on which Ninetta trod; I was delighted to discover that she was beginning to take more interest in her surroundings; she seemed to have realized the situation, and was determined to make the best of it.

"My sister came into the zone of her influence, and lodged with her in the same tépé, teaching her the arts of Indian life, and receiving in return Ninetta's charming and simple explanations of the mysteries of the silver cross she wore. The young men of the camp were endued with the same respect for her that I had. They approached her with manners subdued, and would sit and gaze at her wondrous beauty as upon some being visiting them from the spirit-land. I loved with an ardent love only given to those born to an unlovable destiny. Ninetta was not slow in discovering the intensity of my passion, for my entire nature had been subdued by the influence of that look, and by the mysterious influences of that symbolic sign which she constantly wore. These, together with the mystic sign she would make as she knelt in our presence and uttered her simple appeals to the Great Spirit, and to what she called the Mother of God, striking her breast with the fore-finger of her delicate hand, would subdue and chasten the sternest natures.

"At length Ninetta, yielding to my oft-repeated and earnest solicitations, became the bride of Que-nas-chu, the Soaring Eagle.

"The occasion of our marriage was the advent into the Comanche camp of Father Gabriel, a delegate from Father Smidt. The holy father came on a mission of love. He had sojourned with us but a few days, chiefly occupied in administering his ministerial services to Ninetta and to her faithful attendant, Pablo. This was the turning-point in my life's history. Ninetta had confessed and explained the secret of our love to Father Gabriel; and the good priest, in broaching the subject to me in the most delicate, gentle manner possible, declared that before the ceremony could be performed I must declare in good faith, publicly, my conviction—first, of there being but one living eternal God; second, that Jesus Christ is the immaculate Son of God; third, that the Holy Ghost is the Spirit of God, pervading more or less all mankind.

"Having been previously instructed and informed in respect to these fundamental principles, I had no difficulty in making the required declaration, many of my followers being witnesses of the transaction, and we were duly united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

"You can well imagine, my friend, the influence this angel on earth exercised over my future career. Ever wearing this sacred emblem exposed on her bosom, the influence of her and it wrought in my soul an entire change. My passions became subdued; my cravings after the blood and scalps of my enemies vanished. The sentiment of bravery existed still in full force, but it was moral bravery rather than physical.

"We lived happily together, she instructing me in the mysteries of her religion—its ceremonies and its rites; I her in the traditions and in the lore of my tribe. Adaptability to all our customs, and never complaining at any hardships, was her chief charm. And thus weeks and months and years passed, alternating in the innocent pastimes of the camp and the oral instructions of my idolized spouse.

"At the expiration of a twelvemonth a child was born to us, a boy, the counterpart of its fair mother; and we lived and rejoiced in our religion, our love, and in our boy.

"A fatal day came—one that will ever mark the darkest period of my existence.

"The evening sky had been livid, and the mornings, for several days, had been hazy, almost obscuring the sun's autumnal rays. A faint smell of fire, of the burning grasses and forests, pervaded the atmosphere and filled the nostrils. The wind coming from the west bore upon its wings portents of evil. I was overwhelmed with a sentient desire to mount my horse and solve the mystery, by galloping across the plains in the direction whence came the mysterious odor, and did so accordingly, alone, unattended.

"I had proceeded twenty or thirty miles, when, late in the afternoon, a sound struck my ear like the roaring of

some distant cataract, or the heavy swell of some ocean wave, set in motion by one of those giant earthquakes which are described by our medicine-men as occurring at

COMANCHES CARRYING OFF A WOUNDED CHIEF.

times in the big waters of the west. I halted a moment, to listen and to gaze upon the awful spectacle which presented itself. The entire horizon westward was closed in by a seemingly moving mass of living creatures, rising like a streak of black, threatening cloud, as it approached nearer and nearer. On the instant I unraveled the mystery, and realized the danger to our camp. Turning my horse, I fled on the wings of the wind, to give timely warning of the coming danger.

"My friend, have you ever witnessed a stampede on the plains?—a stampede of buffalo?"

"Only once," I replied; "a stampede of three hundred of our cavalry horses, frightened by a thunderstorm, whilst picketed and grazing quietly near camp. Then, though the scene was fearful for a few minutes, as the frantic creatures careered wildly over the plains, with the iron pickets and picket-ropes intertwined or lashing their sides, a few daring soldiers, mounting the nearest steeds to them, took the lead, and with the help of the familiar "stable call," blown by all the trumpeters, the frightened animals were soon brought to a stand and soothed. This is the only real stampede I have ever witnessed."

A CONFERENCE BETWEEN U. S. AUTHORITIES AND THE COMANCHES.

"Ah, then you have something to see yet! Imagine, if you can, countless thousands of demoniac creatures coursing in one solid mass the undulating plain; the leading troops pressed on by those in the rear, sweeping everything before them, and only stopped by sheer exhaustion, to be ground to dust by the herds coming on, until, reaching the precipitous banks of a river, thousands blindly dash over it, and go floating down the stream, helpless carcasses.

"Such was the stampede I had now to deal with.

"Quivering in every limb, with contending emotions I reached the camp some hours after nightfall, and aroused my sleeping comrades to a sense of their danger. They mounted immediately, and were organized into two parties, to go to the front and deflect or divide the moving masses. In this operation I manœuvred my bands as I would have done in the most desperate engagement. On they came, surging and bellowing with fright, the earth shaking and trembling under their feet. On they came, like so many black, unearthly demons seeking whom they might devour. We succeeded by the intrepidity of our bold stand, and the yells we uttered, as if to drown the uproar of their coming, in separating the onflowing tide.

"Overwhelmed with the contending emotions which endued my soul—the primary duty of securing the general safety, and of leading my various bands into action at points critically threatened, and the special safety of my darling Ninetta and her young child, I was urged by the natural instincts of an Indian's nature to prove myself true to the exalted position to which I had been elected. Fatal infatuation! Ninetta's lodge had been placed, as usual, at a romantic spot, somewhat remote from the main camp, and on one of its flanks. The rushing tide of the stampeded buffalo-herd had been severed, and deflected around either flank of our camp. Little did I think of

the dangerous and exposed position of my own tépé. It was crushed beneath the ruthless hoofs of the flying herds, and its occupants, my wife and child, perished, and their remains were obliterated. Nothing save the silver cross which shone on the desolate spot, as our Blessed Saviour's cross shone on Mount Calvary, could be found to indicate the locality. Her angelic spirit had vanished in the same mysterious manner that she had first appeared to me, bearing on her bosom this emblem of her Saviour, and leaving it behind her in her flight, an ever-enduring monument of her love and of my redemption."

The Soaring Eagle looked the very impersonation of the simple, the faithful and the confiding Christian. His naturally brilliant eagle eye shone with a calm and assured certainty that he would meet in Paradise the maiden he had so idolized on earth. I have often wondered whether, in the mutability of events during the past twenty years, my Comanche friend of the Plains still lives. If dead, *requiescat in pace!*

A WIFE'S HIDING-PLACE.

It was during the troublous times in Poland, when many of the chief nobles of that unhappy land were looking to see their beloved country once more free and independent. The Russian Emperor called it an insurrection, and proposed to punish the leaders thereof with death. Upon the head of a certain Polish nobleman a price was set. The Emperor was very anxious to gain him into his power, and having been informed that the nobleman's wife had been heard to declare that she had hidden her husband, he ordered her to be brought before him. Accordingly she was apprehended, and ushered into the imperial presence.

The Emperor was forcibly struck by the lady's surpassing beauty, and by her queenly bearing. Having asked her name and station, she was asked if she had said that she had hidden her husband. She answered in the affirmative. She was then asked where she had hidden him.

But she shook her head; she would not tell. Whereupon the Emperor informed her that if she would not confess otherwise, he should put her to the torture. Upon that she looked up into the monarch's face, and said to him, with outstretched hands:

"Sire, I have hidden away my husband. If I tell you where he is hidden will you spare me?"

"I will."

"You will keep your word, even though you do not find him?"

"If you tell me truly where you have hidden him—yes—I swear it."

"Then," she said, laying her hands over her throbbing bosom—"know ye, I have hidden him in my heart!"

We may suppose that the Emperor kept his word; for he was not without a heart of his own, which could respond, on occasion, to a noble and generous sentiment.

JOAN OF ARC.

Though Joan of Arc is a French heroine in but little danger of being forgotten, the inhabitants of Crotoy have thought fit to make assurance doubly sure by rearing a fresh statue to her memory. The Maid of Orleans having had the misfortune to be a sound Catholic sacrificed by a bishop, the clericals and their opponents have seized the occasion for a renewal of their ancient combat against everybody and everything considered inimical to the Warrior Girl of Domremy.

The story of Jeanne d'Arc's life, as conventionally received, is a tragedy which aptly lends itself to the legion of painters, sculptors, poets and prosers, who have chosen it for an illustration of their genius or the demonstration of their dullness. But, in truth, after an interval of four centuries and a half, history is apt to grow a little moldy, and though so orthodox a chronicler as M. Henri Martin, who was chosen to pronounce the Crotoy eulogy, might have proved equal to the demands on his imagination, the least exacting of historians must now and then be staggered as they try to repeat the oft-told tale of the foundress of the noble family of De Lys.

A career of nineteen years, so obscure in its beginning, so sad, and yet so brilliant at its close, could not fail to enlist the sympathy and admiration of every age. Thus Jeanne d'Arc has been accorded an immortality of glory, and a wealth of pictures, memoirs, statues and epics such as have fallen to no other woman of her nation. Unhappily we live in Philistinish times. The iconoclasts of history delight in hewing down their fathers' gods. With such a spirit let loose among the records, it could scarcely be expected that the Maid of Orleans would escape the cruel investigations of the spotless critic.

It is true that, though there is a question how far the fanaticism of Jeanne aided in routing the English, no one doubts that they were defeated. It is, therefore, needless revising the verdict then passed at the spear-point. But, after a hundred works have described her death, and thousands of reverent pilgrims have wept over the scene of her martyrdom in the Place de la Pucelle of Rouen, it was a shock to hear, not only that the English were not responsible for her martyrdom, but that the heroic damsel was never burned at all, having lived to be a respected matron and well-to-do citoyenne. This is, nevertheless, what Father Vignier asserts to be the fact, and M. Delapierre has confirmed with documents regarding the authenticity of which there cannot be much skepticism. There always was a belief that the woman executed in 1431 was not the real "Maid," and at different towns during the subsequent years numerous impostors were punished for attempting to pass themselves off as the authentic martyr. M. Vignier, however, found in the archives of Mentz a contemporary account of the arrival of Jeanne in that city on the 20th of May, 1436, and her recognition of her two brothers.

This paper furthermore mentions that in due time she was married to a Sieur de Hermoise, or Armoise, and though it might be admitted that the document discovered was a modern forgery, it is certainly staggering to disinter from a family muniment chest of a M. des Armoise, of Lorraine, a contract of marriage between "Robert des Armoise, Knight, and Jeanne d'Arcy, surnamed the Maid of Orleans." This also might have been a coincidence, though a rather striking one, but among the archives of the Maison de Ville of Orleans, under dates 1435 and 1436, are records of certain payments made to messengers bringing letters from "Jeanne the Maid" to her brother, John du Lils, of Lys. Now, this surname is well known to have been that under which, as a reward for long service, the Arc family are ennobled. So here—unless we at once cut the knot by declaring the entire mass of documents (those in Mentz, in Lorraine and in Orleans) to be gross forgeries, which has not yet been attempted—is a curious network of facts, out of which it is rather difficult to escape from the conclusion that there must have been some mistake about the Maid of Orleans having been incinerated in that lively city on the Seine, in which stands one of her many statues erected to attest the truth of the event.

Most curious of all—and M. Delapierre, in his, "Doutes Historiques," adduces numerous other data tending in the same direction—in the Orleans accounts, under date of August 1st, 1439 (eight years after she ought to have been dead), there is an entry of two hundred and forty livres presented to Jeanne d'Armoise by the Town Council, for services rendered by her at the siege of 1429. It is difficult to get over these facts.

ROLF AND I.

By M. D. Brine.

THINK I can never quite lose the memory of my mother's death, for, in all the years which have since followed, I can yet recall that dreadful evening when I clung with all the strength of my little arms to the solemn figure which neither heard nor saw my distress, since the eyes would never open again with their look of love for me, nor could the pale lips call me by name.

It was my mother's sister, Aunt Grace Morton, who finally lifted me from the bed of death, and, with tears in her gentle voice bade me be comforted, and remember that my home would in future be with her and Uncle Morton, and they and Cousin Rolf would love me dearly.

It was long before I ceased grieving for mamma; but children's hearts turn more to sunshine than shadow, and after a little while I learned to sing and laugh again as a child of ten ought, and auntie called me "Little Sunshine" as the weeks and months went by.

I must here explain that Mr. Morton was my aunt's second husband—a devoted, kind-hearted man, whose son, Rolf, shared with him my aunt's respect and love.

Had the boy been her own child, he could not have loved Aunt Grace more, I think; and it was her delight to talk to me of Rolf's noble traits and loving heart, until I longed for the time of his return from school.

He had gone away to S—— long before mamma's sickness, and previous to that I had only met him once; so that I had no distinct remembrance of him, and only knew him through auntie's loving description of her stepson.

Rolf was fifteen years old, and the five years between us seemed almost an age. He would be home by the holiday season, auntie said, and how I did try to improve and grow quiet and gentle during the weeks intervening, so that my cousin would be sure to like me.

I remember when at last he arrived how timidly I stood by auntie in the hall to welcome him. A warm shake of the hand with his father, a close clasp of his arms about auntie, as he half smothered her with kisses, and then he turned to me.

I bashfully hung my head and extended my hand, but Rolf suddenly lifted me in his arms, and sat down on a chair near by.

"Only your atom of a hand, Sis Clare?" he asked, merrily, "instead of a good big kiss to welcome the big boy home. Come, look up, and see what a famous fellow I am for a game of romps!"

His cheery voice restored my courage, and obeying a sudden impulse, I threw my arms around his neck, and exclaimed, with a long-drawn breath:

"Oh, I am so glad you're not a man!"

We had a very merry holiday season—so much so that when one day my cousin stood, hat in hand, saying his last good-by ere he was off for school and study again, I burst into tears, and ran into the sitting-room, holding my red little nose and swollen eyes in the sofa-cushion.

Then it was I heard Rolf say to auntie, half-laughingly:

"Wait till she is grown, mother mine, and see if that child doesn't break some fellow's heart. She'll be a beauty, with her dark eyes and clear olive complexion."

Well, when he came to me for another good-by kiss, he didn't dream that my naturally vain little heart had eagerly seized his words of compliment, and was comforted in no little degree.

After he had gone auntie and I were lonely, and she petted and spoiled me, until even indulgent Uncle Morton remonstrated. I missed the tall, blue-eyed, fair-haired boy, who had never thwarted my slightest wish, and had devoted his holidays to giving me, child as I was, all sorts of pleasures and delights. Auntie used to say, laughingly:

"Never mind, Clare; you'll have him *all* the time in two years; and I expect to be very jealous."

Rolf came home but twice in the next two years, and one of his visits was very sad, because it was on the occasion of his father's death. Uncle Morton died after only a few days' illness, and auntie had only Rolf and I to comfort her.

But soon the boy—or young man, as he should have been called, for Rolf was nearly eighteen years old by that time—returned to his home to remain with us, for auntie was timid, and the house was large, and there were only herself and I and the two faithful old servants, to protect each other against the usual woman's alarm—*burglars*.

So Rolf came, and we three were all in all to each other. I studied daily under the tuition of a governess, and assistance from Rolf, and I was happy as a young queen, loving auntie almost as dearly as I had loved mamma, and loving my cousin Rolf like a dear brother. We were rarely parted during the three years following, although there were occasions when I would spend a day or two with friends who also visited our family, and Rolf would be called from home on some business matter.

But our home was too happy for either of its "children"—as auntie still called us—to care about remaining long away, and as Rolf grew rapidly toward manhood, I also advanced toward the sweet season of maidenhood, my heart and brain filling fast with girlish fancies.

When my cousin was twenty-one years of age dear auntie died, and, after the usual time had elapsed, her papers were opened, and the old family lawyer announced the fact that Rolf and I were the sole heirs to the respectable property left; and though his was the larger share, yet I was content with my heritage, and grateful to auntie for her thoughtful remembrance of me.

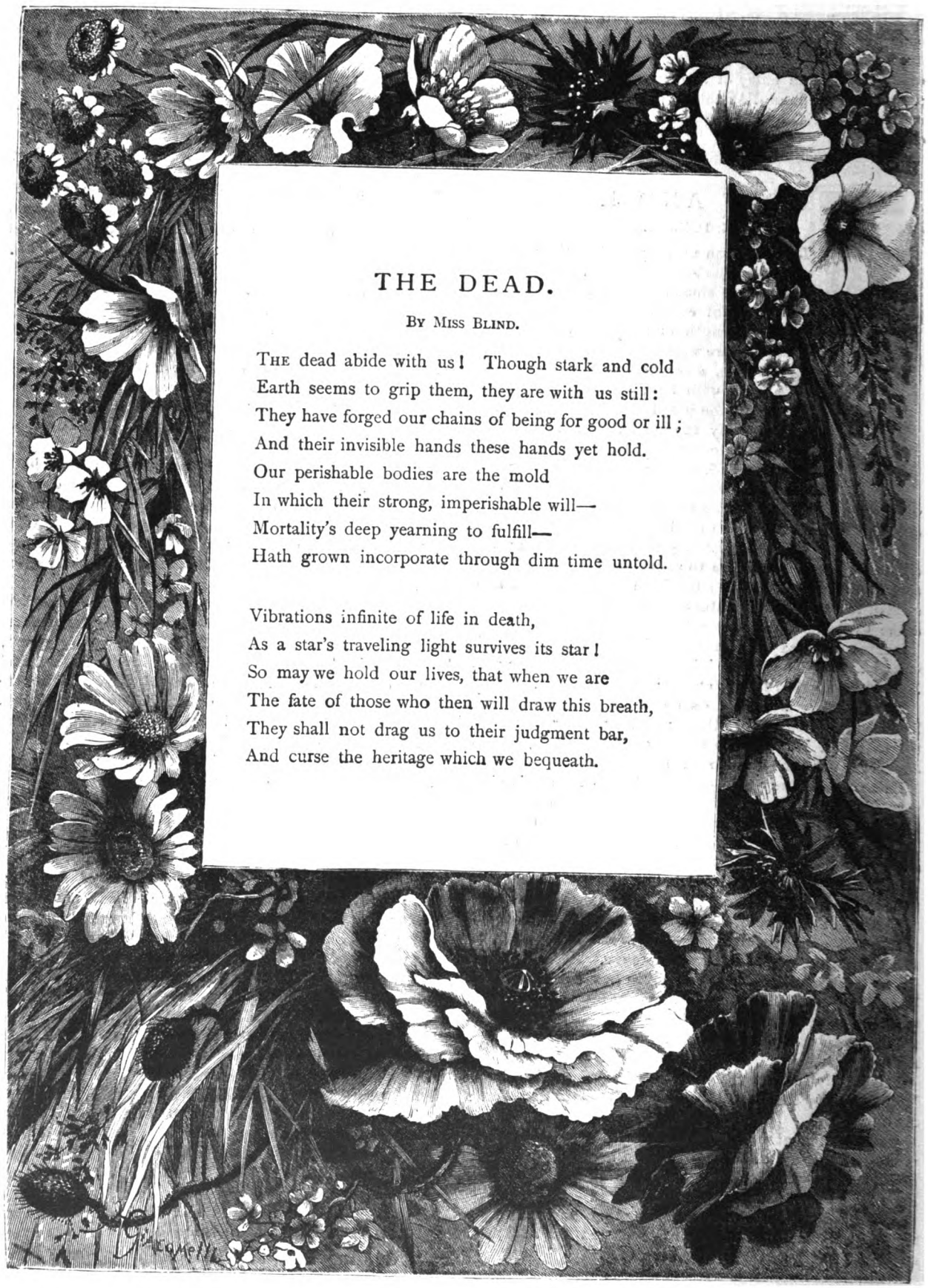
She requested, in her will, that Rolf should be my guardian, knowing well that, young as he was, he had the wisdom and manhood of one far older.

I was to attend a boarding-school in charge of an esteemed old friend of auntie's, and Rolf would attend to family business matters, and continue the study of law with our old friend, Judge C——.

Thus auntie knew I would be safely cared for and advised during the time until Rolf would attain legal majority, and then my guardianship.

So we separated, my cousin and I. He took his sore, grieving heart to Europe for a season of rest and recruiting, ere finishing his law studies, which he dearly loved, and I went amongst strangers for the first time in my life of sixteen years.

Of course, I cried and fretted over the thought of leaving home and Rolf; but it was to be, and finally the days



THE DEAD.

By Miss Blind.

The dead abide with us! Though stark and cold
Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still:
They have forged our chains of being for good or ill;
And their invisible hands these hands yet hold.
Our perishable bodies are the mold
In which their strong, imperishable will—
Mortality's deep yearning to fulfill—
Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold.

Vibrations infinite of life in death,
As a star's traveling light survives its star!
So may we hold our lives, that when we are
The fate of those who then will draw this breath,
They shall not drag us to their judgment bar,
And curse the heritage which we bequeath.

ROLF AND I.—"THERE HE WAS, MY NOBLE ROLF, THE ONLY MAN—I KNOW IT NOW—WHOM I COULD TRULY LOVE AND RESPECT, AND WITHOUT WHOM I COULD NOT LIVE, I THOUGHT, IN DESPAIR."—SEE PAGE 671.

grew brighter for me, till, after a year had passed, I was perfectly happy with a gay set of girls and companions, who, like myself, considered school and its duties a sort of combination of necessary evils, to which we might as well submit with a good grace.

At eighteen I was out of school and at home with Rolf—"Gardy" I used to call him when in a teasing mood—and a respectable old lady, who acted the double duty of *duenna* and housekeeper.

How can I describe the loving care and kindness which my cousin Rolf gave me day after day! Nothing was too good for his little Clare, he said, ignoring the fact of my five feet two, and passing his tender hand as frequently and as caressingly over my hair as when I was only a little thing upon his knee, and he my "big boy cousin."

"You are growing so fair and winsome, *ma belle*," he used to say, with a world of love in his blue eyes. "Who will win your love away from me, I wonder?"

Then we would both laugh, and I would protest that no man could take my cousin's place in my heart.

But there came a time when, during a long absence from home, while visiting one of my old schoolmates, I learned to like and crave admiration from the young men of her acquaintance, and entered heart and soul into the gay life to which she introduced me, at once. And when a certain young fellow, with brilliant, dashing manners, and a clever knowledge of *how to woo*, came daily to see and make himself agreeable to me, I found it so delightful and altogether new, that the idea of having to return home grew for the first time distasteful. I was reckless, and eager for a continuation of this fascinating life, so different from the quiet home-life in which I had always been so happy. So I wrote to Rolf, urging him to consent to my longer stay, and picturing my pleasures in such glowing terms that I felt sure of his answer. And it came in due time. He consented, but because the old home was lonely without me, he should go away and travel a while.

I felt somewhat reproached, but Harry Somers was at hand to drive all unpleasant thoughts out of my mind, and ere long I forgot to "wonder what Rolf was doing," and only wondered how I could possibly fill all the engagements I had made for the coming week.

Time passed, and before I finally returned home, where Rolf was to meet me, Harry Somers had declared himself with such earnestness that I fully believed his life would be wretched without me, and promised to save him from despair.

All through the journey home I was planning how to break the news to Cousin Rolf, and half-fearing trouble in gaining his consent; and when the noble fellow met me at the depot, clasping my hand tightly in his, and I saw his face fairly glow with the gladness of my return, I felt the quick tears spring to my eyes, and the old clinging love for my cousin drove all thoughts of my love from my mind for a time.

It was not until we were seated together in the old familiar room, having bidden the gray-haired, white-capped old housekeeper good-night, that Rolf and I talked of my visit and my plans.

I saw a quick look of pain on his face as I told him of Harry, and asked his consent to our engagement; and the arm he had thrown around me tightened its clasp as I spoke in glowing words of all I had done and expected to do in the gay life so lately entered upon.

"You are sure you love him, little Clare?" Rolf asked, somewhat anxiously, bending his head and looking into my eyes steadily.

I replied that I did love Harry.

"How could I help it when he loved me so well, and had declared his future would be void of happiness if I should turn away from his suit?"

Rolf smiled at my answer, but the cloud gathered on his brow and in his eyes once more.

"God knows I would not stand in the way of your happiness, my Clare," he said. "I love you too dearly for that, and I am the guardian of your pleasure and best interest, you know. So how could I refuse to let you marry the man of your choice, if I were certain he would make you happy? But I must know more of him first."

"He is coming here, Rolf," I replied, "and you may judge for yourself."

We talked until Rolf caught me trying to stifle a yawn, and then he sent me to bed.

I dreamed all night that Harry and Rolf were disputing about me until, as they seemed about to come to blows, I awoke with a start, and found it near daylight.

When, at the breakfast-table in the morning, I told Rolf my dream, and said, jestingly, "How funny for *you* to want to marry me, Rolf, so much so as to dispute with poor Harry!" Rolf turned very pale, and bit his lip as if to keep from answer; and, though surprised, I said nothing more of the dream.

Harry came in response to an invition from Rolf, and I watched my cousin's face closely.

Evidently Rolf was not quite prepossessed in Harry's favor, although his greeting was kind and courteous enough.

But I could see that Rolf was very glad when Harry left us, and perhaps the slight resistance to my plans and wishes made me more determined, for the first time in my life, to have my own way, even though against my cousin's wish.

Not long after I received an urgent invitation from Harry's sisters to visit them, and decided to accept, without a thought of the propriety of the thing, or even Rolf's acquiescence. Of course he objected strongly.

"I haven't yet consented to your engagement with him, Clare," said he, gravely. "And truly, dear, I do not fancy him; he is *not* the kind of man I should want my precious Clare to marry, and you know"—he paused and turned his face away ere continuing—"you know that Rolf would die to serve you and make you happy."

I petulantly shrugged my shoulders and turned away.

However, it ended as I knew it would from the first. I had my way, and went to Harry's home, trying to feel glad and happy, with the prospect of a pleasant visit with his sisters, although Harry himself was absent, and would probably not return until my visit was near its close.

But the memory of Rolf's grave face haunted me, and clung to me during the whole of my visit. Contrary to expectations, Harry returned, and his devotion to me was begun anew. But how it happened I don't know, or what caused the change in my feelings; I only know that a strange longing to see Rolf came over me. I fancied what it would be to live apart from him always, missing his loving care and watchfulness, his unselfish love and counsel, and the thousand and one little things which made him so necessary to me, that the very thought of taking up a new and different life seemed more than I could bear.

Little by little Harry's attentions grew annoying to me, and I thanked fate that our engagement was not as yet a settled thing, owing to Rolf's non-consent.

I suppose the growing coldness of my manner, which, because of the increasing desire for Rolf's presence, I could not conceal when Harry persistently devoted himself to me, fretted him, for he complained bitterly that I had changed, and was no longer like my gentle self. Then a sharp reply followed on my part, and at last, after a

wakeful night, during which I fancied all sorts of dreadful things as happening to Rolf, I determined to go at once home, and promise my cousin to have nothing more to do with Harry Somers.

A letter was handed me at breakfast-time, written by the faithful old housekeeper, who informed me that "Something ailed Mr. Rolf; she didn't know what it was about, but he had been like a ghost about the house, so white and sad, and seemed to be always *thinking*. Would I come home and cheer him up a little bit?"

Would I? I lost no time in announcing the fact of my intended departure, and, in spite of remonstrance from all the family, I left for home that same day at noon.

When I reached the dear home, and rang the bell with a trembling hand—thinking how glad and surprised Rolf would be, the dear fellow, when he came home from his office later in the day—Mary, the waitress, admitted me.

The housekeeper had gone out, the girl said, so I went straight to my room. But, oh! I had not yet removed my hat and cloak ere the girl Mary came hastily to my room with the cry that "Master Rolf was in the library, *dead in the chair!*"

One scream which I could not restrain, and then I flew down the staircase with a throbbing heart and brain.

There he was, my noble Rolf, the only man—I knew it now—whom ever I could truly love and respect, and without whom I could not live, I thought in despair—there he was, in the chair beside his table, his head drooped slightly, and the dear face was white, oh, *so* white!

"Rolf! oh, Rolf!" I called, springing forward. Was he really dead, or only in a swoon? "He has been sicker than I knew of," I cried, "and they ought to have sent for me!"

But Rolf was not dead, after all, for when my arms were closely about him he opened his eyes and smiled, and though his mind wandered a little, for fever set in strongly, I, alone with him while a doctor was sent for, listened to words which made me so happy I almost forgot to be anxious about him.

"I thought you would come to me, my Clare. If you knew that I love you so, you would not leave me to love another, who has not loved you so long or so dearly as I have—would you?"

He scarcely knew what he said, poor fellow! but *I knew* it was all in his dear heart, although but for this I might never have known, and I was glad, more so than I dared confess even to myself.

Well, Rolf got well pretty soon, and we had another talk, and the result was that Mr. and Mrs. Rolf Morton will be "At Home" on Thursday, November —, to any friends who chance to call.

COFFEE.

A CUP of coffee! What pleasing though harrowing associations these few words conjure up! How few and far between have been the "good cups!" how fearfully and wonderfully made the bad ones! Tea may be very inferior, yet drinkable. Coffee, when unskillfully concocted, or of doubtful parentage, is unbearable; and yet how often have we been compelled to take it for better, and especially for worse! Coffee is, indeed, familiar in our mouths as household words, and it behooves us to trace the berry from the plantation to the cup.

At a majority of breakfast-tables, "if the coffee is good everything is good"—a fact so significant in itself that no other argument is needed to prove the all importance of uniform success in the preparation of this one article.

Books innumerable have been written about this famous berry.

The range of coffee-culture extends over almost the whole of the tropical belt of the globe, the isothermal lines between the twenty-fifth degree north and the thirtieth degree south of the equator comprising the principal regions adapted to the growth of the plant. The plant seems to bear greater climatic extremes than most members of the vegetable kingdom, and thrives in localities differing as much as twenty to thirty degrees in average temperature.

It is a fact well worthy of notice that in many of the countries where the *Coffœa Arabica*—the coffee of commerce—has been introduced, indigenous varieties of the coffee-plant have been discovered, as in Mauritius, Southern India, Liberia, Costa Rica and Mexico, Peru, Guiana and Brazil. In the last-named country no fewer than sixteen species are distinguished, growing in a wild state.

The coffee-plant, although of hardy growth, is not without enemies, among which the principal are the borer, the bug, and the leaf fungus. Drought, damp, and rot also affect and injure the plant. In some countries shade-trees are necessary in order to protect it from excessive heat. In Ceylon coffee-trees under shade do not produce as liberally as trees planted in open ground, and except in very low districts, shade is rarely provided. In Venezuela the long dry season makes it necessary to give the plants the shelter of large overhanging trees. In Brazil coffee is grown in the open.

Monkeys, squirrels, and jackals are fond of the ripe berries, and make no scruple to plunder the plantations. A species of rat is also addicted to making inroads upon the coffee-fields and biting off the leaves and tender shoots.

The limit of average productiveness is about thirty years. After that time the trees may continue to live and grow, but they yield little or no fruit. In Java, coffee-trees planted nearly a hundred years ago are said to be yet in existence, being now some forty feet high, with trunks of the thickness of a man's thigh; but they grow entirely wild and produce no berries. On an average, the trees are replaced on the plantations every twenty years. This process of replanting goes on constantly. On the whole, the cultivation requires great care and unceasing attention, together with considerable capital to await the coming into bearing of the trees and to meet the heavy current expenses.

Coffee grows best on the uplands—usually on mountain sides at an elevation of from 1,500 to 4,500 feet above the level of the sea. In dry districts it is grown at an elevation of 5,500 and even 6,000 feet. The following directions are given by an experienced planter in the East:

"As a general rule, the best zone of latitude for coffee is 150° on each side of the equator; of altitude from 3,000 to 4,500 feet. The deeper, freer, and richer the soil is the better. It should be specially tested for phosphoric acid and potash. The latter will be in abundance if a large forest is felled, and burned grassland must be very good to grow coffee. An eastern or southeastern exposure is good, but not always essential. Shelter from tearing wind, however, is of the utmost importance, and in windy situations should be secured by leaving belts of timber, or planting fast-growing Australian trees. A mean temperature between 65° and 70° or 73° is desirable, and a rainfall of from 70 to 150 inches of rain, well distributed, about 100 inches being the best."

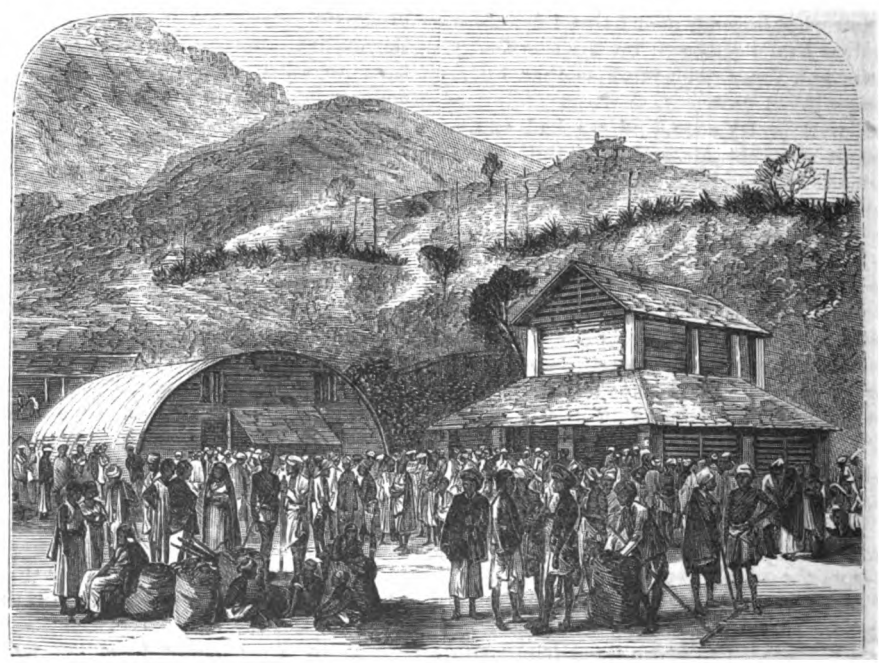
The trees are raised from the seeds in nurseries, and transferred to their final positions when about a year or

PICKING THE COFFEE-BERRY IN ARABIA.

eighteen months old. Plants raised from seeds are much better than those obtained from cuttings. A costly system of raising plants in pots has been commenced in Brazil, the planter claiming a gain of one year for those thus raised over such as are obtained by the ordinary method, as there is no set back to the plant in the process of transplanting, the roots remaining undisturbed.

The plants are usually set at intervals of eight or ten feet, although in some plantations they are placed a little closer, the rows, however, being about this distance apart. They begin bearing at the age of three to four years, their product annually increasing, and at six years they may be said to be in full bearing. The yield varies greatly, however, in different countries, being influenced by modes of culture and changes in the character of the seasons; taking one year with another, a tree in full bearing produces from two to three pounds per annum. Careful pruning is required to develop and maintain the productive capacity of the trees. Left to themselves they would grow to a considerable height; but when about eight feet high the tops are cut off, which causes them to spread instead of growing taller, and afterward they are kept pruned down to about eight feet, and in some countries, notably Ceylon, even lower. Within recent years pruning in Ceylon has been lighter than was formerly the custom. A heavily pruned tree is regarded as most liable to be attacked with leaf disease.

Regarding the *Coffœa Liberica*, a planter in the low country of Ceylon says: "Topping the Liberian coffee-tree is a very objectionable operation. The Arabian coffee-plant can be forced into an artificial form without the sacrifice of any of its crop, because there is a period, longer or shorter, between the crop and the blossom, in which old wood can be eliminated, but I cannot very clearly see how the artificial form is to be advantageously imposed on a tree that carries its full crop all the year round, and on which pruning can only be carried out at a sacrifice of crop. One of the objects of forcing Arabian coffee into the artificial form is to get the whole growth under hand, so as to facilitate and cheapen the gathering of the crop; but the average Liberian tree puts out its first branches at a height of stem little short of that at which the Arabian plant is usually topped, so that this end cannot be answered by topping at six or seven feet. I do not insist on these objections as the result of experimental study of the tree, but so far as I have gone they seem to me to be well founded."



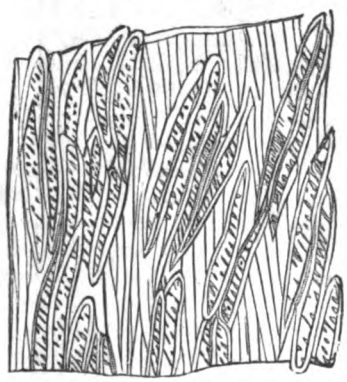
COFFEE-STORE AND PULPING-HOUSE IN CEYLON.

The average diameter of the trunk in full-bearing trees is about the size of a man's wrist. They bear a profusion of dark-green, glossy leaves, and the fruit or berry forms on the woody stems, usually at the base of these leaves.

▲ COFFEE-PLANTATION IN CEYLON.

A dissection of the fruit or berry, which, when ripe, is red in color and much resembles a large cranberry, or medium-sized cherry, shows that it consists of five different parts, covering the two beans, which lie within, face to face. First, we find the outer skin, very similar to that which surrounds the cranberry or cherry. Second, we have a soft pulp inclosed by and adhering to the outside covering.

The removal of the two first reveals a third coating, which consists of a soft, glutinous substance, strongly saccharine in its character. The fourth part is a sort of envelope, called by some the parchment. It is rather tough and somewhat thicker than the husk of wheat. It is of a yellowish-white color, and is easily removed by friction. Next to the parchment there is found a thin gossamer film, designated in Ceylon "silver-skin" and in Brazil the *pergaminho*, and in appearance resembling the thin skin which covers the white onion designated "silver-skin."



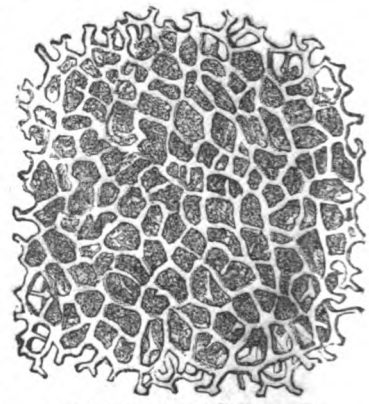
INVESTING MEMBRANE OF THE COFFEE BERRY.

Picking begins in Java in January, and lasts three or four months The chief part of the Ceylon crop is gathered from April to July. A small crop, chiefly young coffee, is picked from September to December. In Brazil they commence gathering the crop in April or May, the work continuing until September. Women and children are largely employed in gathering the fruit, carrying it from the field in baskets to the mill-house or terrace, where the preparation of the berry for market commences.

After the berries have been harvested the first operation to which they are treated is designated pulping. This is accomplished in either of two ways: one fashion is to pulp the berries, or "cherry," as they are termed in the East, in the soft state, which mode is favored in Ceylon; the other seeks to dry the berry first, and then remove the dried skin and pulp by a machine called a huller. The latter is the old way, while the former is known in the East as the West India method. Where the latter way is chosen the berries are spread upon terraces, or drying grounds of stone, mortar or cement, somewhat elevated in the centre, and there kept until complete desiccation takes place, care being taken to cover them over if it should rain when they are wholly or partially dried. Coffee prepared in this way is designated *thick hull* or *sun dried*.

The first process is adopted when the fruit is fully ripe. If, however, the berries have been allowed to remain too long upon the branch, or have been gathered before arriving at maturity, the pulper is not brought into use, and the second method comes into favor, which takes the berries, after being properly dried, and runs them through a machine called a huller, which, in Brazil, is generally of American make. These machines are worked either by hand or steam-power. Some hullers, that will hull 10 arrobas (323 pounds) of coffee when worked by hand, will hull 800 arrobas (26,824 pounds) in the same length of time when run by steam, another instance of the power of machinery to compensate for a deficiency in the labor supply.

SECTION OF UNROASTED COFFEE BERRY, FORMS OF CELLS AND DROPS OF ESSENTIAL OIL.



FRAGMENT OF ROASTED COFFEE.

In Ceylon the natives remove the dry pulp by pounding, using a common pounder, such as is used for removing the hull from rice. From want of care in the harvesting of the fruit, and the use of somewhat primitive methods of preparation, the native coffee lacks "style," and contains more or less damaged beans. In consequence of this the new method of preparation is rapidly growing in favor, although there are many coffee-drinkers who maintain that coffee produced by the old method is superior in flavor.

The new method, sometimes termed the "West India preparation," seeks the removal of the skin and pulp by maceration in water. On large Brazilian plantations the berries are carried to a large vat, from the bottom of which the heavier berries are drawn off by a pipe to the pulping-machine (despolpador), the lighter, or worthless berries, being carried off by the retreating water. This is also the plan adopted on the best plantations in Venezuela and Ceylon.

The pulping process is best accomplished as soon after the berries are gathered as is possible. A Brazilian pulping machine is a simple contrivance, consisting of an iron cylinder, set with teeth, and covered on one side by a curved sheet of metal, which it strikes as it revolves. A stream of water carries the berries to the cylinder, where they are crushed between it and the cover, the operation loosening the pulp. The macerated berries are then conveyed to a vat some distance off, the water being kept agitated by a revolving wheel, and serving to remove the loosened pulp, which is carried away by the waste water, the seeds sinking to the bottom of the vat, from which they are taken to a strainer, which drains off the water, leaving them ready for the next operation.

A variety of machines are used, and the process of conveying the berries to and from the pulper is more or less elaborate. In Ceylon the pulpers are of two kinds, the pulping surface of one being a cylinder, and that of the other a disk. The former are large, and the most expensive, the latter small, cheap and portable, thus bringing them into favor upon estates lying far in the interior. The disk pulpers are largely used in Java and on the coast of India.

On low estates with a high temperature—say from 68° to 80° Fahrenheit—coffee is ready for washing in about thirty-six or forty hours after pulping; but in some of the higher and colder districts, where fermenting progresses less rapidly, it may require as much as sixty hours. During this time no water should be allowed to flow in among the coffee which has been drained after being pulped; it would hinder fermentation. But after the

proper time has elapsed, and fermentation has taken place, the mucilage which, after pulping, adheres to the parchment skin, may be easily washed from it. This is done by admitting a free flow of water into the cistern and stirring the coffee with a wooden implement, similar to that used by natives in their rice-fields.

In Brazil and Central America the drying is effected in different ways. By the old process the berries are spread out upon a stone or mortar floor and exposed to the sun until dry, care being taken to rake over the seeds during the day, and to protect them from rain or from sudden showers.

A newer method employs steam. Beneath large zinc-covered tables, with raised edges, steam-pipes are run. Negroes are engaged in constantly stirring the seeds and taking them away when dried. By this process only a few hours are occupied in thoroughly drying the berries. It is also claimed that the coffee thus dried shows better quality than that which is sun dried on the terraces, as there is no chance of its being rain-damaged.

Different kinds of machines are used to remove the coffee-grains from their dry coverings. Some resemble a fanning mill, and others are immense structures specially built for the purpose. In all of them the one object is sought—the securing of bright, hard and thoroughly clean beans.

In countries where the most primitive methods are still in vogue, the coffee is very imperfectly cleaned, and the fine inner covering adheres more or less to the bean, largely reducing its commercial value.

While in Java, Mr. Francis B. Thurber for the first time found a seemingly plausible method of accounting for what is termed in commerce the "male berry" coffee. This, as is well known by all dealers in the article, is a bean of a roundish, oval shape, and its merits have been highly extolled by some who claim that it is much better than the ordinarily shaped coffee. Mr. J. W. E. de Sturler, the owner of a large coffee plantation in the Preanger district, assured Mr. Thurber that his observations had led him to believe that the so-called male berries are simply those berries which do not develop and attain the full size of the average bean; in short, that they are imperfect berries; that, while all the trees bear more or less of them, the older plants, which are less thrifty and vigorous, bear by far the larger percentage, and that, perhaps, a fair estimate of the average quantity of this style produced by his plantation was five per cent., or one-twentieth. Owing to the demand, however, which has been created for the "male berry" coffee, it often sells for ten to twenty per cent. more than the ordinary coffee. This person thought it possible that there was something in the popular belief that this style possessed a higher flavor than the ordinary coffee; but it was more probable that the higher price was due to fashion in trade, which often exhibits such strange vagaries. Mr. Thurber was confirmed in this view of the matter by a conversation he had subsequently, in Ceylon, on the same subject, with the experienced manger of the Cotchicaddy Mills, at Colombo.

Having briefly considered the preparation of the bean for the market, we now pass to a consideration of special matters connected with its production in the coffee-growing countries, describing the peculiarities of the different varieties of bean, and how they reach consuming markets, together with special features of interest to dealers.

In the following table are enumerated the countries contributing to the supply of the United States, and the quantities furnished by each during the years 1878, 1879 and 1880:

Order.	Countries.	Quantities. Year ending June 30, 1878. Pounds.	Value.	Per Cent. Total.	Quantities. Year ending June 30, 1879. Pounds.	Value.	Per Cent. Total.	Quantities. Year ending June 30, 1880. Pounds.	Value.	Per Cent. Total.
1	Brazil	211,654,160	$35,367,992	68.30	273,837,142	$31,795,101	72.46	296,731,718	$37,855,758	66.41
2	Venezuela	38,623,291	6,228,297	12.46	29,138,035	4,059,213	7.71	35,518,910	4,956,068	7.95
3	Dutch East Indies	14,573,766	2,799,562	4.70	18,492,343	3,224,874	4.89	28,033,008	4,839,854	6.27
4	Central America	13,868,955	2,473,178	4.48	11,463,136	1,699,231	3.03	19,254,218	2,567,786	4.31
5	Hayti	12,713,113	1,891,207	4.13	16,660 030	1,946,706	4 41	22,659,285	2,926,544	5.07
6	Mexico	6,337, 63	1,082,272	2.04	8,307,040	1 371,979	2.19	9,818,525	1,523,658	2.19
7	United States of Colombia	5,931,709	1,022,216	1.91	8,938,044	1,354,938	2.36	12,687,423	2,018.471	2 84
8	British West Indies and Honduras	2,340,187	364,579	0.76	1.963,611	238 897	0.52	2,049,577	279,553	0.46
9	England*	1,309,785	273,507	0.42	2,976,592	632,640	0.78	5,517,103	991,928	1.24
10	British East Indies	1,269,557	196,925	0.41	2,179,583	336,126	0.57	4,647,062	707,909	1.04
11	China and Hong Kong and other countries in Asia	331,893	63,096	0.11	590,453	107,087	0.15	1,043,535	189,715	0.23
12	Netherlands*	156,034	32,712	0.05	1,688,158	321,347	0.44	3,083,840	550,366	0.69
13	Hawaiian Islands	150,194	26,577	0 05	72,794	11,935		77,923	12 834	0.01
14	Liberia	107 500	22,746	0.04	109,024	22,352		143,781	25,873	0.03
15	Chili	106,356	21,179	0.04	.....	.....		.....	.....	.....
16	Porto Rico	105,856	13,083	0.04	120.309	19,701		2,937,083	502 090	0.66
17	Dutch West Indies and Dutch Guiana	44,939	6,896	0.01	575,044	87,442		1,204,363	169,323	0.27
18	British Possessions in Africa and adjacent islands and all others	36,704	5,177	0.01	8,761	1,944		594,051	129,165	
19	Africa—Ports not specified	33 452	7,112	0.01	856	172		1.220	192	
20	Spanish Possessions, all others	32,125	4,737	0.01	139,141	29,159		9,733	1,407	
21	Italy*	22,400	5,180		.....	.....		.....	.....	
22	French Possessions all others	9,050	1,431		435	103		50,091	4,974	
23	Danish West Indies	6,870	1,318		58,842	8,461		239,902	34,205	
24	Peru	4,594	942		.....	.....		340	138	
25	French Possessions in Africa and adjacent islands	3,526	722		.....	.....	0.49	1,442	266	
26	Germany*	2,388	353		2 ,854	4,068		238,495	24,996	
27	Cuba	2,044	438		2,215	353		29 538	4,644	
28	Belgium*	1,593	444	0.02	61,245	11 856		79,492	8,867	0.33
29	Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island*	1 299	257		.....	.....		.....	.....	
30	Azores, Madeira, Cape Verde Islands	674	137		7,000	1,181		1,286	224	
31	Turkey in Africa	622	162		.....	.....		10,300	2,013	
32	British Guiana	365	45		170	24		170	26	
33	Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, etc*	346	86		1,602	299		329	48	
34	British Columbia*	50	20		.....	.....		.....	.....	
35	France and French West Indies	.....	.....	.....	276,235	.....		33,905	7,746	
36	Portugal (1879) and Spain (1880)*	.....	.....	.....	12,681	1,076		1,870	235	
37	Portuguese Possessions in Africa	.....	.....	.....	46,058	5,320	.....	.....	.....	
38	San Domingo	.....	.....	.....	94,040	14,265	.....	150,709	24,073	
	Totals	309,822,540	$51,914,605	100.	377,848,473	$47,356,819	100.	446,850,727	$60,360,769	100

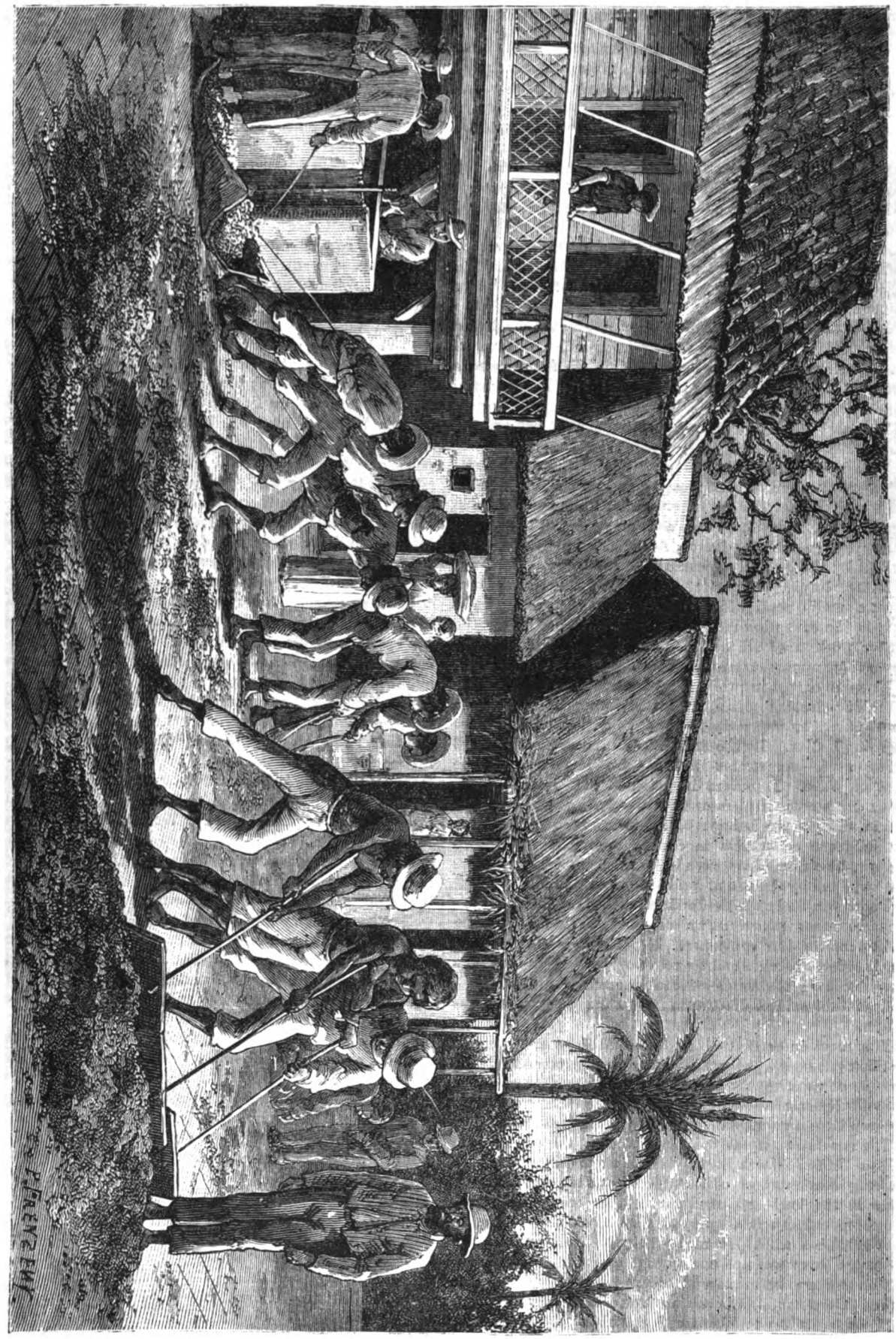
* Non-producing countries.

How to determine quality from the appearance of the bean is a question of great importance to every interested party, from the export merchant at the place of production to the buyer for consumption.

Between these two parties usually come the import merchant, the wholesale grocer and the retail merchant, on whose parts, respectively, care and knowledge are necessary, yet often wanting, to insure to the consumer a satisfactory result.

PICKING THE RIPE BERRIES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

Coffee is frequently damaged on the voyage of importation by dampness, which soon renders it musty; and when the coffee-bean once becomes musty its delicate flavor is much injured, and no amount of attempted renovation can fully restore it. A greater or less portion of nearly every cargo is thus damaged. The renovating process consists of opening the bags, emptying the contents out upon the floor of the warehouse, and skimming off, as well as may be, the moldy and musty beans, which usually are those next the bag; these are kept separate. If wet, they are dried, and afterward are often run through a polishing machine, to remove the mold and give them a more sightly appearance. They are then put upon the market, and generally sold for within one or two cents per pound of the price of sound coffee, although the intrinsic value is much diminished. The portion which remains after the skimming is called "sound," and is put up in new bags and sold as such, although it is far from being as good as that which has never been damaged; for the skimming process is not perfect, and some of the musty beans remain, imparting their flavor, to some extent, to the sound beans. This fact is lost sight of by many merchants, who only look for samples which show



SPREADING HUSK COFFEE TO DRY IN THE SUN

handsomely in the hand, thus neglecting the far more important quality of flavor.

Vessels from Central and South America often arrive with mixed cargoes of coffee and hides, in which the former has been almost ruined by absorbing the smell of the latter. Roasting the coffee dissipates to some degree the "hidey" smell, yet to an expert it is very perceptible, enough remaining to destroy the delicate flavor of the volatile oil or caffeone. The same effect is produced by the foul bilge-water, and the extreme sensitiveness of coffee to surrounding odors is further demonstrated by the readiness with which roasted coffee absorbs the flavor of the wood when put in a pine box or bin. Roasted coffee should never be long kept in anything except a tightly closed tin box, or, better yet, an air-tight glass or earthen jar.

Different varieties of coffee show a great diversity of flavor, and even the same variety from different parts of one district will show like divergencies. Different seasons produce different qualities; indeed, there are as many kinds, qualities, and shades of flavor of coffee as there are of tea, and in the latter these variations, as is well known, are almost numberless.

It is impossible to judge accurately of the quality and strength of coffee without roasting and making an infusion with boiling water, in a manner similar to that practiced in drawing tea, and yet, strange as it may seem, it is not customary, even with the largest dealers, to judge of quality except by the general appearance of the berry.

Before buying a large lot, wholesale dealers sometimes roast a small quantity to see how it looks when roasted, but this is the exception rather than the rule, and by far the larger portion of all varieties of coffee are sold simply upon their appearance in the hand.

To some extent in producing countries, and also at the large distributing points, an artificial appearance is given to the bean by "sweating," "polishing," or by the use of coloring matter. By the first-named process Savanilla and other sorts—sometimes Santos—are made to imitate Padang Java. Laguayra is polished and sold for Rio. Very dangerous powders or mixtures are used to color the beans, the practice being resorted to in order to meet the prejudices of consumers in certain sections for a bright-yellow, black, or olive-green colored bean. These colors are obtained by the use of poisonous compounds.

There can be but little doubt that these added coloring matters must prove injurious, and probably directly poisonous to the consumer. Especially is chromate of lead liable to be changed by roasting, so that its lead may be soluble in the acids of the stomach; and it is well known that soluble lead salts have a decidedly poisonous action.

The most important of all the conditions necessary to be observed in the production of a cup of good coffee is the process of roasting the bean. The finest quality of coffee unskillfully roasted will give a less satisfactory result in the cup than a poor quality roasted in the best manner.

The revolution which has taken place in the coffee-trade of the United States during the last twenty years is a striking confirmation of the principle that work can be done in the best and cheapest manner on a large scale, where machinery is employed that is controlled by the best available skill. It may safely be said that twenty years ago there was not one pound of roasted coffee sold in this country where now there are twenty.

The first complete apparatus for roasting and grinding coffee was set up in Wooster Street, New York, opposite the present Washington Square. It was brought over from England by James Wilde in 1833 or 1834, and consisted of two cylinders, with an engine of sufficient power to run the roasters and a mill for the grinding. Prior to this time a Mr. Ward roasted coffee for the grocers by hand, making this his special business. Mr. Withington, in Dutch Street, about the same time, used horsepower for running his roasters.

In 1835 the once famous Hope Mills were started in Elizabeth Street, near Bleecker Street. Coffee-roasting was undertaken by the proprietors on a large scale, four cylinders being run. These mills were burned in 1845, after which the business was transferred to 71 Fulton Street, near to the present establishment of Mr. John Bynner. In subsequent years numerous smaller machines have been designed for the use of families and retail dealers. Almost without exception, however, those designed for the use of families have failed to give satisfaction, owing to the great difficulty of roasting the beans with any degree of uniformity in small quantities.

Where parties attempt to roast their own coffee their object should be to produce a rich chestnut-brown; for making "black," or French coffee, the bean should be roasted higher than usual, but the first-mentioned color will best suit the majority of palates. As a rule, it will not pay consumers to roast their own coffee where they are so situated that they can procure frequent supplies of the roasted article from the retail dealer; and it will be found that retail dealers, as a rule, will in turn find it to their interest to have their supplies roasted by professional roasters, whose constant practice enables them, on the whole, to turn out the best article.

Upon an average, about forty-five minutes are required to roast the berry, which, in addition to the time taken to fill and empty the cylinder and to cool and rensck the coffee—makes the time occupied by the entire process about one hour.

The Mocha and other small bean coffees will roast in a little less time than Java and other large varieties. The phrase "little less time" is full of significance to the professional roaster, for the keeping of the coffee over the fire from thirty to sixty seconds longer than is necessary will sometimes ruin the roast. For the New England trade a light roast is required, and for Western a dark, or pretty full roast.

What are termed white, dead, sour, or black beans injure the roast—in fact, a very small quantity of sour beans present in a lot of coffee will greatly damage it. A well seasoned berry that is solid and oily, and from one to two years old, makes the finest roast. The white beans which are so often seen in roasted coffee are from imperfect or immature berries, analagous to the miniature kernel of corn which is often found at one end of the cob. White beans being destitute of caffeone containing the aroma are but little changed in color during the process of roasting, and are comparatively destitute of flavor. Shriveled coffee, or that having a shrunken appearance, will not, as a rule, roast nicely, although some such lots will occasionally turn out a bright, handsome roast.

When the berry has been sufficiently roased and the cylinder withdrawn from the fire, the operator throws in a small quantity of cold water. The rapid vaporizing of the water carries off the heat, and the changes wrought during this part of the process cause the berry to swell, thus giving it a much more sightly and attractive appearance. The addition of water does not, as might be supposed, add to the weight of the coffee, for the heat is so intense as to immediately convert the water into steam, which readily escapes. The coffee, after being removed to the cylinder, is placed in the cooler, a large box having a heavy wire bottom through which currents of air are

forced, soon reducing the temperature so that it can be handled. When cooled it is resacked, or put into other packages, and is then ready for shipment.

The average loss of weight in the process of roasting coffee is reckoned at sixteen per cent., or sixteen pounds upon every one hundred pounds, which accounts for the higher price of roasted coffee as compared with green. This loss sometimes runs as low as fourteen and one-half per cent., and again as high as seventeen per cent., and in exceptional cases where coffee has been roasted that was very green, and grown in places not far distant, it has reached twenty to twenty-two per cent. The temperature and season of the year exert some influence, but the difference in loss depends more upon the age and consequent dryness of the coffee than on anything else.

The difference in loss made between a light and a dark roast will not usually average over one per cent. It is the custom not to roast as high during the Summer as in the Winter, because the higher the roast the greater is the tendency to sweat, the high temperature of the Summer months causing the oil to exude; this soon becomes sour or rancid, and injures the flavor of the coffee.

Simple as it may seem, the process of grinding the roasted bean is one that requires considerable attention. If ground too coarsely, the coffee requires protracted boiling to extract its strength, and much boiling is fatal to a good cup of coffee. While one may grind too finely, the mistake of grinding too coarsely is that most frequently made. Just to what degree of fineness it should be ground depends somewhat upon the manner of making the coffee. If any of the filtering coffee-pots are used the grinding should be very fine, in order that the strength may more readily be exhausted by the water simply passing through; but where boiled for ten or fifteen minutes, as is most frequently the case, the coffee should be ground so that the larger particles are about the size of pin-heads.

Every family should own a small coffee-mill and grind their own coffee, grinding it just as required for each meal, and the less time that elapses after grinding until the coffee is in the pot the better. The aroma of coffee passes off rapidly enough after being roasted, but still more quickly after being ground, hence the necessity for grinding it only for immediate use.

If during wet weather the beans become damp and tough, so that they do not rattle when stirred, warm them up in a clean pot or skillet before grinding, stirring them meanwhile—so as not to scorch them—and thus drive off the moisture, develop their flavor and make them grind better. Most retail grocers keep a large coffee-mill, and when requested will grind coffee for those customers who do not find it convenient to grind it at home; the latter method, however, is the best, as it gives the customer fresher ground coffee and a closer control as regards fine or coarse grinding.

When dependent upon the store for ground coffee, it is best not to buy at one time more than a supply adequate for two or three days' consumption. Another consideration in favor of consumers buying coffee in the bean is that there can be no suspicion of adulteration with chicory, ground peas or other substances, with which grocers are sometimes unjustly charged, and the satisfaction is thus greater on all sides.

As individual tastes differ, it frequently occurs that no single variety of coffee exactly suits certain consumers, and therefore they seek to gratify their palate by either blending two sorts or mixing with one variety some vegetable substance. While some kinds of coffee possess a rich aroma they do not give to the infusion that "body" which is requisite to make the perfect cup of coffee. It is a very common practice to blend Java and Maracaibo in the proportion of eighty pounds of the former to twenty pounds of the latter, selling the mixture for straight Java. The addition of fifteen to twenty per cent. of Maracaibo to Padang coffee undoubtedly improves the latter for the majority of those who are fond of Old Government Java, as it lends to the Java the essential quality which is lacking.

Another popular blend is to take one-third Mocha and mix with two-thirds of fine old Mandheling Java, taking care that the two kinds have been roasted separately. Others dislike either of the above blends, and choose a mixture of Java and Rio. No definite rule can be given for combining two kinds of coffee together.

The dealer should study the requirements of his trade, observing its peculiarities, and experiment until he is certain that he has found a combination that exactly meets certain wants, and once found he should adhere to the formula, being careful always to select as nearly as possible the same grade of coffee in the primary market. If conscientious in this, low prices and bargains will never be an inducement to take hold of some other variety which some anxious seller is sure possesses drinking qualities fully equal to that which he has been using. It is a mystery how persons who profess to be lovers of good coffee can satisfy their appetite with a decoction made of coffee and chicory, or coffee and various known and unknown compounds which have neither the flavor nor the nutritious and stimulating properties of pure coffee.

We give here several formulas for mixing coffee that have stood the test of years:

No. 1.—Forty pounds O. G. Java, 20 pounds Maracaibo, 25 pounds of roasted rye mixture, 15 pounds chicory.

No. 2.—Fifty pounds of Maracaibo, 30 pounds of roasted rye mixture, 20 pounds of chicory.

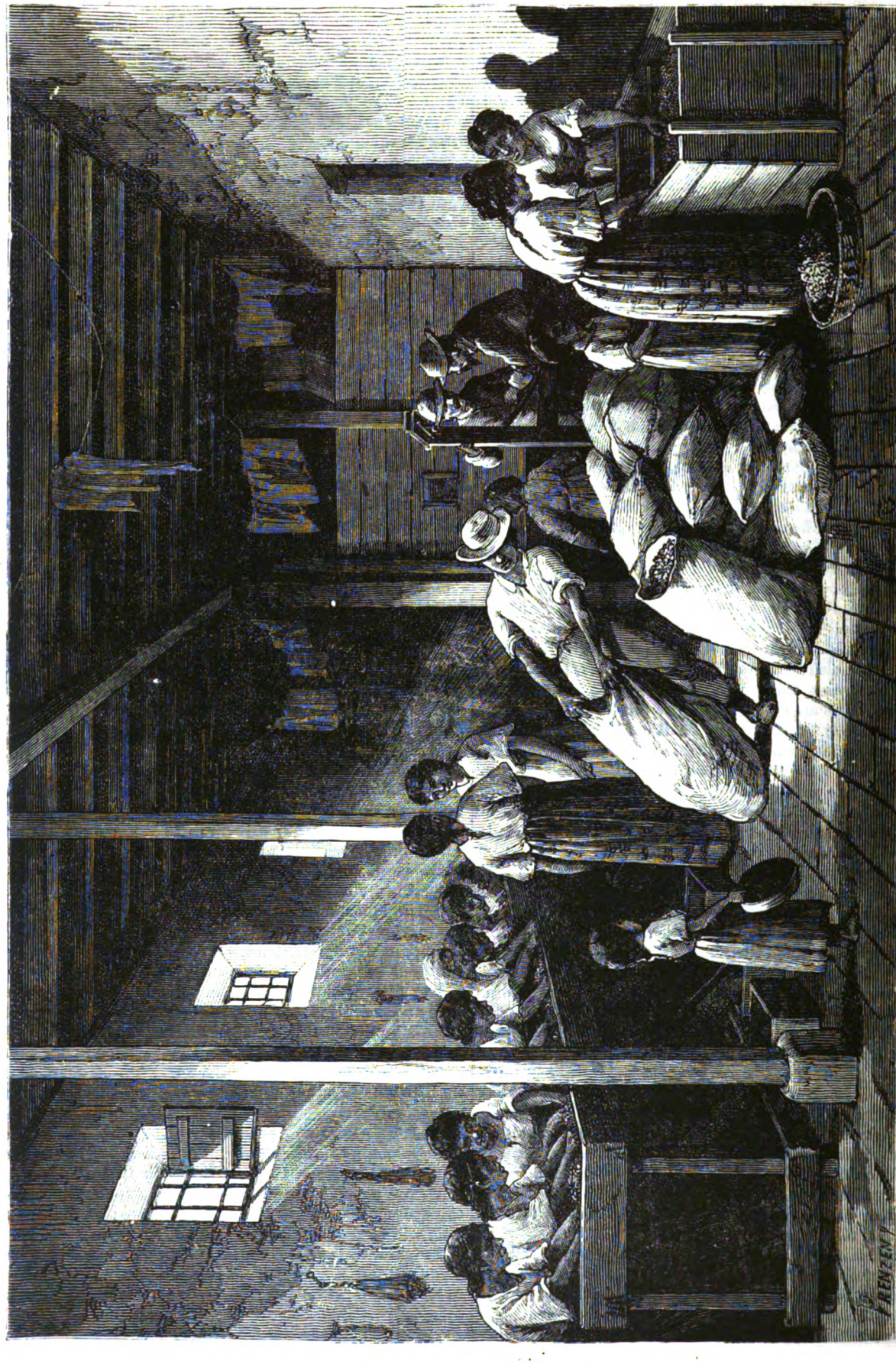
No. 3.—Sixty pounds of Rio, 20 pounds of roasted rye mixture, 20 pounds of chicory.

No. 4.—Forty pounds of Rio, 40 pounds of roasted rye mixture, 20 pounds of chicory.

The following recipe of Mr. F. B. Thurber, who is *the* authority upon coffee, will be found plain, convenient, good, and economical, with the additional good feature that it may be slightly varied in regard to the quantity of coffee used, so that those who prefer a greater or less strength may be suited:

"Grind moderately fine a large cup or small bowl of coffee; break into it one egg with shell; mix well, adding enough cold water to thoroughly wet the grounds; upon this pour one pint of boiling water; let it boil slowly for ten to fifteen minutes, according to the variety of coffee used and the fineness to which it is ground. Let it stand three minutes to settle, then pour through a fine wire-sieve into a warm coffee-pot; this will make enough for four persons. At table, first put the sugar into the cup, then fill half-full of boiling milk, add your coffee, and you have a delicious beverage that will be a revelation to many poor mortals who have an indistinct remembrance of, and an intense longing for, an ideal cup of coffee. If cream can be procured so much the better, and in that case boiling water can be added either in the pot or cup to make up for the space occupied by the milk as above; or condensed milk will be found a good substitute for cream."

Endeavor to have fresh roasted coffee, and, where practicable, grind it yourself. Never use cold milk, as coffee to be good must be hot; cream or condensed milk, however, may be used cold, owing to the much smaller quantity required, and by most persons one or the other will be preferred to milk. In cold weather rinse out the coffee-cups with hot water just before pouring out the coffee.



PACKING COFFEE FOR SHIPMENT IN COSTA RICA.

SHIPPING COFFEE IN COSTA RICA.

Coffee should be served as soon as made, for it rapidly deteriorates if left stewing upon the stove. This is one of the principal reasons why the coffee served at hotels and restaurants is so often of poor quality. It is not made often enough, and is usually kept simmering in a copper boiler, which alone is sufficient to spoil the best coffee ever grown. If the coffee lacks clearness, and when milk is added turns dark, it is an indication that it is stale or the milk sour. Freshly made coffee ought to have a clear, amber-brown color, which milk will render lighter instead of darker.

When coffee is served immediately after making, it does not greatly matter in what kind of vessel it is boiled; a common tin coffee-pot will do, although one made of block tin is to be preferred. It should be served in an earthenware or porcelain coffee-pot, either being much better than nickel or silver-plated, and, in order that no heat may be lost, the vessel should be rinsed with hot water before the coffee is turned into it from that in which it is made. Some connoisseurs prefer an earthen pot in which to prepare it, and advocate placing the coffee in a fine linen bag, allowing it to simmer, not boil, for ten or fifteen minutes.

Everybody has heard of Turkish coffee. In the numerous coffee-houses in Constantinople and elsewhere, when a person calls for a cup of coffee it is specially made for him. Every coffee-house has a number of long-handled little brass coffee-pots, made to hold one, two, or more cups, as the case may be. They are smaller at the top than at the bottom, and are fitted with a little grooved spout, but have no cover.

When a cup of coffee is wanted, the requisite amount of finely powdered coffee is measured into one of these little coffee-pots; water enough to fill the pot is poured in, and it is then set upon live coals until it heats up to just the boiling point. It is then, without straining or otherwise settling the grounds, poured out into a tiny cup, and this is Turkish coffee.

As may be supposed, it is thick, muddy, and the lower half of the cup composed principally of grounds; but the flavor is good, and we noticed that most Turks swallowed the grounds with the same relish that they showed for the thinner part of the beverage. The Turks never use milk with their coffee; to them the mixture would be an abomination.

Coffee is consumed by all classes, at all hours, and on all sorts of occasions. The little berry is, indeed, a very important factor in Turkish society. Nothing is done without it; no business discussed, no contract made, no visits and civilities exchanged without the aromatic cup and the accompanying chibouque or narghileh. If a purchaser enters a bazaar to price a shawl or a carpet, coffee is brought to him. If a person calls at another's house, coffee with the inseparable tobacco must greet the newcomer. There can be no welcome without it, and none but words and forms of general etiquette take place until this article has been served all round. At parting, coffee must still be present and speed the guest on his way. We are told of beggars clamoring for money to buy, not bread, as with our mendicants, but coffee.

To minister to this universal demand, coffee-houses abound in all Turkish cities. In Smyrna and in Constantinople they are as numerous as the barrooms in American cities. They are generally small, often consisting of but one room, opening to the street or the bazaar, with a divan around three sides and carpets on the floor, where grave Turks sit cross-legged and may be seen from morning till eve alternately sipping the favorite liquid and puffing at the flexible-stemmed narghileh or the long chibouque.

Coffee is made and consumed in essentially the same way in Egypt and Arabia as in Turkey. Cairo is proverbial for the number of its coffee-houses, mostly establishments of small size, and of rather uninviting appearance to the foreigner.

The traveler who puts up at the large European hotels in Constantinople, Cairo and Alexandria, is given coffee made *à la Turque*, with the grounds in the cup, but sweetened to accommodate his heretical Christian notions. The sugar is placed in the coffee-pot with the coffee, and they are boiled together.

France has obtained an enduring reputation for its cup of coffee. Let us see how they do these things in Gaul. First, to make black coffee—*café noir:*

For one cup, grind two tablespoonfuls of coffee, which pack solidly in the coffee-pot (the regular French filtering pattern); then pour boiling water, passing it twice or thrice through the coffee-pot.

The same recipe applies to the preparation of *café au lait*, which is merely black coffee to which milk is added in quantity to suit the individual taste, the proportion being generally three parts of milk to one of coffee.

The French, as is well known, often mix chicory with their coffee, mostly when taken in the form of *café au lait*. The recipe is then as follows:

For one cup, grind coffee enough to make two tablespoonfuls; mix half a tablespoonful of chicory, *en semoule* (in powder). After thoroughly mixing, pour boiling water and pass twice through coffee-pot.

In many French families the grounds that remain in the coffee-pot are utilized, for economy's sake. Hot water is poured over them, and, after passing through, is stored in a bottle, and used the next time instead of simply water. This is said to be the manner of making the best French coffee.

Some French coffee artists maintain that the roasting is best done at home, as no doubt it well may be in such knowing hands. Sometimes a simple iron pan is used for the purpose, but great care must then be taken to keep constantly agitating the berries with a wooden knife, or spatula, bringing the operation to an end as soon as the berries have assumed a light-brown color. A single burnt berry would impair the aroma. Use no butter nor lard during the process.

Before grinding, the roasted berries are put on a metallic plate, which is placed on the stove and heated until the aroma of the coffee, developed by the operation, perfumes the room. Then grind in the ordinary mill and make according to the above recipe.

In some of the most renowned of French cafés a mixture different varieties of the berry is often resorted to—Mocha, Java, Martinique, Guadaloupe, or East India being generally used together in carefully ascertained proportions. The result is a cup which, for its felicitious combination of strength, aroma, roundness and delicacy, is prized by the French epicure as a product of the highest art.

There is, perhaps, no more characteristic feature of Paris than its cafés. They line all the boulevards and abound in all the principal streets, with their rows of chairs and tables on the sidewalk, and their large plate-glass windows brilliantly lighted at night, through which extends the vista of the great *salon* (or main room), with its crowd of customers, its ornamented walls, large mirrors, and general gilding and decoration in the gay but seldom gaudy French style. Through the maze of chairs and tables waiters with the inevitable whiskers and long white aprons glide about, tray in hand, attending to the groups of well-behaved *habitués*, while the *dame de comptoir*, sitting on a raised platform in a sort of compromise between a

box and a throne, presides majestically over the scene, computes *l'addition*, gives *change*, and receives and returns the courteous salutation of every one who enters or who leaves.

Coffee, in the vocabulary of the place, may be called for in the shape of a "demi-tasse," a "capucin," or a "mazagran." The "demi-tasse" is merely a small cup of black coffee, to which the customer occasionally adds "cognac," "kirsch," or some other liqueur. When the "demi-tasse" is taken with a "petit verre" (meaning a little glass of liqueur), it is sometimes denominated a "gloria." The "capucin," which, however, is a term seldom used, is merely another name for "café au lait," but served in a glass; while a "mazagran" is coffee taken with water instead of milk. The coffee, which is exactly the same as that of the "demi-tasse," is served in a tall, narrow glass, and a decanter of cold water is brought along with it; the customer does the mixing himself.

It is said that, after some glorious achievement or other in Africa, near the city of Mazagran, neither milk nor brandy being forthcoming, the French soldiers were compelled to use water with their coffee—hence the drink and its name. The "demi-tasse" costs generally from thirty-five to forty-five centimes (from seven to nine cents), with a "pourboire" of ten centimes (two cents) to the waiter.

Monsieur Soyer, the great *cordon bleu*, made coffee a study. This is his recipe:

"Put two ounces of ground coffee in a stewpan, which set upon the fire, stirring the coffee round with a spoon until quite hot; then pour over a pint of boiling water; cover over closely for five minutes; pass it through a cloth, warm again and serve."

In colonial times and in the early days of the Republic New York had its coffee-houses. The names of Burns's Coffee-house, the Merchants' Coffee-house, and later, the Tontine Coffee-house, are familiar to all who are acquainted with the history of the city. They differed somewhat, however, from the European cafés in being chiefly business or political headquarters.

"Valentine's Manual of the City of New York" gives an interesting account of these coffee-houses, accompanied with illustrations, showing them to have been quite stately affairs. Among other interesting matter relating to these famous old resorts we find newspaper advertisements of sales to take place there—among others "a parcel of likely negroes to be sold at publick vendue, tomorrow at ten o'clock, at the Merchants' Coffee-house." We must add for the honor of our metropolis that this occurred in 1750.

The Merchants' Coffee-house stood on the southeast corner of Wall and Water Streets. The "Tontine" on the northwest corner of Wall and Water Streets, succeeded to its popularity and fame; in 1795 it was in full operation. The Merchants' Exchange was then located in the building, but subsequently moved further up Wall Street. The name of "Tontine" is found as late as 1832, and to this day the buildings on this site now occupied for commercial purposes are known as the "Tontine" buildings. Browne's Coffee-house, on Water Street, between Pine and Wall, obtained considerable notoriety in 1832 as a favorite resort of those who believed in pure coffee as an antidote to the cholera epidemic.

The coffee-house, however, no longer exists among us. Americans are the greatest coffee consumers in the world, but take the beverage mostly at meals, either at home or at the restaurant. There are, indeed, in New York a number of coffee-rooms, or cafés, as they sometimes call themselves, attached to some of the principal hotels; but they are expensive and rather exclusive establishments and cannot be said to realize the cheerful ideas and associations called up by the word coffee-house. We are, perhaps, too busy a people to support cafés like those of Europe, which one sees crowded from morning to night with customers disposing apparently of endless leisure.

In Java and Sumatra the natives roast the leaves of the coffee-tree, and make with them an infusion which they prefer to the beverage extracted from the bean. The preparation is said to possess a delicate flavor, not unlike that of tea—a resemblance accounted for by the presence in both plants of the same chemical principle, caffeine or theine. The coffee leaves appear to be rich in caffeine.

The charm of many breakfast-tables is taken away by the effects of an unclean coffee-pot. The vessel should be thoroughly cleansed before using, especially the bottom of the receiver and the spout, and under no circumstances should the grounds or stale coffee be allowed, after using, to remain in the pot for any length of time. Economy in in the use of ground coffee is fatal to securing a delicious beverage. To sum up, the essentials required to secure a cup of coffee suited to any table are:

First.—The very best quality of freshly roasted and ground coffee.

Second.—Thoroughly clean utensils.

Third.—Enough coffee, and prepared with sufficient care in the manner most according with the taste of the consumer, either as café noir, café au lait, Vienna style, or in the Arabian, Turkish or Brazilian method.

In Abyssinia and Ethiopia, where the coffee-plant is found both wild and in a cultivated state, coffee seems to have been used as a beverage from time immemorial. In those remote regions the Arabs are said to have first tasted the fragrant draught, and, wondering much and approving greatly, to have brought over, toward the beginning of the fifteenth century, some of the precious beans into their own country, where the use of the beverage spread rapidly.

The gatherings at the coffee-houses furnished such opportunities for discussion as to alarm the Government, which ordered the closing of all these public places, and allowed the use of the beverage only in the privacy of the family.

Coffee, under Amurat III., became enthroned in the Turkish heart. At the time of the Candian war, during the minority of Mahomet IV., an effort was made to suppress the coffee-houses. Nor were the opponents of coffee more successful in Cairo. We read that, in the year 1523, a certain Abdalla Ibrahim, the chief priest of the Koran in Cairo, began, from the pulpit of his great mosque, a violent campaign against coffee-drinking. Thereupon the Cheik el Belek, or governor of the city, assembled all the doctors of the law, and after listening with patience to a long discussion, he simply had coffee served all round; and then he rose and left, without saying a single word. There never was heard in Cairo any more preaching against coffee.

The first coffee-house in Europe was established in 1554, in Constantinople. It was not, however, till the middle of the following century, nearly two centuries after its first introduction into Arabia, that coffee stepped over the boundaries of Mohammedanism, and was introduced among the Christian nations. The first coffee-house in London was opened in Newman's Court, Cornhill, in 1652, by a Greek named Pasqua Rossie.

As early as 1658 the use of coffee had been revealed to the inhabitants of Marseilles by merchants and travelers. About that year Thévenot, a citizen, on his return from his Eastern travels, is said to have "regaled his guests with coffee after dinner."

Marseilles lays claim to the first coffee-house in France, 1671. In the following year an Armenian, named Pascal, opened a shop at the fair of Saint-Germain, near Paris, in which he dispensed the exotic beverage to the sightseers. This success encouraged him to establish a coffee-house in the capital, on the Quai de l'Ecole.

Later on, under Louis XV., the famous Café de la Régence was established, which became the Mecca of chess-players. The café had definitely struck root in Paris, and no breeze of political change or popular fickleness was ever to destroy it.

In London the growth of coffee in popular favor had been still more rapid. "Three years after the first introduction of coffee upon the statute books," says Mr. Simmonds, "the increase of houses for its sale had become so great that by the Act passed in 1663, 'For the better ordering and collecting the duty of excise, and preventing the abuses therein,' express provision is made for the licensing of all coffee-houses at the quarter sessions, under a penalty of £5 for every month during which any person should retail coffee, chocolate or tea, without having first procured such license from the magistrates. From that time to the Revolution coffee-houses multiplied so rapidly that, when Ray published his 'History of Plants,' in 1688, he estimated that the coffee-houses in London were at that time as numerous as in Cairo itself; while similar places were to be met with in all the principal cities and towns in England."

MAKING COFFEE IN TURKISH STYLE.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the consumption of coffee was probably general among the fashionable and upper classes in England and on the Continent. With new sources of supply in the following years, the use of the beverage extended downward among the people generally.

For more than fifty years after the introduction of the beverage into Europe, Arabia still furnished the entire coffee supply of the world—a necessarily very limited quantity.

But Java, in the East, had already developed to vast proportions her coffee industry, while an immense coffee-producing power was growing up in South America—Brazil not only soon overtook Java, but continued to advance, until, at the present day, more than one-half of the coffee consumed in the world issues from her fields. Java now holds the second rank in the list of coffee-producers, while Ceylon follows close on the heels of the Dutch Island; and, of late, Southern India and Central America have assumed a very decided importance as coffee-producing countries. Thus Brazil, in the Western Hemisphere, and Java and Sumatra, Ceylon and India in the Eastern, constitute at this time the great centres of coffee production, with minor areas of culture scattered in the West Indies, Mexico, South and Central America, Arabia, the Eastern Archipelago, and the western and eastern coasts of Africa.

In popular estimation Arabian coffee, known as Mocha, ranks as the finest. For more than four centuries coffee-culture has been carried on in Arabia, and for two centuries that country furnished the world with its supply, which was, however, limited.

The bulk of the supply is sent to London and Marseilles; but two or three of the leading importing houses in this country have agents in Aden and Alexandria, who select and ship to Boston and New York the genuine Mocha, in addition to which there is received a good deal that is only Mocha in name. Generally, the coffee arrives here in large bales containing smaller packages, styled eighth (forty pounds) and quarter bales (eighty pounds), peculiar in shape and constructed of a coarse material, sewed with a vegetable substance that becomes hard and excessively tough by age.

The coffee that occupies the highest place in the estimation of the American public, and, with the single exception of Mocha, commands the highest price, is *Java*, deriving its name from the island where it is produced.

Sumatra, Philippine, Ceylon, India and Liberia produce marketable coffee, while a few provinces of Brazil have produced more than one-half of the coffee supply of the world. From seven to twelve per cent. of the supply of coffee received in the United States comes from the northern part of South America, and is known as Maracaibo, Laguayra, or Port Cabello coffee. It is grown either in Venezuela or the United States of Colombia.

Mexico is rapidly coming to the front as a coffee-producing country, the Cordoba berry being considered by some equal to that of Mocha.

That coffee promotes sociability among men cannot be

MY DOUBLE IDENTITY.—"'MY DEAR, I HAVE BROUGHT MY YOUNG FRIEND, MR. LLOYD, TO SEE YOU,' HE SAID, WHEN SHE STOOD BEFORE US, BRIGHT, BEAUTIFUL, AND THE REALIZATION OF ALL I COULD WISH."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

doubted, any more than that its twin sister, the fragrant leaf of China and Japan, promotes sociability among women.

The active stimulating element is the same in both coffee and tea; in the former it is known as caffeine, while in the latter it has been designated theine. They are chemically identical, and their effect upon the nervous system, when taken in equal quantities, is precisely similar. This subtle principle embodied in Arabia's fragrant berry has outlived prejudice, has triumphed over opposition; and may we not claim that it has fairly won the first place in the world's social and domestic economy, and that it is truly the tropics' best gift?

A LETTER ANSWERED.

By G. A. Davis.

I answer first your closing lines, dear friend—
"Pardon" you ask, if any passionate word
Has touched too deep the quick of memory,
Whose nerves by such have been so long unstirred.

Pardon I send you—blame, I never gave,
Save to myself. You spoke as men will do
When the one woman listens to their prayer.
Mine was the fault—it never lay with *you!*

Mine be the blame that I could walk the world
As a mere woman—not a wedded wife.
Had *I* been true, no hand had ever reached
Across that grave to touch my twofold life!

And if upon your written page my tears
Have fallen hotly, 'twas in bitterness
Over my failure. No—I blame not you;
I only hold my wifely honor less.

Yet since you could not read my heart aright
Through that poor veil drawn close to hide its pain,
Here let me show you all. You will not seek,
True friend, to cross the boundary line again!

There may be hearts that know a second Spring—
Women, perhaps, who love, and give, in part—
I am not of them. Whose takes my vow,
Takes soul and body, spirit, will and heart.

And taking once—he keeps them. What I gave
Is mine no longer—it is past recall.
The love, the self-surrender and the faith,
The life's-allegiance—*he* had them all!

He has them still, although he walks not now
In visible presence these poor shores of Time;
The words that bound me once can never more
Be jingled over like a foolish rhyme

Written for idle children's play at love:
Nay, as a sacrament of Life and Death,
They bind me here, and in that after-world
Whose far-off lights we only see by Faith.

Ah! when I stand upon that sea-washed shore,
And the great wave of Death rolls back and dies,
As a pure wife and fearless, I shall look
To meet the welcome of my true love's eyes!

Think you that I could greet him, if my lips
Had felt the stain of later kisses here?
He may not break in heaven, nor I on earth,
One link of all the chain we hold so dear!

So, friend of mine, remain my friend indeed,
Help me to walk unfaltering through my life—
Forget that other dream—and think of me
As a true sister, and as Arthur's wife!

MY DOUBLE IDENTITY.

By F. B. Stanford.

No one will believe my story. I have been told that for many years, and I am an old man now. Sometimes when I look in a mirror and stand soberly, solemnly observing my wrinkled visage, I confess I am obliged to harbor a passing doubt myself.

It is all such an intricate web of mysteries. But do not let us presume to set a limit to a man's knowledge; to say, "So far shalt thou go and no further." My experience must count for something with me against all the world. It has been remarkable, such probably as no other man ever had.

I look back to one Saturday afternoon when I was in my twenty-seventh year as the beginning of all things for me. Before that time my life is shadowy—I had not begun to live. My college course and European travel had done little toward developing any ideas in me outside of the conventional circle.

That task awaited my old French teacher, Monsieur Dubois, who came limping up to the house that afternoon, a stranger—a tall, thin man, with a look on his face which somehow made me believe that he was walking about asleep.

I had no idea then how old he was, that he had fought under Napoleon at Waterloo, and lost all with the fall of the Emperor. To me he was simply a needy old Frenchman who had undertaken to perfect my pronunciation of his language; and when he took out a shabby copy of "Corneille," we sat down on the piazza in the sunshine, and began the lesson without any preliminaries.

After I had read a half-dozen lines of "The Cid," he said, impatiently:

"No, no! You speak it all through your nose, young man. You Americans always think it necessary to pronounce a foreign language through the nose. Now listen. '*Elvire m'as tu fait un rapport bien sincère?*'"

He twisted the ends of his stubby old mustache, canted his head, and looked at me with half-shut eyes.

There was not much in his manner, certainly, that suggested the Frenchman; he was as like an American as any of us. Such is what I thought at first, but afterward I found out that he was not quite like either nationality—that he was simply a new man and unlike anybody I had ever met.

We did not become very well acquainted that afternoon. He was too positive and domineering to impress me favorably, and I suppose he went away regretting that circumstances compelled him to waste life teaching commonplace people like me with more money than brains.

The next day I happened to be strolling in the village burying-ground, and found him seated, staring at a tombstone. I had frequently read the inscription on that same stone, for it was over my grandfather's grave, who died the same day I was born—a fact which had always given the old gentleman's decease a peculiar interest to me.

When Monsieur Dubois had exchanged a few words with me, I remarked that twenty-seven years since my family had had a death and a birth on the same day, and all within a few minutes; and then I explained whose stone it was he was looking at, and that I had frequently heard an old servant of ours mention with awe how they heard me—the new baby—crying while watching the old man draw his last breath.

"A little curious, really," he said, rubbing his spectacles preparatory to scrutinizing again the inscription. "I remember that day myself, young man. I may say that I am not likely to ever forget it—June 18th, 1815. Why, don't you know that on that day the fate of all Europe was decided? It's the Battle of Waterloo day, sir—the Battle of Waterloo day, sir."

I said that I was aware of it, and had thought of it before. Then, limping along at my side, he told me he had been in that battle. Twenty-seven years ago. Yes; he was growing to be an old man now.

"Life is short; it all goes by in a twinkling," he went on, more to himself than to me. "Why, I have lived out my threescore and ten already; and Chevereau—let me see how old Chevereau would have been. Thirty-five, forty-five—yes, he would be sixty-three now. Jean Chevereau was killed on that very day, the 18th of June, when Wellington and the allies came down on us like fiends from hell. Oh, no, I'm not likely to forget it! That was the day my hair turned gray, young man, all in a moment, most. But I never looked at myself, never cared for myself when I saw our men going down in furrows. Chevereau was my assistant, and from the time the French attacked Blucher at Ligny, he and I had our hands full of mutilated men. I had been a hospital-surgeon twenty years, yet the blood, blood everywhere, made me sick. I was dizzy all the last day of the fight, and half-blind from loss of sleep. I should never have let Chevereau go to the front if I had known what I was about. Ah! he was a brave comrade, Chevereau—a brave, noble comrade!"

The old man's eyes suffused with tears, and his voice had more tenderness in it than one would have expected. He sat down on one of the mounds, and I threw myself on the ground near him.

"It was bad business, the whole of that great battle," he continued, after a moment or two. "Nothing but blundering by the French from beginning to end. First, there was Ney's fatal hesitation at Quatre-Bras; then Grouchy, the idiot, didn't come to our relief, and the Emperor was forced to hazard everything on one onset to break the allied centre. My God! I can see him now, covered with dust and blood, and his iron face calm as an angel's! It was growing dark, and I had lost sight of Chevereau somewhere in the confusion. The Prussians were appearing on our right, and we were forming in squares across the field. Then such a wild whirlwind of thunder and shot; the veterans became demoralized, five squares were broken; everybody was shouting, 'The guard is repulsed! The guard is repulsed!' and at a moment when the smoke lifted I caught sight of Soult hurrying the Emperor off the field. An old comrade seized my arm and dragged me over the dead and dying. 'Good God!' he cried, 'make haste. Jean Chevereau has been shot in the head!' I lost my senses at this and fell. I never should have found Chevereau if my good comrade had not waited by me patiently until I recovered. He showed me the way then in the dark, and we crept along on our hands and knees over the ghastly bodies, down into the trenches to where he lay bespattered, bloody, dead. Ah! but I shall never forget all that. There had been a compact——"

He stopped abruptly and looked fixedly at the ground a moment, as though some quick thought had put everything else to flight and demanded his scattered wits.

"What hour of the day did you say it was when you were born?" he asked, finally, with deliberation, as if putting a leading question to an important witness.

I had some idea that he was losing his senses again, for I had said nothing about the hour of the day I was born. I told him, however, that I would ascertain.

"There had been a compact between Chevereau and me," he went on, "that, if either was shot, the other should secure the dead body for a scientific purpose. And I dragged his poor corpse out of the trench and over the road to Brussels that night, in the dark. Eh? you scowl and think that a little shocking? But I knew Chevereau wanted it done, and I must do it. Yes, I got him back to Paris in two days, and—— My young friend, I have never mentioned this to any one in your country. I trust you will say nothing about it whatever."

I was full of curiosity to know what the "scientific purpose" had been, but I curbed myself as I saw he preferred the subject dropped then and there.

Getting up immediately and buttoning his coat across his chest, he took leave of me and trudged off in the direction of his lodging.

An odd old man, eccentric, crotchety and full of ancient experience, I had no doubt, as I watched him going down the road. But I little imagined—in fact, youth at best is only a synonym for ignorance.

How could I have ever guessed anything that bordered on the wonderful, mysterious suspicion lurking in that man's brain while he went away from me and out of sight! What he had said about the battle of Waterloo interested me, and, in some way or other, produced a strange, nervous excitement, for I found that the whole thing persisted in running in my mind all the rest of the afternoon. I could not get rid of it; and that night I had the most terrible dream I ever experienced. Confusion without end, the booming of cannon, volleys of musketry, the rolling of drums, bugle-calls, faces of friends flitting past in the smoke like ghosts; and, all the while my mind bewildered with agony, I was searching everywhere for Honorè Dubois. Then a crash, as if something had exploded in my head; I felt myself falling an interminable distance, as it seemed, and knew I was shot. Oh, heavens! I never could see her—Her? Who did I mean? Why—yes, yes, my own Celeste, the one woman of all the world!

My mind was wandering; dying, and I *knew* it—knew I never could see her dear, loving, darling face again! That ring—the ring with the Maltese cross of diamonds—in my pocket—it was for her! Good God! where was Honorè Dubois? He must take it to her—he must——

It might have been a minute, an hour, all night, that passed before I awoke; but my suffering suddenly terminated.

In the morning, however, I remembered it all very vividly, and was not a little puzzled to account for one or two features in the dream, that my fancy had introduced, which could not have been suggested by anything I had read, heard or imagined. I had never been in love—had never met any woman with whom I ever had the slightest inclination to be in love.

But I had suffered the wildest kind of love in this dream; and though I was now wide awake, walking about on the lawn, I had not got rid of the passion by any means.

No; and I have not to this day. It perplexed me then; occasionally it perplexes me now, though I know my doubts are traitors.

When Monsieur Dubois and I met again, after three or four days, to read the French classics, he seemed to take every opportunity to study me rather than the text of the book which occupied us. It was of great interest to him to learn that I had a taste for mathematics and the neo-Platonic writers.

His old friend Chevereau, he said, had delighted in La Place's "Mécanique Céleste"; and as for himself, the study of the mystics had been a passion with him for years. He dropped our French work quite unconsciously after a few minutes, and fell to conversing about the extraordinary religion of the Druids, their high state of civilization in their dark age of the world. Then he spoke with much enthusiasm of Pythagoras and his wonderful doctrine respecting the soul.

After all, the world had not advanced a twentieth part what it boasted. To be sure, there was the Copernican system, the discovery of the blood's circulation, and three or four ingenious theories touching the beginning of organic life. But had we really arrived any nearer the one all-important question of "What after death?" than these calm, earnest men of seventeen hundred years ago?

We passed many such afternoons together after this, Monsieur Dubois and I; I can readily understand now the reason he changed so suddenly toward me; but away back in those days I believed that the old gentleman had found, to his astonishment, that I was not so crude as he had decided at first.

I was a long, long time catching the drift of all his ideas. I wonder that, as his suspicion gained strength, he did not drop some direct hint that should give me the clew to the course of his peculiar investigation; but I suppose he understood human nature too thoroughly to do that.

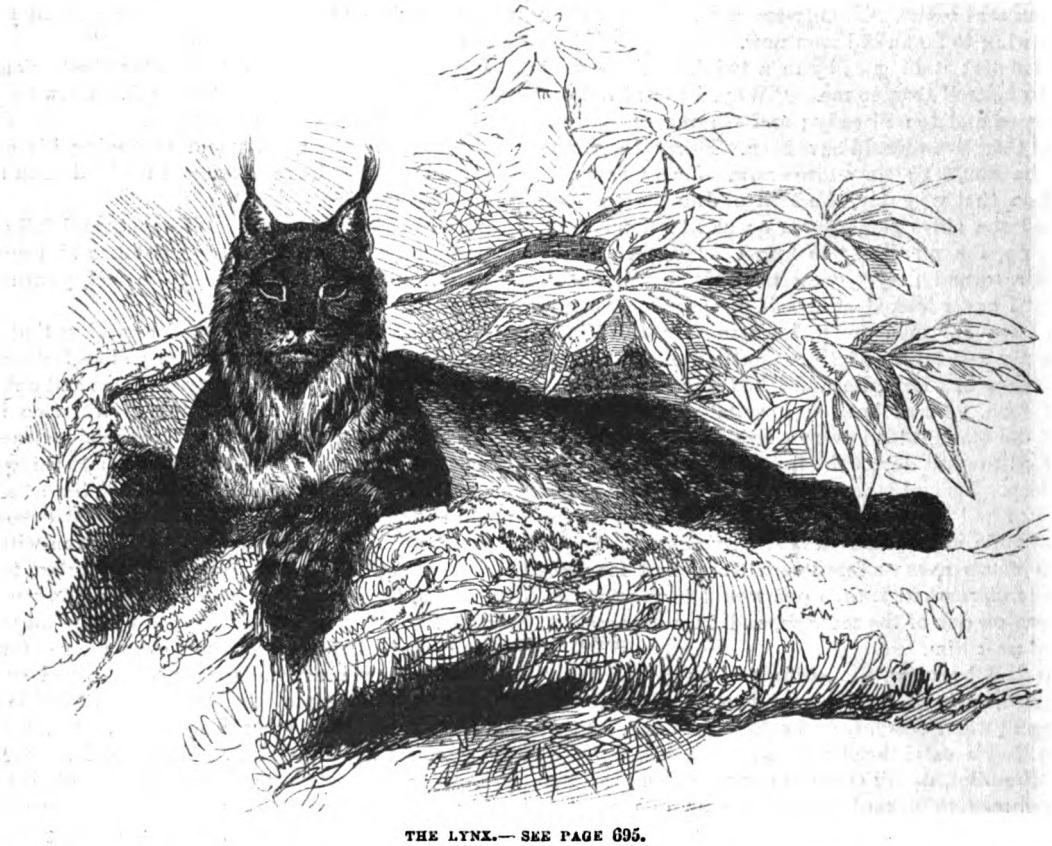
By-and-by, however, I did come gradually to realize the extraordinary cause of his interest in me, though no word passed between us—nothing more than a look.

I was startled—I know I thought he was mad to dream of such a thing. But what great discovery has not been guessed at, to begin with?

Monsieur Dubois was a man of originality, many accomplishments, and wide and varied experience—all of which commanded my respect, and then my reverence. He won me also by the purity and simplicity of his life.

Occasionally, as we became more intimate, I visited him at his lodging. It was a very humble place over a druggist's, in a remote part of the town, and its comforts were meagre. But it was lined with books, strange, ancient books that Monsieur Dubois had picked up years before at the old bookstalls along the quays of the Seine. There were seared, yellow old chronicles of witchcraft, treatises on the occult sciences, volumes on the transmigration of the soul, the supernatural, religion, and a large number of rare medical works. Monsieur Dubois apparently had a fancy, also, for skulls and skeletons. Two grinning, hideous craniums did duty for ornaments on his mantelpiece; the skeleton of a dog stood on his table facing the door, and one of a human being hung in a corner behind a red curtain. Once, when we were smoking a pipe and waiting for the twilight to deepen into darkness before lighting lamps, he referred incidentally to these skeletons. The two skulls had belonged to patients who had died in a Paris hospital; the human skeleton was that of a faithful servant, who had been much attached to Monsieur Dubois; and the dog had been the victim of a stomach experiment.

"But I had another skeleton, Mr. Lloyd," he said to me, earnestly, after we had been smoking silently a moment, and watching the coals fall apart in the grate, "a skeleton that was worth all the world to me. It was my old comrade, Chevereau's, sir—Chevereau's."



THE LYNX.— SEE PAGE 695.

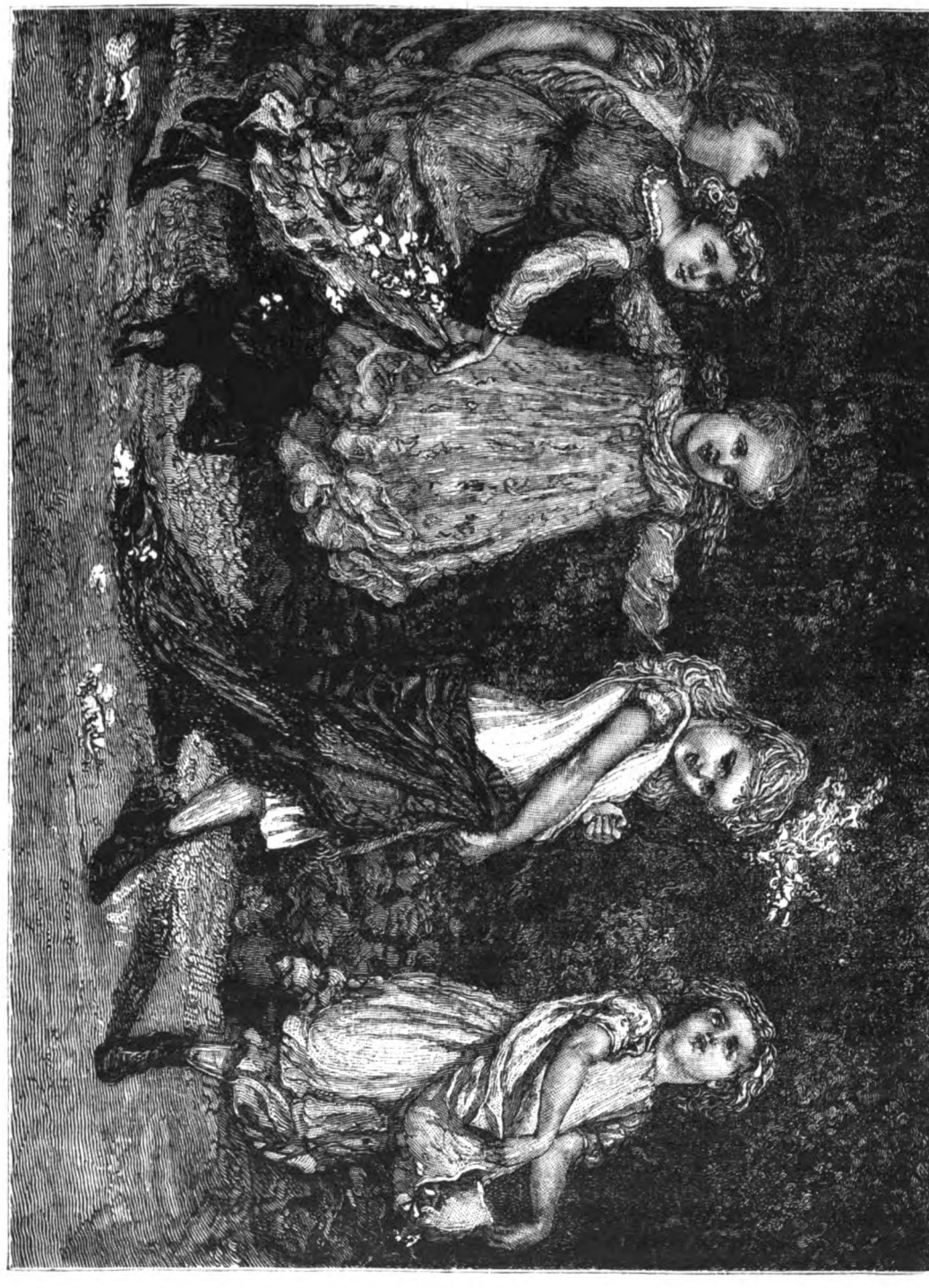
I could not help starting; and then the next instant, fearing he had noticed me, my face flushed, and I turned and spent some time searching for a place to lay my pipe. His eyes, however, were on the alert, and the topic was dropped at once.

"By-the-by, my friend," he said, impulsively, "have you found out from your old housekeeper what time of day it happened to be when you came into the world? You may remember we were speaking about it a long time since?"

"I was born in the early part of the evening," I answered, having satisfied myself that the mantelpiece was a safe place for the pipe.

"In the early part of the evening?" holding his pipe suspended and staring at the fire a minute or more. "Yes, yes, that will do very well." And then he fell to smoking with evident pleasure and much satisfaction, interrupting his calm contemplation only once during the next hour by saying—looking at me the while, as if he were in doubt—that the difference in time between New York and Brussels was about four hours, he believed.

"About that," I replied, and went on with the thought I was turning over and over. Both of us knew very well what was in the other's mind. Only the day before I had startled him exceedingly by an original way of solving a difficult problem in Euclid. He had never known but



THE DANCE OF THE MAY QUEEN.

one man who could solve that problem in that particular way, he said. This, I could see, had confirmed his suspicion more than anything else up to that time; and he had kept it in mind ever since.

As he seemed to prefer silence, I ligthed the study-lamp and took up a copy of Wordsworth's poems. The first lines my eyes fell upon were these, marked:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us—our life's star—
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

I shut the volume impatiently. Everything had somehow got possessed with the one idea, and I could not run away from it.

Taking my hat, I said it was time I was returning home; and, bidding him a hasty adieu, I rushed out before he could offer any protest. When in the street and breathing the fresh air, I took an oath tacitly that I would have nothing more to do with such nonsense. I should become as crazy shortly as Monsieur Dubois was, if I did not put a stop to this kind of thought.

Then, again, what difference did it make who or what I was? I didn't care to know anything further about it.

It was all a riddle, at best; life was a riddle—human destiny, the world, everything—and man an idiot to believe that he could guess the clew.

In the sober thought of the next morning, however, I took another view of the matter, and set out for Monsieur Dubois's lodging in the same frame of mind that had impelled me thither a hundred times before. But, to my amazement, he was gone—gone away to remain some weeks, the druggist thought. He had left the keys to his rooms for me, the man said, and I was to use the books or anything in the rooms whenever I chose.

I hastened up-stairs and unlocked the doors. He had said nothing about going away, and possibly he had left a note or letter for me; so I pulled up the curtain and surveyed things in general.

His study, library and living room looked as though he had left in a hurry. Drawers were open, papers were scattered in every direction on his table, the doors to the bookcases stood ajar, and an extraordinary miniature portrait on ivory had been left near one of the skulls on the mantelpiece.

I carried this curiously to the light, little realizing that the moment was an epoch in my life. There it was—the one fair, lovely face to make all earth a paradise to me. Oh, Celeste! oh, my wife, my darling! I loved you as passionately that first moment when my soul awoke as I ever can through all eternity!

I only remember that I sat there for hours, looking at the portrait as if it were a dream—as if life were a dream, and every reality had faded away.

How could I ever hope to find her? Would Monsieur Dubois ever come back? Could I bring him back? My fortune, everything I possessed, should be shared with him.

I went home and sent a message to my lawyer in the city, asking him to insert advertisements in all the New York papers, requesting an interview at once with Monsieur Dubois, and then I waited anxiously, feverishly, through days at first, then weeks, and finally months.

But nothing came of this—chance would have it another way. I went to New York to visit a friend.

We were walking along Broadway one afternoon when they dashed by us in an open carriage, Monsieur Dubois and she!

That night I stole out on the streets alone and found him staring in at the lobby of a theatre. He started, scowled, slipped his arm through mine, and led me away into a side-street.

"I saw you to-day and should have stopped if I had been unaccompanied," he said, after he had waited for me to speak. "What brings you to the city just now?"

"The lady who accompanied you—I have come to see her."

"Her?—my Celeste, my ward?"

"Yes."

I explained to him that I had found her portrait in his room; that he must lead me to her.

"Her portrait, Lloyd? No, no, my dear friend; it is not hers."

I did not want to believe him; I would not.

"But you shall see her," he said, after a moment's hesitation. "We will go to her at once; the child must be anxious about me already."

They were stopping at the old Manhattan Hotel, and thither we directed our steps, Monsieur Dubois limping along at a pace agonizing to my patience. Finally we went up two or three long flights of stairs, and he tapped at one of the doors in the dim-lighted corridor. My heart beat nervously. I had waited all these weeks for this. It must be she; I could not have made a mistake.

"My dear, I have brought my young friend, Mr. Lloyd, to see you," he said, when she stood before us, bright, beautiful, and the realization of all I could wish.

"Monsieur Lloyd brings pleasure with his presence," she returned, with a charming foreign accent and bewitching smile, all for me.

Certainly there was no mistake about the portrait. The likeness was exact, unless, possibly, it represented her a year or two older than she really was. Her eyes, large and brown, with all a woman's exquisite soul speaking through them; the delicate contour of her face with the complexion soft and pure as a lily with the breath of a rose upon it; the low, broad forehead, with the mass of crinkled blonde hair brought round the sides of her head and intertwined in twisted coils—all this I had seen in the miniature.

But the ring, with the *petite* Maltese cross of diamonds, which sparkled on her plump little hand, I had never seen except in a dream.

Monsieur Dubois was expressing his regrets that he had been detained away from me so long, and she was saying very soberly, whenever a chance between words occurred, that really her poor guardian had been sorely perplexed with his affairs and I must forgive him. The *finesse* of her expression, the tone of her voice! And that ring! Who could explain all this to me? Had I been dead and come back to life again? Were we all embodied ghosts bereft of memory? How could it be possible that I had ever given her that ring, that her name should be Celeste?

Monsieur Dubois guided us each through the windings of an hour's conversation with consummate skill, and the next day I came again, and the next. He was following out some investigation—I knew not what—and left her in my keeping all the day long.

The hours became moments, the days shortened to a third of their usual length while two weeks passed. We had gone every day on some little excursion to a library, art-gallery, or place of interest to Celeste. Then, happy day! I brought them both to my home. Monsieur Dubois had ended his quest; his whole face beamed with satisfaction; he returned with joy.

In the moonlit evening, while Celeste was on the piazza with my old housekeeper, Monsieur Dubois and I walked down through the village to smoke our after-dinner cigars

and visit his former lodging, where his books were to remain for the present. He had forwarded a box from the city, he said, which he wanted to open.

But I was not a good listener. I, on my part, had a subject I wanted to broach.

"Might we talk of his ward?" I asked.

"Perhaps you are in love with her, my friend?" looking at me through half-shut eyes.

"I have been for a long time."

He walked on silently some distance, and I could not discover whether or not he was displeased.

"She has her mother's face," he said, at length, stopping and resting on his stick. "The miniature portrait you saw is of her mother. She died when Celeste was born, and the child has got the mother's name, her beauty and her soul." Then he went on: "Ah! my old comrade, Chevereau, loved the mother well—loved her as few women are ever loved. But Celeste Beclard married a year or two after Waterloo. Her husband soon died; then she died, and I took the little girl. It's all a sad world! Death, death, always and everywhere!"

When we had got inside the lodging and lighted a lamp, Monsieur Dubois's cheerfulness returned.

There was the box—a large square one—awaiting, as he expected. In a moment he had a hammer in hand and proceeded to take off the cover.

"It's a skeleton, Lloyd," he said, noticing my curiosity. "I've been in your country twelve years searching for it."

He took it out of the box bone by bone, and put it together whilst I sat looking on. For some foolish reason or other I felt nervous.

The room was poorly lighted, for one thing, and the moonlight, streaming in through the windows, gave a ghastly appearance to it, swaying to and fro on its wire hanging.

It did not come into my mind whose skeleton it was until I caught sight of the right side of the skull, and saw very plainly the shivered bullet-hole.

Instantly I felt all the blood leaving my head. This was Chevereau's skeleton, and I was becoming desperately faint, the room seemed to be swinging round and round, and——

Monsieur Dubois was bending over me, feeling my pulse, when I revived.

"My old comrade—my old comrade!" he was murmuring. "I have found you again after all these years."

In my bewilderment, the one thought in my head was of that ring.

"The ring! How did she get the ring with the Maltese cross of diamonds?" I asked, pressing my hands to my head.

"Ha! the ring! You saw it on Celeste's hand? You knew it, comrade? Yes, yes, I took it from Chevereau's pocket in the trench that night, and gave it to her mother. He was shot at twenty minutes of six—you were born fifteen minutes afterward. Good God! who shall say this is not beyond all revelation! We are still the same, comrade—still the same, though death itself has separated us and all these years have yawned between; and you shall have your Celeste. She shall be your wife now—the same, the adorable Celeste! Love can never lose its own. She will know you, worship you!"

Oh, my friend, companion, teacher! I hear again your impassioned words, though my youth has passed—though you have entered that lonely, infinite mystery—and I am an old man.

Where are you in all this great unknowable, all-beginning, never-ending plan of God? Have you, too, been born again into this world of ours, and are you waiting for an Ithuriel touch to disclose your old identity?

I hear Celeste's voice in the hall, her step upon the stair. She is coming to me. I am a happy man.

SONNET.

By Aubrey de Vere.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow
And, ere his shadow pass the threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness: Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

THE LYNX.

Up in the Maine woods you will often hear them talking of killing a lucervee, and you will strain your ears to see whether you catch the sound aright, and then puzzle your brain to find out what the animal is. It is simply our old friend the lynx, known in pictures at least to every child. The Canadian French call it *loup cervier*, or deer-wolf, and near the border, in the Anglo-Saxon mouths that never get around Celtic speech, they have made of these French words the term lucervee.

Our lynx, for a wonder, is the same animal as the lynx of Europe. It is a large animal, nearly three feet long, with stout, strong legs, indicating great strength. Its hind-quarters are disproportionately large, the head round, and it is easily distinguished by the tufts of black hair on the tips of the ears. The fur is thick and close, the longer hair varying from brown to gray, while the short, soft hair is lead-color. The throat is white, but on the neck are dark marks, and the whiskers are tinged with the same deep color.

It is a harmless and inoffensive animal, hunted for its skin. When brought to bay it will arch its back and spit like a cat. A sharp blow with a club kills it, so that it has not the cat's tenacity of life. It is fond of the water, and is a good swimmer. On land its course is a series of bounds, coming down on all-fours.

It preys on birds, squirrels, wild hares and rabbits, and is not averse to a taste of nice young lamb.

SAGACITY OF A PONY.

A remarkable pony, which some short time since might have been seen daily grazing on the Cirencester College cricket-ground, England, is a most sagacious animal, known by the name of Grimm. His history is as follows:

Grimm was born and bred on the estate of Mr. Mussel, of Aden, near Aberdeen, Scotland, and sold by him, in 1852, to a gentleman who required a pony to carry his wife during his walking expeditions in Perthshire, with this caution, "Never drive him, or he will break your neck,," as he had been notorious for previous bad conduct, and had previously smashed a pony-carriage.

In the stable and in the field he was gentleness itself, but was found to be very headstrong and conceited—it

SAGACITY OF A PONY.—GRIMM ENTERING THE SCULLERY AND TAKING THE CABBAGE FROM THE COOK.

one may attribute such a quality to a pony—and the few misfortunes that befell him during the thirty-four years of his life his kind and indulgent owners attributed to this defect in his character.

During Grimm's walking expeditions he must have played his mistress some very odd tricks, which she truly states must have cost thought and preparation, for he apparently always made his own arrangements for the day.

One not afternoon his mistress wished to ride some four miles to meet her husband, who was returning from Edinburgh. Until they arrived at a certain hill, Grimm was in all respects a model pony, when suddenly at this point he stopped, having decided that so far he would go and no further.

All his mistress's endeavors to make him descend the hill were fruitless. At last, tired out with his rearing and jumping, she unadvisedly did what he had long intended she should do—dismounted and dragged him down the hill by the bridle, and then, hoping she had won the day, she put her foot into the stirrup to spring into the saddle; but he had been waiting for that moment, and before she could accomplish her purpose, found herself flat on the road, and on looking round saw Grimm galloping home.

His memory for places and people is described as extraordinary, and on one certain day, and that day only, would he take his mistress in turn to each shop she was in the habit of visiting.

He learned to open any kind of door, and would turn handles and keys, also lift latches, so that, unless care was taken to lock him into his stable from the outside, he was certain to walk out again when the coast was clear.

Having a large stable-yard, in which he walked about in perfect freedom, his amusement was to open the door of the scullery and steal the greens the cook was washing for dinner. She, being quite deaf, was unconscious of his presence until she felt his warm nose on her shoulder and saw her cabbage whisked off.

He hated solitude, and was always happy when the dogs and their puppies were occupying the stall next to him.

Grimm never accidentally injured the smallest puppy. The cat kept her kittens in his manger, and the proceedings of the family gave him much interest. This affectionate disposition was further exemplified in several ways.

He expected his mistress to come and see him often, and once, when she had been prevented by illness, and had not seen him for a fortnight, he determined upon reversing the order of things, and went to see her, walking through the hall to the drawing-room door, which he opened as usual; and great was her astonishment to see him triumphantly nodding his head, as if relieved to find she had not entirely disappeared.

In 1862 Grimm met with a serious accident. One of his fore-legs was injured, and he ever afterward lifted it up for inspection when his mistress appeared, and thus learned to shake hands.

On his recovery a pony was bought to drive with him, and he was placed in double harness. He was devoted to his companion, and gnawed a hole at once in the partition between the stalls to improve the means of communication.

Various other anecdotes might be told of this remarkable and intelligent pony; but he soon became unfit after this period for work, and was received into the pastures of the Agricultural College, Cirencester, where he obtained every comfort until death terminated his eventful career.

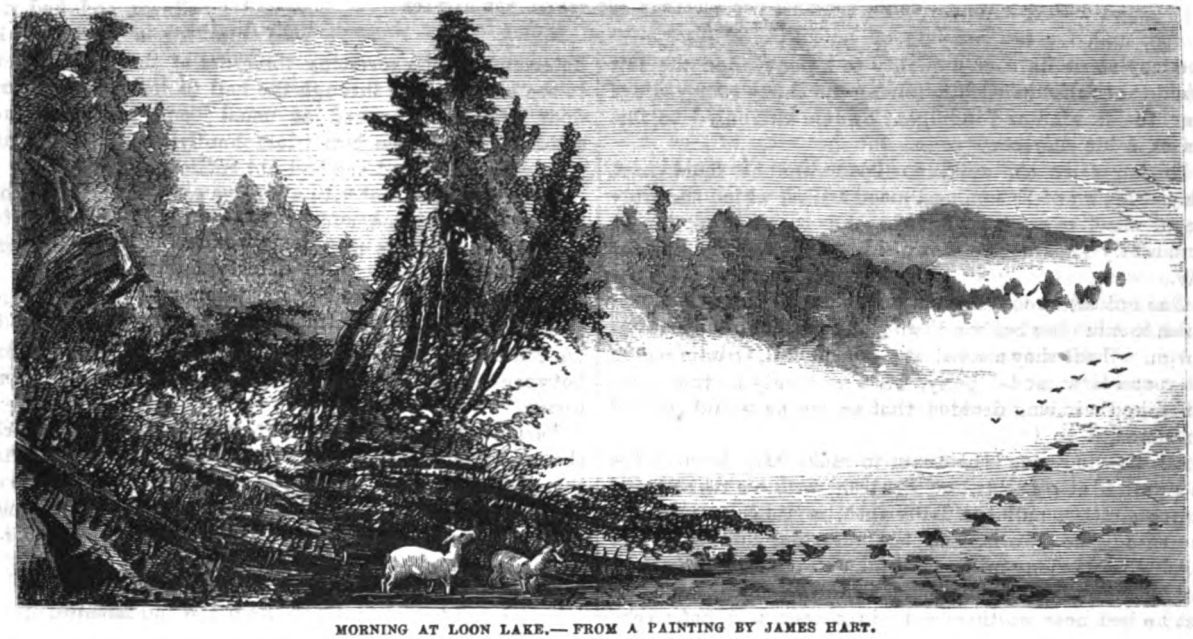
NOTHING is difficult to the brave and faithful.

SAGACITY OF A PONY.—GRIMM SURPRISING HIS MISTRESS BY ENTERING THE DRAWING-ROOM.

HOW MOSAICS ARE MADE.

THE London *Telegraph* has the following: The guardian in the velvet skullcap came to my aid, when I was at fault, with most courteous explanations. He mentioned incidentally that in a portrait of Pope Pius V. there were 1,700,000 pieces, each no larger than a grain of millet; but this statement I take to have been merely guesswork. The enamel, he proceeded to tell me, is a kind of glass, colored with metallic oxides, and it is so fusible that it can be drawn out into threads, small rods, or oblong sticks of varying degrees of fineness, slightly resembling the type used by compositors. These polychromatic rods are kept in drawers properly numbered, so that the artist always knows to which case to repair when he requires a fresh supply of a particular tint or tints. When the picture is commenced the first step is to place on the easel a slab of marble, copper, or slate, of the size fixed upon; and this slab is hollowed out to a depth of about three and a half inches, leaving a flat border all round which will be on a level with the completed mosaic. The excavated slab is intersected by transverse grooves or channels, so as to hold more tenaciously the cement in which the mounts of enamel will be embedded. Then the hollowed slab is filled with "gesso" or plaster-of-paris, on which the proposed design is accurately traced in outline, and usually in pen-and-ink.

The artist then proceeds to scoop out a small portion of the plaster with a little sharp tool. He fills up the cavity thus made with wet cement or "mastic," and into this mastic he successively thrusts the "spiculæ," or the "tesseræ," as the case may be, according to the pattern at his side. In the broad folds of drapery or in the even shadows of a background, or a clear sky, his morsels of enamel may be as large as one of a pair of dice; in the details of lips, or eyes, or hair, or foliage, or flowers, the bits of glass may be no larger than pins' heads. The cement, or mastic, is made, so far as I could gather from my informant, of slacked lime, finely-powdered Tiburtine marble, and linseed-oil, and when thoroughly dry is as hard as flint. Sometimes the mastic which fills the cavity is smoothed and painted in fresco with an exact replica of the pattern, and into this the bits of glass are driven, according to tint, by means of a small wooden mallet. If the effect produced wounds the artist's eye, he can easily amend the defect by withdrawing the offending piece of enamel and driving in another while the cement is still wet; and, by observing proper precautions, it can be kept for more than a fortnight. When the work is completed any tiny crevices which may remain are carefully plugged or "stopped" with pounded marble, or with enamel mixed with wax, and the entire surface of the picture is then ground down to a perfect plane, and finally polished with putty and oil. Byzantine may be broadly distinguished from Roman mosaic by the circumstances of the surface of the former being left unground and unpolished—save where there is burnished gold—thus leaving an irregularity of surface productive of great vigor of effect. A virtuous picture of the Byzantine style can at once be recognized as a mosaic, even if it be hung at an altitude of one hundred feet from the ground; but a perfected mosaic picture, after the Roman manner, might easily be mistaken, even at a very short distance, for a very elaborately finished and highly varnished painting in oils.



MORNING AT LOON LAKE.—FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES HART.

THE POWER OF KISSES.

WHEN Charles II. was making his triumphant progress through England, certain country ladies who were presented to him, instead of kissing the royal hand, in their simplicity held up their pretty lips to be kissed by the King, a blunder no one would more willingly excuse than the lover of pretty Nell Gwynne. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, gave Steele, the butcher, a kiss for his vote, nearly a century since; and another equally beautiful woman, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, recruited her regiment in a similar manner. A kiss from his mother made Benjamin West an artist. "Kiss me, mother, before I sleep." How simple a boon, yet how soothing to the little suppliant is that soft, gentle kiss! The head sinks contentedly on the pillow, for all is peace and happiness within. The bright eyes and rosy lips close, and the little darling is soon reveling in the bright and sunny dreams of innocence. Yes, kiss, mother, for that good-night kiss will linger in the memory when the giver lies moldering in the grave. The memory of a gentle mother's kiss has cheered many a lonely wanderer's pilgrimage, and has been the beacon

light to illuminate his desolate heart; life has many a stormy billow to cross, many a rugged path to climb, and we know not what is in store for the little one so sweetly slumbering, with no marring care to disturb its peaceful dreams. The parched and fevered lips will become dewy again as recollection bears to the sufferer's couch a mother's love, a mother's kiss. Then kiss your little ones ere they sleep; there is a magic power in that kiss which will endure to the end of life.

THE DELUSIONS OF ALCHEMY.

The subject of Alchemy occupies so large a space in the humiliating history of the misapplication of talent as to justify a particular inquiry into the causes of its origin, the grounds of its success, and the reason of its gradual decline. So much mysticism and fondness for ambiguity exist in the writings of the hermetic philosophers, as they were called, that it will not be surprising to find accounts of the origin of the science wrapped in equally extraordinary language.

To begin with Adam; he is said to have foreseen the deluge, and, for the purpose of providing against that catastrophe, to have erected two tables of stone, which contained the foundation of this wisdom. One of them, after the flood, was found on Mount Ararat. Alchemy has as frequently been called the hermetic art, as it is more generally supposed to have been invented by Hermes, King of Egypt, and master of this science, when Egypt was the garden of God. According to chronologers, his æra was before that of Moses.

This was the true philosopher's stone, which so enriched that kingdom, and by means of which all the arts flourished, but in quest of which so many persons of all nations and ages have since fruitlessly consumed both their fortunes and lives.

Unlike their baffled successors, the Egyptians increased their wealth to that immense degree that they studied means how to expend their exuberant stores in the erection of pyramids, obelisks, colossuses, monuments, pensile gardens, cities, and the Labyrinth, and in forming the immense Lake Mœris, and the like stupendous works, which cost so many millions of talents.

"All these," say the believers in the science, "are sufficient arguments of their skill in alchemy, whence they received so vast a supply of riches; for, since no authors mention any gold mines in the time of Osiris, or Hermes, whence could they have acquired such exceeding great wealth but from the chemical art of transmuting metals?"

The Egyptian priests, under a promise of secrecy, communicated the knowledge they possessed to the Alexandrian Greeks. The actual possession of much lucrative knowledge, and the reputation of still more valuable secrets, would attract the notice of the credulous and ignorant.

With many the extent of the science was confined to the refining of metals and preparations of chemical compounds; but the theoretical alchemist having in view a certain mysterious and unattainable object despised the occupation of the mere chemist, and from policy, or want of clear ideas on the subject, the language of his art became more and more obscure. Knaves and impostors crept in, and by impositions on the unwary and credulous, indemnified themselves for the ill success of their experiments.

Those chemists who assumed the pompous title of alchemists were persuaded that all metals were no other than nature's rude, unfinished essays toward the making of gold, which, by means of due coction in the bowels of the earth, advanced gradually toward maturity, till at last they were perfected into that beautiful metal. Their endeavors, therefore, were to finish what nature had begun, by procuring for the imperfect metals this much desired coction, and upon this grand principle all their processes were dependent.

The golden age of alchemy commenced, properly speaking, with the conquests of Arabian fanaticism in Asia and Africa, about the time of the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, and the subjection of Europe to the basest superstition. The Saracens, lively, subtile, and credulous, intimate with the fables of talismans and celestial influences, admitted with eager faith the wonders of alchemy. The rage of making gold spread through the whole Mohammedan world, and in the splendid courts of Almansor and Haroun Al Raschid the professors of the hermetic art found patronage, disciples and emolument.

About the thirteenth century, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, and Raymond Lully, appeared as the revivers of this science, which had been nearly lost in the interval from the tenth century; their writings again raised alchemy to a very high degree of credit, and their adventures, as well as those of their disciples, partake more of the character of Oriental romance than the results of philosophic study. The most celebrated of the alchemic philosophers were not only the companions of princes, but many of them were even kings themselves, who chose this royal road to wealth and magnificence.

No delusion in the world ever excited so extensive and long-continued an interest, or, rather, it might be called madness; though it now seems wonderful how the fallacy of it should have escaped detection during a period of seven or eight hundred years, when so many causes of suspicion and disappointment must have occurred amongst its professors; but the fond idea seems to have been strengthened by this want of success, which was attributed to any cause rather than the proper one.

An alchemist, in his writings, complains of the difficulties attending the search after the Immortal Dissolvent as the grand agent in the operations was sometimes called, and very feelingly asserts that the principal one is the want of subsistence or money, as without a supply of the latter to buy glasses, build furnaces, etc., the operations cannot go on.

The several metals were described metaphorically as planets, animals, etc., and mystical allusions were made to the sacred Scriptures in confirmation of the truth of the science by the most forced interpretations of certain passages, as for instance: "He struck the stone, and water poured out, and he poured oil out of the flinty rock;" and the whole composition of the philosopher's stone was thought to be contained in the four verses beginning, "He stretched forth the heavens as a curtain; the waters stood above the mountains."

The descriptions of the several necessary processes partook of such figurative language as none but the adepts could possibly understand. Dr. Dee, in the fullness of his wisdom, thus instructs his disciples: "The contemplative Order of the Rosie-cross have presented to the world angels, spirits, plants and metals, with the times in astromancy and geomancy to prepare and unite them telesmatically. This is the substance which at present in our study is the child of the sun and moon, placed between two fires, and in the darkest night receives a light from the stars, and retains it. The angels and intelligences are attracted by a horrible emptiness, and attend the astrolasms for ever. He hath in him a thick fire, by which he captivates the thin genii. That you may know the Rosi-

crucian philosophy, endeavor to know God himself, the worker of all things. Now I will demonstrate in what thing, of what thing, and by what thing is the medicine or multiplier of metals to be made. It is even in the nature, of the nature, and by the nature of metals; for it is a principle of all philosophy that nature cannot be bettered but in her own nature. Common gold and silver are dead, and except they be renewed by art—that is, except their seeds, which are naturally included in them, be projected into their natural earth, by which means they are mortified and revived, like as the grain of wheat that is dead."

This is somewhat worse than what Mr. Burke denominated a gypsy jargon.

The powder of transmutation, the grand means of projection, was to be got at by the following process, in which it was typified as the Green Lion:

"In the Green Lion's Bed the sun and moon are born, they are married, and beget a king; the king feeds on the lion's blood, which is the king's father and mother, who are at the same time his brother and sister. I fear I betray the secret, which I promised my master to conceal in dark speech from every one who does not know how to rule the philosopher's fire."

One would imagine, in the present day, that there was very little fear of being accused of too rashly divulging the important secret by such explanations. Our ancestors must have had a much greater talent than we have for finding out enigmas, if they were able to elicit a meaning from these mystical, or, rather, nonsensical, sentences.

Roger Bacon was the first English alchemist. He was born in 1214. Popular belief attributed to him the contrivance of a machine to rise in the air, and convey a chariot more speedily than by horses; and also the art of putting statues in motion, and drawing articulate sounds from brazen heads. From this it appears that he had made considerable progress in the formation of automata. There can be no doubt that he discovered the mode of making gunpowder; in his works the secret may be found, vailed under an anagram. The discovery has, however, on doubtful authority, been ascribed to Berthold Schwartz, a German Benedictine friar, who lived about the middle of the fourteenth century. In an old print, the *merit* of the invention is ascribed to the devil, who is represented as prompting the friar's operations and enjoying their success.

Can we be surprised, that in an age of ignorance, the wonderful doings of Bacon obtained for him the name of a magician, and the friars of his own Order refused to admit his works into their library, as though he was a man who ought to be proscribed by society? His persecution increased till 1278, when he was imprisoned, and obliged to own that he repented of the pains he had taken in the arts and sciences; and he was at last constrained to abandon the house of his Order.

The credulity and avarice of princes often caused them to arrest alchemists, and, by means of the torture, endeavor to force them to multiply gold, or furnish the powder of projection, that it might be ready for use at any time; but it was generally found that, like poetical composition, perfect freedom of thought and action were necessary to so desirable an end.

There is an edict of Henry VI., King of England, in letters patent to lords, nobles, doctors, professors and priests, to engage them in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone, especially the priests, who, having power (says the pious King) to convert bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, may well convert an impure into a perfect metal

Even Pope John XXII., the father of the church, was weak enough to become an adept; he worked at the practice of hermetic philosophy in Avignon, and at his death were found eighteen millions of florins in gold, and seven millions in jewels and sacred vases. Notwithstanding his writing a treatise on alchemy, and making transmutations, yet such was the mischief arising in his times from the knavery of pretended alchemists, that he issued a bull condemning all traders in this science as impostors.

Pope Sixtus V. had a true idea of the real value of this science; for, when one presented to him a book on alchemy, his holiness gave the author an empty purse, emblematic of the vanity of the study.

In the fifteenth century this science was applied to medical uses, and the preparations of mercury, antimony and other metals were used with the happiest success. The unexpected success which attended the first exhibition of chemical preparations awakened a new hope in the minds of the alchemists, which was no less than the discovery of a universal medicine, an elixir vitæ, for conferring immortality and perpetual youth and health. Paracelsus and Van Helmont entertained these visionary speculations, and the hopes of possessing a universal solvent long haunted the imaginations of writers on chemistry.

Paracelsus was born in 1494; he practiced physic in Basle, and the following circumstance induced him to leave it: A canon was in extreme sickness, and the physicians forsook him as incurable. Paracelsus saw him, and promised to restore him to health. The canon expressed himself gratefully, as one who would feel the obligation, and make him a suitable recompense. Two pills performed the cure, which was no sooner effected than the canon undervalued it, and contended against the claim of the doctor; he had been *cured too soon*. The magistrates were applied to, and they awarded Paracelsus a very moderate fee, proportioned to his short attendance; so, in disgust, he quitted the city, and declared that he would leave the inhabitants of Basle to the eternal destruction which they deserved. He then retired to Strasburg, and thence into Hungary, where he took to drinking. He died in great poverty, at Saltzburg, in 1541. Oporinus, who served him as his pupil, said he often saw him in great want, borrowing money of carmen and porters, and the next day he would repay them double from a fund that could not be discovered. His proper name was Philip Aureolus Theophartus Paracelsus Bombastus, of Hohenheim; and his disciples add, "Prince of Physicians, Philosopher of Fire, the Trismegistus of Switzerland, Reformer of Alchemistical Philosophy, Nature's Faithful Secretary, Master of the Elixir of Life and Philosopher's Stone, Great Monarch of Chemical Secrets."

The ingenious Mr. Evelyn, both a sensible and learned man, seems to have been unwilling to deny the truth of what had so often been asserted to him. In his entertaining "Diary" he says:

"June 4th, 1705, the season very dry and hot; I went to see Dr. Dickenson, the famous chemist. We had a long conversation about the philosopher's elixir, which he believed attainable, and himself had seen it performed by one who went under the name of Mundanus, who sometimes came among the adepts, but was unknown as to his country or abode. The doctor has written a treatise in Latin, full of astonishing relations; he is a very learned man, formerly of St. John's, Oxford, where he practiced physic."

Being in Paris, Mr. Evelyn visited Marc Antonio, an ingenious enameler, who told him two or three stories of men who had the great arcanum, and who had successfully made projection before him several times.

AN ALCHEMIST'S OFFICE IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

"This," says Evelyn, who obviously hesitated between doubt and belief, "Antonio asserted with great obtestation; nor know I what to think of it, there are so many impostors, and people who love to tell strange stories, as this artist did, who had been a great rover, and spoke ten different languages."

The most celebrated history of transmutation is that given by Helvetius in his "Brief of the Golden Calf." It is thus given by Mr. Brand:

"The 27th day of December, 1666, came a stranger to my house at The Hague, in a plebeick habit, of honest gravity and serious authority, of a mean stature, and a little, long face, black hair, not at all curled, a beardless chin, and about forty-four years of age, and born in North Holland. After salutation he beseeched me, with great reverence, to pardon his rude access, for he was a lover of the pyrotechnian art, and having read my treatise against the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby, and observed my doubt about the philosophic mystery, induced him to ask me if I really was a disbeliever as to the existence of an universal medicine which would cure all diseases, unless the principal parts were perished, or the predestinated time of death come. I replied I never met with an adept, or saw such a medicine, though I had fervently prayed for it. Then I said, 'Surely you are a learned physician?' 'No,' said he, 'I am a brass-founder, and a lover of chemistry.' He then took from his bosom-pouch a neat ivory box, and out of it three ponderous lumps of stone, each about the bigness of a walnut. I greedily saw and handled this most noble substance, the value of which might be somewhere about twenty tons of gold; and having drawn from the owner many rare secrets of its admirable effects, I returned him this treasure of treasures with a most sorrowful mind, humbly beseeching him to bestow a fragment of it upon me in perpetual memory of him, though but the size of a coriander-seed. 'No, no,' said he, 'that is not lawful, though thou wouldest give me as many golden ducats as would fill this room, for it would have particular consequences, and if fire could be burned of fire, I would at this instant rather cast it into the fiercest flames.'

"He then asked if I had a private chamber, whose prospect was from the public street; so I presently conducted him to my best furnished room backward, which he entered," says Helvetius, in the true spirit of Dutch cleanliness, "without wiping his shoes, which were full of snow and dirt. I now expected he would bestow some great secret upon me, but in vain. He asked for a piece of gold, and opening his doublet, showed me five pieces of that precious metal which he wore upon a green ribbon, and which very much excelled mine in flexibility and color, each being the size of a small trencher. I now earnestly again craved a crumb of the stone, and at last, out of his philosophical commiseration, he gave me a morsel as large as a rape-seed; but I said, 'This scanty portion will scarcely transmute four grains of lead.' 'Then,' said he, 'deliver it me back,' which I did, in hopes of a greater parcel; but he, cutting off half with his nail, said, 'Even this is sufficient for thee.' 'Sir,' said I, with a dejected countenance, 'what means this?' And he said, 'Even

that will transmute half an ounce of lead.' So I gave him great thanks, and said I would try it, and reveal it to no one.

"He then took his leave, and said he would call again next morning at nine. I then confessed that while the mass of his medicine was in my hand the day before, I had secretly scraped off a bit with my nail, which I projected in lead, but it caused no transmutation, for the whole flew away in fumes. 'Friend,' said he, 'thou art more dexterous in committing theft than in applying medicine. Hadst thou wrapped up thy stolen prey in yellow wax it would have penetrated and transmuted the lead into gold.'

"I then asked if the philosophic work cost much or required long time, for philosophers say that nine or ten months are required for it. He answered, 'Their writings are only to be understood by the adepts, without whom no student can prepare this magistery. Fling not away, therefore, thy money and goods in hunting out this art, for thou shalt never find it.' To which I replied, 'As thy master showed it thee, so mayst thou, perchance, discover something thereof to me, who know the rudiments, and therefore it may be easier to add to a foundation than begin anew.' 'In this art,' said he, 'it is quite otherwise, for unless thou knowest the thing from head to heel, thou canst not break open the glassy seal of Hermes. But enough; to-morrow, at the ninth hour, I will show thee the manner of projection.' But Elias never came again; so my wife, who was curious in the art whereof the worthy man had discovered, teased me to make the experiment with the little spark of bounty the artist had left. So I melted half an ounce of lead, upon which my wife put in the said medicine. It hissed and bubbled, and in a quarter of an hour the mass of lead was transmuted into fine gold, at which we were exceedingly amazed. I took it to the goldsmith, who judged it most excellent, and willingly offered fifty florins for each ounce."

The accumulated disappointments of several centuries in the prosecution of this science, or discovery, did not eradicate the belief in its practicability; and so late as the year 1698, one humbly styling himself Philadept wrote a book concerning adepts, not proving that they did exist, but leaving the *onus probandi* to those who were skeptical on the subject. Indeed, it was a generally received opinion in the seventeenth century that the philosopher's stone did really exist, and the gravity and sincerity of the authors who discoursed of it prove this. Philadept says: "It is evidently unreasonable to assert or deny anything without reason. No man can give any good reason importing that there is no such thing as the philosopher's stone. On the contrary, there are many reasons to believe there is such a thing. There is a tradition of it in the world; there are many books on that subject, written by men that show an extraordinary gravity, sincerity, and fear of God, and who solemnly and sacredly protest they have wrought it with their own hands; and, besides, they have, at several times, shown the effects of it, before divers witnesses, whereof there are too many instances to reject this proof. Then they lay down principles which appear rational to any one that considers them. There have been, also, too many great cures performed by philosophers to be reasonably questioned by them who *are* acquainted with those matters. Those that *are not*, ought not, in reason, to determine against it. My intention is not to dispute about the principles of hermetic philosophy; they have been established by many authors beyond dispute, but most clearly and invincibly by the learned Gasto Claveus of any I know."

Passages in Scripture, as has been stated above, were often brought forward in corroboration of the theory of alchemy, and it resulted, in the course of time, that a religious sect arose, who blended the mysteries of the Christian religion with the several processes of alchemy toward the grand regeneration of metals; a species of allegory understood and to be interpreted only by the disciples of that Order, known by the name of Rosie Cross; its symbol being four red roses arranged in crucial form. In a book, entitled "The famous celebrated Nuptials of the thrice great Hermes," allegorically describing the mystical union and communion of Christ with every regenerate soul, composed by C. R., a German, of the Order of the Rosie Cross, and published by him in 1559, this victim of mysticism and fanciful romance thus describes one of his hallucinations:

"On Easter eve I was in meditation, and being now ready to prepare in heart, together with my dear Paschal lamb, a small, unleavened undressed cake, all on a sudden ariseth so horrible a tempest that I imagined no other but that, through its mighty force, the hill whereupon my house was founded would fly in pieces. But, inasmuch as this and the like, from the devil—who had done me many a spite—was no new thing to me, I took courage, and persisted in my mediations till somebody, after an unusual manner, touched me on the back, whereupon I was so hugely terrified that I durst scarcely look about me; yet I showed myself as cheerful as, in the like occurrences, human frailty would permit. The same thing twitched me several times; I looked, and beheld a fair and glorious lady, whose garments were all sky-colored, having a bundle of letters in all languages in her hands. She selects a small one and lays it on the table, and, without a word, departed with so mighty a blast, that for a quarter of an hour I could not hear my own words. The note was sealed with a curious cross, having this inscription—*In hoc signo vinces*. Within the note was written:

"This day, This day, this, this,
The royal nuptials is;
Art thou thereto by birth inclined,
And unto joy of God designed?
Then may'st thou to the mountain tend,
Whereupon three stately temples stand,
And there see all from end to end;
Keep watch and ward, thyself regard;

Having prayed for advice how to act, he is instructed in a vision what will happen to him; he then wakes and

ALCHEMISTS AT WORK.

prepares for his journey, "putting on a white garment, girding his loins with a blood-red ribbon, bound crosswise over his shoulders, and in his hat were stuck four red roses, that he might be the sooner taken notice of by this token among the throng."

This sect became a secret society; it originated in Germany, and attracted the attention of all Europe for twenty-five years. Part of their mystery consisted in an almost miraculous method of curing diseases. Some of their pretensions were explained by one John Hayden, servant of God and secretary of nature, in a book entitled, "A new method for the cure of all diseases, freely given to inspired Christians." In an "Apologue for an Epilogue," he saith, "I shall here tell you what Rosiecrusians are, and that Moses was their father, and he was the child of God. Some say they were of the Order of Elias, some of Ezechiel, others define them to be the officers of the generalissimo of the world; that are as the eyes and ears of the great King, seeing and hearing all things, for they are seraphically illuminated, as Moses was, according to this order of the elements, earth refined to water, water to air, air to fire." Such is the gibberish which could once not only find readers, but even dupes to follow in the train of the writers.

In later times there have been a few believers in transmutation. In the year 1782, Dr. Price, of Guildford, by means of a white and red powder, professed to convert mercury into silver and gold; and he is said to have convinced many disbelievers of the possibility of such a change. His experiments were repeated seven times before learned and intelligent persons, who themselves furnished all the materials, except the powders which were to operate the transmutation. These powders were in very small quantity. By whatever means it may have been accomplished, it is certain that gold and silver were produced. But, admitting that, with respect to its production, Price was an impostor, it is indubitable that he must have been in possession of one valuable secret, that of fixing mercury so as not to evaporate in a red heat. Price published an account of these experiments, but stated that he had expended the whole of his powder, and that he could not obtain more, except by a tedious process, which had already injured his health, and which, therefore, he would not repeat. He died in the following year, and his death was attributed to his having swallowed laurel-water, in order to evade further scrutiny and the detection of his imposture. The fact of his having poisoned himself is at least doubtful.

Another true believer in the mysteries of this art, says Mr. Brande, was Peter Woulfe. He occupied chambers in Barnard's Inn, when he resided in London. His rooms, which were extensive, were so filled with furnaces and apparatus, that it was difficult to reach his fireside. A gentleman once put down his hat and never could find it again, such was the confusion of boxes, packages and parcels that lay about the chamber. Woulfe had long vainly searched for the elixir, and attributed his repeated failures to the want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. Some of his apparatus is said to have been extant since his death, upon which are supplications for success, and for the welfare of the adepts. He had an heroic remedy for illness; when he felt himself seriously indisposed he took a place in the Edinburgh mail, and having reached that city, immediately came back in the returning coach to London. He died in 1805.

The last of the English alchemists seems to have been a gentleman of the name of Kellerman, who, as lately as 1828, was living at Lilley, a village between Luton and Hitchin. He was a singular character, who shunned all society, carried six loaded pistols in his pockets, barricaded his house, and filled his grounds with spring-guns. The interior of his dilapidated mansion was a complete chaos. He pretended to have discovered the universal solvent, the art of fixing mercury, and the powder of projection. With the last of these he had, he said, made gold, and could make as much as he pleased. He kept eight men for the purpose of superintending his crucibles, two at a time being employed, who were relieved every six hours. He had one characteristic of a disturbed intellect, that of believing that all the world was in a confederacy against him, and that there was a conspiracy to assassinate him.

HOW MACARONI GOT ITS NAME.

Macaroni is eaten with relish equally by all civilized European peoples. At the commencement or the close of a dinner, in the character of sweet or of savory alike, it is deservedly as popular without as within the frontiers of its native land. But the incident which originally gave it its name is, we venture to believe, known to few of those —even in Sicily, its birthplace—who hold it in the highest esteem.

Once upon a time a wealthy Palermitan noble owned a cook not only accomplished beyond compare in the practice of his profession, but gifted by nature with an inventive genius. One day, in a rapture of culinary composition, this great artist devised the farinaceous tubes which all love so well, and the succulent accessories of rich sauce and grated Parmasan familiar to those who have partaken of "macaroni al sugo" in Southern Italy. Having filled a mighty china bowl with this delicious compound, he set it before his lord—a gourmet of the first water—and stood by, in deferential attitude, to watch the effect of his experiment. The first mouthful elicited the ejaculation "Cari!" idiomatically equivalent to "excellent" in English, from the illustrious epicure. After swallowing a second modicum, he exclaimed, "Mà, cari!" or "Excellent, indeed." Presently, as the flavor of the toothsome mess grew upon him, his enthusiasm rose to even higher flights, and he cried out, in a voice tremulous with joyful emotion, "Mà, caroni!"—"Indeed, most supremely, sublimely and superlatively excellent." In paying this verbal tribute to the merits of his cook's discovery, he unwittingly bestowed a name upon that admirable preparation which has stuck to it ever since.

THE PALM-LEAF HAT.

By Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford.

The loiterer among our New England hills and valleys, in these bland Summer days, can see through the open doors of any farmhouse on his way, a picture out of that single romance of workaday life which has not yet followed the lesser romance of the spinning-wheel—the braiding of the palm-leaf hat.

A pastoral romance is it from which the picture comes, and though requiring for its scenery and background all the soft unfolding of the Spring and the sun-gilded pomp of Summer, yet otherwise the adjuncts are few—the old farmhouse with its moss-grown roof, the well-sweep, the hawk nailed to the red barn-doors, the laborers in the intervale. But what a multitude of hopes and fears and imaginings enter into it, and how the ends of the earth are tributary to it!

It may be there is a mortgage to pay on the farm, in order to keep the roof over the heads of the household,

and to which task father and mother, and sons and daughters, alike bend their energies. It may be there is a coveted strip of land to bargain for; or, what is likelier still, the girls have their own hands to depend on for those fineries which are the pride of their eyes. Whatever the spur, the work is gotten from the country store, the hat-block is set ready, and gay visions dance before the eyes of the nimble plaiters—visions, perhaps, of the heavenly-silent Sundays, when nothing but the distant bells and the daring bird-songs shall disturb the air, and the new frock and the gay ribbon, bought by the braiding of the straw, shall make each damsel seem the fairest of the fair women to her chosen swain as she rises with her hymn-book in the choir, or steals demurely up the aisle below—visions, perhaps, of the way the tears will spring into the old father's blue eyes, ambushed behind their white brows, when his girls put into his hands, at last, the money whose want has made his life a burden, and which the sterile farm with its yearly crop of rocks would never raise; visions, perhaps, of the new home to which this miserably-paid braiding is to bring bedstead or bureau at length, or possibly the little cabinet organ that has been secretly the heart's longings for this many a year.

Do you suppose they ever pause to think, as the urchin, with his cherished penknife, slits the palm into the widths and lengths they wish, of the way that leaf waved in its greenness before the West Indian trader brought it over seas? of the islands ringed with the azure waters, domed with the azure heavens, bathed in an atmosphere that the winds drew in long wafts and currents of odor far out to sea, and where, above orange-grove and tamarisk-thicket, tossed the great plumes of the palm? Now and then, perhaps, in a vague reverie of wonder that includes the parrot on his perch—that marvel of the country-side, won from some strolling sailor, and innocently admired in the midst of all the Spanish oaths he screams. Now and then, for in actual experience another horizon hems them in; a world of facts, not fancy—prose, not poetry, fills their minds, as they dip their deft fingers in the bowl of water beside them, and weave in their fresh strands, and double and bend and shape the work as neatly, if not with as handsome results as their Italian sisters do, and with scarcely ever a dream on the contrast between their own fair, wholesome state and the squalor of the Piedmont peasant.

Nor is it altogether on selfish ends, on the poor but precious payment for the work, or the coveted gingham and linen of the "store," on the fashion of the future cut thereof, that their thoughts dwell. These farmers' maidens have room in their meditations for higher flights than those. "Fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute," have already occupied their attention; politics have not been forgotten; the tariff has been discussed by the small manufacturers, with the reasons why palm-leaves should be admitted free, while palm-leaf hats should protect their little labor with a duty of nearly half their value; sides have been taken and battles have been fought over the merits of the great armies of the world, wherever they may be contending; woman-suffrage and St. Paul have had a tussle; and, indeed, it is ten to one if Tyndall and Huxley, and even Darwin himself, or some faint phantasms of those worthies, have not figured in the conversation—else to what use the Normal School, *Tribune* or *Independent* filtering through the remote mails, or the one brother studying himself into a dyspeptic at Dartmouth or Amherst or Andover?

While the morning's work was done in kitchen and chamber—while eggs were hunted, chickens fed, butter churned and wrought into golden balls in the dairy, the well-browned baking set away in the buttery, the dinner cooked to which the great horn summoned master and men from the field, dishes washed, floors swept, and the afternoon toilet made—while all this was being attended to, the gossip of the neighborhood was attended to as well; confession of peccadilloes were made, perhaps, as the confessing one stirred round on the kind errands that hid blushes, in the act of putting away a dish, or burning one's face with looking in the oven; and the way was clear, when the maidens began their plaiting, for discussion of the minister's sermon, of the inside of the weekly paper, of the news of the great unknown world, till by-and-by silence comes, and the thoughts of each slip away down the lane they love the best.

The pewter glistens on the dresser, the evergreen in the chimney-place of the best room sends out a faint fragrance through the unlatched door, to mingle with that of the lingering herbs strung over the kitchen-mantel; the robins dart through the low-hanging apple-trees without; the cat watches them in half a dream; the sweetness and silence of Summer afternoon broods over all things; the old clock slowly ticks off the time in the corner, where it has stood for a hundred years; and their hearts begin to tell over the old story, older than many a hundred years. The sunshine lies thick on the hillside, the blue mists begin to rise in the valley; soon tinkling bells will tell of the cattle coming home; soon twilight will empurple all the sunset; the stars will steal out above the bending boughs that arch the lovers' lanes—and then, what strolling down their dewy length! what lingering at the bars! what moments sweetened by the passing breath of the field-flowers, or the wandering scents of the honeysuckle and southern-wood of the gardens! moments that, when they are old and gray, that same passing breath will bring all alive and glowing to their sense once more. And what a quick thrill and heartbeat now make, all at once, the lass bending with sudden flush above her straw, of one kin with the queen upon her throne, whose blood has been stirred by the same mysterious spell!

Ah, pretty maidens! pretty with all the freshness and roundness of youth, if with no other beauty, you may be happy in the years to come! Your children may rise up and call you blessed; and your husbands may be the bulwark of the land! But will any of your happiness ever quite equal the bliss of the afternoon-dreams you had when braiding your palm-leaf hats? Happy without knowing that you are so, may you never feel, except possibly to lighten it, the different lot of those who do your work herded together in crowded city rooms, and paid a daily shilling which does not keep enough soul in their body to prevent festering!

And amidst all the noisy march of machinery may you still preserve, to us and to yourselves, the simple idyl of the Palm-leaf Hat!

Nothing is degrading which a high and graceful purpose ennobles, and offices the most menial cease to be menial the moment they are wrought in love. What services are rendered around the bed of sickness which, in other circumstances considered mean, become at once holy and quite inalienable rights! To smooth the pillow, to proffer nourishment, to soothe or to obey the fancies of the delirious will, to sit for hours as a mere sentinel of the feverish sleep—these things are suddenly raised, by their relation to hope and life, to sacred privileges.

The man who possesses a passionate and revengeful temper is deprived of reason, and all that is great and noble in his nature is suppressed.

THE IDYL OF THE PALM-LEAF HAT.— SEE PAGE 702.

THE LETTER "S"; OR, THE JOCELYN SIN.—"THE SILENT WATCHER IN THE ANTE-ROOM CLINCHED THE TAWNY FISTS, AND GLARED AT THE TWO BEAUTIFUL JOCELYNS IN MALIGN RAGE."

THE LETTER "S"; Or, THE JOCELYN SIN.

By INDE.

Chapter V.—Merciless Marie.

While Fulke interviewed the physicians in the grand library, with its statuary and costly antique, General Jocelyn sat in the tiny study up-stairs, writing letters, and occasionally making a great effort to look over the accounts laid there by his steward for inspection. That it was the sanctum of a man impressed the beholder at the first glimpse. Guns, spurs, powder-horns hung on convenient hooks, or stood in sundry corners; riding-boots and gloves were tossed about in the confusion one delights in, when one knows they are sure to be found where they were left, and never, by any chance, disappeared. The writing-table presented the same incongruous array of the many articles General Jocelyn fancied himself in daily need. A brace of dueling-pistols lay in their open case at his elbow, account-books, billets, letters, bronzes, fishing and hunting accessories, pipes and cigars, and a vase of fragrant flowers mingled themselves together in a mass, through which the bright blossoms seemed to rise, always beautifully pure and sweet.

Hugh Jocelyn wore the same terrible look of torturing anxiety. The seclusion of the study prevented the necessity of that forced cheerfulness, which seemed such hollow mockery that he marveled if others did not see the miserable sham. The mask fell as he entered this little "den," as Winifred termed it; fell and revealed the worn, wearied ravages of the struggle. He wrote mechanically business letters and brief entries in account-books, which were erased a moment after because of their incorrectness.

"It's no use," he said, tossing the pen down impatiently, and taking one of the dueling-pistols from its long, dark case; "this is the shortest and—easiest," he muttered, with a grim smile. "How easy, no one can guess. How horribly easy it is! But for Winifred, I must take care of her—my little Winifred."

He laid the deadly weapon on the table again, half reluctantly. Just as he did so the door opened swiftly, and a petite, agile woman, not very young, not very old, with eyes of startling brilliancy, ran up to him with both hands outstretched.

"My dear, dear general!" she exclaimed.

Hugh Jocelyn rose from his chair slowly, and stood like one petrified.

"Marie!" He uttered the name with difficulty, not offering to touch the two tawny, small hands held out in such gushing enthusiasm. "Marie, are you really here?"

"Of course I am, a week sooner than I expected. But, *mon Dieu!* I was seized with a longing to see you again. The same magnificent old soldier that you always were, and in such luck—but one never knows what is to come to people. Twenty years since I have seen you; but I should never have forgotten you, never. And you are so rich! come into so much money! I saw it in the papers, and came off immediately."

Hugh Jocelyn listened to her, without an effort to interrupt all the effusive delight the stranger seemed to feel, or, at least, expressed. If she rejoiced at seeing him, one glance into his pale, harassed countenance might have told her volumes of the anguish he endured at standing face to face, after twenty years of peace and relief, with this woman.

"Marie," he said, huskily, "what has brought you here? What did you come for?"

She laughed wickedly, quite unconcerned at the reception he vouchsafed.

"Oh, a multitude of reasons," she answered, coolly. "Cannot you guess some of them? I wanted to see you living *en prince*. You were always grand, and I don't see one whit of alteration in you, except—yes, a *tristesse*, a troubled look. Ah, yes! I can guess what caused that; one can't forget—that is a grand trouble—one can't forget," and she glanced up confidently, half smiling at the freezing coldness of Hugh Jocelyn under her sunshiny blandness.

"You have come here, Marie, and reminded me that your memory, at least, is good——"

"Mine, at least, is very good," she interrupted, with a pleasant significance.

"Very good, if you choose," resumed the general, still more frigidly. "Pray, say at once what brought you here? What motive or interest have you to serve?—for I know you too well not to comprehend that you have an end to gain."

"Ah, yes," she answered, in naïve deprecation, smoothing her glossy black hair with a thin, almost skinny hand. "Ah, yes, we do know each other, if anybody does; and, *mon Dieu!* how good of you to pave the way!—though, how could I be embarrassed by you, superb gentleman that you are? I always told Fulke that you were, of all others, the most courtly, and the greatest brute I ever met."

"Fulke!" he repeated, with no surprise in his manner. "Fulke! And so my suspicions are correct. You are his informant."

She laughed merrily, a not unmusical laugh, infectious and pleasant enough to any man save this one, with that ghastly pallor gathering again in his face, and that deadly grip tightening once more on his heart. He sat down in the same deliberate, unhurried way, majestic and graceful in a man of his proportions; sat down helplessly, as if his limbs refused to support him.

"Now, my dear general, how could you think that, apart from my old admiration for you, I could be idiot enough to give up my secret to any one. No, no! Fulke may have a hint of it, but nothing more. Don't grow foolish because you are rich. You were always gallant in the old days, twenty years ago, you know; your well-known gallantry and that magnificent presence of yours did wonderful execution. *Ma foi*—poor Gabriel was brute enough to do his best to spoil it——"

"Stop, Marie!" sternly interrupted Hugh Jocelyn, while his melancholy eyes wandered wistfully toward the pistol, lying so dangerously near. "Stop! You did not come here for this. I have enough of badgering, enough to bear, without your adding to it. You were faithful once, perhaps you may be so again."

The reckless, bold face, the face of an adventuress, grew suddenly pensive and dreamy. For one moment Marie Frissae seemed to gaze mentally back over the past, and then the flint-like expression slowly returned.

"Yes, I was faithful once—faithful once to the handsomest man of his time. Ah, *ma foi!*" she added, shrugging her shoulders and laughing defiantly, "you are still the handsomest man of your time. Twenty years has not injured you. But for me, look at these," she held out two skinny, clawlike hands, then pulled up the loose sleeves; "have they not changed in twenty years? Once as round and soft as an infant's, now—ugh! I have had a hard time. I am poor, and you must replenish my purse."

Hugh Jocelyn opened his check-book without a word, and filling up a check, tore it out and handed it to her.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed, rapturously, holding the check away from him, as if she fancied he might snatch it out of her grasp. "When have I had so much? All new laces and new silks, mine are threadbare. Do you have much company at this fine old castle? for I intend to make you a long visit—perhaps live here altogether, who knows?"

The same look of loathing and horror came into his countenance, not unmingled with terror.

"I tell you, Marie, that you shall not stay here." His voice was high and sharp.

"And I tell you that I will stay here." Hers had a wicked ring of delight in the accent, as if it pleased her to assert her sway over this man. "I tell you, *cher ami*, that I will stay and sit at your table, and help your Winifred to do the honors of this grand establishment. I tell you that I am going to stay near you all my days. I will do it. Ah, *cher ami*, when have you had the faithful friend Marie has been to you?"

"Marie!" The general took up the pistol and examined it narrowly. Of what he was thinking, with that intense suffering in his countenance, perhaps even the Frenchwoman herself scarcely conjectured. She sat there looking at the handsome man, with a strange, deathless admiration in her eyes. "Marie, you know my past. Have you no mercy for me in that selfish heart of yours? You see how I idolize my Winifred; you see that my heart is bound up in her, that I am willing to spend my money, to suffer for her sake tortures and humiliations a thousandfold worse than death—ay, death would be a short, swift way out of it all. But for her, can you not spare me? Will you not go peacefully away from this house, and from my pure and lovely Winifred? Marie, spare me this!"

He appealed to her womanly compassion with and odd, forcible humility, but there was no pity in the heart beating under her shabby bodice. The woman, small and

elfish as she was, with her tawny skin and glittering eyes, could admire, but she could not and would not pity Hugh Jocelyn.

"I tell you," was the dogged answer, "that I, too, glory in your good fortune—for your good fortune is my good fortune. I shall stay here."

There was a silence of several minutes. General Jocelyn seemed to be pondering over the situation, presenting such a dark aspect in whatever way he viewed it. The result of his cogitations was a blunder. He appealed once more to her compassion, not for himself, but for Winifred.

"*You* must not stay here with Winifred. For her sake, Marie, leave Jocelyn Hall."

"I shall stay." The woman's look grew more resolute.

"She is so young and innocent," hopelessly began Hugh Jocelyn, a bitter pain in his voice. "Can you not leave me some peace and security for the few years I have left? Is it fair, Marie, to strike at me through the one tender point? You know how dear Winifred is to me—you, of all others, know this."

"Ay—I, of all others, should know this," grinningly interrupted the woman, her countenance still harder in expression. "But for her I should not be what I am now—a suppliant, a beggar in Hugh Jocelyn's house—and you, of all others, should know that."

"You may fling my words back as you please, Marie"—he seemed to go down a step in courage as he said this—"but you are not a proper person to throw an influence over an impetuous, beautiful girl like Winifred. For me what does it matter? You were faithful once—yes, once—while there was no temptation to betray."

The tawny hands clinched, a fierce, almost savage light glittered in the Creole eyes, the white teeth were visible between the red lips in an angry, canine way.

"There was always temptation, Hugh Jocelyn; temptation to be even with you for the slight and degradation you have made me endure. You remember that it is easy to forget that, but for my fortunate possession of your secret, you would never have troubled yourself to look on my face again, and I have not betrayed you for the same reason holding me silent twenty years ago. I did not betray you then, I have not betrayed you now; but I do not mean, fool-like, to relinquish my hold upon the rich man's purse, and," she added, with an evil significance, a strange change crossing her face, "I have no love for Winifred. No love for the girl whose future is in my hands. Ay, it is for me to say whether or not she shall be a beggar. And who knows what I may say?"

"Ay, who knows what any woman may do, or what any man may expect from them?" was the low response.

Both looked bitter and gloomy, both seemed ready to commit any folly but for that terrible something, that icy shadow holding the gentleman and the adventuress in its grip.

"You ought to know what to expect. But, understand, your Winifred is another consideration. I suppose she has grown up pretty? She inherited good looks by the mother's side," she added, with a meaning laugh, that, oddly enough, brought that cold moisture again to General Jocelyn's brow. "I hope, for her sake, she does not resemble the mother. I hope, too, that we will get on together. I've seen more of the world than she has; but she must be civil to her father's old friend, for that is the capacity in which you are to present me to her and your guests."

"And you expect me to palm off a sham, a fraud, upon my friends and daughter?"

"Be tranquil, my dear general. It is either for you or for me to expose what you are pleased to term a fraud, and I really think, *cher ami*, my revelations may produce the greater sensation of the two; seeing you are the rich General Jocelyn, of Jocelyn Hall, and I only poor little shabby Madame Frissae, of God only knows where. Now, which shall it be, you or I?"

He made no answer, only involuntarily his wistful gaze fastened upon the pistol. How could he contend with this sharp-witted woman, so coolly asking him which should tell the story of the past. Whatever it might be, he, at least, was driven to madness at the threat.

"I make no stipulations, Marie," he said, slowly. "What I ask of you must be granted of your own free will. What I ask of you is this—Will you leave Jocelyn Hall or not?"

He was holding the pistol in his hand, the hand for twenty years hidden from human eyes. She came close to him, her color rising to burning heat, and a look in her eyes as hard and inexorable as any visible on Fulke's sardonic countenance.

"I shall stay!"

Before she could say another word he lifted the pistol, with a swift, desperate motion to his temple, but not too swiftly for the agile creature at his side. Her tawny little hand gave the weapon a sudden, strong blow, and knocked it upward. The ring of a pistol-shot and an agonized shriek echoed simultaneously through the great mansion.

"Eh, *mon Dieu!* What a fool!" she cried out, taking the weapon from his unresisting fingers. "As if it would not bring everything out to kill yourself now. Think of the girl—your Winifred—you silly fool." And quite undisturbed she walked to the door, and unlocking, threw it open. "Don't be alarmed, petite," sympathizingly exclaimed the guest, taking the lead in the matter quite naturally.

Winifred had fallen on her face upon the floor, moaning and shrieking in frantic grief and alarm.

"It was an accident. He is not hurt. The careless wretch, he is not hurt—*venez, ma petite,*" and seizing Winifred's arm with more of strength than of tenderness, she raised the girl from the floor, and, drawing her swiftly into the room, again closed the door.

"Papa! oh, papa! Was it only an accident? Are you sure you are not hurt? My own dear papa—are you sure of that?"

General Jocelyn put his arm around her, and allowed the girl to caress him passionately for a moment.

"Are you sure? Oh, papa, you had such a miserable, terrible look. Could it have been an accident?"

"Of course it was," interposed the subtle voice, a trifle sharp and imperative in its accents. "Of course it was. You cannot suppose he meant to take his own life now, when he has you—and wealth and such good friends. My dear general, put away those handsome toys of pistols and present me to your Winifred. Or, shall I do it myself?—*tres bien.* I am Madame Frissae, your father's long-tried, faithful friend. We have come to stay with you in this grand establishment—indeed, I have almost promised the general to take up my abode here, if we like it."

Winifred had turned sharply and confronted her, with a keen penetration in the beautiful dusky eyes that seemed to divine the false under the real.

"We? Pray, whom do you mean by we?" she demanded, haughtily.

"*Ma mère!* Ah, I always forget that you are not French, too. My mother—of course she accompanies me—we are such old friends of your father. And, ah, *petite,* you are so like, so very like, your mother—so terribly like. The resemblance is startling"—nevertheless the Frenchwoman set her teeth hard together as she repeated the

assertion—"so wonderfully like I could imagine myself beholding her again, just as I used to in New Orleans."

"Did you know my mother, then?" Winifred spoke with less asperity, albeit she still held aloof, and maintained the haughty reserve the sunshiny girl sometimes startled others by assuming. Despite the civility of the one and the bland gush of the other, it was evident these two women were antagonistic. Distrust and scorn legibly traced itself in Winifred's delicate young features. Dislike and implacable enmity became just as clearly visible on the other thin, faded, startling countenance, world-worn and callous, but twenty years ago possibly fresh and fair and beautiful. "They tell me I am not at all a Jocelyn?"

"No, *mon Dieu*, no," retorted the other, with a curious smile; "you are not at all a Jocelyn. You are your mother in appearance and manner. I hope we will be very good friends, *ma petite*, for your father's sake. We were always such very confidential friends," and madame drew out a cheap little smelling-bottle and regaled herself with audible whiffs, while she scanned Winifred keenly.

"Strange you never mentioned Madame Frissae, papa. Indeed," supplemented Winifred, with a touch of sarcasm, "it is strange I never heard of any of your friends while we were so poor."

The Frenchwoman laughed securely.

"Very true, *ma petite*, but it revives one's affection to hear that one's good friend has come into so much money. Your father and myself were always friends. I was a friend in need."

"And my mother?" questioned Winifred; "you were her friend, too, I presume?"

"Well—yes. She has been dead these twenty years. I have forgotten her."

"Papa has been absent these twenty years; why have you not forgotten him?" demanded Winifred, in a tone of doubt, which did not disconcert the woman before her.

"I have never forgotten him, and we have come to visit him—perhaps live with our dear general. The place is so grand, and he begs so piteously for a chaperone for you I cannot say no—cannot say it. I am sure of the result, my dear general. I *shall stay*."

General Jocelyn assented silently.

Winifred glanced from one to the other in perplexity, and grew more and more haughtily distant.

"Papa and I find it rather inconvenient to have guests at present. Indeed, we almost might say we prefer being alone; do we not, papa?" She turned anxiously to her father. "Do we not, papa?"

The Frenchwoman's hard, defiant gaze was riveted upon the general; she was smiling in careless scorn, while he raised his head and said, huskily:

"Winifred, you must like my old friend, Madame Frissae. It is quite true what she tells you. She is an old friend of mine, and she will stay with us as long as—as she pleases."

"Ah, yes!" echoed the other, without moving the mesmeric gaze that seemed to hold him helpless under its magic spell. "I shall stay just as long as I please."

CHAPTER VI.

THE MENACE OF THE PITILESS.

BERNARD JOCELYN lay in an apparent stupor, scarcely opening his eyes to do more than glance at the two doctors making their daily visit, and talking learnedly over the "case," which was to lift them into comparative affluence. A yellow, wizened old dame, with the homeliness of ninety years in her wrinkled face, sat by the bedside, now and then refreshing herself with a sip of wine, and listening to the medical opinions with an attention delighting those great oracles.

"Why, *maman*, are you here? A sickroom has a charm for you," exclaimed a lively voice, as Madame Frissae tripped into the chamber, in fresh, gay toilet, and retouched beauty quite delusive to inexperienced eyes.

She had just returned from town after a few days' absence, rejuvenated in wardrobe and appearance, and delighted with all the world save General Jocelyn, who had remained shut up in his study, not even appearing at breakfast, that she might display her faultless *négligé*, gotten up in accordance with her own gaudy French taste.

"Whatever else people may say about me, *maman*, they can never say I do not know how to dress," she had asserted, and old Sara Frissae nodded her gray head, bound round with a red silk handkerchief; nodded it in delighted recognition of Marie's talents.

But the general had not breakfasted with her, to be impressed. The general remained invisible, and the tawny Frenchwoman, not nearly so tawny as before she went to town, turned her attention to the Jocelyn who could but choose to be visible to those who invaded the sick-room.

"The good doctors—ah, they are so wise, they do tell us the nephew of the dear general is almost cured," explained the elder woman, sipping the iced-wine.

"*Dieu!*" exclaimed Marie, stopping short as her glance fell on the magnificent figure stretched on the couch, and the handsome face, with its classic features and dark-brown hair, the long lashes and even brows. "It is handsomer than Hugh himself. And this is Bernard? *Ciel!*" she added, under her breath. "Too handsome to be a beggar."

"The good doctors tell us he is better of the wound," resumed the mother. "But he must be tranquil, so tranquil and serene, and see no one—he must be solitaire. I will return to my dressing-room, and take this little goblet of iced-wine; it gives me spirit and strength; the good doctors will tell you that, Marie," and smiling benignly, the elder dame clutched the goblet, and taking up an ivory walking-stick, departed.

"Does he see anybody, doctor?" Marie asked, turning to the physicians with a coquettish look. "Not even Miss Jocelyn?"

"Miss Jocelyn is especially prohibited, madame. In cases of depression of the osse occiput there is always danger of coagula, or—or if there is danger to the parietal bone, where it is articulated below with the temporal, before with the frontal, behind with the occipital, it is evident that matters are serious," gravely explained Dr. Foster.

"*Mon Dieu!* It is worth coming from New Orleans to hear you explain a case. Doctor, your knowledge is buried in this obscure place." Madame Frissae clasped her skinny hands in wondering admiration, deftly displaying her new bracelets in doing so. "And he will soon be well? How can he help it with such doctors?"

"Ahem! thank you, madame. I believe we do know something of our business. Yes, madame, Mr. Jocelyn can go on his expedition; fortunately, it does not sail for three weeks. Luckily for him the expedition is delayed. He is doing well, but we emphatically forbid any one coming in—Miss Winifred, for instance, who may agitate him. Good-morning, madame; we confide our patient to your care."

Marie follows them into the hall.

"My good doctor, your orders shall be obeyed. I, my own self, will see to your patient. The dear general will be so happy—so happy."

Dr. Foster stopped, in a doubtful, arrested way, then returning a step, glanced at his colleague, and dropped his voice into a whisper.

"Madame, you are mistaken. The general bears his nephew no good will. He is, I grieve to say it, scarcely safe under this roof. Mr. Fulkerson himself admits that, for Bernard Jocelyn's personal safety, we must speedily remove him. He will not answer for the general's execrable temper. The general will not answer for himself. We deplore it, and hesitate to mention this of one of our oldest and leading families. But, madame, we feel safer, now that you are here to check the general's vindictive hatred, and prevent injury to our patient."

"*Peste!* it is folly!" she burst out, angrily. "Sheer folly. I'll ask that ugly savage about it. Fulke shall tell me."

"Do, madame; that excellent young man will explain. You had better leave our patient now. Good-morning, again, madame."

The physicians walked away, but Marie softly turned by another door to the ante-room, which the nurses usually occupied. It was empty and silent, but the impressible Frenchwoman felt an interest in handsome Bernie for the sake of the past. She was not proof against the charm his splendid beauty had for all women. The chamber-door into the hall was wide open, but she never noticed it. She peered

A REVERIE.

Madame Frissae's brunette countenance seemed petrified with astonishment, and then, as the doctor went on, it cleared into a very evident blaze of her fiery temper.

"*Mon Dieu!* You amaze me; it is Fulke that is angry and ferocious to that beautiful Bernard. Fulke that is jealous and bitter. Hugh likes the handsome nephew and detests the ugly one. Fulke is jealous, doctor; that is all. The general has the temper of an angel."

"Ah, madame"—the doctor shook his head doubtfully; he had substantial reasons for believing in General Jocelyn's hatred of Bernie, else why did he pay such a fee to have him removed?—all Fulke's bitterness could never raise five thousand dollars—"ah, madame, I fear it is too true you are not yet informed of the general's ill-feeling—it is unchristian and ungodly, I grieve to say."

through the almost closed communicating door eagerly at the faultless face just visible between the blue curtains.

"So like Hugh—the beautiful Bernard," she whispered.

Marie was motionless as a statue, watching this other Jocelyn, perhaps, as sometimes in the past she may have watched the general. Possibly she might have withdrawn after a brief, intent contemplation of the scene, when there was a sudden rush of light, swift-flying feet, and in an instant Winifred, in her fleecy, azure dress, ran into the room, and sprang on the bed close to Bernie.

He opened his eyes and arms simultaneously and folded her to his breast in passionate tenderness.

"Oh, Bernie, they won't let me see you; I am locked out; Fulke has made them do it. Bernie! Bernie, are you almost well, so that you can go away from here and come

to see me sometimes?" And Winifred pressed her wet, beautiful cheeks against his, and talked rapidly, as if the terror of discovery hung over her.

"My darling, why can you not see me? I close my eyes and think of you every day and night, and listen for your step, but you never come, my little wife—why is it?" Bernie stroked the golden hair in the same fond way. If he was dying, this great love must have asserted itself above all else. He loved her better than life. "What has Fulke to do with you seeing me? My love, nothing can come between us now. We cannot be separated; don't let them frighten you, my darling."

"What has Fulke to do with it?" Winifred nestled closer to him, and drew his arm around her. "He has everything to do with it, Bernie," she replied, with bitter truth. "He is master here; he rules papa and everybody in the house, and, oh, Bernie, I can't understand it; papa is so miserable and unhappy, and there is a terrible woman here—a painted, tawdry creature, who pretends to be papa's friend, and helps to make him miserable. I am sure of it, and papa won't send her away, and won't let me do it. I don't know what has come to papa and to all of us."

Bernie drew her face down and kissed the pretty, pouting lips contentedly.

"I don't much care, Winifred, if they would let me see you as often as I pleased. But who is the woman?"

"An ugly, little, faded witch, all art and gush, and hypocrisy. I don't believe one word she utters," retorted Winifred, impetuously. "But," she added, gravely, "Bernie, there is something dreadful hanging over us. I feel it, but I can't understand it. I only know that papa has changed to me, and know, too, that when this woman crossed our threshold, it was another bitter enemy. Through all her bland gush, I feel that it is another bitter, implacable enemy for me, as bad, almost, and evil as Fulke."

A quick alarm sprang into Bernard's countenance.

"Fulke," he repeated, a deadly fear quivering in his voice. "Winifred, I would rather see you dead than at Fulke's mercy. I have always told you so, my darling; nothing can be as unscrupulous and sinister and black-hearted as Fulke, and nothing on God's earth as dangerous for you, my lovely darling, and I am here powerless to defend or claim you. I must recover rapidly, for in the face of heaven and earth—come what may—I will claim my wife, unless you yourself ask me to wait. I will have you, darling, the moment I am well enough to demand you of your father. I must save you from Fulke, my Winifred."

Winifred smiled happily, then passed her delicate white fingers through his short, silken brown hair lovingly.

"Bernie," she whispered, softly, "you will recover. Can you conjecture what enemy gave you this blow—this horrible blow?"

Bernie smiled curiously at the beautiful, tender eyes, and her shudder of fear for him.

"An enemy who did not mean to spare my life, Winifred; but I was watching you, my love, and heard nothing, saw nothing else, until the blow fell and stunned me. It is a profound mystery, perhaps," he added. "I have a strange intermingling of bad fortune and good fortune. My expedition does not sail for three weeks. The cruise will be short, and when I return, remember I am coming back to my wife."

Winifred shivered.

"I hope so, Bernie, if—if that dreadful mystery does not destroy us. Papa is miserable, and I don't know why. He has these tawdry, shabby people here, and I don't know why. I only know they are low, impertinent creatures; and, Bernie, I feel intuitively they are my enemies. This painted, made-up woman hates me. She is my evil genius. See if she is not."

The silent watcher in the ante-room clinched the tawny fists, and glared at the two beautiful Jocelyns in malign rage. Marie could hear the contemptuous terms in which Winifred, with her fresh, exquisite loveliness, described the Frenchwoman, and they were barbed with truth.

"Eh? *Mon Dieu!* I will stop thy cooing, my pretty ma'amselle," she hissed through her set teeth, as she crept stealthily out of the room. "Yes, I will change that tune. To tell him I was a painted, artful witch, low and impertinent, and painted—painted! to tell him I painted! Poor little fool! Marie Frissae will change that tune. Poor little fool! It is your last cooing, my pretty ma'amselle—your last cooing, for you have said truly, 'This painted woman hates me.' Eh? She has good reason. To tell him I painted—painted! It is your last cooing—your last. Laugh *à la Diable!* it is your very last! Ah, *mon Dieu!*"

The musical, flutelike tones of Winifred's laughter pursued the Frenchwoman along the upper hall, down the steps—light, soft, silvery laughter, exasperating her to madness.

"Eh? Telling him I painted—painted!" she muttered, in her rage, as she flew to the library, and flung open the door without knock or ceremony.

As usual, Fulke occupied the library. After Fulke took up his daily vigil there the master never entered or enjoyed the luxurious seclusion of the Jocelyn library.

"Do you know where your Winifred is now?" she demanded, sharply.

Fulke laid down his book, and placed a chair for her.

"How can I know, my dear madame, unless you tell me?" he said, noting the wrath in her countenance. "She is angry, and an angry woman will betray anybody or anything to secure her revenge," he reflected, sagely.

"I have made discoveries this morning—great discoveries. Let me tell you, once for all, I will not have you fastening scandal upon Hugh Jocelyn. He does not bear Bernard ill-will. You shall not drop insinuations about him, or make people suspicious of him."

Marie stopped in her rapid, angry outburst. Fulke looked significant and sinister.

"Wait," he said, slowly. "How do you know who attempted Bernard's life? The general gave the alarm, the general discovered him, the general happened on the spot first, and, perchance, the general gave the blow. Who else could?"

She shook her wiry fist in his face, with an angry laugh.

"Silence, you stupid Fulke! I tell you it shall not be said. But for Winifred—do you wish to marry the girl? She is a shrew—a spitfire!"

"That does not signify in the least. When she has been my wife for a year she will neither be a shrew nor a spitfire. Look at me. Do you think she will?"

Fulke leaned back, and fixed his eyes upon her intently. Never had his saturnine countenance looked more unpleasantly ferocious than at that moment, and never did the man's iron will, his pitiless purpose, seem so clearly revealed. Madame Frissae laughed again, and arranged the lace around her wrists in a satisfied way.

"It is all very well, you clumsy, *gauche* creature, if I help you, and I will. I like your inexorable determination. I like strength and mastery in a man, and I detest this silly Winifred. She has ridiculed and slandered me, as she has you, and I refuse to be the target of her sneers and gibes. You may enjoy being laughed at, but I do not. *Mon Dieu*, I cannot forgive it."

"And I do not mind it in the least; I shall marry Winifred," he said, deliberately.

Madame Frissac stamped her foot furiously.

"You fool!" was the contemptuous rejoinder. "You must first be quit of that beautiful Bernard."

"I shall marry her in spite of him," icily asserted Fulke, without moving.

"Perhaps," she retorted, "you do not know that she is cooing to that magnificent Bernard now, at this very moment, curled up in his arms, kissing and caressing him. Ah, you fool! you must first be quit of Bernard, for she is cooing to him now—now!"

Fulke's face grew white with rage, but he never hurried or raised his voice out of its even, monotonous tones. Nevertheless, the look on his evil face boded ill to some one.

"You have told me that I must be rid of Bernard," he said, turning at the door to look back. "You shall see that my will rules. By this time to-morrow Bernard will be out of my way. By this time to-morrow Winifred will appoint the day to be my wife. She will do it willingly, or——"

"Or what? Speak! speak!" ejaculated the Frenchwoman. "You are a *grande* savage, a tiger—speak! What will you do?"

He drew out the leathern pocket-book, and took therefrom a paper.

"I will crush them all. I will place this in the hands of the nearest magistrate."

CHAPTER VII.

"NEVER! WHILE I LIVE!"

WINIFRED was talking rapidly in her soft, sweet way, a toned sprightliness, never loud or aught but the perfection of well-bred vivacity—talking to Bernard, making good use of the stolen minutes. Neither thought of a listener, perhaps neither thought of anything but each other. At last Bernard's arms enfolded Winifred in a long, tender embrace; her presence acted like an elixir of health to the wounded man.

He felt strong and dominant again with this lovely creature so close to his heart; and, his wife for all eternity, she would be near him, this fair wife. It mattered little what all the world said—they were bound—and no human power could sever the bond unless they themselves willed it. The two had this security to brace them against the ills and calamities gathering darkly in the horizon. Fulke might be unscrupulous and vindictive, but Fulke must succumb to the law, and the law, human and divine, gave Winifred to her husband.

Bernie laughed away the qualms of conscience sometimes intruding themselves into the pretty head as she sat there talking, her face in a glow of radiant color, the magnificent eyes bright, soft and tender.

"I have recovered so rapidly this morning that I almost prefer not to wait any longer to declare the truth to Uncle Hugh. I could bear a scene with any one in the world, if it ends in my taking you away with me, Winifred," Bernard said, pressing the slender fingers to his lips, passionately.

"Taking me where, Bernie? What would you do with me while you were sailing on the Arctic seas?"

A shadow fell on his handsome face.

"True, Winifred; I forget that I am a pauper—verily a pauper—come of the beggarly branch of the Jocelyns."

She laughed softly.

"We were the beggarly branch not long ago, Bernie—we, papa—and poor Winifred people used to call me. Nobody cared for us then; all these horrid people kept their distance. We were so poor that they were afraid to meddle with us—afraid to find out where we lodged and how we lived. Ah, Bernie, it is delightful to be rich and have beautiful, lovely things around you, but I fear my papa was happier in the old days than he is now. Poor papa, if he would only tell me what it is."

"Don't distress yourself, my pet. It absolutely can't be anything dishonorable. The general is a man of such untarnished honor. It cannot be that; but he was very poor. Possibly something—some of those terribly degrading makeshifts, shabby subterfuges to which a reduced gentleman is sometimes driven. I say it is just possible some of these may have come to Fulke's ears, and he may hold it over the sensitive pride of poor Uncle Hugh. I think this must be the hold Fulke has. Some indiscretion twisted in the hands of a bad man into a means of torture to Uncle Hugh, and revenue to himself."

Winifred's dusky eyes filled with tears as Bernard offered his own explanation of the inexplicable power Fulke had obtained over a man very manifestly disliking him.

"He says, Bernie," she whispered, "that it is a crime. He calls it that."

"Confound his insolence!" retorted Bernie. "He does that to gain a stronger hold upon Uncle Hugh's fear of disgrace. You know your father is morbidly sensitive of dishonor to his name and fame. Very great poverty sometimes conduces to that extreme sensibility. Don't let Fulke bully or frighten you by these evil shadows, Winifred, dearest."

Winifred raised her head with a touch of proud defiance.

"He shall not cow me into believing him. I don't believe him. It is only for papa I am troubled. I wish, Bernie, you would hurry and get well, and——"

"Have it all over with Uncle Hugh about the claim I have on you," supplemented Bernie, with a doubtful smile.

"I meant nothing of the kind. Not at all, sir. Seriously, Bernie, papa can't refuse me anything. I will coax him to consent, and we won't be troubled about mysteries. I detest mysteries as much as I do Fulke, and I always associate the two. Somehow, Bernie," abruptly added Winifred—"somehow I have a presentiment that some calamity lies between us; and yet it seems so easy and plain. Papa never has refused me anything."

"Miss Winnie, chile"—Mammie Jane's mulatto face peered in at the door, and her shrill whisper seemed to penetrate every corner of the room—a shrill, frightened whisper—"Miss Winnie, come out'n dis, honey. Marse Fulke's cussin' en ragin' up dere in de study long as you bein' here. Come out'n dis, honey. He's plottin' sommut awful en drefful, en raisin' ole marse wus en Satan hissef. Oh, honey, come wid Mammie Jane, for Marse Bernie's sake, ef yo' won't fo' yo'self," implored the old woman, in a frenzy of terror—the awe-stricken terror servants felt for the anger of Fulke—anger that never forgot or forgave; and surely as fate itself might deal retributive justice, so surely Fulke's malign wrath sooner or later closed its terrible circle round the offender.

Winifred laughed heedlessly, and laid her soft, cool cheek against Bernie's hand in *caressante* mirth; but Bernie's face sobered, as it invariably did at any mention of Fulke in connection with Winifred.

"Foolish Mammie Jane! What can Fulke do?"

"Chile, chile, come on wid Mammie Jane! Dat man can do anything. Chile, you ain't safe nowhar in dis world if dat man got any grudge against you. Oh, honey, Miss Winnie, dere's trouble brewin'; en you knows dat

Marse Bernie can't help hisself, nor you, neither. God-a-mighty, honey, come along fore dey finds you!" she piteously entreated, throwing her arms around Winifred and lifting her from the bed. "Chile, Marse Bernie can't help you, and ole marse can't. No; de Lord knows he can't save hisself from Marse Fulke en dat little furrin hyeny dat done use him up. Come along! Lord! I hears em comin'!" and without another word, in a frenzy of alarm Mammie Jane lifted Winifred in her strong arms and carried her through the ante-room into the passage beyond.

The door closed and shut them out, as the other door unclosed and General Jocelyn, white and nervous, stood on the threshold, and behind him glared the viperish, treacherous face of Fulke.

General Jocelyn brushed his hand across his eyes several times. Bernard started at the change in his uncle. The tranquil contentment of the pleasant, courtly gentleman had vanished. Threads of silver were visible in the dark-brown hair, lines of anguish and bitter pain grooved themselves around his beautiful mouth; an expression verging on desperation became more and more visible in the dark-gray eyes.

Twenty years of poverty had not aged Hugh Jocelyn as this last fortnight since Fulke and the Frenchwoman had cast their evil influence over Jocelyn Hall and its hapless master.

"Eh, it is not so, Fulke," he said, in answer to some remarks of Fulke's. "You see, it is as I told you."

"That don't alter what you are to do," hissed Fulke, close to his ear. "Curse the trickery. I don't believe it is as you say. That don't alter things."

Hugh Jocelyn advanced a step into the chamber, reluctantly, as if he fain would retrace it if he dared—if only the fierce glare of his relentless enemy might be removed from him.

Fulke stood immovable, his watchful gaze on his uncle, silently impelling him to some act which the other loathed.

Again he advanced, more slowly, evidently to gain time—possibly to nerve himself to play his ugly *rôle*—the character Fulke was driving him to enact, the character he must assume to the end or fall.

"Bernard," he began, in an unnatural, hollow voice, "are you better to-day?"

"Yes, thank you; much better, Uncle Hugh. So much better that I do not think it necessary to encroach upon your hospitality much longer."

A gleam of relief seemed to cross Hugh Jocelyn's face; he smiled a swift, vanishing smile, almost ghastly on the haggard countenance.

"Ah, yes! I congratulate you upon your rapid recovery, and, if you are able, perhaps I had better order the carriage for you to-morrow morning."

He stopped short and glanced at Fulke, still leaning against the doorway, rigid as marble, and no less hard in heart than aspect. His gaze was still riveted upon his victim; he was compelling him to hurry their kinsman out of the house.

Bernie perceived the influence silently wielding such sway over his uncle. For Winifred's sake he compassionated him, but possibly his faith in past innocence scarcely equaled hers.

"I think I can safely venture to-morrow morning, Uncle Hugh, thank you. The doctors are such drones, they keep a man lying on his back longer than it is necessary, and my expedition sails so soon now, my arrangements must be made to join at the appointed time."

Bernie's pleasant tones, blithe and fearless as they were, seemed not in the least cheering to the man held to the front by an implacable enemy in the rear. Fulke had boasted of the power of his will. He had not boasted in vain. Hugh Jocelyn seemed to stand straight in the range of this man's mesmeric influence. He moved him automatically, and the older man seemed powerless, helpless. God only knew why, but he must obey.

"Very true, you must have arrangements to make," he said, with more and more embarrassment. "And it is just as well, Bernie, my boy—that is, Bernard, I may as well inform you now—of—of your Cousin Winifred's engagement to Fulke. I wish it announced."

Even Bernie's *sang froid* was startled by the announcement, evidently made with great difficulty.

"To Fulke?" he repeated.

"Yes, curse it. There is no difficulty in understanding that," insolently interposed Fulke.

"You say she is engaged to Fulke, Uncle Hugh?" inquired Bernie, ignoring the other, half contemptuously.

"I said so, certainly."

"Yes, that is what you said." Bernie spoke in the indolent, delusive way, beguiling so many into believing him of an easy and yielding disposition. "Will you sit down and tell me why you assume that Winifred is engaged to Fulke?"

"I prefer standing," hastily answered Hugh Jocelyn, glancing past him at the reflection of Fulke's sullen face in the opposite mirror. "And in stating the facts of Winifred's engagement, permit me to say that the simple announcement covers the whole ground, except, yes, one point—possibly, as Winifred's affianced husband, Fulke has the right to join me in objecting to any visits from my daughter to you. Her sympathetic disposition may prompt her to come, but pardon me if I say that neither Fulke nor myself considers it decorous or prudent for so young a person to make herself a subject of gossip to servants and neighbors; consequently, you may perceive why it is advisable for you to remove to your own lodging to-morrow, and that intercourse between us should cease until sanctioned by either Fulke or myself."

Hugh Jocelyn wiped his brow in an exhausted, mechanical way, and sat down in the nearest chair, as if strength failed him utterly. Bernie had listened in tranquil politeness, while Fulke, watching the two, looked chagrined and more than ever sulky. He expected an angry vituperation, and had no patience with well-bred quarreling. He meant to carry his point if he must march over the dead bodies of his opponents; but the jealous hatred he bore Bernie craved some rougher adjustment of difficulties.

"I beg your pardon, Uncle Hugh," Bernie said, courteously, while he twisted his long mustache in pensive serenity, "for appearing to doubt any statement of yours; but the truth is, I fear you have not yet consulted my Cousin Winifred; at any rate, I am bound in honor to inform you that she is at this very moment irrevocably engaged to me."

Hugh Jocelyn smiled sadly; Fulke muttered an audible imprecation.

"Do you hear that, Uncle Hugh? Be good enough to tell Jocelyn the truth—be good enough to remember the compact," he said, significantly.

General Jocelyn started.

"True, true; not much danger of forgetting that," he said, in a pained, humiliated voice, while he shaded his eyes from the light, or possibly from Bernie's steadfast, searching, half-disdainful glance. If ever Hugh Jocelyn felt the degradation of his position, it was just then, with his fearless nephew lying before him, scanning his face with those clear, penetrating eyes, and, perhaps, reading thereon the cowardice or shame compelling him to tell a disabled

THE TWO PETS.—ENGRAVED BY KNESING FROM A DRAWING BY W. A. CRANSTON.

kinsman to quit his house, and that kinsman, as Hugh whispered to himself in the dragging hours of the long, drear night, that kinsman, "my only brother's only son."

"Fulke reminds me, very justly, Bernard, that in these matters young girls are guided by the decision of a parent; at least, understand me perfectly: Winifred must abide by mine. Winifred must marry Fulke."

With an indolent, amused look, Bernie raised himself on the pillow.

"Uncle Hugh, my Cousin Winifred might desire to obey you, but understand me perfectly, while I live my Cousin Winifred is insuperably bound to me; she can be no man's wife save mine."

Fulke bent forward eagerly, with startled, frightened expression. The very same assurance that Winifred herself had given him. The self-same words. What could they mean? How could they baffle him, or break the cordon his evil hand had cast about the Jocelyns? He advanced a few steps into the room.

"You are insane, Uncle Hugh, to permit this assertion. I tell you, once for all, I will not have it," he broke out, angrily. "Winifred's name shall not be coupled with that of any other man. I will stop it by an immediate marriage."

Utterly unhurried and undisturbed, Bernie again ignored Fulke, and addressed himself to his uncle. He tacitly refused to recognize Fulke's right to have any voice in Winifred's affairs, and Fulke equally resolved to assert it.

"Not while I live, Uncle Hugh, can Winifred marry any other man," he repeated. "She could not, even if she desired it." He ceased rather abruptly, in mercy to the intense alarm breaking over General Jocelyn's pale face.

"It is a plot between them—a vile, nefarious trick," shouted Fulke, losing all control of himself in his overwhelming rage. "I'll make you repent it before I am two hours older. I'll show Miss Winifred whether she can defy and trifle with me as she pleases. I fancy she will think better of it in two hours—yes, in two hours she will go on her knees and implore me to marry her. I say you shall repent this infernal trick, Hugh Jocelyn. Ay! repent it on the gallows. I'll make the country ring with the story of that infamous crime in New Orleans. I defy you to tear that cover off your hand and tell its history! You are a double-dyed villain, cheating justice every hour that you live——"

"*Tais-toi!* What is it?" demanded a clear, rather shrill voice, as Madame Frissae's wiry, daintily dressed, diminutive figure pushed by Fulke and stood before the general, an odd compassion mingling with the sharp curiosity as she beheld the helpless distress and terror in Hugh Jocelyn's aspect.

He seemed stricken and powerless, nevertheless, as she stood directly before him. He stretched out his hands mechanically toward her.

"Marie," he whispered, helplessly.

Without a word she lifted the hand bringing down such cruel taunts upon him—the hand never bared to human gaze for twenty years—the hand around which such dark hints of tragic guilt hung like a pall, threatening to enfold Jocelyn Hall and its master—lifted it to her tinted, retouched lips, and kissed the dark kid covering passionately.

"What has he to say of your hand, Hugh? What does he know of that, or of our affairs? I tell you, Fulke Fulkerson," she said, a swift anger in the not unmusical treble—"I tell you that you are not master here, to come bullying and ordering a gentleman in his own house like the brute, the monster that you are! You know nothing. alone know Hugh's secret, and with me it shall rest."

"Ay," sneered Fulke, provoked out of his habitual caution, "perhaps you are a trifle better acquainted with Hugh Jocelyn's past history than most women would care to be; perhaps if the truth that you and—and——"

He paused, a vicious, wicked gleam in his eyes, as if he longed yet scarcely dared fling broader, coarser insult upon this little woman, cowing him more than brute strength might ever achieve.

"Speak on, good monsieur, if you dare," she said, very quietly.

"I say if you and the general choose to tell the story of your friendship twenty years ago, some of our virtuous neighbors might take alarm."

"Silence there, you infernal scoundrel!" shouted Bernie from his pillows, as Hugh Jocelyn sprang to his feet. "How dare you defame a lady?"

"Sit down, Hugh. Ah, dear Bernie, you are ever the gallant Jocelyn! Content you. Marie Frissae is not afraid of any man, be he ever so much *le diable!*" Madame Frissae clapped her thin hands, and glanced at Fulke like a smooth, sleek tigress brought to bay. She had said that he was a savage, a tiger, and she loved his relentless animosity. She had spoken truly. Something in her nature responded to his barbarity; but, like all women, she loved his barbaric hate when it fell only on those she detested. The Frenchwoman loved and hated fiercely; she flaunted her penchants and passions before the world defiantly, and fought her own battles with its opinions. "Fulke Fulkerson, do you think that I am going to have my dear general browbeaten with the bit of scant hint you have? No, no, it shall not be. Neither shall I submit to your shrewish tongue."

"Very fine," interrupted Fulke, pacing up and down rapidly—"very fine; but will you just say whether or not I have spoken the truth? Will you or will you not say whether you are the woman Winifred would receive if Winifred knew the truth about you? Deny that, will you?"

"You poor fool!" she laughed, in cutting scorn. "I deny nothing. You may tell it to all the world—you may post it in the shops, cry it from the housetops, and Marie is all tranquil. Marie cares not a sou for it. Marie holds the secret of twenty years in her breast. Monsieur Fulke may please to remember he does speculate on the general's misery, and I will not have it. He builds his castle on straw, and *ciel!* I knock it down with a tap. I expose him and everything with a word."

Fulke still paced up and down, scowling blackly, still vicious and sardonic.

"Then be good enough to tell us, if you are so brave, how it is that you are Madame Frissae, when your maiden name was Frissae, and when there are no other Frissaes in Louisiana? If you did not marry a Frissae how do you come to be Madame Frissae? Tell the world that little episode in your history, will you?" persisted Fulke.

She laughed disdainfully, but even under the rouge her cheek paled somewhat, and her eyes, glittering with temper, turned involuntarily to the general. They looked at each other, Hugh Jocelyn and his guest, an unreadable look no one might interpret save those two. General Jocelyn visibly shrank from the sneering insinuation Fulke conveyed in the question, but Madame Frissae met it as insolently as it was asked.

"Be good enough to hold your tongue, amiable monsieur, or you may take your hint, your petite morsel of spoils plundered from a rich man's secret, and depart," was the mocking response, as she drew the new bracelets into view and arranged the real lace around her thin throat. "You may go without your pretty Winifred."

Fulke's rapid strides ended suddenly as the light words fell from her lips.

"My dear madame," interposed Bernie, "you are an old friend of my uncle's, perhaps——"

"Ah, I know what you would say," she interrupted, with a graceful gesture. "You mean to introduce yourself. But I knew Gerald Jocelyn in the old days; he was never as handsome as his brother Hugh. But you are quite as handsome."

"Thanks," replied Bernie, good-humoredly. "Then I won't introduce myself. I am already introduced—a hereditary introduction. I was about to explain that we were speaking of my cousin Winifred before you came in, and I beg to repeat to you, dear madame, what I assured Uncle Hugh would prevent any matrimonial plans for Winifred. She is engaged to me."

"And if she is, *cher ami*," retorted madame, tapping his arm playfully, "what is that to the general? He has not consented. It is no engagement until he consents."

"None whatever," echoed Hugh Jocelyn.

"Ah, madame, you are too true yourself to say that."

Her eyes softened, as they sometimes did when General Jocelyn said kindly things, or paid her some inimitable compliment, in that resistless way the Jocelyns had, and now, when this handsome Bernie, in his deep, rich tones, touched the one quality strong within her, it pleased the worn-out heart of the worn-out Frenchwoman.

"Suppose it is matter of policy, my princely Jocelyn," she resumed, drawing a seat near and tacitly ranging herself on General Jocelyn's side, whatever and wherever that might be. "Suppose—pardon, *cher ami*—suppose you are not so rich? One must have money—money. Your Winifred loves to live in a grand way. She has been poor, but she cannot endure to be poor again; and you have no money, therefore the good general makes provision—he marries her to this monster"—she indicated Fulke, standing inside the door, listening in surly silence, but listening as if his life hung on her words—"this prudent Fulke, too wise to spend one wasteful sou."

"My dear, eloquent madame, the match you propose for her is no better, in point of fortune, than my humble self. Your reasoning is excellent, but your facts are mistaken."

Madame Frissac shrugged her shoulders deprecatingly and held up her hand to arrest further explanation.

"Nevertheless, Bernard, you must cure this penchant. For this time the Jocelyn cannot, as he always does, have his own way; and that magnificent face and form of yours will bring you an heiress, anywhere in the universe; but this one—content you now—this one is not for you. This one is for the savage, the tiger, Fulke."

The sullen growl of acrid satisfaction from Fulke justified the descriptive terms.

Strange as it seemed, the three men turned to this one diminutive woman and hung upon her caprice breathlessly. She had been scarcely more than a week at Jocelyn Hall, and in a week was autocrat of the destinies of all the strange household. She ranged herself with General Jocelyn, but she ranged herself against Winifred. That Marie held to her fealty to him was beyond a doubt; that she avowed her antagonism to Winifred equally admitted of no question. Fulke's spirits rose in taking Winifred from Bernie; his vindictive malice felt that he struck the handsome Jocelyn a deadly stroke.

"Nevertheless, my dear madame," rejoined Bernard, with the advantage of that pleasant courtesy nothing ever ruffled, "as long as I live my Cousin Winifred can marry no other man than myself. She is mine."

"*Peste!*" was the half impatient reply; "you are just as tenacious and obstinate as all these hard-headed Jocelyns, and you will bring yourself sorrow, as some of your kinsmen have, all because you will not be warned, because you will not see the inevitable."

"It is because I would save every one of you needless trouble and sorrow that I warn you how worse than useless it is to pursue this heartless project of a marriage between Winifred and a man she cannot even tolerate. I tell you again that while I live Winifred is mine. I decline further explanations to any one except Uncle Hugh."

The three were rigidly still for a moment after Bernie's clear, fearless voice ceased. General Jocelyn moved uneasily; Fulke's countenance darkened perceptibly. If there had been the slightest chance of a reply he would have demanded an explanation, but Bernie ignored him persistently and contemptuously.

"Perhaps," began the general, doubtfully, "Bernard had better make this explanation. I can't conjecture what he means by such an assertion. I still claim the right to dispose of Winifred."

"My dear old soldier," interposed the Frenchwoman, quickly, "explanations are tiresome and boring; they are too long for our short lives. I have just explained all that this beautiful, headstrong Bernie need know. Your Winifred cannot bear poverty. She must marry the next heir; and, *mon Dieu!* she has no need to be sad."

"The next heir!" ejaculated Bernie, a profound astonishment in his tone. "Madame, you seem to forget that my uncle's daughter is my uncle's heir."

Once more that subtle, significant look of intelligence passed between Hugh Jocelyn and Marie Frissac, and a dire distress seemed to weigh upon the former. His head drooped on his hand, but he uttered neither word nor remonstrance.

The Frenchwoman laughed with such deprecation and bland effect that Bernie, watching her from under the long lashes lazily closing over a pair of dark-gray eyes which nothing escaped, said, mentally, "She is meditating a lie."

"My good Bernie, I am going to tell you a secret, you are so honorable. Keep it from your Cousin Winifred. Ah, keep it from her!" she began, with such apparently ingenious frankness as confirmed his suspicion. "But, dear friend, your uncle respects his half-brother. Your uncle, our poor heart-broken general, hides his grief. He is in honor bound to give it to Fulke——"

"Pardon," interrupted Bernie. "Only in case of Uncle Hugh having no children."

"Ah, you handsome stupid!" she retorted, with crafty diplomacy. "He is in honor bound. He desires to provide for Winifred and please his half-brother. It is as he chooses. My dear general, have I not stated your great ambition?"

Hugh Jocelyn roused himself slowly.

"You have stated it, Marie. Bernard must go, and Winifred shall marry Fulke," was the flat that fell from his lips, and this time none could doubt that he meant it.

"I will leave your house in an hour, Uncle Hugh; but while I live Winifred is mine—while I live Winifred can never marry Fulke," was the stern, deliberate answer.

CHAPTER VIII.

GONE! GONE!

THE drawing-room was a miracle of bright color and light. The frosty Autumn breeze admitted of a cheerful blaze of fire in the grate, which flickered and flitted in changeful shadows and shapes, apparently as pleasing to

the old crone of ninety as the grateful warmth, toward which she extended her withered hands in childish enjoyment.

"So good, so very nice," she muttered. "Yes, and we are to stay all tranquil here, and dine *à la* prince. Oh, these wonderful savory dinners, and wines like nectar. It is worth living ninety years to have that for six months. Marie, is that you? Wrap my shawl around me, will you?"

The door closed after the intruder, but instead of Marie it was Winifred, in an exquisite toilet of pale-green, singularly becoming to her dusky eyes and golden hair.

"*Mon Dieu*, the angel! It is, it must be Mathilde!" ejaculated old Madame Frissac, with a bewildered stare at Winifred.

"No, no; I am Winifred Jocelyn. You have never seen me, although you have been here so long. Shall I put the shawl around you? It is chilly," Winifred said, drawing the shawl around the aged shoulders gently and deftly.

The old woman leaned back in her chair, staring at Winifred, who stood on the rug, the glimmering light smiling down upon her in amused surprise.

"*Dieu! Dieu!* The very voice, the eyes seeing into one's soul. Speak again, my child. Mathilde—ah, *ma ravissanté* Mathilde, speak again," she went on, laughing and crying in her cracked treble, and gazing at Winifred.

"You mistake me for some one else. I am Winifred Jocelyn," assured Winifred.

"Ah, yes, you may say that; but it is Mathilde. *Dieu!* how could I forget Mathilde? Beautiful, unlucky Mathilde! And how madly he adored! Ah, how I chatter! You are Mathilde's child. My head is poor sometimes; I am failing; but it comes to me after a bit. Mathilde died nearly twenty years ago," rambled on Sara Frissac. "You are Mathilde's child. They said it was a girl."

"My mother's name was Winifred; she died when I was born; papa never married again, and never loved any one except my mother. He seldom speaks of her; he cannot bear it. He loved her, and no other woman living," asserted Winifred, with some pride. "We Jocelyns never change when we love or when we hate."

"I know that. I know well how he adored her. Hugh Jocelyn worshiped her—he worshiped Mathilde just as they say the beautiful Bernard worships you. And, ah, I trust it may not bring him the same ill luck." Winifred smiled gently; she pitied the wandering and mingling of past and present of the weakened brain. "My head is poor, but I never forget things that befell years ago—and I never forget that awful time. Take care, it may come back to Mathilde's child and that other Jocelyn. Listen to me, child. You have dark eyes and golden hair; so had she, and evil came of it. But let me whisper to you. If it had not been for all that terrible, heinous trouble we would never have been here, me and Marie—drinking champagne and iced-wine like cheap water. It brought us here. Yes, yes, the dark eyes and golden hair brought us here——"

"*Maman*, is it possible? What are you chattering about?" exclaimed Marie, entering at that instant, and pausing in very visible displeasure.

"The fire is so warm and so pleasant, I chattered of nothing. Only it is Mathilde come to life—she is Mathilde's child." The elder woman pointed to Winifred with her ivory walking-stick, and unmistakable apprehension in her countenance as she perceived her daughter's frown.

"Imbecile!" muttered Marie, ringing the bell. "Pardon her, Miss Jocelyn. Winifred, she is in her dotage. Go up-stairs, *maman;* they will brighten the fire for you up there."

"And bring me some wine—iced wine. And will you send me something delicious from the table? Ah, Marie, we will stay here always, won't we? Yes, yes. How divine it is! That trouble twenty years ago gave us all these good things."

Marie bit her lips angrily.

"Take her back to her room," she said to the servant, who stood back that General Jocelyn might pass into the drawing-room.

He advanced courteously to greet his guest.

"Why are you leaving us, Madame Frissac?" he asked, stopping in front of her.

"Marie says I must go—it is her command; I chatter too much. I have seen Mathilde's child, and I have told her she will bring sorrow to the Jocelyns, as her mother did—as the other Mathilde." Hugh Jocelyn reeled; his face became ashen. He glanced in mute appeal to the crafty Frenchwoman standing behind her mother, smiling benignantly. "The poor *maman* can't comprehend how dreadful her memory has become," she observed, darting a warning, menacing glance at General Jocelyn.

"Not so bad, Marie; not so bad. I never forget Mathilde," mumbled bent old madame, as she hobbled after the servant. "And the wine, don't forget that, Marie, or the *bonne bouche* from the table. Oh! it is so good, such perfection!"

General Jocelyn walked to the mantel, and leaning his arm upon the marble, gazed into the fire, as if unable to trust himself to speak.

"My dear Winifred," Marie said, scanning the girl curiously, with perhaps an old, keen thrill of jealousy of the beauty, brilliant and glowing, quite unaided by art. "How charmingly you are dressed, and how well you look! I think you have almost as much taste as a Frenchwoman, and that is saying a great deal." Marie looked up at the general, expectantly. Her gay toilet of deep crimson and black velvet might have offended a faultless taste, but it suited her. She had seen her best days, despite the skillful retouching of faded tints. The brightness was a trifle garish, but the fiery glitter of her great, black eyes needed strong hues. "I fear, my dear," she went on, jestingly—"I fear your toilets will be quite lost on your *fiancé*, Mr. Fulke."

Winifred walked up to her father, and slipping her hand through his arm, folded the other around it.

"Papa will tell you that I am not engaged to Fulke," she said, leaning her cheek against his arm.

The Frenchwoman watched her, a world of envy kindling in her blazing eyes—envy and jealous dislike.

"How odd!" she laughed, wickedly. "How odd! when the dear general has himself been my informant."

Winifred faced him quickly.

"Papa, you never said that, I am sure. What does she know of our plans?"

The resolute sternness, growing habitual on Hugh Jocelyn's troubled countenance, became tenfold deeper. He was iron on that point, and solely that. Her resistless coaxing failed of its potency when it touched upon this.

"My dear, you are scarcely polite in your vehemence. Of course, I said so, or Madame Frissac would never have told you."

"Very well, papa," rejoined Winifred, her eyes blazing this time. "You may tell her now that I not only won't marry Fulke, but I can't."

General Jocelyn opened his arms involuntarily, and drew his daughter to his breast, with something of his old, intense affection.

GOING TO HAVE RHUBARB PIE.

"My child, listen to me; let me talk plainly on this subject for the last time——"

"Not here, papa; not before her," interposed Winifred, tremulously, as she caught a glimpse of her father's eyes, always steadily shunning her.

"It don't matter; I have no secrets from Marie; it is from you the past is concealed."

"From me!" she cried out, a plaintive ring of pain in the sweet voice. "Papa, would you conceal anything from me? Do you love her better than me? What right

has she to come here meddling between us, and bringing us trouble? Oh! papa, say that you love me better than anything in the world."

"Ah!" murmured the Frenchwoman, audibly. "The same old story. Jealous as Satan."

"Papa, say you don't love her—this painted, tawdry foreigner——"

Marie uttered a little French oath, even while she laughed a malign, triumphant laugh, and waited breathlessly for his reply.

"No, no, my child, my Winifred. I love my darling as I always loved you, but it is not of that we must talk now. Winifred, it is because I love you that I say you must marry your Cousin Fulke."

"I won't," she said, decisively.

"Winifred, would you do anything to save me and save yourself from disgrace?" he asked.

"Yes, papa, I would do anything to save you. For myself I care nothing. Disgrace can't come to us, papa. We have done nothing to disgrace or humiliate us. Have we, papa?"

She strove to gaze up into his averted face, strove to steady her voice and hold to her old faith. A terrible misgiving seized the girl that her father was on the eve of some confession, wrung from him by the peril of his position—wrung from him by Fulke and the irate painted woman fronting them.

Winifred felt that she would rather die than hear their base hints confirmed by Hugh Jocelyn's own lips. She trembled violently, and clung to him to save herself from falling.

"We have done nothing—nothing. Have we, papa?" she repeated, her lips parted breathlessly, and her eyes dilated with terror, while she waited.

"My darling, you have done nothing; but I—God knows, Winifred, the sin of twenty years ago is driving me to madness. I cannot bear it. I meant to have ended it that day with a bullet. But for Marie I might be at rest in my grave now; but for——"

"Papa—oh, papa!" she almost shrieked, "I will do anything. Oh, tell me what to do—only never, never speak of that!"

"Winifred, twenty years ago I committed a terrible crime——"

"Oh, papa!" she gasped, shuddering as she covered her face and burst into a passion of weeping.

"My darling," he said, touching her hair with his ghastly lips and speaking mechanically. The Frenchwoman crept softly to his other side; she, too, watched him in breathless suspense, and even while her eyes glared jealously upon Winifred, they filled with tears for the man seeking to avert calamity by a terrible confession. "My darling, it is too true. I did commit the crime. Never ask me what it was—never seek to discover. I have striven to expiate it—striven in vain. Fulke has the clew, and after twenty years of remorse and anguish—God have mercy, my child!—he threatens my life; he threatens to send me to a felon's grave, to cover my name and yours with a hideous shame and obloquy, if you do not become his wife. I cannot tell you more. Ask nothing, Winifred. The secret is killing me. My darling, let me end it with a bullet! This torture is more than humanity can endure."

"Papa, papa!" cried out Winifred, between the suffocating sobs, while she clung closer to him, and the Frenchwoman's hand, all unheeded, stole round his arm—"papa, it is too late! I am already——"

"Stop, stop!" interposed the Frenchwoman, in her swift, high accents. "Be silent! Bernard's ship sailed at sunrise this morning. The *Arcturus* has gone, and Bernard has gone with it."

"My darling," continued the hopeless voice, scarcely heeding the interruption. "I will end it with a bullet!"

Winifred threw up her arms with a wild, frantic cry.

"God! have pity! Papa, I cannot save you."

(To be continued.)

SUNSET.

By Susan K. Phillips.

Gone the glory of the dawn,
Rose-flush over leaf and lawn,
Wakening bird and opening flower,
Morning's fresh delicious dower;
Gone the golden hush of noon,
Brooding o'er the rose of June,
Light and warmth in affluence giving
Gladness to the sense of living;
Yet the tender gloaming creeping,
Soothing Nature for her sleeping,
Bathing all we see and know
In sunset's soft, pathetic glow,
In the promise of its rest,
Gives us what we love the best.

Gone the passionate joy of youth,
Gone its fearless, careless truth,
Its frank trust in all it sees,
Its glorious possibilities;
Gone the courage and the strength
Middle age will gain at length,
If steady thought and self-reliance
With sense and faith make pure alliance;
Yet St. Martin's soft, gray weather
Blends in peaceful links together
Youht's fresh hope and Manhood's will,
With patience, sweet content, and still;
The stream calms, broadening to the sea,
Our sunset nears Eternity.

THE EMPEROR AND THE CHILD.

A Hindoo Story.

Many years ago, the sun was shining over the great plain of Northern India, when a tall, dark, stern-looking man, in a long white robe, came slowly along the banks of the Ganges, and stood looking down into the dark water with such a grave, earnest face that it was plain he had something very serious to think about.

For a full half hour he stood there without moving or uttering a word, while his face grew darker and sterner every moment.

Two or three men, who were coming up from drawing water, caught sight of him, and as they passed one of them pointed at him, and said, with a laugh:

"See, there's Gohur Kshetriya (Gohur, the soldier) waiting for the fish to come and cook themselves for his supper!"

And then they all laughed and walked on, thinking no more about him. But had they known what he was thinking of just then they might not have laughed quite so loud; for at that very moment Gohur was making up his mind to kill a man, and that man was the Emperor Baber, who reigned over the whole of that country.

And what harm had the Emperor Baber ever done to *him?* you will ask.

Well, in the first place, Baber was not a native Hindoo at all, but had come with a great army from a country away beyond the Himalaya Mountains, and had conquered India. Then, having conquered it, he made very strict

laws to keep it in order, punishing severely any one who broke them; so that, although he was really a very good man, and a very kind one, there were many people who hated him bitterly, and thought him cruel and unjust.

So Gohur made up his mind that, as the Emperor seemed to be making the people unhappy, the Emperor ought to die, and that *he* would be the man to kill him. He knew well enough that he would be killed himself for doing it, but that did not frighten him a bit: for he thought he was doing right, although, as we shall see presently, he found himself mistaken there.

Now, to meet with the Emperor was no difficult matter, for instead of shutting himself up in his palace, like most other kings of that day, he was found going about into all parts of the town, dressed in rough clothes, like a workman, to see how his orders were obeyed, and whether his people were well or ill treated. So Gohur hid a short sword under his robe, and away he went into the city.

But when he got there he found such an uproar and confusion as he had never before seen. The whole air was filled with flying dust, amid which a crowd of men, women and children were running and screaming, as if frightened out of their wits, while every now and then came a crash, as if a house had fallen, or a great tree been torn up by the roots. And presently, right down the middle of the street, came rushing an enormous elephant, which had broken loose in a fit of rage from one of the great bazaars, and gone charging though the town, destroying all before it.

A fearful sight it was, that great black mass of savage strength tearing along like the rush of a locomotive, and beating down the huts on either side with one slash of its trunk as it swept by, its huge white tusks gleaming like sword-blades, and the foam flying from its open mouth. Right and left the people fled, shrieking before it, and all was terror and disorder.

Now, I should tell you that in that country there are a set of people called Pariahs, or outcasts, whom every one hates and looks down upon and avoids as if they had the plague, and nobody will shake hands with them or speak to them, or be friendly with them in any way.

Why this is so would be too long a story to tell you here; but for a Hindoo to have anything to say to a Pariah would be thought quite as bad as for one of us to be friendly with a thief or murderer.

Well, it happened that one of the Pariah children—a poor, half-starved creature—had slipped and fallen right in the elephant's track. Another moment and it would have been crushed to death; but a man, dressed as a laborer, sprang out right in front of the furious beast, caught up the child, and leaped back just in time to escape the charge of the elephant, which went rushing blindly down toward the river.

But as the man jumped back, the turban that hid his face fell off, and every one saw that this man, who had risked his life for one of the "outcasts," was no other than the Emperor Baber himself.

Then a great hush fell upon the crowd, and every man looked blankly at his neighbor, as if he could scarcely believe his own eyes. In the midst of that dead silence another man suddenly stepped forth.

It was Gohur; and he knelt at the Emperor's feet, and, holding out his sword to him, said, firmly:

"Prince, I am thine enemy, and I meant to have slain thee this day; but he who saves life is greater than he who destroys it. My hands are weak against him whom God protects. Take my sword, and kill him who would have killed thee."

Over the young Emperor's noble face came a strange smile as he listened to the grim confession. He stretched forth his hand and raised the kneeling man gently from the earth.

"Not so, my brother," said he, kindly. "Thou hast said truly that it is better to save life than to destroy it; and should *I* kill any man who has confessed his fault and been sorry for it? Take back thy sword and use it in my service, for from this day I make thee one of my palace-guards."

The stern Hindoo bowed his head and wept like a child.

But Baber's words came true, sure enough; for in after years Gohur was one of his bravest soldiers, and saved him many a time in battle. And to the end of his days he was never weary of telling how the Emperor had spared him, or of repeating the words that he had spoken: "It is better to save life than to destroy it."

ONE PICTURE.

CHAPTER I.

AMERICA LENLEY.

BE consoled, signore — be consoled. The signorina shall be my special charge, and she will not need long to be led. The Signorina America will soar! She will be rich! She will be known! She has painting eyes!"

Thus did the good old Italian painter, Anselmo Truffi, endeavor to quiet the dying father of the weeping girl, who, leaning against the grisaille window, entirely given up to her grief, sees nothing, hears nothing, knows nothing but that she is menaced with one of the worst mortal sorrows—the death of a beloved parent.

What did it matter to her that Truffi was but reiterating his frequent prophecy of her future greatness, or that her father had just confided to the faithful old friend of now eighteen years the savings of his latter lite that she may study in comfort to become—like Lenley himself—an artist.

By morning the soul had flitted, and ere another week the solemnities of burial were over, and America was—except for Truffi and his very infirm sister, Giuditta—all alone.

To work, then—to work! For if the little hoard failed ere the crop of success was gathered in, there would be nothing for the orphan but a poverty more soul-debasing, more relentless, on these far shores, than she could have found it in her native land.

Little did America imagine what her task would be. There were already so many artists in Rome whose talent was great. It would be only possible to ultimately succeed by finding some special originality of talent—some pathway comparatively untrodden. And America had promised her father to avoid what he had called "Throwing out feelers." She had promised to allow nothing—till she had done something worthy, indeed—to be seen her efforts by stranger eyes.

"Better never paint but one picture in a lifetime than many trifles," her father was wont to say. "It fritters away the very soul; it is the 'idlesse' of the knight whose armor is too heavy; it is nine times out of ten final failure."

So America became a target for comment, an unfailing source of bewilderment and conjecture. What was she doing, and how did she do it? Truffi alone and old Giuditta penetrated the solitude of her quiet studio, and they were stanch and true in their silence.

America toiled on. Once a week she visited the Gallery of the Cæsars, and sat in the long, beautiful room with its wide casements looking out upon lilies floating over silvery waters, and a reach of emerald trees that helped the sculpture within to seem all the fairer.

tecture can. Many a dream of grandeur awoke under the frowning Orsini walls, the Doric pillars of the Theatre of Marcellus, and the Farnese.

Yet whatever the young girl might produce, it would never be pagan. Christian Rome had not awakened in

THE EMPEROR AND THE CHILD.— SEE PAGE 718.

The statues of the Villa Borghese aid the painter and rest the eyes too fevered with color. A painter, too, who learns to distinguish the falsehood of the Pauline Venus of Canova from the truth of the Venus of Phidias and of the Dancing Faun, has not been idle even as regards the canvas.

And architecture helped America as only Roman archi-

her dreams of gods and goddesses. If anything repelled her in all the glory of its art it was the irreverent mixture of mythology with religion. Pan was too far from Christ to be handled by the same brush.

At last, she being then twenty-three, America Lenley painted a picture. Truffi, who little knew how delicate and fragile the American girl was, and how the smell of the oils

ONE PICTURE.—"TRUFFI ALONE AND OLD GIUDITTI PENETRATED THE SOLITUDE OF HER QUIET STUDIO, AND THEY WERE STANCH AND TRUE IN THEIR SILENCE. AMERICA TOILED ON."— SEE PAGE 719.

nauseated her and oppressed her lungs, had often kept her toiling when she should have rested. It was a pale face that was reflected in the long *cinquecento* mirror that adorned the lonely studio.

Giuditta had her own theory about America's paleness. It was, she said, the thickness of her dark locks.

"All her life," maintained Giuditta, "was in her long, long hair. A pity; yet, after all, the signorina's only beauty was her hair."

And Giuditta spoke truly, for a certain attenuation both of face and form, and an utter absence of bloom, made America lack attractiveness. It might be that a great spirituality of expression made up for that in some eyes, but it is at the rose that one looks, and not at the grass beside it.

The picture—the one picture, the fruit of these silent and, one might almost say, penitential years—was, indeed, a thing of beauty. All that America's own face lacked of beauty, or her form of symmetry, she had given to the white-winged angel—the guardian spirit which, bending above a dead child, is about to bear it to realms celestial.

What a countenance! Upon it shone, indeed, the light ineffable. Those eyes had never looked upon earth or sinfulness. Not more radiant the stainless wings than the immaculate brow, not purer the snowy robes than the features clear with a heavenly lustre.

And in all points the picture was a faithful and conscientious work. How truthful in their rigidity the limbs of the fair dead child; dank with the dews of death its dusky hair; over its eyes the impenetrable vail, never again to be lifted, except to a supernatural glory! The crucifix above the couch bearing a Sacred Form, the draperies on bed and wall, all bore the same impress of an art that did not scorn detail, though marked by the unmistakable stamp of a noble genius.

Anselmo Truffi, in his delight, must needs suggest to the signorina the propriety of going to Paris to sell this "so-beautiful picture," as he called it. He himself must go to Paris; he needed various implements of his art that he could better select there than elsewhere, and Giuditta should see Paris also. The picture would be so different from much exhibited there; "a pure subject and a pure school." There was a lady, too—a very wealthy Moldo-Wallachian—who bought whatever struck her fancy. He knew her. They would exhibit the picture. They would see the countess. The signorina needed rest.

So, ten days after the completion of the picture, the trio departed.

CHAPTER II.

THE COUNTESS.

THERE was certainly every indication of a wealth profuse and lavish in the residence of the Countess Ilmar. Gunilde Ilmar was not one to deny herself anything. The very bronze in her hall had cost a small fortune. Doré had painted, after Scandinavian legendary subjects, the superb panels that decorated her reception-rooms, and had condescended to do more than daub them. The "Turkish interior" yonder is a Gérome, may it please you, and that group of ladies under trees of the Boulogne woods a Bouguereau.

Gunilde herself harmonized with all this gorgeousness as a diamond with its setting. This America Lenley remarked to Truffi when they, in obedience to her invitation, visited the Moldo-Wallachian; but the old man, who could be sarcastic if he liked, said: "Not a diamond, signorina, not a diamond. I put her not higher than a topaz," which remark, if the countess had heard it, would not, as may be supposed, have pleased her in the least.

Ah, good Anselmo Truffi, why did you not try to sell in Rome the lovely picture by your former patron's daughter? For it is here, in this Paris—here in the house of the great lady who is, you flatter yourself, to lavish her gold to purchase the "Loving Messenger," that the young girl meets that man who is to become the arbiter of a destiny that might, it may be, have been avoided in the happy, though obscure, Roman studio. For America Lenley was doomed to love unloved. Strange that even genius is not a guardian to the heart's weakness, and that the mind, strong enough to have wrestled with discouragement and toil, could not resist the call to an unwelcome slavery of soul!

The countess, dazzling in her sweeping robes of sea-green silk, that form an eccentric offset for her snowy arms and the whirling waves of long, unbraided auburn hair—it was a whim of hers to wear it loose—entered, followed by America Lenley's fate, in the shape of young Lord Selinghurst.

A noble head, clustering, Byron-like rings of golden hair close against the brow; a graceful form and an eager, excitable, enthusiastic manner—such is Algernon Selinghurst.

Differing essentially from anything that had met as yet America's eyes, to her he seemed a revelation of all that was brighest and best, as, when presented by the Countess Gunilde, he began to commence flattering upon her "remarkable painting."

"Delightful young man," said the countess, in an undertone, to Truffi. "I met him on that most beautiful Righi. He is a little too much what one might call impassioned, if you will, but that is very delightful in this cynical Paris. He admires me, oh, so much!"—this with a rolling-up of superbly fringed eyes—the countess had black eyes, brows and lashes, though her hair was light—and a sweep of her golden pheasant fan—"infatuated!" A pause. "Ah, well, we must not listen to our hearts!"

America, talking with Lord Algernon, hears nothing of this; but Truffi, who had it settled in his own mind long before, in view of the fact that a certain handsome young Italian—a nobleman, but poor—had broken his life to unmendable pieces under the countess's general sway, muttered, almost audibly:

"Hearts!—yours is a tougher stone than I could find in our Coliseum, and soaked through as thoroughly as its earth with the blood of stricken creatures! Hearts, Santa Maria!—she talks of hearts!"

Now it happened that Truffi, poor painter though he was, stood high in the esteem of a certain East India nabob, unmarried and eccentric, whom the engaging countess yearned to know.

The nabob was of English parentage, though born in the East Indies, and averse to society. He was enormously wealthy.

The countess had made more than one effort to become acquainted with Mr. Belgrade, untitled though he was. In fact, as the countess would have said to her only confidential friend, a fat old German baroness, too stupid to be anything but a good listener:

"There must be an end some time. If I don't marry soon some rich man, all goes down, down, down!"

The countess's peculiar phraseology was a mixture of that acquired in many London seasons, in a few in Paris and Italy, and a natural carelessness of speech.

"Why, then," the good old baroness would say, "do you keep that young nobleman hovering about you? He has nothing but a much-hampered estate, and that poor fellow loves you."

"How dull you are, Clara! Don't you know that I

must have some one to make delightful speeches to me? I must! It is a necessity of my nature. I am a poetess in every feeling. Music, art, wealth and an adoring suitor! Without these as well a convent, dry bread! Let me grind my little ax, but oh, let me live happily, till I take my own ax and chop my head off!"

Bewildered by the figures of a speech so extraordinary at all times, Baroness Van Rosenthal would settle her wonderful wig, sigh and be silent.

The countess turns now to Truffi.

"How much does the signorina ask for her picture?"

Truffi names the price.

"You remember the 'Death of Adonis' that young Brisbaron painted for me? Well, the nabob, Mr. Belgrade, who saw it on the easel when I bought it right over his head, still wants it. Bring him to me, let him buy it, and I will take the Signorina Lenley's 'Loving Messenger.' And," added the countess, under her breath, "it will be a great thing for her to have her first picture seen in my rooms."

Angry at this patronage so much more than patronizing of a genius so delicate by a purchaser so venal, Truffi replied, haughtily:

"The Signorina Lenley will not need such aids. Her success is sure. The picture has struck the public, if I may so speak, in the centre of the forehead. She will go on."

"Not very long, I imagine," muttered the countess to herself, as she gave America a look that took her in from head to foot, "unless she gets some flesh on her bones and some color in her cheeks. Paint-poisoned, I should say, like poor Brisbaron—don't use the odorless colors, and, I should say, is consumptive by nature."

Now, Truffi was desirous that the countess should buy the "Loving Messenger," though averse to her doing it as though it were a favor. He promised to bring the nabob, and after some further conversation, it was settled that he should do so, if possible, on the following day.

That day, while the nabob and the countess settle the purchase of the "Death of Adonis," and the eyes of that lady—so Truffi assured his sister Giuditta—"spoke all the languages, ancient and modern," for that gentleman's benefit, Lord Algernon Selinghurst, in America's studio, is so enthusiastic as to her talent, so assiduous, so—as the poor girl says to herself—"charming," that a trouble enters her fluttering heart such as never before stirred its pulses. What was this? Love?

Next day the "Loving Messenger" found its way to the rooms of the Moldo-Wallachian, and Gunilde informed everybody who beheld it that it was "The only picture the artist has ever painted. Wonderful, is it not? Everybody says so. It may remain unique, you see. Delicate lungs, and always a chance of fever in that dreadful Rome!"

CHAPTER III.

FAUST.

The aged Faust, renovated by Mephistopheles through all his semblance of youthful ardor, must have retained that sneer of experience, so as to word the thought, that conversation of the devil brought with it.

Mr. Belgrade, an unrenovated Faust, could have met sneer with sneer. India and Paris, the one for fifty, the other for ten years, had left nothing in that seared heart but a determination to marry whatever woman he might fancy, and that soon, for he admitted to himself that sixty was not precisely young; and, when visiting the countess a second time, he found Lord Algernon's coupé at the door, his gloomy face—saturnine of feature as some bust of Voltaire, and with the same attenuated outlines—grew darker, and he almost glared at the young lord as he entered with his gliding step and suave bow the countess's flower-bedecked morning retreat.

Turn now, and fly for ever, Algernon Selinghurst! There is still time. Deeply as the soul is enslaved, it is not yet so to very despair. You love her: she is but using you to spur on this rich old man, as she had hoped to stimulate others by your presence and evident idolatry. Something may yet be saved of hope and gladness.

The beautiful siren's snowy hand, which will never beat in yours with one pulse of love—which never yet gave yours the warm clasp it craves—has not yet lured you to the very verge of that precipice at the base of which lies doom. Fly—fly now! But he will not fly, now or ever, while she will receive him.

To drink in life from that so faultless face, to mark the curves of those perfect lips, to watch the motion of that glorious form—this has made up the sum and purpose of the young man's life for months; and he believes that Gunilde Ilmar—hovering on the brink of social ruin from the exposure of her debts and almost poverty, the treasures of her sumptuous rooms being all she really possesses, except a few jewels—will marry him.

Has she not led him to think that she would settle herself in the humdrum solitude of his estate—Aspen Hall? She will be content, she tells him—content with him and love!

Oh, unsophisticated simplicity of youth and candor? The Moldo-Wallachian scarcely believes that there is such a thing anywhere, and if in you—why, good look simply bestowed you upon her for the time being, that, properly strung up, the deliciously wealthy Mr. Belgrade might, seeing you enslaved, fall himself into like bondage.

Reasoning like a very Macbeth,

> "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly"—

the nabob, on the eleventh day of the sixth week of his acquaintance with the countess, proposes that in his delectable society she shall forget the tragic death of her whilom spouse, killed at a boar-hunt in the company of a sovereign prince; and, placing her snowy palm in his yellow one—quite the color of his own rupees—swear "till death do them part" to be his own. Touching picture!

It now became necessary—the nabob's proposals being accepted—to conceal this fact till it should be too late to hide its result—the marriage—from Lord Algernon.

Something told the countess that, though she had fooled him "to the top of his bent," she had played with a nature of which the ardor made it dangerous. What might follow the knowledge of her present determination Gunilde could not guess. What tragedy!

But that there would be some terrible consequence as the fruit of her cruel duplicity, this woman, harder of heart than would seem compatible with such insight into an ardent character as her fear evinced, was becoming tremblingly certain.

The livid pallor that overspread the young lord's face at the sight of the nabob's equipage at her door, his eager questioning, all argued evil to her—evil to another she had ever cared little for.

Meantime, in order to be free at certain hours from his persistent presence—he had been wont to spend whole days at her side, following her in her visits, rides, balls, and even to church, where she occasionally showed herself—she persuaded Algernon to sit for her, to Truffi, for his portrait. She wanted it, she said.

The idea of this had come on a day when he had plainly demanded whether she intended to marry Mr. Belgrade, and had, because of a rumor that had reached him of the countess's debts, offered to mortgage his estate to free her.

"We could be happy at Aspen Hall, and I could soon pay off the mortgage by a trifling sacrifice."

Gunilde listened to the plan by which he proposed to effect this, but thought meanwhile only of ridding herself of him at the hours of the nabob's visits.

Nay, she did an act perhaps even more cruel than the deception by which she brought about the freedom Algernon's sittings to Truffi gave.

Seeing, with the keen eye of the woman of the world, America Lenley's infatuation, she persuaded the artless girl, whose sunlike purity made her easily a dupe, that Algernon loved her, and had arranged the sittings with Truffi only that he might find himself in her society. This America believed with all the candor of an immaculate soul, and was happy in her delusion.

The countess absolutely chuckled to herself as she re-entered her carriage after this piece, not of diabolism, she flattered herself, but of self-defensive diplomacy, had succeeded, and the first sitting was in progress. The nabob, our Faust, almost believes that he has won the affection of his *promessa*, so fascinating is she that day. Algernon, coming in at that hour for sherbet and coffee, served *chez la comtesse* at about ten, finds the nabob departing, but is himself so charmingly received that he, too, becomes radiant. America Lenley dreams of love and a home. Truly the countess is a woman of mind!

PEASANT LIFE IN INDIA.—A GRAIN-SELLER IN A BENGAL VILLAGE.—SEE PAGE 727.

CHAPTER IV.

THE "SLOW CURTAIN."

It is night. Over yonder, in the little room beyond the studio, where Truffi, painting, stifles his deep sorrow, America Lenley lies in the trance-like state which now has lasted for days.

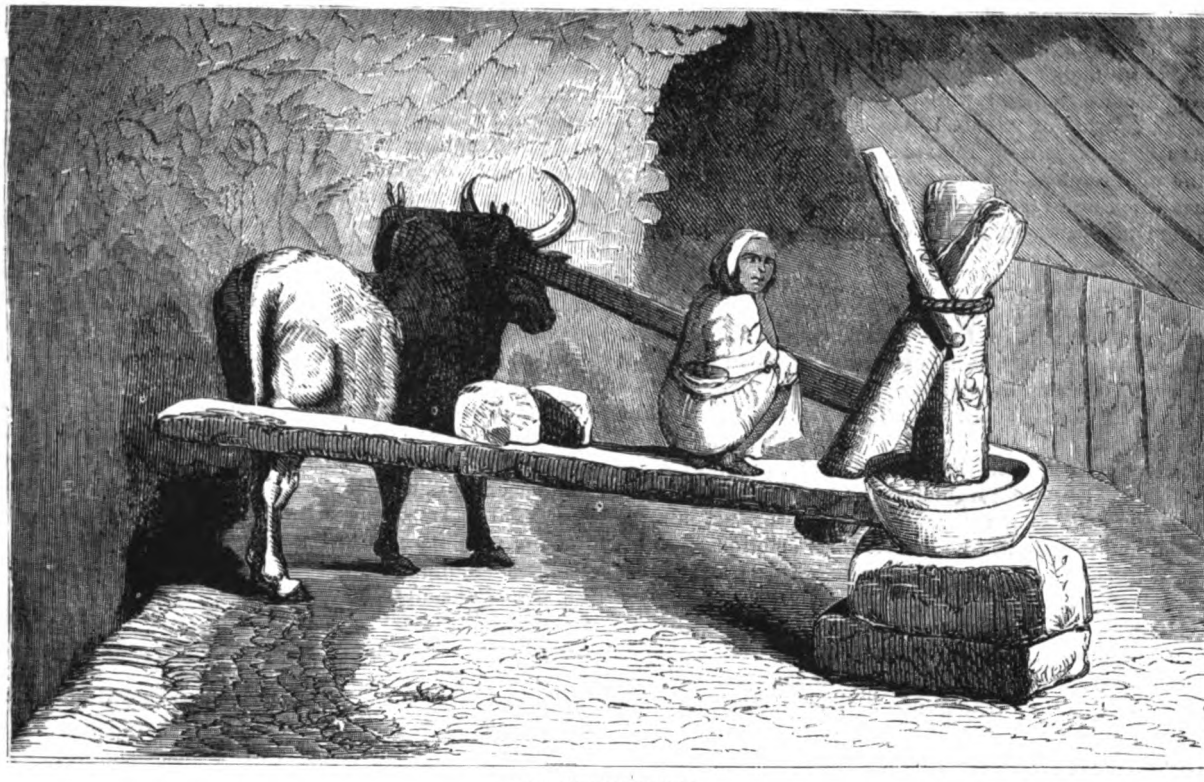
In one little month she had gone to the very pinnacle of a success rare in Paris. It is unlikely that her days, even under happier circumstances than those I am about to tell, would have been long: but what added years she might have had would have been glorious. Alas! poor painter of *one picture!*

For, suddenly, without a moment of preparation, and while she soared on the wings of a rapturous dream—a dream so fond, so foolish—Lord Selinghurst told her, impelled by her gentle kindness of manner, his own pangs and sorrows, the doubts and agonies of his mad love for Gunilde.

Already undermined by the intense application of years, and originally unsound, America's health gave way as suddenly as an unstable scaffolding from which the main prop is removed.

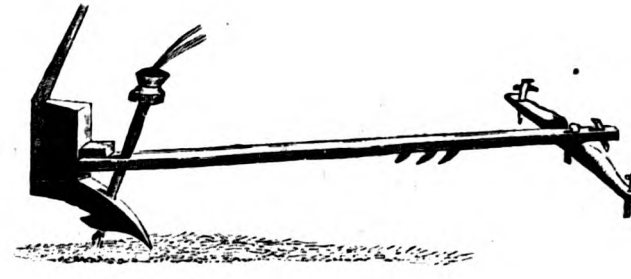
A violent hemorrhage followed the interview with Lord Selinghurst, and still another followed the first, and now Giuditta, weeping, and watching the flicker of a departing life, noble, lovely and pure, and doomed to die out as rapidly as the perfumed taper upon a holy shrine when Lenten days are done. No more of sacrifice, no more of toil, no more of self-deception, and not another tear!

Over yonder, pacing the pavement, are the lackeys of the countess. Jacques, the confidential head-servant, knows that some event is about to happen which may be attended by what he qualifies to the English maid, Betty, as "a consequence unpleasant to ze extreme." Whereat Betty, a rather cynical damsel, who has lost her illusions as to the capabilities of the masculine heart to suffer—having let the greedy worm, concealment, prey upon her more or less damask cheek, pallid now from an unrequited regard for a recreant footman who stole both her heart and



A HINDOO GRIST-MILL.

HINDOO THRESHING.



A HINDOO PLOW.

RURAL LIFE IN INDIA.

wages—shrugs an incredulous shoulder with a movement purely Parisian.

"If the young lord is fool enough to believe in spoons, it's his own fault."

And Jacques retires to the vestibule, pondering upon the possible bearing of "spoons" upon faith.

At this moment a figure superbly attired in bridal array—the wedding had been as private as could be managed in Paris—appeared for an instant at a window.

It is Gunilde, Countess Ilmar, now wife to Lathial Belgrade!

She shrinks quickly back. She has seen pacing the pavement below, the form of one to whom, despite every sacred promise, she has for now ten days closed her doors.

She sees a ghastly face, eyes wild with intensity of misery raise themselves to the light of the wax candles that adorn her boudoir. He has not seen her. She shrink back.

A voice calls to her. Lathial Belgrade, unknowing the anguish of the heart throbbing madly beneath those windows, and capable of regarding its possessor as a mixture of fool and maniac had he known what emotions tore his breast, calls again, little understanding this preposterous delay. She must descend.

Gathering up the fan, vinaigrette and gloves that lie upon her table, and bidding Betty make haste, Gunilde descends at last. As she enters the carriage awaiting her, she sees Algernon Selinghurst's livid face across the street.

No more concealment now. He can read only too well what a dupe she had made of him.

The bridal air and attire of Belgrade would tell the story even did it not repeat itself in the dress of Gunilde and her maid.

A horrible oath of execration burst from the young man's lips. Then he runs on for a few yards in front of the carriage, which has started at a rapid rate, Gunilde urging the coachman on, to avoid, she says to herself, the terrible scene and scandal she foresees.

There will be no further "scenes" with Algernon Selinghurst.

Quick as a flash, and ere any mortal hand could have arrested his course, even had any been extended, he has thrown himself beneath the feet of the carriage-horses.

The coachman vainly attempts to check them. The bridal vehicle passes over the body, and the impetuous heart, the maddened brain, after a few brief instants of agony, are for ever still. The air still quivers with the final curse.

The body was carried beneath America Lenley's windows just as, "flying as a dove," her soul rose to heaven.

Paris rejoiced on the morrow in "an immense sensation," a "new thing."

They say the nabob has tightened the matrimonial reins, and objects to being financially destroyed.

THE FRUITS OF INDIA.

The gushing custard-apple, with its crust of stones and luscious pulp; the bulky plantain-cones, heavy with nutritious fluff; the ambrosial mango, with its barbaric magnificence of flavor and perfume; the *licki* hiding under a shell of ruddy-brown its globes of translucent and delicately fragrant flesh; the yellow *loquat*, peach-skinned and pleasant, but prodigal of stones; the monstrous *jack*, that in its eccentric bulk contains a whole magazine of tastes and smells; the enticing *tipari*, in its crackling covering; the solid guava; the oxalic *kamrak*, the tart tamarind, the *toot*, ridiculous in name, but pleasant of substance, and the plebeian but very wholesome *bair*. The citron, too, gorgeous and uselessly generous, hanging out to your hands its golden fruit, guessing that you will not pick them, knowing that you cannot want them, except, perhaps, to throw them at the peaboy; the multitudinous oranges, laughing in ruddy bunches through the green leaves, but so often, alas! soaking the juice they have secreted into their rinds, turning your first gratitude to resentment—fat-skinned and nice to pluck, but hollow-stomached; the modest limes, the fruit of the sick, with their faint color, fainter flavor, and flood of pleasant juice; the splendid shaddock, that, weary of ripening, lays itself upon the ground and swells at ease; the rank *popeyas*, clustering beneath their coronals of shapely leaves; the pomegranate, with its clustered rubies enflasked in bitter rind; and the melons of many kinds. Nor are these his only prey, for though fruit garnish his meal and furnish dainty trifles to it, he spends the fierce onset of his first hunger on the humbler vegetables. The spare carrot and the solid turnip, the wrinkled lettuce, the tempting tomato, with its polished lobes; the celery blanching in its pits, and, hiding their cool stores beneath rough leaves, the prickly cucumbers.

Among all these the peaboy thrives—a while; for they say peaboys die young. This is perhaps the reason one never sees peamen. Or, perhaps, shouting at intervals becomes a second nature to them, and they develop into night-watchmen, and die—for night-watchmen also are short-lived—of bronchial diseases.

AN ANCIENT FLITCH OF BACON.

Some two miles Danish from Hjorring lies the manor of Asdal, one of the most ancient in Jutland. It is a farm house, remarkable now alone for its side of bacon—a side of greater historical notoriety than even that of Dunmow, for this very flitch you see hanging up, a shriveled, rusty bone, dates from almost five hundred years.

It was in the early part of the fourteenth century that Karl Polse, lord of Asdal, was accustomed to turn out his swine in the Autumn to feed in the neighboring forest together with those of the lord of Odden. The proverb at that time ran, "Odden the old, and Asdal the bold," and a certain rivalry existed between the neighbors.

The Winter drew nigh, and the swine, fattened by beech-mast diet, were now herded and driven home to their respective farms. A dispute, however, arose concerning the possession of a certain bulky sow, followed by a train of some dozen squeaking piglings.

"It's mine," exclaims the lord of Odden.

"No such thing," replies the lady of Asdal; "I know her by her curly tail."

"Fiddlesticks!" continues the lord of Odden; "that all depends upon the dryness of the weather. Yesterday her tail was as straight as your ringlets."

"I'll go to law," indignantly answered the lady, not at all pleased at the implied insult to her tresses.

So to law they went. The Jutlanders were, and we believe are, like their Norman descendants, essentially a litigious race. The authorities heard both cases, plaintiff and defendant—felt puzzled—scratched their polls. The matter might have remained undecided to this day had not an ecclesiastic present suggested how on an old carved stall in Hjorring Cathedral he had seen represented the Judgment of Solomon, and forthwith explained the history to the assembled Court, who unanimously condemned the sow to be split in twain, and a moiety handed over to

each contending party, with orders to salt and smoke their respective sides, and hang them up in the manor-hall—the judge declaring in his charge that whoever preserves his side for the longest period free from worms and rust shall be pronounced the rightful possessor of the twelve little porkers, which, until the cause be decided, shall be considered wards in Chancery, and be allowed to feed, increase and multiply.

Time rolled on; great had been the preparation of the lady of Asdal, and here she had the advantage over the lord of Odden, who knew more of the art of war than that of drysalting. What spices, what saltpetre—if then invented—what curing, what smoking she made use of we cannot pretend to say, but the side of bacon was a feast only to gaze upon.

Little porkers grew and multiplied; the forest swarmed with curly tails and straight; the side of Asdal is still fresh as ever; that of Odden has a rusty look, but still no harm to speak of. Another inspection is over, the suit is still pending, nothing new "in re demurrer," as the papers say; but after a lapse of years corruption declares itself at Odden, decomposition later, and then, worst of all, defeat.

Loud are the rejoicings at Asdal, louder even than the grunting and squeaking of the herd of swine, handed over fat—strange to relate—from Chancery to the possession of its triumphant mistress.

"Victory," she sings. "Ever while Asdal stands shall that side of bacon hang untouched in my hall, or may my curse——"

But, suffice it to say, the now shriveled, rusty side still remains, historical, authenticated—an object of superstition, on which the fate of Asdal hangs—for now five hundred years. It was, you will agree with us, "a monstrous fuss about a bit of bacon."

FIGURES FOR A DINNER.

On Christmas Day, 1862, when Confederate money had begun to depreciate, turkeys in Virginia were worth $11 apiece, salt thirty-three cents a pound, while the "yule log" was $15 a cord; fire-crackers were $5 a pack. In 1863 turkeys had risen to $50 apiece; whisky and rum for egg-nogg cost $75 a gallon; sugar was from $5 to $10 a pound; flour $125 a barrel. Gold was at a premium of $2,800, and a plain Christmas dinner cost about $300. In 1864 flour was $600 a barrel; butter $40 a pound, and sugar $2 an ounce. At a Christmas dinner at a country house near Richmond, they had for dinner a $300 ham, and the last turkey on the plantation, value $175, with $100 worth of cabbage, potatoes and hominy. Corn bread was served, made of meal at $80 a bushel, and salt at $1 a pound. The dessert was black molasses, at $600 a gallon, and after one cup of tea—real tea, worth $100 a pound, treasured for the occasion, and not sassafras—there was coffee, *at discretion*, made from sweet potatoes cut into little squares, and ground.

SHADOWS.

Many things can be learned from a shadow. Let us make an example or two. First, suppose we are in a part of the country with which we are not much acquainted, and we want to know the direction in which we are traveling; we can tell by the direction in which the shadows are thrown. We have simply to note the time by our watch, and bear in mind that the sun rises in the east, and sets nearly south by midday, after which he goes west. We must, at the same time, bear in mind that the shadow is thrown in exactly the opposite direction, so that when the sun is southeast, as it always is before midday, the shadows are thrown northwest. We need but compare the direction in which we are traveling with the line cast by our shadow. Again, suppose we are out walking, near midday, in the Summer, and we have no means of knowing the exact time, nor the direction in which we are walking. Take a stick—a walking-stick will do very well, indeed—plant it upright; its shadow will be thrown by the sun, providing it is shining at the time, and, as it is near midday, its shadow will be short, and we can tell whether it is before or after noon, for, if before midday, the shadow will become shorter and shorter; if just after, it will increase in length. So that in this experiment we get both an indication of the time of day and the means of telling the four points of the compass. In this lies the whole secret of the sundial.

PEASANT LIFE IN INDIA.

By R. P. Salter.

"How annoying! Oh, I am *so* disappointed!" cried Florry Lloyd. "After traveling hundreds of miles through India, we arrive only to find at last that my dear father is no longer here—transferred last week to some other place with an equally unpronounceable name. It is all the fault of these natives, who do not seem to know what time is, and who travel as if a journey was to last a lifetime, and each one of us sure to reach the age of the patriarchs. But," brightening up, "we shall certainly find father soon, for it is not very far from here to the frontier, and he must be somewhere on this side of the line."

Florry's disappointment was not without good reason. She had made the long voyage from America with her mother, to join her father, an American missionary stationed in Northeastern India. At Calcutta two young Englishmen returning to that part of the country, where they had large planting interests, had been introduced by a friend to the two ladies, and, charmed by the prospect of having such society on the trip, had proffered their services as escorts. Mrs. Lloyd had gratefully accepted their offer, and the experience of the young men and their knowledge of the country and the natives, acquired during a long residence in India, had been of great assistance; while the pleasure of company had served to make of what might otherwise have been a tedious journey an interesting and pleasant episode in the life of each member of the little party.

"It *is* too bad," said David Ecclesine, the younger Englishman. "We are now at Bhangulpore, quite near our plantations, where our presence is sadly needed, but we will not leave you till we have seen you safe at Kuppoorpuckree, where your father is now stationed. Yes, really, it is provoking to get you here just a week too late to find him."

And yet Ecclesine did not appear crushed at not finding the Rev. Mr. Lloyd at Bhangulpore. The fact was, that intimate association on the journey, the novelty of his position as protector and instructor, the appeals made to his experience by Florry, and too constant opportunity for gazing into her black eyes, had awakened in him feelings warmer than friendship, and when the time for parting was supposed to be near, he had found the remainder of the route only too short, and wished that missionary stations were even more remote and difficult to reach.

The little party, with their native attendants, were in the main street of the village; on each side of it extended

SCENE AT A VILLAGE WELL.

small shops, shaded by tumble-down verandas covered with old matting, rotting shingles and torn jute-cloth; side-lanes, or alleys, branched from it, the houses on them mere huts of bamboo and mud, arranged without order, apparently dropped here and there. In these huts the owners sleep in the rainy season, and there the meals are cooked. At right angles to each hut is a smaller one, which serves as shelter for the goat, or the cow, if the family is rich enough to own one, and as store-house for the wretched fuel of leaves, cakes of dried cowdung and maize-stalks. A bamboo or pea-stalk fence incloses the other sides of the quadrangle formed by the two huts, and makes a square court-yard. This yard, hidden from view of passers by, is the inner house of the family, and is the cleanest spot in the whole establishment. Carefully swept each day, as a religious duty, it is here that the women sit and prepare the meal of rice, or perhaps fish, if the village fisherman has recently dragged the pond; here the vegetables, red-pepper, spices, are dried before storing them for Winter use in the large family jar of sun-baked earth; here the young girl makes her toilet, and arranges her shining black hair and her ornaments. In this yard the children play and are washed, and the old woman spins on her old-fashioned

HINDOO GRAIN HACKERIES OR BULLOCK-CARTS.

HINDOO METHOD OF IRRIGATION.

wheel, or grinds corn by hand for the day's meal, as in the scriptural times. Here, too, in the heat, the old men and the young, take their midday siesta, stretched out full length on their backs, or on cold Winter nights shiver and cower over a wretched, smoky cowdung fire, discussing their crops, rents, or some village rumor.

"You cannot enter any of those dirty huts," said Mortimer Flower, the elder of the two gentlemen. "Come, we will try for shelter at that bungalow; it is the house of the opium-agent."

It was low-roofed, but spacious, with a wide veranda in front, and the four travelers were soon accommodated and made welcome by the agent,

HINDOO TAILORS AND SEAMSTERS AT WORK.

glad of any interruption to the monotonous course of his life.

Florry, fatigued, retired early, but Mrs. Lloyd sat on the veranda with the two young men while they smoked their cheroots. The full moon rose slowly from behind the mango orchards that surrounded the village, and shone through the tops of feathery bamboos down on the broad-leaved plantains that shaded the huts; its yellow light bathed the thatched fences that surrounded the little courtyards and revealed, while it half-transfigured, the heaps of refuse—leaves, cowdung, fuel and wood—piled up round each poor dwelling. In front of the doors of the huts were large ash-heaps that smoldered through the day, and served as burrowing-places for the village-dogs, but on which fires now glowed red in the night, choking and half-smothering with their pungent smoke the poor peasants who cowered round them.

A dark figure approached the bungalow; it was Kassee Singh, a shekarry, or native professional hunter, but who was now accompanying the party as guide and headman over the native attendants. He bowed low, yet, unlike most Hindoos, not with fawning obsequiousness, and seated himself on the edge of the veranda at a respectful distance. He was unlike his countrymen also in seeking the company of Europeans, and had acquired a facility of expression in English such as a native seldom reaches, nor, indeed, cares to.

"How long have you been a shekarry?" asked David, knowing that Kassee wanted to talk.

"Twenty years, sahib."

"Twenty years? Why, you do not appear much older than that yourself."

"I am thirty; but with us life begins early. My father, when I was only eight years old, commenced to take me with him into the woods and instruct me in the mysteries of our hereditary calling. He taught me the names, appearance and habits of every bird, animal and reptile; the qualities of the shrubs, grasses and trees among which we passed entire days—yes, and nights, too. He taught me silence and patience while listening for the footfalls of an animal, and how to distinguish those of each, whether leopard, pig, tiger, deer, fox, bear or monkey; how to discover the lurking-places, haunts and whereabouts of any animal without seeing it. My ancestors have always been professional hunters, for, as you know, I belong to that caste."

"In India," said Mortimer to Mrs. Lloyd, in explanation, "a man's caste determines his calling; the son of a fisherman must remain a fisherman; of a carpenter, a carpenter. He cannot become a blacksmith, nor a shekarry or a boatman."

"But," asked she, "does not that tend to overcrowd certain trades?"

"Strictly carried out, it would; but it is a social restriction rather than an active, determining custom. Each villager is a petty farmer, not dependent on his trade or calling; and although in a small community there may be twenty carpenters, each of whom knows the rudiments of his craft, yet the actual work in it is left to the hereditary village carpenter. Land in India is not divided into large farms, belonging exclusively to the proprietors, as with us. There are wealthy rajahs, baboos or rulers, or large traders, who may have inherited, purchased, acquired by grant, or in some other manner extended tracts of land, but their tenants on these lands cannot be dispossessed at will; as long as a ryot—that is, a cultivator, pays his rent regularly, he holds his little piece of land by tenant right, and cannot be disturbed in its possession by his superior—or, as one might say, his feudal lord. He holds it on what you would call a perpetual lease; he can sell or transfer this lease, and the purchaser acquires all the rights of actual ownership. The ryots, or peasants, are children of the soil in the truest sense; they are part and parcel of it, and a landlord counts his possessions by villages, not by acres. Round each palm-shaded, nestling, humble village the land is parceled out among the ryots; some own an acre, others a half-acre, others five, eight, sometimes as much as twenty acres.

"The life of the ryots is a hard one. In the rice-planting season they toil in mud and water, bending over their work in the chill, early dawn, the cravings of their stomachs partly staid by a breakfast of rice or parched peas; bending over it through the forenoon hours, the scorching sun beating pitilessly on their naked backs until noon, when they return to their miserable huts for a scant repast and a short siesta. Again through the long weary hours of the hot afternoon they toil, until darkness gathers and forces them to the village.

"The labor of irrigating, attending to the crop and watching it at night follows, and when, at last, the rice is ready to be harvested, men and women wade in water and slush up to their knees, silently, earnestly and rapidly performing the important work. The rice is cut with a jagged-edged reaping-hook, and bound into heavy bundles; these are carried at once on the heads of hurrying, perspiring, weary workers along raised dikes, to the little family threshing-floors. None can be left on the field over night, for in this teeming, hungry population, it would inevitably disappear before morning.

"And so the struggle for existence goes on from year to year, from childhood to premature old age; the poor peasants, intent only on supplying their animal wants, live their hard, unlovely lives without aspirations, without hopes—and, indeed, without fears for the future; for all their thoughts are on the present, and their minds and bodies are fully occupied in providing for the rent and their daily subsistence."

"No wonder, then, the village is so quiet," said Mrs. Lloyd; "all are too tired to care to stir far from their huts."

"There is another equally powerful reason that keeps them close," remarked David; "their superstition. The lower classes believe that the spirits of the dead walk abroad after dark, and almost every native will tell you some strange experience of his own. Even the more intelligent among them are infected with this belief. At home we cannot get a native servant to go on an errand at night, unless we give him a companion. Come, Kassee, confess; you, also, believe in ghosts."

"I am not afraid of them," replied the shekarry, quickly, "and I have never seen one; but in the woods at night I have heard strange sounds, that proceeded from neither beast nor bird. Perhaps it was the evil spirits speaking to the tigers. You know it is not well to give information as to the whereabouts of a tiger, except to some good hunter, who will shoot it soon—for the man who tells will not live long; the tiger will hear of it and will watch for him and kill him. I remember my father told me about an old tiger that his father knew of, which——"

Whatever convincing story Kassee may have been about to tell was suddenly interrupted, a bright flame shot up from the thatched roof of a village house, illuminating the squalid surroundings, and the half-clad family who rushed from the burning hut and stood wringing their hands in impotent grief. Sparks fell on the next cottages, and they, too, were at once in flames, for nothing is more inflammable than a Hindoo village; everything about it is

bamboo, thatch and grass—roofs, fences, walls, all like tinder. The fire had probably originated from a spark blown by the high winds from one of the open-air fires that smoldered at the door of each hut, and as the flames spread the villagers looked on, helpless and apathetic, while their little property was being consumed.

The women, seated with the children, rocked to and fro, crying; the men squatted in groups, gazed calmly at the scene, saving nothing, not even untying the cattle in the side-sheds, or making the slightest effort to arrest the progress of the flames, although there was an excellent well in the centre of the village.

"Come," exclaimed Mortimer, "the whole village will be destroyed unless we rouse these natives into life."

The two Englishmen, the opium-agent, Kassee and some of their servants worked with a will, pulling down two or three huts in the path of the fire, and by the utmost exertion forcing the peasants to carry away the *débris*, and bring some buckets full of water, to quench any sparks that fell across the open space on to the roofs of the huts beyond. When quiet and safety were at last assured the friends returned to the bungalow, where they found Mrs. Lloyd and Florry on the veranda, the latter doubly excited by the fire and the loss of her jewelry, which, on retiring, she had laid on the table in her room, and which some adroit thief, taking advantage of the confusion, had carried off.

Although Kassee's suspicions at once fell upon their native attendants, nothing could be done that night.

"To-morrow," said he, "I will endeavor to recover the ornaments. Say nothing about your loss to any of our attendants; leave the discovery of the thief to me. Good-night, sahib."

"How can Kassee discover the thief?" asked Florry, next morning, after the little party was again on the road. "Had we not better stop and question each of our servants?"

"It would be useless," replied David. "Hindoos take to lying as early and as naturally as a young duck to water; they are adepts at it. I have sometimes wondered whether the poorer classes have ever had any guileless childhood. Notice, as we pass, the children in the village school under that large tree ahead. Although seated in the shade, they have taken off their upper clothes this hot day. See how their little dusky bodies sway to and fro as they grind away at their tasks. The noise of their voices increases as we approach; the urchins wish to impress us with a sense of their assiduity. That little group appears deeply engaged in figuring with lumps of chalk on the floor; but after we pass, they will have observed not only our dress and appearance, but will have formed a quick and probably shrewd estimate of our position and characters. Hindoo children seldom play together. They are born old, and the burden of life falls early on their little shoulders. There is a fawning obsequiousness in the lower classes that is very annoying at times. Ask one of them the simplest question, such as the distance to the next village, and his first endeavor will be to divine how your wishes run. If you look weary, he will ridiculously underestimate the distance. Years of servitude and the struggle for mere existence have crushed his manhood, and rendered him anxious to conciliate all those above him. But the condition of the people is improving, land is increasing in value, the jungle is disappearing, and labor is better rewarded. Thanks to the exertions of the English Government, education is now spreading rapidly among the young, and they are growing up with the hopes, interests, and aspirations of men in their souls. Your father and his associates, Miss Florry, are assisting in the great work." Florry gave him an appreciative glance, but one that disappointed David.

"She likes to hear me praise her father, but cares nothing about me for my own sake," thought he.

They were aproaching a small lake. On its bosom floated water-lilies, whose crimson flowers contrasted beautifully with the bright-green leaves; bushes overhung the water, fig and mango-trees surrounded it, and through their branches a flock of brilliantly plumaged parrots whirled, screaming. A temple dedicated to Vishnu stood on the bank, and in the shade of a particularly fine spreading tree sat an old Brahmin. His only clothing was a loin-cloth of cotton; round his neck and over his shoulder was worn the sacred thread that designated his office. His skin was fair, of a golden-olive hue, much lighter than that of the average Hindoo; his expression was intelligent and acute.

"We will halt here to rest," said Mortimer, riding up. "And Kassee tells me he will profit by this opportunity to try the rice-test to discover the thief."

"The rice-test?" exclaimed Florry, inquiringly.

"Yes, it is an experiment sometimes tried with the uneducated classes to discover the perpetrator of a crime or theft, by working on his superstitious fears. The suspected parties are called up, and an Ojah or Brahmin, after carefully scrutinizing their countenances, gives each of them a mouthful of dry rice to chew. Of course, the innocent munch away fearlessly, but the thief, if he be present, is in an agony of apprehension, his jaw relaxes, his throat and tongue become dry and parched, for under the influence of fear and the spell of the Brahmin's watchful eye, his salivatory glands refuse to act, and the rice seems like sand in his mouth. At a signal from the Ojah all spit out their rice: that of the innocent is masticated and soft, while the thief's is dry and hard."

"I should like to recover my jewelry," said Florry, "and yet I hope the thief will not be found among our attendants, who have all seemed so gentle and faithful."

The little party halted in the shade near the temple. Florry went to her mother, while Kassee opened negotiations with the old Brahmin.

"How venerable this temple is! how peaceful and impressive its surroundings!" said David. "Even its idols, with their ugliness and wooden stolidity, cannot destroy the religious influence of the whole."

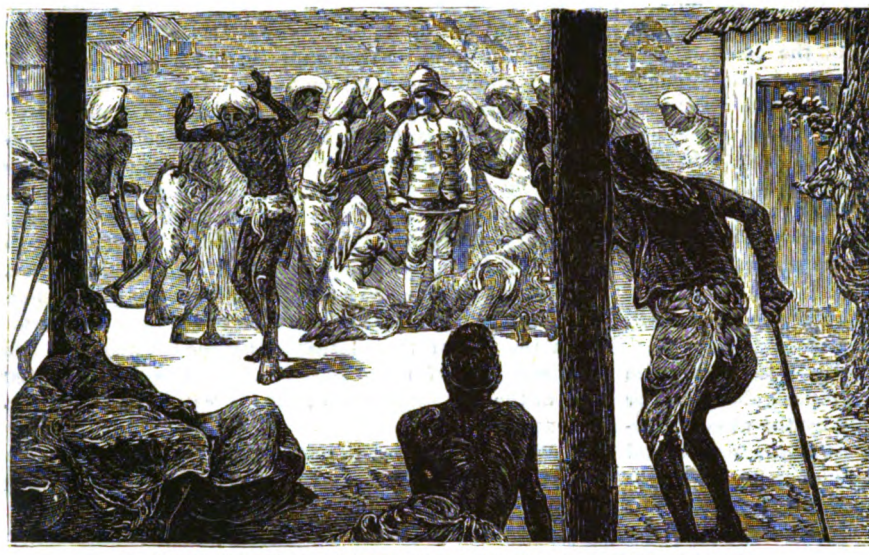
"Yes," replied Mortimer, "many a native finds consolation at this temple, and it is a mistake to represent all the population as ignorant heathens, blindly bowing down to 'wood and stone.' Some of the most degraded and ignorant probably worship the idol itself, but to many of the Hindoos it is only a symbol, and serves as an aid in fixing their thoughts on the great Being it represents, as do the images and pictures in a church for the pious Catholic."

"Kassee! Kassee!" cried Florry, running up. "Come back; I have found my jewelry. Some one has returned it; placed it in the basket mother always opens when we halt. All is here except one piece, and for that I will not have our good attendants tested or searched."

"How characteristic of the adroit Hindoo!" said Mortimer. "Fearing that the dreaded Brahmin would discover him, the thief has slyly restored almost all, keeping only enough to make a search improbable."

Riding along the road that afternoon David watched Florry more attentively than ever. The gentle nature she had manifested, and her evident desire to believe all their attendants true, had finished in the young man's heart what her good looks had begun.

"Miss Florry," said he, "we will reach your father's



A FAMINE IN BENGAL.— ARRIVAL OF RELIEF FOR A DISTRESSED VILLAGE.

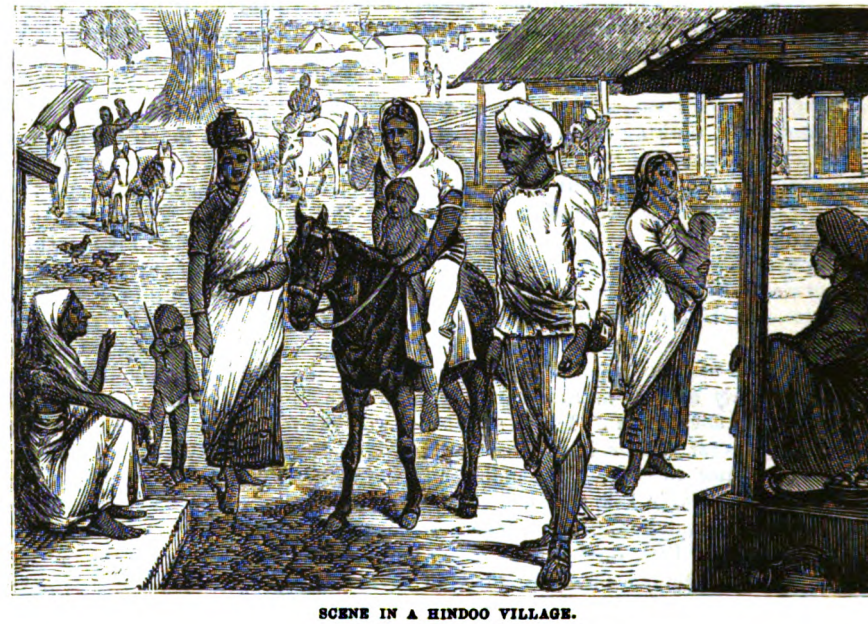
station to-morrow, then we will have to leave you. I hope you will not forget me, and that you will not find your new, strange home lonesome."

"Forget you and all your kindness I never can," she replied; "but lonesome I shall not be, for I have come to India to aid my father in his work, to assist him in his labors among the poor peasants."

David felt chilled. So then she had never thought of him in any other light than that of a polite and solicitous traveling-companion. In this mood he dropped back to talk with Kassee, his favorite, about hunting experiences and the country they were passing through.

"Kassee," said he, "I have often been out under old shekarries to hunt the tiger, but I wish to go alone; I ought by this time to be a competent shekarry myself. We will halt this evening near that jungle you spoke of. I know there must be plenty of tigers in it, their tracks are so plain."

"There is, I think, only one; an old man-eater," said Kassee. "A tiger coming out of his lair, or cover, will follow the same path for days, till it becomes well defined, and after a while his paths become very numerous; his cunning really shows itself when he comes out of the edge of the jungle, for that



SCENE IN A HINDOO VILLAGE.

A HINDOO VILLAGE NEAR BENGAL.

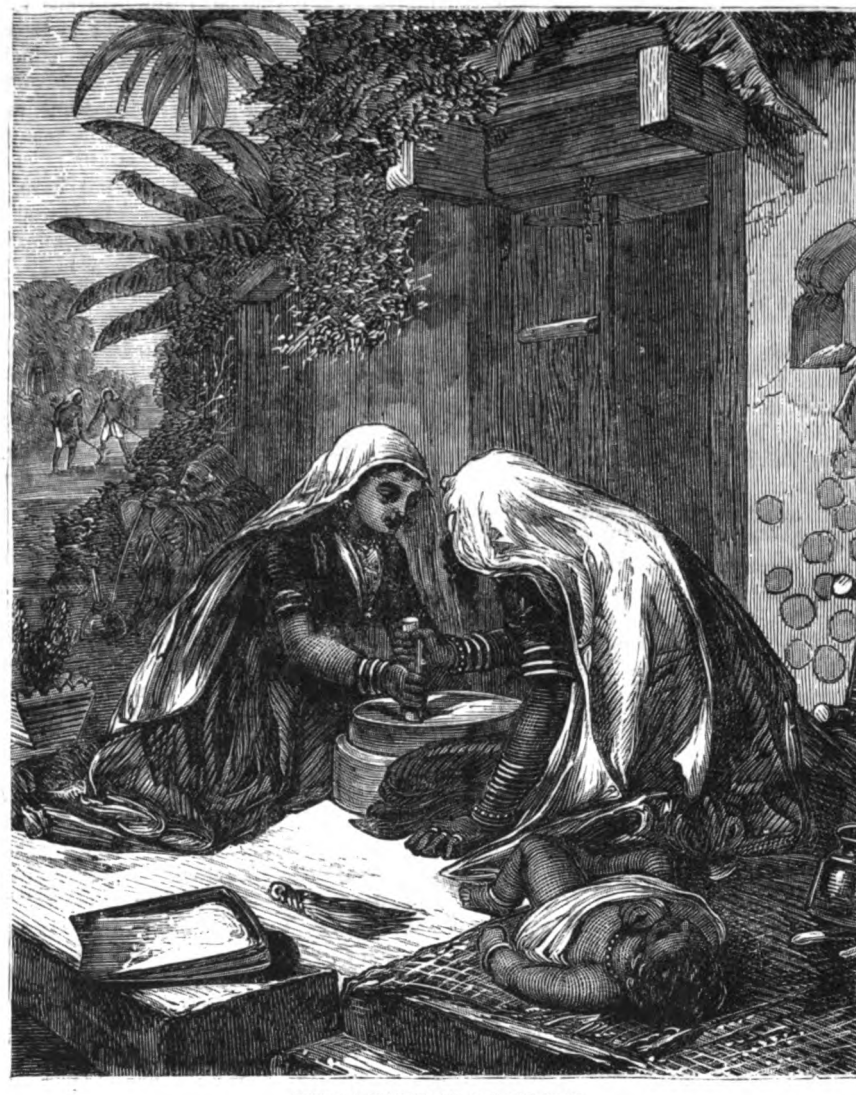
he always approaches with the greatest caution. Do not go in till to-morrow morning, when we will all go. It is very dangerous to be in the jungle at night. Then it is that the tiger is abroad and enacts his bloody tragedies."

"Well," exclaimed David, who felt in a reckless mood just then, "you have told me of some of the thrilling scenes you witnessed in the jungle at night, standing in a pit, your eye level with the surface of the ground, so that you could see anything that showed dark against the light. You have seen the tiger spring on its prey, the tigress teaching her young to kill, and, sometimes,

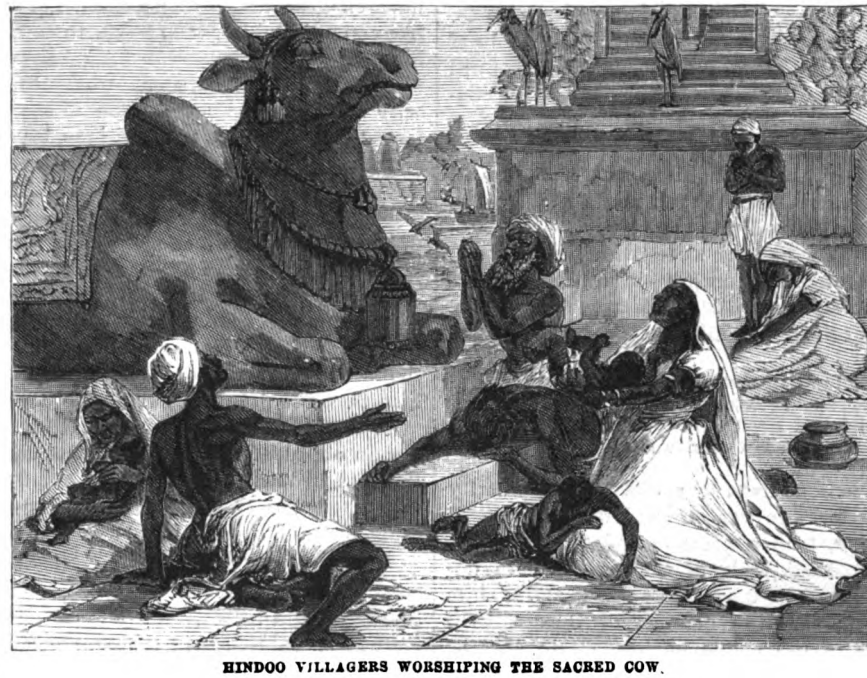
two fierce, bloody-jawed, striped demons engaged in deadly strife with each other. Why cannot I see something of all this for myself? I shall take my stand in a pit to-night. Who knows? perhaps the honor of killing the old man-eater has been reserved for me."

That evening Florry joined with others in endeavoring to dissuade David from venturing to pass the night in the jungle, but without avail. He disappeared in its gloomy depths. Soon after dark they heard two distant shots from his rifle, and then all was still.

As the long hours of the night wore on Florry could not sleep; all she had heard of the dangers of tiger-hunting was intensified in her mind, then she recalled David's solicitude and care for her on the journey, and felt how she would miss his bright, cheerful company after they parted next day at her father's station, while at the thought that possibly



HINDOO WOMEN AT A HAND-MILL.



HINDOO VILLAGERS WORSHIPING THE SACRED COW.

he might never return alive from the jungle——"

"It is daylight," she heard old Kassee say outside to Mortimer. "If the young man does not return by sunrise we must go in search of him."

"But have we people enough of our own?" asked Mortimer.

"We will get the village 'gwalla,' or cowherd, to drive his herd through the jungle. No tiger will willingly face a herd of buffaloes or cattle trained to respond to the cries of their gwalla; they will drive off the fiercest tiger or kill him with their horns."

Kassee's plan was adopted. The men set out on the search, and soon arrived at the pit; it was empty.

Pushing on, the gwalla with his cattle ahead, the natives in line, shouting and calling to each other, they went through the jungle till the cattle suddenly stopped, pawed the ground, and lowered their horns threateningly.

"The tiger!" said Kassee;

and there, sure enough, lay the robber, wounded and unable to rise, but tearing up the grass around him with his claws and teeth in ferocious rage.

Kassee gave him a finishing-shot, and the "cheemar" caste, or workers in hide and leather, with the party, skinned it, for a Hindoo will not touch a dead body. It was clear that David had mortally wounded the animal in the night, and when attempting to return in the morning had lost his way.

Lost in the jungle! A dreadful fate ordinarily; but here Kassee's wonderful skill came into full play. By every minute sign on the grass or reeds he tracked the lost man.

Messengers carried back word of the search to the ladies. Their confidence in Kassee was great, but as hour after hour passed without news, Florry's anxiety grew with the lengthening shadows. Finally a shout was heard, and the hunters, old Kassee, David and Mortimer at their head, appeared.

"Oh, David," cried out Florry, forgetting all reserve in the joy of the moment, "you are safe!" and she rushed up to him, pale and excited, seized both his hands, stopped, blushed, and then turned pale again.

That evening at sunset they took a quiet walk, and before they returned Florry had promised David to be a missionary on his plantation only, and as his wife.

"You have made us lose a day with your tiger-hunting and our hunting after you," said Mortimer. "We must start early to-morrow."

"Well," exclaimed David, "I do not care how soon we reach Mr. Lloyd's station now."

"And leave for your plantation," said Kassee, "where my lady shall be mistress, and sit on the tiger's skin."

"Yes, Kassee," responded Florry, "and you shall always be our shekarry."

ROBIN HOOD.

THERE are thousands of people bearing names of which "Robert" is the root and foundation. I wonder if it has ever struck my reader that the *nominal* existence of four-fifths of this large population is the result of the life, adventures, and celebrity of that great outlaw, Robin Hood. To gather up the links of evidence would fill a volume. I will occupy the remainder of this paper by a brief *resumé* of the argument. If I prove my assertion, this will be demonstrating the reality of my title, and show conclusively that the London Directory may be well styled a "romance."

That Robin Hood was the fictitious name of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, has been proven an idle fable; but although there are serious doubts as to the existence of William Tell, there need be none as to the individuality of Robin Hood. That a noted forester—an outlaw—of this name roved in the neighborhood of Sherwood during the first four decades of the thirteenth century, is beyond dispute.

"In Locksley town, in merry Nottinghamshire,
In merry, sweet Locksley town,
There bold Robin Hood was born and bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown."

He and his companions lived by spoils. His popularity was twofold in origin. He was credited with a spirit of liberty chafing against an oppressive and tyrannic rule. He was equally credited, truly or the reverse, with unbounded kindness to the poor. Camden styles him "*prædonem mitissimum*," the gentlest of thieves. Sir Walter Scott says of the spoils he heaped up, that he "shook the superflux to the poor," and, in respect of government, "showed the heavens more just." Dying about the year 1247, it was not very long before he became an "institution": every country ballad, every chap-book had its story of Robin Hood, his princely spirit, his skill in archery, his wondrous adventures, and his hair-breadth escapes. The impression that he was of noble birth only added to his popularity.

This of course could not but have its effect upon the nomenclature of the time. It is well known that when Thomas à Beckett was murdered, almost every child born immediately afterward was, if a boy, christened Thomas. To this tragedy myriads of Thompsons and Tomlinsons owe their surnames. The dictionary and the directory are under equal obligations to Robin Hood. There need be little doubt that Gough's suggestion that his real name was "Robin o' the Wood" (*i.e.* Sherwood) is true. The corruption "Hood" is perfectly natural.

(1.) Look at some English *place-names*. In 1730 there was a "Robin Hood's Well," about three miles north of Doncaster; and Leland, the great itinerary, visited "Robyn Hudd's Bay," under which antique dress we recognize the familiar village and coast "Robin Hood's Bay," betwixt Whitby and Scarborough. Everybody has seen a Robin Hood's oak, or a Robin Hood's bower. At this moment there are hundreds of country inns in the north, called "Robin Hood," with a picture of the bold archer in dress proper, or intended to be so, to the period in which he is supposed to have lived. His bow and arrow are of course always depicted, and occasionally a deer in the distance.

(2.) Look at the old English *proverbs*; and we may premise that if a man has created a proverb he has made himself immortal. "Good-even, Robin Hood," quoted by Skelton, poet-laureate to Henry VIII., implied "civility extorted by fear." Fuller quotes, "Many men talk of Robin Hood that neere shott in his bow." "To over-shoot Robin Hood," is another proverbial saying. This is quoted by Sir Philip Sidney. "Tales of Robin Hood are good for fools," is quoted by Camden. The most familiar, however, was "to sell Robin Hood's pennyworths." Fuller refers to this as of things half sold, half given; the great robber parting lightly by what he came by lightly. "Robin's choice," this or nothing, would seem almost to have suggested "Hobson's choice," for Hobson is a patronymic of Robert, Hob being the old familiar pet name for the same.

(3.) To Robin Hood, again, we doubtless owe the familiarity of several names applied to the *spirit world*. Our forefathers were very superstitious, especially the country peasantry. A belief in "brownies," "dobbies," "pixies," and elves kindly or mischievous, still largely prevails in places removed from the busy towns. Superstitions of this kind die where men are herded together. It is only in dusky woodlands ghostly sights appear, or in the silences of the rural churchyard or forest avenue that voices are heard whose utterance is not from human throat! Certainly Robin Hood must stand sponsor for much of the dread that nurses infuse into naughty children's breasts. The pet names or nurses' names of Robert were "Robin," "Hob," and "Dob." The *ignis fatuus*, to this day an object of apprehension, was associated early with the bold freebooter:

"Some call him *Robin Goodfellow*,
Hob-goblin, or mad Crisp.
And some againe doe terme him oft,
By name of Will the Wispe."

So says an old ballad. *Robin* Goodfellow and *Hob*-goblin, it will be seen, represent the same name. Another title for the same was "Hob-lanthorn" (*i.e.* Robin's lanthorn).

Dr. Halliwell gives the term "Hob-thrush," adding that it is always used in association with Robin Goodfellow. In the "Two Lancashire Lovers" (1640) it is said, "If he be no hob-thrush, nor no Robin Goodfellow, I could finde with all my heart to sip up a sillybub with him." Here, then, are four names, "Robin Goodfellow," "Hob-goblin," "Hob-lanthorn," "Hob-thrush"; all used to give personation to that curious light which occasionally may be seen in marshy and woody districts. How natural that these should be associated with that mysterious denizen of the forest, whose name was in everybody's mouth, and who came and went, who showed himself here, there, and everywhere, and yet could never be caught!

"From elves, hobs and fairies,
Defend us, good heaven,"

say Beaumont and Fletcher in one of their plays. And every reader of Shakespeare will remember how in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the Fairy addresses Puck as—

"That shrewd and knavish sprite
Called Robin Goodfellow":

while by-and-by she adds:

"Those that Hob-goblin call you and sweet Puck,
You do their worst, and they shall have good luck."

In the extreme north of England the pet name for Robert was Dob, or "Dobbin." Curiously enough, to this day the term for Hob-goblin is there "Dobby." I ask the reader if this can be an accident? Could it have been possible that five distinct names should be given to the *ignis fatuus*, or to such woodland elves as were supposed to reveal themselves under his frolicsome light, all having Robert as their chief component, had not the thousand and one stories about Robin Hood and his merry men and their nightly escapades been spread over the land by the ballad-mongers of the time that immediately followed his death?

(4.) Once more: look at the *general English nomenclature* of men, birds, beasts, and shrubs. So common had "Hob" become in the northern and midland districts of England (for every man you might meet 'twixt York and Leicester was sure to be "Hob"), that it became a cant term for a country yokel. Thomas Fuller in his "Lives" speaks of "country-hobs" where we should speak of "countrymen." Thus, too, Coriolanus is made to say—

"Why in this wool-less toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick?"

The *jack*-ass is just as often called "*dobbin*" in the north, and an ewe-lamb a *hob*-lamb. The tame ruddock has become the "*robin* redbreast"; a chicken, a *roblet* (robelot, *i.e.* little robin); bindweed goes by the title of "Robin-run in the hedge"; the common club moss is "Robin Hood's hatband"; while every child is familiar with "ragged robin" and "herb-robert."

Surely this is enough to testify to the popularity of Robert! The fact is, that Robin Hood gave a start to his name similar in its effects to that of a snowball. He has grasped all he has touched. He has left his memory upon everything. He has stamped his march upon things animate and inanimate. So long as we have a language and a dictionary, a nomenclature, and a directory, we shall daily be reading and looking upon words and names which, however meaningless on the surface, are teeming with recollections of the bold outlaw, whose thrilling adventures, whose kindly bounties, whose supposed devotion to liberty, made him the idol of his own time, and an object of interest to his countrymen.

And now we may ask, what has Robin Hood done for English nomenclature, so far as surnames are concerned? Well, in the first place, he made "Robert" the favorite name at the front for a century, at least. We even find Robin Hood itself appearing as a surname. A tradesman bearing the sobriquet of Thomas Robyn-Hod lived at Winchelsea in 1388. At the very time that Robert was thus popular, baptismal surnames were being established. As a consequence, Robert was no sooner a Christian name than it became a candidate for the place of a surname. Remembering the different pet names in familiar use, it will not be so astonishing that I should be able to collect no fewer than forty-six separately-spelled surnames, all descending from this one single appellation! while London alone could gather into Hyde Park as many as five thousand souls whose individuality is recognized by their associates through the medium of this famous title.

(a) Robert has given us Robert, Roberts, Robart, Robarts, Robertson, Roberson, and Robertson.

(b) Robin has bequeathed Robin, Robins, Robbins, Roblin, Robinson, and Robson.

(c) Rob has left us Robb, Robbs, Robbie, Robson, Robkins, Ropkins, and Ropes.

(d) Dob has handed down to us Dobb, Dobbs, Dobbie, Dobson, Dobbins, Dobbing, Dobinson, and Dobison.

(e) Hob has transmitted Hobb, Hobbs, Hobbes, Hobbis, Hobson, Hobbins, Hoblyn, Hopkins, Hopkinson, Hopps, and Hopson.

(f) Besides these there were once such familiar French diminutives as Robinet, Dobinet, Robelôt, and Robertôt. These did not come directly from France or Normandy. They were forms adopted by the country people from the habit, common then as now, of copying the fashions of the more noble families. Elizabeth Robinett will be found in the London Directory. Hers is the only instance that I can find still existing. The rest were all surnames in the fourteenth century.

(g) The Welsh, seizing upon the name, turned ap-Robert and ap-Robyn into Probert and Probyn, respectively.

Can I add anything to prove the popularity of Robin Hood? It is possible that we could not have spoken of Hobbism, or of a Hobbist, for the founder of that system of philosophy might have borne some other name. It is possible that there might have been no "Hobson's choice," for that worthy livery-man at Cambridge might, under some other sobriquet, have compelled the young collegian to take the next horse on the list, or none. Certainly our old friend *Punch* would have been unable to poke fun at Cockneydom under at least one name of the famous company of "Brown, Jones, Smith, and *Robinson*." It is possible, too, that "before you could say Jack Robinson" would never have become an English commonplace. How the phrase originated I cannot say, but it is a very old one, if the couplet quoted from an old play by Dr. Halliwell be genuine:

"A warke it ys as easie to be doone,
As tys to saye 'Jacke Robyson.'"

THE future is always fairyland to the young. Life is like a beautiful winding lane, on either side bright flowers and beautiful butterflies and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire or to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But by degrees, as we advance, the trees grow bare, the flowers and butterflies fail, the fruits disappear, and we find we have reached a desert waste.

ITALIAN TAMBOURINE-GIRL.— FROM THE PAINTING BY CONINCK.

A CALIFORNIA EXPERIENCE.—"'IS THAT THE SHAWL?' SHE ASKED, MEEKLY, UNFOLDING IT BEFORE HIM."

A CALIFORNIA EXPERIENCE.

Poor Mr. Bradley! He packed his dead wife's wardrobe with the greatest care, dropping tears, into two large Saratoga-trunks, and the drygoods boxes that held all that was left of his beloved Maria.

There were twelve scarcely worn dresses, all in Worth's latest fashion, fluted, puffed, ruffled, fringed and trained. There were four exquisite white wrappers, covered with elegant embroidery, that Maria's soul had doted on—poor, weak, invalid Maria—for only when richly and fashionably dressed was she entirely happy.

There was her latest bonnet, fresh from Paris, that she had never worn, in all its gay mockery of lace and French flowers, useless in the bonnet-rack. There was a row of kid slippers and dainty gaiter-boots idle for ever; there was the box of delicate kid-gloves—a pair for each suit—but the hands that had worn them were at rest for ever, crossed over a lifeless bosom; there were dozens of fine handkerchiefs, dozens of real lace collars and cuffs, and here were her watch and chain and set of diamond jewelry. He laid them away tenderly; these should never be touched or worn, not even by—and here he starts and blushes to himself—not even by Eloise Rand, the cherry-cheeked girl he hopes to call his wife some day.

He scarcely dares own, even to himself, how he has loved her these eight years, ever since he first saw her way off in his Eastern home, sitting in the church-pew next to

his own, with the daisies in her bonnet—loved her, and a married man! He used to shudder when he thought how she had laughed her way into his heart.

Mr. Bradley was a handsome, refined, gentle-mannered man whom everybody liked and respected, and he and Maria were both a model couple in every way, though Maria never laughed—her life had been one long-drawn sigh over the blackness of things in general.

She was a good woman, and Mr. Bradley took the most devoted care of her, and loved her as well as any one could any one so pining and fanciful. She was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and was always seeing visions, and like one-ideaed people, who have nothing else to do, she was so carried away with her hobby, that she persuaded Mr. Bradley to a partial belief in the same, but some way neither prospered on this unearthly diet.

Maria, always sickly, grew worse and worse, and had more dyspeptic visions daily of people who had gone happily to rest years before; and thirty-seven yards of new silk scarcely raised her spirits now. The doctor said she could not live through the Winter, unless taken to a milder climate; so Mr. Bradley sold out his business for a song, left his old home and his pew in the church, near where Eloise sat with the daisies dancing on her bonnet-rim, purchased a new installment of clothes, mammoth trunks, handbags and bandboxes, and traveled for four years in California.

They lived a while in the pure breath of the mountains, where, under the robin's-egg blue of California skies, and the wine-like sweetness of California air, Maria grew a little stronger; then they went down on the dreamy Pacific Coast, where they watched the seals from the Cliff House, and were fanned by the soft airs of Oakland and Berkley.

When they grew tired of the Golden Gate and ocean fogs they tried the tropical heats and fruits of Los Angeles (the city of the angels); and so up and down they went, till a large property was nearly consumed, when Maria concluded sea-air was not good for her, so they returned to Stockton, a quiet town some ninety miles east of San Francisco.

Here the chief attraction to Maria was her bosom-friend, Mrs. Robbins, a large, important woman of some means, who lived in a big, solemn house in the suburbs of this town, set in a dense grove of fig-trees.

Mrs. Robbins was a medium, and went into trances and gave sittings, not for money—none of them was ever known to do that—but for pure love of the cause, and for the advancement of the sainted dead, who, it is to be hoped, happily need none of our poor, earthly interference.

When at last Mr. Bradley was forced to go to New York to attend some neglected business, Maria was anxious to board at Mrs. Robbins's, where she could be directly under her healing power and tutorage.

Mrs. Robbins, after some hesitation and the promise of a goodly price for board, accepted her sickly sister, and surrounded by this cheering atmosphere, Maria grew every week more charmingly hysterical.

Mrs. Robbins was guided in all her actions by the spirits of the dead and gone—at least, these were a cloak for all incongruities.

All she did was influenced by "they"—the safety-valve of most of the absurdities of Spiritualists. Did a tramp come to the door—and tramps are delightfully plenty in California—and ask for a bit of bread, she was immediately controlled by some sober and clerical spirit, and read them a lecture with shut eyes and uplifted hands; and, when she waked from this pious trance, she would find the hungry man, with frightened alacrity, had fled down the walk and out at the gate.

"They" were evidently all spirits of a saving disposition, albeit she said they were of the highest order, and induced her to cook in the most economical manner.

During the three months, that lengthened out to four, of Mr. Bradley's stay in New York, Maria drooped daily on a diet—ordered by the spirits—of water graham-cakes, without butter on them, tough chicken, boiled in water, butterless and unseasoned, milkless tea and coffee, oatmeal and dry toast, and the spirits did not allow her to eat enough of even these; but they had such fine séance evenings, such spiritual manifestations, materialization, etc., through Mrs. Robbins!

In the meantime, Mr. Bradley, back in his Eastern home, went to church each Sunday, and saw Eloise in the same old pew, looking a little older and less cherry-cheeked, a little less sparkling and brimming over with smiles, and the daisies in her hat had been exchanged for Autumn leaves.

He learned, with a great, painful throb at his heart, that she had been sick with a fever; that she and her mother were in poorer circumstances than ever; that the man she had set her heart on had married some one else, and that she was twenty-six years old.

So he left his kindly, gossipy old neighbors at last, and got back in time to close poor starved Maria's eyes, to see she had a stylish funeral, to put up a costly marble scroll over her grave, and to wander like a lost man about the verandas of the dreary house where she had died, through long days of perpetual sunshine.

Like Enoch Arden under his palm-tree, he stretched out his hands among these tropical glories toward the East, and longed for Eloise; his heart would revert to the dumpling girl, who earned her own living, coaxing her way through the world, riding roughshod over people's dignity with that merry laugh of hers that rung in his ears so long.

He had lived among shadows so long he craved for her earthly presence, for never was there a heartier human, less *spirituelle* or more fiery, rose than Eloise; but he was tired of angels, and he wrote her as soon as he dared, asking her to take the lost Maria's place.

Her letter in reply was neither yes nor no, but most aggravatingly undecided. She told him it was too soon to think about it, and asked him to wait a year, and then, if he still cared for her and wished to risk the long journey uncertainties, she could better give him his answer.

Poor Eloise was thoroughly surprised, and not knowing what to do, wanted this year for breathing-space, long time as it appeared, to forget the unworthy object she was harboring in her affections.

So Mr. Bradley waited for her through such weary months of loneliness that would have broken Eloise's heart had she known all; and when the slow-paced days were worn away, he packed the first wife's wardrobe, preparatory for his journey.

He began to wish that now, in his straitened circumstances, the many hundred dollars' worth that he was crowding into such small space were back again in money with which to make Eloise comfortable and happy.

Then he thought how few clothes Eloise had, and her taste was so much simpler than Maria's—why not give her the most of these and cheat the California moths? She was infinitely smaller than Maria, and these could be adjusted nicely and no one would be the wiser.

He folded up the rich shawls—a Paisley shawl, a long shawl, an Indian scarf, and what had pleased his eye more than all else, a costly camel's-hair shawl, that he decided

should belong to Eloise. He did not stop to think how short and plump she was, or how illy a shawl would become her, but put it carefully away in camphor for the possible future bride.

So he fitted in the last tray and turned the last lock, and left his boxes and trunks in Mrs. Robbins's storeroom by her request. He paid her for taking charge of the same, and gave her the keys at parting, saying:

"They are ready to ship to me any time if I do not return, and, in the meantime, keep these duplicate keys, so they can be aired if necessary.

Poor man! he little dreamed of what a thorough airing they would get before his return!

When he reached home he found the old wound scarcely healed in Eloise's heart, and between this and the dread of leaving her mother, she persuaded him to wait another year, when one bright June day he set out with her to the distant land of the sunset, thinking no cloud could ever rise again in his horizon.

After long days of listening to the cling-clang of the overland train crossing mountain and desert and canyon, they were glad to stop and rest at Stockton to obtain the stored articles before proceeding to their home proper in Oakland.

Eloise's spirits fell, however, at the sight of Mrs. Robbins's formidable-looking house in its grove of fig-trees, which were grown thicker and darker than ever.

The front of the house was closed and locked, but the housekeeper — a sweet-faced, intelligent woman — came running out at the side-door.

"So glad to see you again, Mr. Bradley!" she said, emphatically.

"Mrs. Robbins has been gone East visiting her friend there since April. She said the spirits told her you were dead, and were never coming back, so she locked up your things, telling me, when they were sent for by your relatives, they would find them ready to ship in the storeroom just as you left them."

Mr. Bradley looked relieved. Great respect as he had for Mrs. Robbins, he did not care to be cried over, or to have her go into trances, using herself as speaking-tube for the dead Maria before Eloise, who, he was sure, would laugh in the good woman's face.

So, after a comfortable supper, he repaired with his keys to the storeroom, Eloise—alert with a curiosity as to what the dead woman's wardrobe would be like—at his heels to hold the light for him.

The room was very dark, for they have no twilights in California, and darkness comes with one full swoop.

The big drygoods box stands there just as he left it, and one of the large trunks; in the place of the other one sets a small, seedy hair trunk that might have figured in the Dark Ages.

"My other trunk must be locked up somewhere else," he said to Eloise, peering about in the dim corners, and he proceeded to unlock the one that remains.

"Here, Eloise," he said, handing out from the upper tray a large, neatly done-up package, "is a camel's-hair shawl I have been saving for you. It has scarcely been worn, and though I was offered five hundred dollars for it, I thought it would look so pretty on my darling."

"*I* wear a shawl?" said Eloise, with a gasp. "I never had anything so extravagant."

And she proceeds to pull open a corner of the paper, and espying something blue-and-white and ragged, shakes out a tattered old bed coverlid.

"Is that the shawl?" she asked, meekly, unfolding it before him.

"My goodness, no! It must be some mistake. I was sure I put it in that lid—it must be here where I rolled up her point lace cape and silk dolman," and he unfolded a moth-eaten old coat of the late Mr. Robbins, done-up in the most careful manner. "Can I believe my eyes? I put Maria's best silk dresses in there," and he tumbles out of some flat packages an old ragged ironing-blanket, another ancient quilt, some potato-sacks, exquisitely folded, and an old lap-robe, all belonging to Mr. Robbins.

In the place of Maria's velvet cloak and furs, he finds a worn-out horse-blanket and a bundle of old crash towels.

He looks in the bonnet-tray. Alas! that lovely French hat is bobbing up and down on the majestic head of Mrs. Robbins somewhere in the State of Connecticut, and in its place is an old Neapolitan, which Eloise declares is "the acme of Stockton and Poker Flat millinery." Maria's gloves are adorning her hands, Maria's shoes her feet—except the two pairs he finds, worn entirely to tatters, and repacked with his things.

He pries open the box-lid—bundles of old rags, old flannels and cast-off clothing, that would be a disgrace to any carpet for rags, were deftly rolled up in the places of his fine table-linen and silverware, dainty sets of undergarments and dozens of silk hosiery.

Here the housekeeper appears sympathetically in the doorway.

"I dared not tell you before, but she took the largest trunk, and the Russia-leather handbag, and wore Mrs. Bradley's gray basket-cloth dress and ulster, and had the white dresses and best silks altered over for her. She said your wife's spirit came and made her do it."

Mr. Bradley's face is very red, and he is fishing desperately in the bottom of the box, for he does not like to own he has been a fool.

Eloise, who has fine feeling for real lace, has just opened the lacebox, and, finding it full of shavings, has tossed it spitefully overboard, exclaiming:

"The old Judas Iscariot!"

"Please, Eloise, don't lose your temper and call names. You know you are so impulsive."

"I angry? Not I. I am delighted with the way the old turkey-buzzard has arranged your goods for your relatives after your happy decease."

They search the house, but nothing rewards them, except a few odds and ends made over to fit Mrs. Robbins's goodly proportions; some of the table-linen and silver they find in the bottom of one of her cedar chests; but all the available things have gone traveling across the plains, even to the watch and diamonds.

It is worth the cost of these, however, to Eloise, to see Mr. Bradley grow gradually so angry, and to see the visionary way with which he settles himself down in that old house to await Mrs. Robbins's return; and to all her suggestions as to its being a lugubrious old place, she is told by him peremptorily to "wait."

Someway, Mrs. Robbins did not enjoy her visit East so much as she expected.

In the first place, she was cumbered with too much baggage, and the old places and friends seemed to have outgrown her, and she found no spiritualist friend dear to her soul to commune with.

Her friends, who know her peculiar gift of economy, wonder at her rich clothes, and they are comfortless things, after all; the white dresses are a trial to keep tidy, without the omnipresent John Chinaman; the heavy silks are hot and uncomfortable, and catch dust; the shoes and gloves are both too tight for her; the fragile, jaunty bonnet gave out before her journey's end; the old-fashioned country people called her yellow lace "dirty," and the evenings were too warm to wear the stolen shawl.

LONGFELLOW AT FORTY-SEVEN.

Like many people, who mostly believe what they greatly hope for, she believed Mr. Bradley was dead, but she did not believe in Maria's presentation to her of her wardrobe; for, with all her egotism, she had sense enough to know that Maria had grown to hate her and her saving propensities most heartily before her death.

It was with a sense of relief she arrived in familiar Stockton, hot and dusty, crabbed and grimy, from her long and wearisome return trip. She was just stepping into a hack to drive home, when she was transfixed by the porter to whom she handed her checks, remarking:

"Can't get your baggage, mum. It's arrested!"

She looks about bewildered, and sees, standing in the depot-door, the ghost of the long-lost Mr. Bradley. No, not his ghost, for never has she seen him looking so happy, so handsome, or so healthy as now. There is an officer with him, who steps up to her politely:

"And you, also, madam, are arrested, and requested to deliver up your entire baggage, as well as damages on the same."

In vain Mrs. Robbins blustered and stormed, went into trances and invoked the spirits that refused to come, accused the housekeeper, and the china-boy, and every one else but her herself, of the theft.

Damages or imprisonment were the only alternative, and she gave up the deteriorated wardrobe at last, with what ready money she had, besides.

Although the worth of their loss was never recovered, yet Eloise will tell you, laughing, that it is the best experience they ever had; for, in the end, it has saved much distaste and bickerings, and some money, as she has never had to attend a *séance*, never had to mix with mediums and clairvoyants, and has thus been pleasantly rid of many a bland and insinuating Judas Iscariot.

LONGFELLOW AT FIFTY-FIVE.

LONGFELLOW AT SIXTY.

LONGFELLOW.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., February 27th, 1807. On his mother's side he descended from John Alden. His father, the Hon. Stephen Longfellow, was the leading lawyer in Maine, and a member of Congress. He went by the name of "the honest lawyer." Mr. Longfellow fitted for college at the Portland Academy, and entered Bowdoin College at the age of fourteen. He graduated in 1825, second in rank in his class. His college life was uneventful; his quiet humor never ran into wild hilarity, nor his genial nature into lawless scrapes. He early gained a fame as a poet. Six months after graduating he was appointed professor of modern languages and literature at his alma mater. While a college student he had written a metrical translation of one of Horace's odes. When a proposal was made in the Board of Trustees to establish a chair of modern languages, the

translation was brought forward as sufficient proof of his fitness for the position. Before occupying the new professorship Mr. Longfellow went abroad, and spent three years and a half in studying French, German, Italian and Spanish in their native countries.

Although he was fond of congenial society, and by his tastes was inclined to cultivate it, he never neglected his work. There have been many Americans who have yielded to the fascinations of brilliant company, and have, while abroad, devoted their time to pleasure, and whose letters are filled with fashionable gossip. Mr. Longfellow never lost sight of the purpose for which his European studies were pursued, and on his return to Bowdoin he more than justified the appointment of so young a man to so important a post. His intercourse with students was perfectly simple, frank and gentlemanly, both at Bowdoin and Harvard.

A few years later Mr. Longfellow was appointed to the professorship of modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard College, a position to which he came in 1836, after a sojourn of two years in Europe, and which he held until his resignation, in 1854. Mr. Longfellow's titles were master of arts, from Bowdoin; doctor of laws, Harvard, 1859; Cambridge, England, 1868; and Bowdoin, 1874; doctor of common law, Oxford, 1869. He was a member of the American Antiquarian and of the Maine and Massachusetts Historical Societies, a member of the Historical and Geographical Society of Brazil, a member

ILLUSTRATION TO "THE WRECK OF THE 'HESPERUS.'"

ILLUSTRATION TO LONGFELLOW'S "EXCELSIOR."

of the Royal Spanish Academy at Madrid, and a member of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.

Since the time when he became officially connected with Harvard College, he has resided in Cambridge, in the habitation around which cluster many interesting and precious memories. And, just as the hero who occupied that mansion early in the Revolution was "first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," in like manner was Mr. Longfellow honored in all the land.

In one other respect was he like Washington, and that is in possessing a fully rounded character. Although such persons are, it is thought, not generally appreciated, yet they do win the respect of the community when their characters and lives are examined closely. We have heard an artist say, that if you wish to realize all the beauty of a lovely face, you must study it sufficiently to draw a likeness of it. Then you understand fully all there is which causes you to admire it.

In many respects his life and fame were singular. We doubt if any other man of this day was so well known and respected. The singularity consists in the fact that there was nothing startling in his character or works. Many men attain fame through some event in their career that brings them prominently before the community. In Mr. Longfellow's life there was nothing of this description, and his fame rests on solid foundations. He stands before us like a beautiful building, which presents at first glance perfect symmetry; and when we examine in detail we find still the comparison holds; the beauty is the result of

a rare adaptation of means to ends, every column is in proportion—the curious carvings and the stained-glass windows, and all the details of the structure, excite admiration the more as our investigations are thorough.

There have been poets in modern times, and, we suppose, in all ages, whose works have excited momentary attention, who have been the idols of an hour—brilliant writers that flashed like meteors, and like meteors fell to the earth, leaving only blackened masses of shapeless material. There have been men in all the walks of life who have stood forth like pictures shown by the stereopticon, that seemed permanent works of art on the sheet, when yet they were instantly succeeded by others views. But from the time Mr. Longfellow commenced writing, his fame has been steadily increasing. This, we think, is partly due to the character back of the work. He disliked publicity, but was willing to give of the treasures of his intellect and muse to all. The hospitality for which he was noted was not confined to the entertainment of his friends at his genial home; but he gave without stint from the storehouse of his mind those riches which many keep to themselves. We have said that he was universally respected and admired. The more intimately he was known the better he was loved.

He was very fond of children, and was always attentive to them, his patience never failing while entertaining them. On the day when the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Cambridge was celebrated, how patiently and kindly he received the children, who fairly besieged him for his autograph, which he gave to them all.

Not many days before Mr. Longfellow's illness set in, two little boys belonging to one of the Cambridge public schools took it into their heads, as we learn from one of their teachers, to go and ask him for his autograph. They were not particularly prepossessing boys, either in appearance or dress; but the poet's door was not found closed. Seated, for aught we know, upon that "ebon throne," which, perhaps, these same two boys had helped to give him, he received his little visitors as if they had been princes in disguise. His autograph was willingly written in their albums, and then he took them through the house—through his own home himself—into the library and the parlor and the dining-room; and when he had shown them the wonders and beauties of the old mansion, he dismissed them courteously at the door with the words that "he should not mind if he had two little boys like them for his own." It was in every way a most lifelike and characteristic act. It was Mr. Longfellow "all over."

A glittering morning in September found the writer *en route* to Cragie House, the home of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, situated at Cambridge, about three and a half miles from the City of Boston. The lines of the poet had fallen in pleasant places. There is an atmosphere of fascinating repose in the dreamy old-world village, its quaint, dignified homestead, its lordly elms, its venerable tangled greenery—a village in which edifices more than a century old frown reprovingly upon a few small, flippant *parvenu* residences that have sprung up like mushrooms "in the span o' the night"—a village where, at every turn, one expects to encounter ladies of state and dignity attired in mob caps and mittens, or grave old courtiers, be-ruffled, be-wigged and be-sworded. The blood-red finger of Autumn was upon the foliage, and the yellow-leaves clung to the brave old trees oozing the last heart throb of Summer in drops of gold, as we entered the grounds attached to the mansion commonly known by the Bostonians as Washington's House.

This ancient mansion formerly belonged to Colonel John Vassal, by whom it was built in the early part of the eighteenth century, and is considerably more than a hundred years old, as Colonel Vassal expired in it in 1747. It is supposed that the house was built in the year 1733. After the death of Colonel Vassal his son inhabited it.

At the commencement of the Revolution it was occupied by Hon. Jonathan Sewall, and on the 2d of July, 1775, on the arrival of Washington, it became the headquarters of the great captain. Mrs. Washington, who arrived in Cambridge on the 11th of December of the same year, resided in it during her sojourn in New England. After this it was inhabited by Andrew Cragie, the Apothecary-General of the Northern Army. The house then passed to Thomas Tracy, a nabob, whose servants drank costly wines from carved pitchers. "Spacious times," as the old chronicler words that period of milk and honey. Mr. Tracy was the owner of privateers that scoured the seas, compelling hostile galleons to surrender their sunniest juices, and West Indiamen to disgorge silks, satins, fruits and spices. "Spacious times," of a verity!

In 1792 Andrew Cragie purchased the estate and dwelt in the old hall until his demise in 1819, his widow surviving him until 1841. In 1843 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow became possessor of Cragie House, in which he resided, as he informed the writer, for over forty years. He saw what Washington saw; the same placid meadow-lands, the same undulating horizon, the same calm stream and broad green reaches sloping to the Charles River, with the gentle Milton hills as a background. Talleyrand, periwigged and powdered, has dined at Cragie House, while Edward Everett, Jared Sparks and Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer, have spent some time within its walls. What a bright page in the history of its country, what a golden link, what a blossoming garland, was the home of our poet!—a home where, soaring in the high regions of his fancy, he was surrounded by the glories of the past, and "wined" in the mellowness of a still more glorious present.

The house stands some little distance back from the street—Mount Auburn Street—in the midst of stately elms, one of which Mr. Longfellow had recently "topped" at the suggestion of Mr. Walter, proprietor of the London *Times*, while that high and mighty personage was visiting him. The mansion is of wood, two stories in height, with a high slated roof, from out of which two perky-looking windows peep like a pair of watchful eyes between chimneys that stand up as listening ears. The top of the roof is flat and railed. Four pillars support the façade, while shady verandas stretch upon either side. The house is painted cream color, the pillars white, the sun-blinds bright-green. A flight of steps leads up to the hall-door, upon which a glittering brass knocker disports itself in swaggering brassiness. The hall is square and carpeted. Opposite the door is the staircase, and upon the first landing stands an old Dutch clock, mounted in brass devices, and crowned with a figure of Father Time brandishing his scythe. We paused reverently before this faithful chronicler of the golden hours set in diamond minutes that flash past us on the river of life, mentally repeating Mr. Longfellow's lines:

> "Somewhat back from the village street
> Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
> Across its antique portico
> Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw.
> And from its station in the hall,
> An ancient timepiece says to all:
> 'For ever—never!
> Never—for ever!'"

Two oil-paintings hang upon the walls, one of them

representing a monk trudging by the side of a mule laden with firewood. Upon the right hand is the study.

Longfellow's study! The mind becomes filled, as with a subtle essence of the beautiful, at its mere mention. What glorious dreaming, what golden fancying, what glittering weaving has lighted up this inner sanctuary as with dayshine!—great thoughts, great feelings trooping in like angelic visitants upon a sheen of dazzling light. The stream flowing from Mr. Longfellow's soul—deep, calm, beautiful and pure—reflects no shape of ill; evil finds no glancing mirror in its pellucid waters. It may be said, as was written over "poor Goldsmith," *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*—he touches nothing that he does not adorn. What tender grace hangs round Mr. Longfellow's creations like a perfume. "Hyperion," whose course is as that of a river wandering at its own sweet will. "Evangeline," simple, earnest, graceful, true—that charming picture of rural life and rural love. "The Golden Legend," that human heart-throb of tenderness and devotion. "Hiawatha," that wondrous song of Indian life, glowing with color and with light. Ballads familiar in our mouths as household words. Songs and sonnets, touching in their earnest purity as the prayers of children. From Longfellow's study has came forth the teeming treasures of his brain as gems from the enchanted cave in the Oriental tale. Longfellow's study! and we paused on the threshold while memory woo'd us with one soft caress laden with the perfume of the poetry of the man into whose presence we were about to enter.

When, after the battle of Bunker Hill, the house was allotted to General Washington as his quarters, the apartment which Mr. Longfellow used as his sanctum was then devoted to the same purpose by the great commander, many of Washington's unpublished letters being indited in this particular room.

We were received by Mr. Longfellow with a high-bred courtesy and that exquisite finish of manner perfect as the *ad unguem* attributed to Phidias. He was seated in the chair, as represented in the drawing, and engaged in the perusal of his new poem, still in its cradle, and not yet known to fame—"Keramos." This poem treats of Keramic or Ceramic art—Mr. Longfellow, out of his scholarship, using the Greek K—and will be published before the coming year. He will not stoop to conquer Wedgewood or Sevres, but will roam at his sweet wild will in magical Idalian iridescence, Egyptian color, and the vivid hues of China—traveling in his weird song from Indus to the Pole. "It is an old love of mine," he said, "and one I wooed in an earlier poem," alluding to the lines upon the colored tiles in the fireplace of the room over our heads, which had been Washington's bedchamber.

The study is square, low-ceilinged and paneled. The fireplace is of the Georgian era, as is also the high wire fender. Bookcases in carved oak, the magic tracery of which would put a Belgian altar-screen—even that of Verbruggen's at Antwerp—to the blush, surround the apartment. These shrines contain a choice collection of choice editions of authors, amongst which we noticed the works of De Quincey, Irving, Bacon, Milton, Dante, Shakespeare, Scott, Bryon, *et hoc genus omne*. The walls are decorated with two portraits of the poet himself, whose "eye in fine frenzy rolling" is as bright to-day as in the picture of that enthusiastic, yet dreamy-looking, youth of five and twenty. Mr. Longfellow's eye flashed like that of an eagle's, caressed like that of a woman's, and, if he reaped "the harvest of a quiet eye," he was assuredly possessed of a soul-window "like Mars, to threaten and command."

Portraits of Sumner, Emerson, Felton and Hawthorne gaze at the visitor from the walls, Hawthorne's being especially vivid. The future author of the "Scarlet Letter" was a classmate of the poet's, a retiring youth, noted for a peculiarly shaped coat ornamented with brass buttons. Portraits of Washington and his wife, by Schapless, hang over the doorway, while opposite, upon an oaken table, stands a bust of Greene, the historian, by Crawford, and above it a statuette of Dante. A bust of Shakespeare crowns a bookcase to the right. A high desk is situated near a window, at which the poet occasionally wrote, but not often; while at an open desk, upon a round table in the centre of the apartment, are those glorious soul-whisperings revealed, which vibrate through the hearts of men like strains of music "when soft voices die."

A circular mirror, the fashion of the bygone time, surmounted by an eagle with outstretched wings, adorns the panel over the fireplace. In the right hand corner, as the visitor enters, stands an old upright clock, but not *the* clock which gives its "Never, for ever" in a dozy, dreamy way. Upon a small table a photograph of the ghost of Hamlet's father, from the piece of sculpture of Thomas Gould, sternly confronts the poet.

"I have some curious and priceless relics here," said Mr. Longfellow, presenting us with the waste-paper basket of "Tommy" Moore, a shaky-looking little straw common thing, just large enough to contain those gilt-edged invitations from double duchesses and lords-in-waiting, which the charming warbler loved to receive.

"This is Coleridge's inkstand, presented to me by S. C. Hall," said our host; and, as we gazed upon it, we mused that to this ebon font came the hand that gave the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" to an enraptured world. Mr. Longfellow next showed us a Samian cup from a Brito-Roman tomb excavated in Yorkshire, and an agate vase and mountings chiseled by the marvelous Benvenuto Cellini, a veritable *rara avis in terris*. The centre-table was littered with books, presentations from illustrious authors and fledgelings from trembling, unknown ones. "I always keep Tom Taylor's Breton ballads upon my table," said the poet; "they are exquisitely refreshing. Here are two volumes of a work I am engaged upon, 'Poems of Places.' There is nothing original of mine about this work. Sixteen volumes have been published here and four in England. The poems solely refer to localities. This work also lies near my hand, 'London, its Celebrated Characters and Places,' given me by Mr. Walter, of the *Times*."

Mr. Longfellow spoke very eulogistically of Tennyson, preferring his "Maude," and purely lyric poems. He considered the last act of Harold intensely dramatic, immensely powerful. He admired much of Browning and much of Swinburne, comparing the latter's gift of word-play to a juggler keeping half a dozen balls in the air, to the awe and astonishment of all beholders. He reveled in Rosetti's translations from the Italian, possessing, as they do, that exquisite finish so dear to the inner heart of the true poet. With the song "La Neige," Mr. Longfellow expressed himself perfectly charmed. Asking Mr. Longfellow what he thought of Byron, "Byron makes the blood leap!" was his reply. "Every poet should be taken at his best, and at his best he should be criticised. Byron, at his best, makes the blood leap."

In reverting to the prose-writers, our host gave the palm to Thackeray, exclaiming, enthusiastically, "I consider that 'Esmonde' is the best written work in English fiction." Of Wilkie Collins's power of weaving a story, Mr. Longfellow spoke admiringly, making special mention of the introduction to "No Name."

The question of copyright having come upon the *tapis*,

apropos of the burlesque of "Evangeline," which, the poet was glad to learn, possessed no relation to the poem, save in the title of the piece, our host pronounced a very decided opinion with reference to its anomalous position, concluding with: "Copyright is the only property the law does not protect, and one might as well lay down that, after a man's building a house, and enjoying it for a short time, another person is to come in and take possession of it."

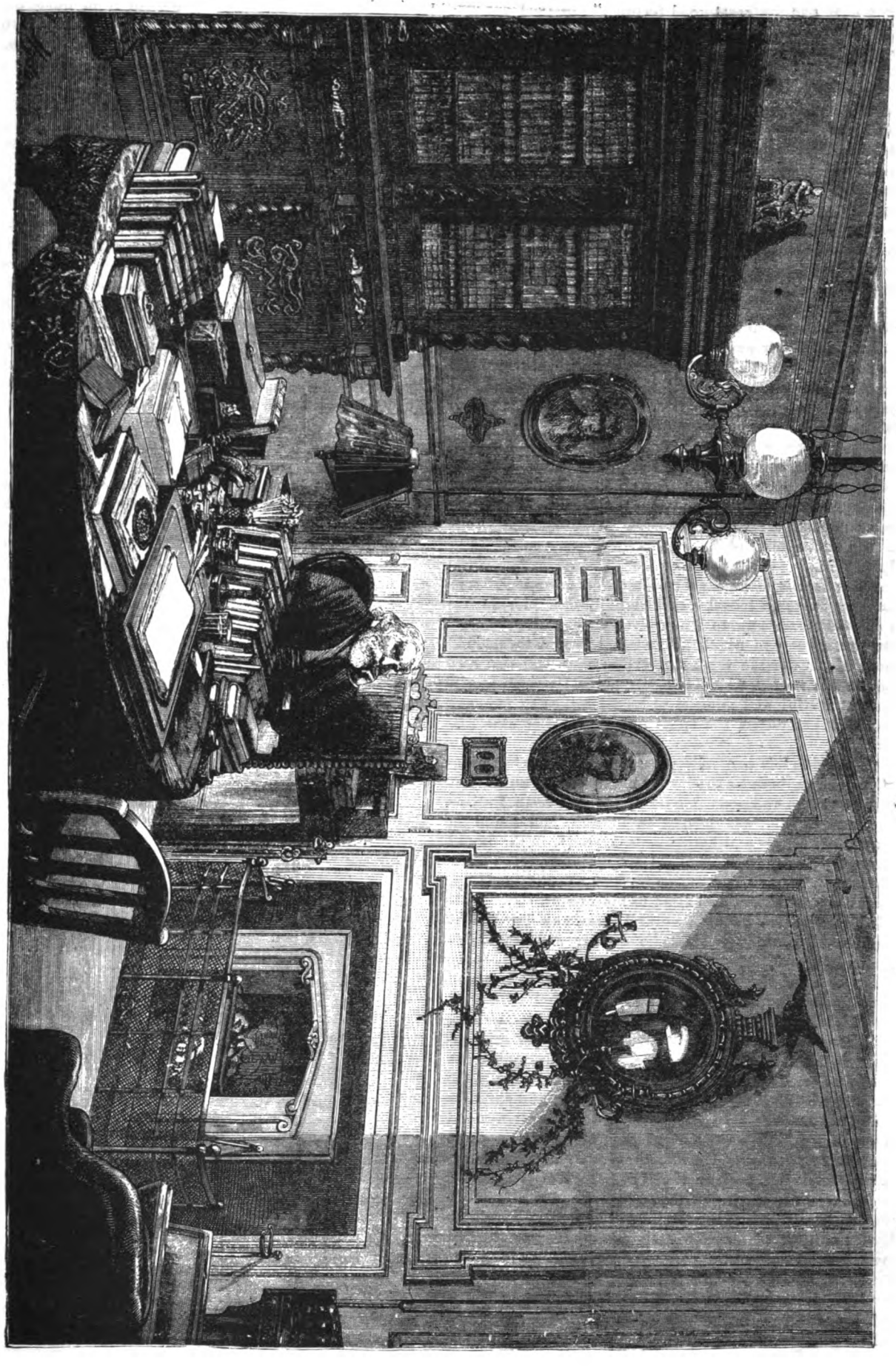
LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHPLACE, PORTLAND, MAINE.

Mr. Longfellow had no preference for any of his own works. "One may have a favorite child," he said, "but it is not so with me. If I possessed any leanings, they might go out toward the 'Golden Legend'; but I place 'Evangeline,' 'Hyperion' and the 'Golden Legend' in the same category. When I read some of the old songs, I recall the special atmosphere in which they were written, and I read them as though I were another man." Having asked him if any of his sonnets were composed under exceptional circumstances, he replied in the affirmative, stating that "The Two Angels" was written upon an occasion of joy and of sorrow, of pleasure and pain—joy, at the birth of his daughter; sorrow, upon the death of the wife of his friend Lowell, now Minister at St. James's.

Mr. Longfellow was of opinion that no young aspirant to literary fame should marry, unless he be possessed of an independence outside the realms of fiction. Something tangible, which would ease off the corroding anxiety for the Lares and Penates, the wife and child, that eats like a cancer, emasculating brain-work. Uneven writing is the inevitable outcome of struggling authorship—that ghastly conflict between the brain and bread-and-butter. A young *littérateur* should woo wisely and well, and build up a name, together with some weather-protection against the rainy day, ere he plunges into "wedded misery"; for such the poet was pleased to designate the condition of the impecunious *ménage*.

We accompanied Mr. Longfellow through the brave old house, rich in paneling and quaint coignes of vantage. In the library, the chamber formerly occupied by Washington's aides-de-camp, are two illustrations by Birkett Foster of "Hyperion."

LONGFELLOW'S RESIDENCE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



LONGFELLOW IN HIS STUDY.

"I have had the great good fortune," observed our distinguished *cicerone*, "to have my books illustrated by two masters, Gilbert and Birkett Foster, Gilbert doing the figures, Foster the landscapes."

Bookcases are scattered all through the mansion, in halls, in passages, in every available nook, all of the richly carved oak to which their owner was so much attached. In the apartment in which Washington slept the poet wrote "Hyperion," that true romance, that beaker of the wine of youth; also "Voices of the Night." The portrait of a Venetian Senator by Tintoretto, and a likeness of David, challenge attention, especally the former, the flesh tints being still wondrously luminous. A portrait of Liszt, the composer, is also included in Mr. Longfellow's collection.

Fain would we have lingered within the charms of the place, within the spell of the "Autumn fruitage of a mind eminent for the fragrance and luxuriance of its early blossoms, and whose golden Summer has not unbeseemed the promise of its Spring"; but the magic-wove hour had passed, and we were compelled, *bon gré mal gré*, to turn Bostonward.

Before parting Mr. Longfellow pointed out to us the quaint old mansion wherein the Baron Riedesel, commander of the Hessians, and his wife, were prisoners on parole subsequent to the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga; also the magnificent old elm beneath which Washington took command of the American army on the 3d of July, 1775.

"The fact is, I hate everything that is violent," said the poet to some friend who had been with him during a thunderstorm, and to whom he was excusing himself for the care with which he had endeavored to exclude from his house the tokens of the storm; and one sees this in his poetry, which is at its highest point when it is most restful, and is never so happy in its soft radiance as when it embodies the spirit of a playful or childlike humility.

"Hiawatha" is generally regarded as the most original of his poems, because the happy nature-myths which best expressed the religious genius of the American Indians appealed to what was deepest in himself, and found an exquisitely simple and harmonious utterance in the liquid accents of his childlike and yet not unstately verse. His material in "Hiawatha" was so fresh and poetical in itself, as well as so admirably suited to his genius, that in his mind it assumed its most natural form, and flowed into a series of chants of childlike dignity and inimitable grace.

The story of Nature has never been told with so much liquid gayety and melancholy—so much of the frolic of the childlike races, and so much of their sudden awe and dejection—as in "Hiawatha." One never takes it up without new delight in the singular simplicity and grace, the artless art and ingenuous vivacity, of that rendering of the traditions of a vanishing race. How simple and childlike Longfellow makes even the exaggerations so often found in these traditions, so that you enjoy, where you might so easily have sneered! How spontaneously he avoids anything like dissertation on the significance of the natural facts portrayed, leaving us the full story and poetry of impersonation, without any attempt to moralize or dilate upon its drift! How exquisitely the account of the first sowing and reaping of the Indian corn, of Hiawatha's revelation of agriculture to his people, is told in his three days' wrestling with Mondamin, in his conquest over him, and the sowing of the bare grain, that the green and yellow plumes of Mondamin may wave again over his grave! And how eerie is the tale of the first warning of spiritual truths, the return of spectres from beyond the grave to warn Hiawatha that for him, too, there are secrets which it will need a higher revelation than his to reveal:

"One dark evening, after sundown,
In her wigwam Laughing Water
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting
For the steps of Hiawatha
Homeward from the hunt returning.
On their faces gleamed the firelight,
Painting them with streaks of crimson,
In the eyes of old Nokomis
Glimmered like the watery moonlight,
In the eyes of Laughing Water,
Glistened like the sun in water;
And behind them crouched their shadows
In the corners of the wigwam,
And the smoke in wreaths above them
Climbed and crowded through the smoke-flue.
Then the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted;
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,
And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath,
As two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway uninvited,
Without word of salutation,
Without sign of recognition,
Sat down in the furthest corner,
Crouching low among the shadows.
From their aspect and their garments,
Strangers seemed they in the village;
Very pale and haggard were they,
As they sat there sad and silent,
Trembling, cowering with the shadows.
Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,
Muttering down into the wigwam?
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,
Hooting from the dismal forest?
Sure a voice said in the silence:
'These are corpses clad in garments,
These are ghosts that come to haunt you,
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter!'
Homeward now came Hiawatha
From his hunting in the forest,
With the snow upon his tresses,
And the red deer on his shoulders.
At the feet of Laughing Water
Down he threw his lifeless burden;
Nobler, handsomer she thought him,
Than when first he came to woo her;
First threw down the deer before her,
As a token of his wishes,
As a promise of the future.
Then he turned and saw the strangers,
Cowering, crouching with the shadows;
Said within himself, 'Who are they?
What strange guests has Minnehaha?'
But he questioned not the strangers,
Only spake to bid them welcome
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.
When the evening meal was ready,
And the deer had been divided,
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,
Springing from among the shadows
Seized upon the choicest portions,
Seized the white fat of the roebuck,
Set apart for Laughing Water,
For the wife of Hiawatha;
Without asking, without thanking,
Eagerly devoured the morsels,
Flitted back among the shadows
In the corner of the wigwam.
Not a word spake Hiawatha,
Not a motion made Nokomis,
Not a gesture Laughing Water;
Not a change came o'er their features;
Only Minnehaha softly
Whispered, saying, 'They are famished;
Let them do what best delights them;
Let them eat, for they are famished.'

* * * *

Once at midnight Hiawatha,
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,
In the wigwam dimly lighted
By the brands that still were burning,
By the glimmering, flickering firelight,
Heard a sighing, oft-repeated,
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.
From his couch rose Hiawatha,
From his shaggy hides of bison,
Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain,
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows
Sitting upright on their couches,
Weeping in the silent midnight.
And he said: 'O guests! why is it
That your hearts are so afflicted,
That you sob so in the midnight?
Has perchance the old Nokomis,
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,
Failed in hospitable duties?'
Then the shadows ceased from weeping,
Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,
And they said, with gentle voices:
'We are ghosts of the departed,
Souls of those who once were with you.
From the realms of Chibiabos
Hither have we come to try you,
Hither have we come to warn you,
Cries of grief and lamentation
Reach us in the Blessed Islands;
Cries of anguish from the living,
Calling back their friends departed,
Sadden us with useless sorrow.
Therefore have we come to try you;
No one knows us, no one heeds us.
We are but a burden to you,
And we see that the departed
Have no place among the living.
Think of this, O Hiawatha!
Speak of it to all the people,
That henceforward and for ever
They no more with lamentations
Sadden the souls of the departed
In the Islands of the Blessed.'"

There you see Longfellow at his best, rendering with a singular mixture of simplicity and dignity legends of which the very essence is a mixture of simplicity and dignity, yet a mixture so rare that the least false note would have destroyed the whole poetry of the tradition.

Longfellow, when his subject suits him, presents it with the simplicity of a really great classic, with all its points in relief, and with nothing of the self-conscious or artificial tone of one who wants to draw attention to the admirable insight with which he has grasped the situation. He can be very conventional, when the subject is conventional. When it is not, but is intrinsically poetical, no one gives us its poetry more free from the impertinences of subjective ecstasy than he.

He was a singularly restful, singularly simple-minded, and—whenever his subject suited him, as in one very considerable and remarkable instance it certainly did—a singularly classical poet, who knew how to prune away every excrescence of irrelevant emotion.

The Massachusetts Historical Society preserve vivid recollections of two charming meetings with their fellow-member, Longfellow. He accepted the membership to which he had been elected in December, 1857. Those who were associates in it twenty-five years ago will recall two signal occasions delightfully associated with his presence and speech. The one was a special meeting to which he invited the Society at his own residence, at Washington's headquarters, in Cambridge, on June 17th, 1858. There was much of charming and instructive interest in the scenes and associations of the occasion, added to the communications made by several members full of historic information freshly related from original sources. The host himself was silent, save as by his genial greeting and warm hospitality he welcomed his grateful guests. The other marked occasion was also at a special meeting of the society, held in December, 1859, at the house of Mr. Sears. The meeting was devoted to tributes of respect and affection for Washington Irving, from many who had shared his most intimate friendship. Mr. Longfellow gave hearty and delicate expression to his regard for Irving, while Everett, Felton, Colonel Aspinwall, Prescott, and Dr. Holmes, contributed their offerings to the memory of that admired author.

We suppose that if the great multitude of readers were to render a decision as to which of Longfellow's poems they most valued, the "Psalm of Life" would command the largest number. This is a brief homily enforcing the great truths of duty and of our relation to the Eternal and Invisible. Next in order would very probably come "Excelsior," a poem that springs upward like a flame and carries the soul up with it in its aspiration for the unattainable ideal. If this sounds like a trumpet-call to the fiery energies of youth, not less does the still small voice of that most sweet and tender poem, "Resignation," appeal to the sensibilities of those who have lived long enough to have known the bitterness of such a bereavement as that out of which grew the poem. Or take a poem before referred to, "The Old Clock on the Stairs," and in it we find the history of innumerable households told in relating the history of one, and the solemn burden of the song repeats itself to thousands of listening readers as if the beat of the pendulum were throbbing at the head of every staircase. Such poems as these—and there are many more of not unlike character—are the foundation of that universal acceptance his writings obtain among all classes. But for these appeals to universal sentiment his readers would have been confined to a comparatively small circle of educated and refined readers.

There are thousands and tens of thousands who are familiar with what we might call his household poems who have never read "The Spanish Student," "The Golden Legend," "Hiawatha," or even "Evangeline." Again, ask the first schoolboy you meet which of Longfellow's poems he likes best, and he will be very likely to answer, "Paul Revere's Ride." When he is a few years older he might perhaps say, 'The Building of the Ship," that admirably constructed poem, beginning with the literal description, passing into the higher region of sentiment by the most natural of transitions, and ending with the noble climax:

"Thou, too, sail on, thou ship of state,"

which has become the classical expression of patriotic emotion.

Nothing lasts like a coin and a lyric. Long after the dwellings of men have disappeared, when their temples are in ruins and all their works of art are shattered, the plowman strikes an earthen vessel holding the golden and silver disks on which the features of a dead monarch, with emblems, it may be, betraying the beliefs or the manners, the rudeness or the finish of art and all which this implies, surviving an extinct civilization. Pope has expressed this with his usual Horatian felicity in the letter to Addison on the publication of his little "Treatise on Coins"—

"A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold."

Conquerors and conquered sink in common oblivion; triumphal arches, pageants the world wonders at, all that

trumpeted itself as destined to an earthly immortality pass away, the victor of a hundred battles is dust, the parchments or papyrus on which his deeds were written are shriveled and decayed and gone—

"And all his triumphs shrink into a coin."

So it is with a lyric poem. One happy utterance of some emotion or expression which comes home to all may keep a name remembered when the race to which the singer belonged exists no longer. The cradle-song of Danaë to her infant, as they tossed on the waves in the imprisoning chest, has made the name of Simonides immortal. Our own English literature abounds with instances that illustrate the same fact so far as the experience of a few generations extends. Some of the shorter poems of Longfellow must surely reach a remote posterity, and be considered then, as now, ornaments to English literature. We may compare them with the best short poems of the language without fearing that they will suffer. Scott, cheerful, wholesome, unreflective, should be read in the open air. Byron, the poet of malcontents and cynics, in a prison cell; Burns, generous, impassioned, manly, social, in the tavern hall; Moore, elegant, fastidious, full of melody, scented with the volatile perfume of the Eastern gardens, in which his fancy reveled, is pre-eminently the poet of the drawing-room and the piano; Longfellow, thoughtful, musical, home-loving, busy with the lessons of life, which he was ever studying, and loved to teach others, finds his charmed circle of listeners by the fireside. His songs, which we might almost call sacred ones, rarely, if ever, get into the hymn-books. They are too broadly human to suit the specialized tastes of the sects, which often think more of their differences from each other than of the common ground on which they can agree. Shall we think less of our poet because he aimed in his verse not simply to please, but also to impress some elevating thought on the minds of his readers? The Psalms of King David are burning with religious devotion, and full of weighty counsel, but they are not less valued, certainly, than the poems of Omar Khayam, which cannot be accused of too great a tendency to find a useful lesson in their subject. Dennis, the famous critic, found fault with the "Rape of the Lock" because it had no moral. It is not *necessary* that a poem should carry a moral, any more than that a picture of a Madonna should always be an altar-piece. The poet himself is the best judge of that in each particular case.

ILLUSTRATION TO LONGFELLOW'S POEM "THE TWO ANGELS."

No poet knew better than Longfellow how to impress a moral without seeming to preach. Didactic verse, as such, is no doubt a formidable visitation, but a cathedral has its lesson to teach as well as a schoolhouse. These beautiful medallions of verse which Longfellow has left us might possibly be found fault with as conveying too much useful and elevating truth in their legends; having the unartistic aim of being serviceable, as well as delighting by their beauty. Let us leave such comment to the critics, who cannot handle a golden coin fresh from the mint without clipping its edges and stamping their own initials on its face.

He has not been untimely taken. His life was "prolonged with many years, happy and famous." Death came to him in good season, or ever the golden bowl was broken, or the pitcher broken at the cistern. Desire had but lately failed. Life was fair to him almost to its end. On his seventy-fourth birthday a little more than a year ago, with his family and a few friends round his dinner-

table, he said, "There seems to me a mistake in the order of the years. I can scarcely believe that the four should not precede the seven."

But in the year that followed he experienced the pains and languor and weariness of age. There was no complaint—the sweetness of his nature was invincible.

"On one of the last times that I saw him," says Professor Norton, "as I entered his familiar study on a beautiful afternoon of this past Winter, I said to him, 'I hope this is a good day for you.' He replied, with a pleasant smile, 'Ah! there are no good days now.' Happily the evil days were not to be many."

The accord between the character and life of Mr. Longfellow and his poems was complete. His poetry touched the hearts of his readers because it was the sincere expression of his own. The sweetness, the gentleness, the grace, the purity, the humanity of his verse were the image of his own soul. But beautiful and ample as this expression of himself was, it fell short of the truth. The man was better than the poet.

Intimate, however, as was the concord between the poet and his poetry, there was much in him to which he never gave utterance in words. He was a man of deep reserves. He kept the holy of holies within himself, sacred and secluded. Seldom does he admit his readers to even its outward precincts. The deepest experiences of life are too sacred to be shared with any one whatsoever. "There are things of which I may not speak," he says in one of the most personal of his poems.

"Whose hand shall dare to open and explore
Those volumes closed and clasped for evermore?
Not mine. With reverential feet I pass."

ILLUSTRATION TO LONGFELLOW'S POEM, "THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH."

It was the felicity of Mr. Longfellow to share the sentiment and emotion of his coevals, and to succeed in giving to them their apt poetic expression. It was not by depth of thought or by original views of nature that he won his place in the world's regard; but it was by sympathy with the feelings common to good men and women everywhere, and by the simple, direct, sincere and delicate expression of them, that he gained the affection of mankind.

LAST SCENE OF LONGFELLOW'S "EVANGELINE."

He was fortunate in the time of his birth. He grew up in the morning of our republic. He shared in the cheerfulness of the early hour, in its hopefulness, its confidence. The years of his youth and early manhood coincided with an exceptional moment of national life, in which a prosperous and unembarrassed democracy was learning its own capacities, and was beginning to realize its large and novel resources; in which the order of society was still simple and humane.

He became, more than any one else, the voice of this epoch of national progress, an epoch of unexampled prosperity for the masses of mankind in our New World, prosperity from which sprang a sense, more general and deeper than had ever before been felt, of human kindness and brotherhood. But even to the prosperous, life brings its inevitable burden. Trial, sorrow, misfortune, are not to be escaped by the happiest of men. The deepest experiences of each individual are the experiences common to the whole race.

And it is this double aspect of American life—its novel and happy conditions, with the genial spirit resulting from them, and at the same time its subjection to the old, absolute, universal laws of existence—that finds its mirror and manifestation in Longfellow's poetry. He was a national poet in the fullest sense, and therefore a universal poet.

No one can read his poetry without a conviction of the simplicity, tenderness, gentleness and humanity of the poet. And those who were his friends know how these qualities shone in his daily conversation. Praise, applause, flattery—and no man ever was exposed to more of

them—never touched him to harm him. He walked through their flames unscathed, as Dante through the fires of purgatory. His modesty was perfect. He accepted the praise as he would have accepted any other pleasant gift—glad of it as an expression of goodwill, but without personal elation. Indeed, he had too much of it, and often in an absurd form, not to become at times weary of what his own fame and virtues brought upon him. But his kindliness did not permit him to show his weariness to those who did but burden him with their admiration. It was the penalty of his genius, and he accepted it with the pleasantest temper and a humorous resignation. Bores of all nations, especially of our own, persecuted him. His long-suffering patience was a wonder to his friends. It was, in truth, the sweetest charity. No man was ever before so kind to these moral mendicants. One day Professor Norton ventured to remonstrate with him on his endurance of the persecutions of one of the worst of the class, who to lack of modesty added lack of honesty—a wretched creature—and when the professor had done, he looked at him with a pleasant, reproving, humorous glance, and said, "Charles, who would be kind to him if I were not?" It was enough.

He was the most gracious of men in his own home; he was fond of the society of his friends, and the company that gathered in his study or round his table took its tone from his own genial, liberal, cultivated and refined nature.

On the Sunday previous to his departure he strolled upon the piazza to enjoy the open air. The rawness of the March winds affected him with chillness which brought on an attack of vomiting in the evening. Sunday night he slept under the influence of opiates, and was more comfortable on Monday. On Monday evening his malady assumed a dangerous character, yet after that he again rallied. An increase of inflammation Thursday night induced partial unconsciousness, which recurred at intervals Friday morning. With a return of consciousness he knew his end was near. Pain was now nearly absent. He talked very little, and for an hour before death became again unconscious. He died easily and peacefully, surrounded by his family.

"His soul to Him who gave it, rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And though the (poet's) sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest."

Funeral services were held at the Longfellow mansion on Sunday afternoon. The remains were laid in a plain casket covered with broadcloth embossed with black ornaments. On the top were placed two long palm-leaves crossed, and the casket was encircled with a rim of the passion-flower vine, bearing the beautiful blossom. The silver plate had this inscription:

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BORN, FEBRUARY 27, 1807.

Died, March 24, 1882.

The brother, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, conducted the services, making a short prayer and reading the following selections from Mr. Longfellow's poems. The first selection was from the "Golden Legend":

"Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me.
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,
And you will have another friend in heaven.
Then start not at the creaking of the door
Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it."

The second selection was the poem entitled "Suspiria":

"Take them, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image stamped upon this clay,
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

"Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves.

"Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust!"

The third selection was:

"All is of God! If he but wave his hand
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

"Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messenger to shut the door?"

His verse, his fame, are henceforth the precious possessions of the people whom he loved so well. They will be among the effective instruments in shaping the future character of the nation. His spirit will continue to soften, to refine, to elevate the hearts of men. He will be the beloved friend of future generations as he has been of his own. His desire will be gratified—

"And in your life let my remembrance linger,
As something not to trouble and disturb it,
But to complete it, adding life to life.
And if at times, beside the evening fire
You see my face among the other faces,
Let it not be regarded as a ghost
That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you,
Nay, even as one of your own family,
Without whose presence there were something wanting."

A STRANGE BETROTHAL.

By M. C. Hungerford.

There was not, in all of Galshielshire, a sweeter, bonnier lass than Alice Browne. So thought John Carr in his secret heart, as he toiled up the hill upon whose crown she stood like a young queen, waiting for him, and watching his slow ascent with none of the lovelight in her eyes that would once have bid him bound like a deer to her side. Faithless in act had he been to her, and unworthy of her loving he knew himself to be; but his soul acknowledged her superiority to all other women, and he thrilled with the fear of losing her, as he furtively read her calm, disdainful face.

It was a distant greeting that passed between the two when at last they were together, and then, for a while, there was uncomfortable silence. He would rather have borne reproaches from her than this scornful, expressive dumbness; and beneath the coldness of her clear, accusing eyes he shrank, and found himself unable to utter the fair words of explanation he had flattered himself would make all smooth between them again. All the winsome speeches, coined before he met her, flew from his mind now in her stern presence; but silence was endurable no longer, so, with averted eyes, he broke into a blundering, shamefaced attempt at apology for the conduct which had vexed her.

"I am not vexed," said Alice, with slow coldness.

"My own true lass!" exclaimed John Carr, springing

to her side, with the gloom lifting swiftly from his face.

"Nay," she commanded, restraining him by a gesture, as he would have taken her in his arms. "If ye cannot see without telling that things are not the same between us two, then I must say some words to you that happen ye'll care little to hear."

"I was hoping you had forgiven me, Alice," said her lover, humbly enough.

"And why should I forgive you?"

"Only because of the goodness that is in you. But come, Alice, lass," John continued, pleadingly, "dinnot be so hard on a first transgression. I cannot let you say all's over between us, if that is what you mean, till you've given me another chance."

"Listen to me, John," said the girl, drawing her lithe young figure up to its full height and speaking, this time more sadly than coldly, "I am not vexed nor angered with you, but oh! so grieved, so grieved. I am not blaming you, either. It was my own blindness that could not see you were not what I thought you. I think I must have believed you were just what I used to wish you to be, and it's a sore thing now to feel I was mistaken."

"But let me explain," interrupted John. "Must I be condemned without even a hearing, just because of a little flirting that I don't say was quite right with that sly Jennie Inglis, who's always thrusting her bold face in a fellow's sight. Supposing I did wear her bit of a blue ribbon in my coat at the fair, 'twas herself pulled the snood from her hair and tied it upon me, daring me to leave it be till the night was out. I meant nothing by it, and last night I took her home from the singing-school because it did not seem like a civil thing in a man to leave a poor lassie to wend off alone through the trees."

"She might have bided in if she saw no way to get home again without calling one out of his way to take her there," said the other, with some asperity "I am not blaming you for giving protection to any woman that needs it; neither was it a great walk for you; but there's been plenty to tell me that it was near to dawn before you came back from that little walk."

"There's aye plenty to fling a stone at poor Jennie," said John, reddening; "and your gossips maybe told you more than there was to tell."

"I'm not heeding what they told me. I think no worse of Jennie or of you now than when I met you with her last Sunday at dusk, winding the pretty rings of her hair whilst you listened to her lilting with the same smile on your face that was very dear to me till I saw it given to another."

"I wish I'd never seen her foolish face or listed to her senseless chatter," said John, angrily.

"Don't abuse the girl. She only follows her nature, and I think," said Alice, reflectively, "that you follow yours. I am not angered or jealous, as you seem to think, and I forgive you freely."

"Then why will you break your troth? Try me once more, and let all go on as it was before," urged John, eagerly.

She shook her head sadly.

"Nay, I must break it, for all the old love in my heart for you is dead; and when I sent for you, John Carr, it was to tell you so, and to give you these."

She laid in his hand as she spoke a little packet which held the few trinkets he had given her. A silver thimble, a little gold ring, a knot of scarlet ribbons—they had lain on her breast—and the half of a broken sixpence—he knew where its mate was hiding.

Even if her words had not told him of a decision from which there was no appeal, the returned gifts would have signified that their love-story was over.

Deep down in his heart was he sorry with such sorrow as became a man who loses a woman like Alice Browne. Perhaps he could not have analyzed the feeling that made him stand with the unfolded packet in his hand, gazing after her with no attempt to follow, as she walked slowly away from him down the hillside to the river-bank where her homeward path lay.

No vain regrets for the past, or mourning over a broken dream, made Alice neglectful of duty; bravely she went on in the dull routine of her daily life, in the little cottage where she lived alone with her grandmother.

Prying eyes that watched her closely saw her grow paler, sadder, and more slender, and gossiping tongues said that she wore the willow for a lover that had played her false.

She let them talk, but kept her secret well, and none ever knew that she herself had given her trothplight back to John Carr, and set him free unasked.

All day the ceaseless hum of her spinning-wheel drowned her sad thoughts, but in the gloaming, while granny dozed peacefully within the room, a strange loneliness used to fall upon Alice as she sat alone upon the little porch, mourning for her lost love, perhaps, but not for her lost lover. Having found her idol clay of the meaner sort, he could hold his place in her heart no longer.

Before John Carr had won the heart he knew so little how to value, Stephen Grahame had loved Alice with a steadfast devotion that he humbly waited for fitting opportunity to tell of. Loyally, then, he buried the secret of his love in his own breast when his friend bade him wish him joy—prayed honestly for their happiness, and strove to conquer his hopeless love.

When he saw the careless lover's fickle fancy caught by Jennie's pretty, foolish face, he was too noble to feel a throb of joy and hope that Alice might still be left for him, but rather a strong pang of sympathy for the sorrow that he knew would be hers when she discovered the unworthiness of her lover.

He never knew exactly when the revelation came, but that she was no longer plighted to his friend her looks and actions told him plainly. Then, most unobtrusively, after a time, he offered her humble, quiet attentions that were almost unconsciously accepted.

She did not even know that she watched for him, but the evenings when he came not to linger by the porch after some small errand invented for an excuse, grew to be the saddest and dullest of all. He spoke at last, too soon, one wiser in that strange study—the heart of woman—might have told him; but his own heart drove him on, and he told her of the long-repressed love that he had borne for her since the time when he, a great boy then, had seen her with her pale, sick mother, who came home to die and leave her poor, pretty girl-bairn to old grandmother's care.

It was a sore pain to Alice then that she could give no hope to this fond true lover, who only asked leave to have her for his wife if she could even bear the constant sight of him, and would trust to time and the fervor of his own devotion to win some small return at last.

But she told him sadly and frankly, that although she knew she had wasted her love on an unworthy object, her heart was dead within her, and never again could it quicken to love or lover.

* * * * * * *

Blithely dawned the day of Selkirk Fair, which also was to be the wedding-day of John Carr and Jennie Inglis;

LONGFELLOW.—THE POET LAID TO REST IN MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.— SEE PAGE 740.

and it came none too soon, said evil-tongued Rumor, to save the light-headed bride's fair fame. Fair was the weather, but such goes aye before mirk say those who ken the sky.

After the noon, black blotches of storm-clouds began to scud across the heavens, and innocent-looking cloudlets that were white and fleecy as lamb's wool when the sun was high, knitted themselves together and hung low and threatening in inky blackness as it sank below the hills. The day that began so fairly would end in storm; and it behooved the Selkirk people to be stirring if they would sleep at home that night.

Alice Browne left the scene of festivity early and alone. Her life of late had been much within herself; and now, having come out to give the lie to the unkind story that she was dying of a broken heart, she was glad of an excuse to escape from the curious eyes that watched her.

"Is it safe to cross?" she asked the ferryman, as she glanced timidly at the formidable waves that raged against the bank.

"Ay, safe enough," was the answer. "With no weight than thine, the little boat will skim over as dry as a gull."

Alice seated herself in the stern, and the boatman feathered his oars for his task.

"Hold, man, hold!" cried a breathless voice. "Wait, can't ye? Here's a dozen more fares for ye!"

Another moment and John Carr, with his wedding-party, were in the boat, in spite of the ferryman's protestations against the overloading.

"Light hearts are light weight," laughed they, and the last-comer, as he sprang in, shot the receding boat far out from the shore.

Alice, muffled in her cloak, passed unrecognized, as she wished, by the gay party, who sang, jested and frolicked as if they were still on the fair-ground, tossing off the overstrong brew, and not separated only by a frail plank from the fiercely raging flood.

"Sit still for your lives!" shouted the boatman, sternly, as his little craft, laden to the water's edge, quivered from stem to stern with the strain of their movements.

Too late the warning. Even while the words of alarm fell unheeded upon their ears, the fragile vessel capsized, and those so lately full of reckless merriment were battling for life in the black, swift-running current.

A STRANGE BETROTHAL.—"THE FRAGILE VESSEL CAPSIZED, AND THOSE SO LATELY FULL OF RECKLESS MERRIMENT WERE BATTLING FOR LIFE IN THE BLACK, SWIFT-RUNNING CURRENT."—SEE PAGE 750.

Besides Alice, there had been one other silent member of the ill-starred party, like her—with them, but not of them. He, as he rose to the surface after the first sudden plunge, struck out with strong arms to gain an oar which floated near. A fortunate wave tossed it within his reach, and he had extended his arm to seize it when a hand grasped his wrist with paralyzing clutch.

"Woman!" he exclaimed, hoarsely, too manly even in the grasp of death to shake her off, "if you cling to me we are both lost."

"Farewell, then, Stephen," said the gentle voice of Alice Browne, as she instantly loosened her hold upon his arm, only to find herself seized upon, as Stephen recognized her voice at the first syllable.

"God help you, Alice! are you here? Hold fast, my darling! I will save you, or perish with you."

"Come life or come death, I will cling to you," said Alice, gaspingly.

He moved her hands to a position where her weight would hamper him the least, and, nerved by the new hope that sank into his heart, struck out bravely, and fought with the black flood for her dear life and his. Again the oar was dashed within his reach, and, with its support, by vigorous effort, gained the shore in safety with his precious burden.

The rescued pair sank exhausted upon the bank, with hearts united in a mute prayer of thankfulness.

The silence that fell upon them Alice broke by saying, as she raised her solemn, beautiful eyes to his:

"I thought never to wed, Stephen, but the words spoken while the death-agony was upon me, I will not take back with the first breath of life, that is so much sweeter now than before I was so nigh to losing it. I will, indeed, cling to you in life as I did just now in the death-struggle."

There is no need to tell that the outstretched hand was not refused, and the betrothal of the rescued on the bank was consummated later in the holy kirk.

John Carr and his bride rest together; their nuptial couch is of sedge, and the Tweed ever murmurs restlessly above them. The children of Alice and Stephen Grahame yet live; but the head of the youngest is frosted with the snows of age.

Never was a happier marriage than theirs, and often was it spoken of in the country round as "the good that comes by chance." Chance, however, is but the way in which some people spell Providence.

The ferry has long since given place to a bridge. Where it landed of old stands a simple stone cross, the cenotaph of the hapless party whose bodies never were found.

Ask the villagers its origin, and some old crone to tell you, in a dialect which it were hopeless to attempt to reproduce, the story of the "Strange Betrothal."

A PIECE OF AMBER.

By F. W. Rudler, F.G.S.

Nothing would seem to be easier than to decide, off-hand, whether any natural object which happens to fall under our notice should be classed in the animal, in the vegetable, or in the mineral kingdom. Yet the student of natural science soon finds that these so-called "kingdoms of nature," instead of being sharply separated, one from another, are surrounded by frontiers of a very unscientific character. The wall that was supposed to form an impassable barrier turns out, upon close inspection, to be the frailest possible fence, which, with the advance of knowledge, has to be broken down first at one point and then at another. So intimate is the connection between the animal and vegetable worlds, that it occasionally becomes a nice question to determine whether a given organism should find its place in the one sphere or the other, or should not rather occupy a neutral border-land between the two.

But surely no such difficulty can possibly arise in the case of minerals! In the mineral world we come in contact with bodies which not only have never possessed life, but, so far as we can judge, have been produced without the operation of any living agency. Nevertheless, the mineralogist is not altogether free from embarrassment. Like the zoologist and the botanist, he finds it impossible to draw a hard and fast line around the objects of his study, and there are times when he is perplexed to know whether he should, or should not, include a given substance in the mineral kingdom. Take, for instance, a piece of *amber*. Is it to be called a mineral or not?

A piece of amber is so familiar an object that it is needless to occupy a single line in describing its appearance or its properties. If we have not often seen the amber in its rough state, we at least know it well enough when worked into ornamental forms. The string of amber beads, or the mouthpiece of the meerschaum pipe, will furnish specimens to be found in almost every household. So beautiful a substance is naturally claimed as an ornamental stone by all writers upon gems; it is described in our standard treatises on mineralogy, and it figures in every mineralogical system. Moreover, in some parts of the world the amber is dug out of the earth, and even systematically mined for, just as any other mineral substance might be worked. All this looks very much as though we should be justified in regarding amber as a true mineral. And yet it needs but a slight examination of the body to suggest that the relations of amber lie rather among vegetable products than in the mineral world.

If we are in doubt about the nature of any given substance, the safest course is to look for some other substance, of known origin, which resembles it so closely that a comparison may be fairly made between the two bodies. In this way we may be able to argue from that which is known to that which is unknown, and such an argument from analogy is perfectly legitimate in any scientific inquiry. Let us, then, seek for some amber-like substance, of whose nature and origin we really do know something, in order that our knowledge of this body may throw light upon the history of a piece of amber.

When it is required to produce an imitation of amber, the manufacturer does not substitute any other mineral substance, or even a piece of yellow glass, but he has recourse to some of those resinous bodies which are brought into this country for the use of the varnish-maker. The favorite substitute for amber is either *copal* or *gum animé*. Samples of these bodies may be obtained at any dry-salter's, and on placing them by the side of a piece of amber the similarity is unmistakable. In color and lustre, in transparency and refractive power, in hardness and density, they run so close together that it often requires a good judge to distinguish between them, especially if the specimens happen to be polished. The amber, it is true, is rather harder, and less brittle, so that it is more easily worked in the lathe; but such differences escape superficial observation.

Moreover, these resinous substances agree with amber in being fusible and combustible bodies, and in being capable of solution in the same liquids. Amber varnish, for example, may be made by dissolving amber in hot oil and oil of turpentine; and in like manner copal varnish may be made with the same solvents. Again, the chemist finds on analysis that the amber, the copal and the animé have, speaking broadly, the same ultimate composition. All these bodies contain only the three elements called carbon, hydrogen and oxygen—elements which are not characteristic constituents of minerals, but are, on the contrary, extremely common in vegetable products.

In fact, the copal and the animé are known to be resinous bodies which have exuded from certain trees. In many parts of the world the formation of these bodies may be witnessed in the forests, just as the exudation of gum from a plum-tree may be witnessed in our own garden. Knowing, then, the vegetable origin of copal, we may fairly suspect a similar origin for amber. And this suspicion is converted into something like certainty when we examine the subject more narrowly.

On looking over a large number of pieces of amber, we

may occasionally find one which incloses fragments of vegetable matter, such as a bit of bark or a morsel of a leaf. Some fine examples of these vegetable inclosures are represented in Fig. 2. More frequently, however, the included bodies are the remains of insects and spiders, sometimes in a singularly beautiful state of preservation. A few typical forms are shown in Fig. 3.

The "fly in amber" has come to be a proverbial expression, and has furnished the poet with many a metaphor. How such an object got into the amber is not more puzzling than the famous problem as to how the apple got inside the dumpling. The enigma is immediately solved by examining a number of pieces of copal and animé, for in some of these we may be sure to find inclosures of almost the same kind. In the case of these resins, it is clear that the substance when in a liquid state flowed over the surface of the tree from which it was exuded, and having entangled any little insect which happened to be within reach, slowly hardened around it, and thus sealed it up in a delicately-tinted, transparent shrine. Exactly the same kind of action explains the origin of the flies in amber. They likewise must have been entrapped when the enveloping substance was in a liquid condition; and we infer that the liquid amber when first poured out must have been of a tolerably thin consistency, since it has allowed the most delicate parts of the insect to be preserved in an almost uninjured condition. The occasional presence of a wing or a joint of the leg at some distance from the body of the insect tells of the hopeless struggle which the imprisoned creature must have made to free itself from the viscous medium in which it was destined to be entombed.

So plentiful are such organic remains in association with some of our modern resins, that animé is said to have obtained its name from this circumstance; *gum animé* being an animated gum. Incidentally it may be remarked that the term *gum* should be restricted to such bodies as are soluble in water, or are at least softened by it, while the term *resin* is reserved for those bodies which are not affected by water. Many natural exudations are mixtures of substances belonging to the two classes, and are therefore termed *gum-resins*. If the natural resin, as it flows from the tree, be mixed, not with gum, but with oil, the product is then known as a *balsam*.

It thus appears that resinous exudations are not necessarily definite chemical compounds, but are to be regarded, in most cases, as mixed bodies of variable composition. Such, too, is the case with amber. A careful chemical study of this material shows that, so far from being a simple resin, it contains two or three distinct kinds of resinous bodies, with a small proportion of certain other constituents, such as an acid called succinic acid.

One of these resins, however, is dominant, forming nearly nine-tenths of the amber, and this principal constituent has been isolated by Professor Dana as a distinct mineral species to which he has given the name of *succinite*. The amber itself cannot in strictness be regarded as a true species, inasmuch as it is a mixed body, and the scientific notion of a mineral species carries with it the idea of homogeneity, or uniformity of composition. A mixture of minerals is, generally speaking, a *rock*, and not a *mineral species*.

Succinum, from which the specific term "succinite" is derived, was the Latin word for amber, and this alone is sufficient to show that even the Romans connected it with *succus*, the juice or sap or exudation of a tree. In fact, the occurrence of organic remains enveloped in amber was much too striking a fact to be overlooked by any one who had much to do with the material, while the significance of these remains was easily understood, even by unscientific observers. Pliny's account of the origin of amber is sufficiently accurate, and even the myths of the ancient poets are not altogether destitute of foundation. According to the Greek legend, amber was the petrified tears shed by the sisters of Phaeton, who were transformed into poplar-trees while bewailing their brother's death. The idea of a vegetable exudation evidently lies at the root of this legend.

Although several resins closely resembling amber are produced at the present day, it can scarcely be said that any true amber is now in course of formation. The trees which yielded amber flourished during part of the Tertiary period, but have long since become extinct. The resinous substance which they produced became embedded in the earth, and in course of time gradually hardened; hence amber is best described as a *fossil resin*. Literally, the term "fossil" signifies something which is "dug up," the word being derived from the Latin verb *fodio*, "to dig." It was accordingly used by old writers to designate anything in the shape of a mineral substance, such as a piece of iron-ore; but in modern science the term has become conveniently restricted to denote the remains of some organism, dug out of the earth in a more or less mineralized condition, and generally representing some form of life which has become extinct. We speak, for example, of a fossil shell or a fossil coral, and in like manner we may refer to amber as a fossil resin. Such fossil resins, notwithstanding their organic origin, are admitted by courtesy into the mineral kingdom. They mark the meeting-point where the mineralogist and the botanist stand on common ground.

Mineralogists are acquainted with a large series of fossil resins, but amber is the only one of any commercial importance. Thus, during the excavations for Highgate Archway, there was found in the London clay a honey-yellow resin which has been called *Copalite*, *fossil copal*, or *Highgate resin*. It should be noted, however, that the term "fossil copal" has also been applied to the East African copal of the present day. For it is remarkable that much of this resin is found at depth of two or three feet beneath the surface, in districts near Zanzibar, where there is not at the present day a single copal-tree. So again the dammar resin, secreted by the kowrie-pine of New Zealand, is often found embedded in the ground. Such resins may perhaps be best termed *semi-fossil*; they differ essentially from amber and from other resins which are truly fossil, inasmuch as they are the products of trees now living, while the amber-trees are altogether extinct.

It was shown many years ago by Professor Goeppert, of Breslau, that the amber-yielding trees must have been closely allied to the pine-trees of the present day. Pieces of wood, more or less altered, are occasionally found in such intimate association with the amber as to prove beyond doubt that they represent the very trees which yielded the fossil resin. The amber is found attached to the wood, or penetrating between the wood and the bark, or even between the rings of the stem which indicate annual growth. Fig. 4 shows the characteristic microscopic structure of the wood of the amber-tree. The principal tree has been termed by Goeppert *Pinites succinifer*. Other trees, however, no doubt contributed to the production of the resin. These amber-trees, as we learn by studying associated remains, were accompanied by various species of oak, beech, birch, willow, camphor-trees, ferns and other plants, mostly belonging, however, to species which are no longer living, and thus indicating the remote antiquity of the amber flora.

As to the animal remains which are enshrined in amber,

these consist of just such creatures as we might expect to find creeping over the trunks of trees in the amber forests. They are chiefly insects, spiders and small crustaceans, like wood-lice. It is not surprising that the spiders are especially numerous, inasmuch as these creatures would be found dwelling beneath the bark, or seated on the surface of the tree in such positions as to be readily overwhelmed by the flowing amber. A piece of a bird's feather has been recorded among the inclosures in amber, but it need scarcely be said that specimens with small fish and even frogs, such as are occasionally offered for sale as remarkable curiosities, and are often figured in old works on natural history, are nothing but artificial productions. A suitable piece of amber is skillfully hollowed out into a cavity upon its under side, and into this cavity the organism is introduced; the orifice is then so neatly sealed up that the mode of insertion is not detected by an unpracticed eye. It is worth noting that two pieces of amber may readily be united by smearing the surfaces with linseed-oil, and pressing them together while warm. In like manner, it is merely necessary to steep the amber in hot oil in order to soften it, so that it may be bent into almost any desired shape.

FIG. 1.— A LIZARD IMPRISONED IN A PIECE OF AMBER.

Looking at the geographical distribution of amber, it is clear that the extinct trees which yielded this resin must have flourished over a very wide area; while the vast quantity of amber which has for so many ages been obtained from the Baltic coast indicates the local luxuriance of the amber-pines.

All over the wide plains of North Germany amber may be found, in association with the lignites of the Tertiary series; but its principal locality is on the Prussian shores of the Baltic Sea, especially between Dantzig and Memel. There it is found in the "amber-earth," which is a loose clayey sandstone presenting, when fresh, a bluish color, whence it is also termed "blue earth." The position of the principal amber-bearing bed, in relation to the overlying strata, is shown in Fig. 5. From the presence of sharks' teeth and other fossils in this blue earth, it is evident that the bed is of marine formation; while the dull and worn surface of the nodules of amber which it contains naturally leads to the supposition that the pieces of resin must have been rolled about on the shore or washed by the sea before they became embedded in this sandy deposit. The amber-beds belong to that division of the Tertiary series which is known as the Miocene.

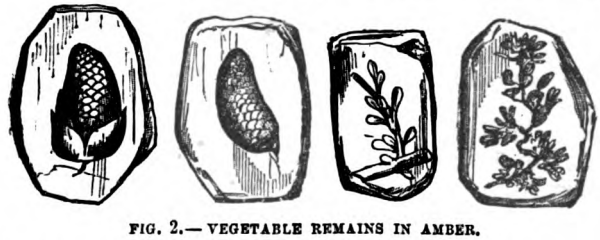


FIG. 2.— VEGETABLE REMAINS IN AMBER.

The chief, if not the only, locality where amber is systematically worked by underground excavations, is at Palmnicken, in the peninsula of Samland, in Eastern Prussia. The earth from these mines is brought to the surface and carefully washed, when the pieces of amber are picked out and sorted for the market. At many points along the Pomeranian and Prussian shores of the Baltic the amber is dug from the soil or picked from the cliffs. Sometimes the amber-gatherers explore the face of the cliffs in boats, and detach the amber by means of long poles. Others, again, merely collect the pieces which are cast ashore by the sea. The waves beating upon the cliffs, or tearing up the deep-seated beds, wash out the masses of amber. After a storm the detached nodules are heaved to the surface and floated to the shore. The amber-fishers, clad in leathern dresses, wade into the sea and fish for the amber with nets, or pick it from among the stones on the margin of the shore, just beneath the sea-level, while in deeper water they obtain it by dredging, or even by diving.

FIG. 3.— ANIMAL REMAINS IN AMBER.

Most of the rough amber finds its way to Dantzig and Königsberg, where the trade is almost entirely in the hands of Jewish merchants. Some of the amber of commerce also comes from the western coast of Denmark, and the substance is likewise found on the southeastern coast of Sweden.

Occasionally pieces of amber are cast upon the eastern shores of England, especially near Aldborough, in Suffolk. It was also dug up many years ago in the old gravel-pits at Kensington. Some beautiful varieties of amber are found in Sicily, and important deposits are known in the neighborhood of Bologna. It also occurs in the vicinity of the sulphur-mines of Cesena, in the Romagna, and has occasionally been found in Galicia, Silesia, Roumania, and elsewhere.

Much of the Italian amber is remarkable for its beautiful opalescence, or cloudy play of color. The color of amber is subject to considerable diversity, some varieties being of a pale primrose-tint, or even quite white, while others present a deep reddish-brown color, occasionally so dense as to appear nearly black. The variety most prized by the Orientals, who are great admirers of this material, is the straw-yellow amber, slightly clouded. Every Turk, however poor, strives to get an amber mouthpiece for his pipe, not only because the substance is beautiful in itself, but on account of the popular notion that it

is incapable of transmitting infection—a point of some importance with people who hold it to be a mark of friendship to pass the pipe from mouth to mouth.

Amber has been a favorite material for ornamental purposes from a very early period. Homer, as the Rev. C. W. King has pointed out, makes no mention of any gem in his minute description of various jewels save the amber which decorated the gold necklace offered by the Phœnician trader to the Queen of Syra. It was one of the Seven Sages of Greece—Thales of Miletus—who discovered the remarkable property which amber possesses, when rubbed, of attracting light bodies. This is the very oldest experiment recorded in the annals of electrical science. Indeed, the word "electricity" comes immediately from *electron*, the Greek name of amber. Possibly the word "electron" itself had reference to the characteristic yellow color of amber, for it is notable that a pale-yellow alloy of gold and silver was also called "electron." As to our own modern word *amber*, it comes, like so many of our scientific words, from an Arab source.

By the Romans amber was so highly prized that Pliny tells us a small figure carved in this substance would fetch, in his day, more than a healthy living slave. Roman ladies at one period were in the habit of carrying a ball of amber in the hand, for sake of the delicate balsamic odor which it emitted when warmed in this way. The German campaign of Germanicus led to an exact knowledge of the great amber-yielding locality on the Baltic. In the reign of Nero, who was a passionate admirer of this substance, a Roman knight was dispatched to inquire into the amber trade, and thereupon the king of the amber-gatherers sent a present of 13,000 pounds to the emperor. The chief amber-yielding locality was known to the Romans as *Glesaria*, and the substance itself was termed by the old German tribes *gles*, or *glas*, a word with which our modern *glass* is closely connected.

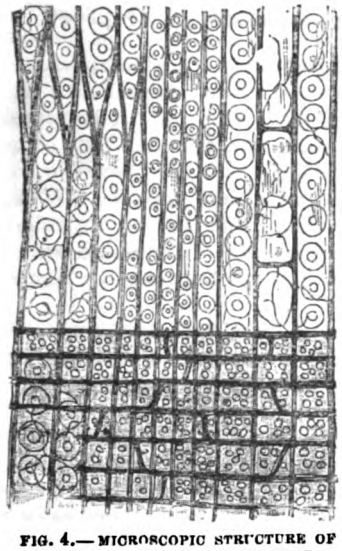


FIG. 4.—MICROSCOPIC STRUCTURE OF THE WOOD OF THE AMBER-TREE.

It appears that when the Teutonic tribes settled in England they brought with them much amber, for beads and necklaces of this material are common in the Anglo-Saxon burial-mounds. But there is indisputable evidence that amber was known and prized in England in prehistoric times, probably ages before an Englishman ever set foot upon its shores.

If the reader should ever visit the Brighton Museum, in England, he will there find, carefully treasured in one of the glass cases, the finest example of ancient amberwork ever found in that country. It is an amber cup (Fig. 6), holding a good half-pint, and showing by the concentric markings upon its surface that it must have been turned in the lathe. This unique specimen was found many years ago in a tumulus, or burial-mound, at Hove, in Sussex. In the same barrow there had also been deposited a bronze dagger, a double-edged stone ax and a whetstone. It is probable that the amber vessel was an imported article, for it is doubtful whether such an object could have been wrought in that country at so early a period. But whether the workmanship be native or not, it is almost certain that the raw material was of foreign origin; and it is a well-established fact that a widely-extended trade in amber was carried on at a very early period.

Such enterprising people as the Phœnicians, the Etruscans, and the early Greeks, tempted by the great value of amber, pushed their way fearlessly across Europe, and came into commercial relations with the peoples of the North. By intercourse with the tribes dwelling on the Prussian and Danish coasts amber was freely obtained and carried to the south of Europe by these early pioneers of commerce.

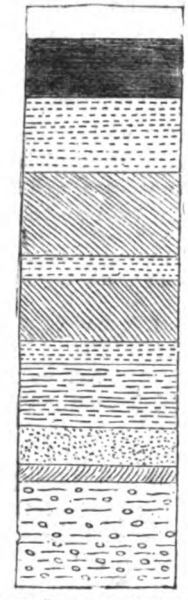


FIG. 5.—GEOLOGICAL SECTION OF THE COAST OF SAMLAND, NEAR GROSS HUBNICKEN, SHOWING POSITION OF THE AMBER-EARTH.

It was thus that amber was to be had at Olbia, on the Black Sea, or at Adria, at the head of the Adriatic, or at Massilia, in the south of Gaul; and from these ports it was readily distributed throughout the civilized world.

It is curious to reflect how so trivial a substance as the fossil resin of the Tertiary pine forests became in this way a means of opening up at a very remote period important lines of commerce between the north and the south of Europe, and by thus bringing distant peoples into relation with each other, assisted in dispersing a knowledge of the arts of life over a vast area. A piece of amber, in short, became a powerful factor in the early history of European civilization.

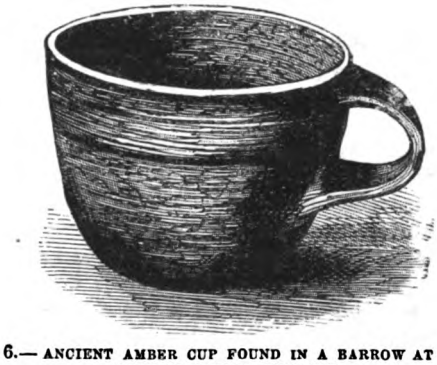


FIG. 6.—ANCIENT AMBER CUP FOUND IN A BARROW AT HOVE, NEAR BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.

THE EDITOR'S OPERA-GLASS.

THE Spring of 1882 has exhibited unwonted severity and want of punctuality, even for an American Spring. Ethereal mildness would not come, or, if for one day it appeared, its disappearance was more speedy than its arrival had been.

A few warm days in March and then a biting frost in April had, the fruit-growers say, ruined the crop, although the ruin of the peaches has now become a proverb rather than a fact. Nor do we care so much, since we have the freckled apricots of California to fall back upon.

The roses—truly our immediate June emotion—are finer than ever. Klunder and Long gave a reception—a rose-tea or a tea-rose—to the ladies of New York in late April days, where they exhibited the most beautiful varieties of the imperial flower; and now as we see the same in garden-beds, we are persuaded that the rose in America will rival the rose in England in time.

Up to this year, however, we have not been able to raise roses which compared with those of England. The rose loves cold and damp atmosphere, and is blighted by our sudden dryness and heat. Still we never fail of a rose.

> "Three hundred times has June renewed
> Her roses since that day,"

wrote Bryant of a certain tercenary.

Alas! that the roses of this June drop their leaves on the grave of the American Anacreon; he who sang so gently of Evangeline and Hiawatha; he who so dearly "loved a lover"; who sang in the "Golden Legend" the song of good wine and of chivalrous gentlemen; who told in prose his own delicate love-story. Longfellow, the beautiful old man, the poet of the perfect life, the poet of Spring, of children, of the more tender phases of the human heart; the poet of culture; the poet with an academic flavor; the man of serene virtues and of regulated pulses; the man who committed no eccentric faults, but was as musical as his meters, he has gone, and the whole world is poorer.

It was the most touching incident in the last days of Longfellow that his birthday was especially celebrated at the Massachusetts Blind Asylum by the poor children and men and women who read with their fingers. Mrs. Julia R. Anagnos, the gifted daughter of Dr. Samuel G. and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, on whose delicate shoulders has fallen the double mantle of her father's philanthropy and her mother's genius, wrote for that occasion a charming dialogue spoken by five blind boys, in which Longfellow was pronounced the "Poet of Spring," and after this dialogue these afflicted children repeated the "Psalm of Life."

Who would not have borne the sorrows of seventy-five years to have heard *them* say:

> "Life is real, life is earnest!"

with the high hope which poetry inspires! But Longfellow's life was, with the exception of one dreadful tragedy, singularly tranquil and happy. He had few sorrows and no disappointments.

In the decay of his health and the necessary retirement of old age, these echoes from the outer world were the solace of the dying poet. He felt the singular beauty of his own destiny as the schools all over the country sent in their tributes to him; he knew that he had put his ear to the confessional of posterity, and for that future does the poet long to sing. Flowers were very dear to him, and to a lady who sent him a basket of them on March 7th, he wrote: "I thank you for this volume of lyrics from the hand of a Master. If I could, I would write you a poem on them! But that might be more stupid than my prose. Let me refer you to Horace Smith's 'Hymn to the Flowers'—a little studied, perhaps, but very charming."

And so, crowned with flowers, passed away the most famous and honorable life in the annals of contemporaneous American poetry—that of Henry W. Longfellow.

New York has her "Spring sensations," one of which is the opening of the Academy of Design. Its fifty-seventh exhibition has not been loudly praised, and yet the first picture mentioned in the catalogue—"An Eastern Lady," by F. A. Bridgman—is a brilliant thing. Very natural, individual, and good, too, is the "Interior of Biskra House," by the same artist. Rosina Emmet's "Waiting for the Doctor" is admirable. She is "hard to beat," this young artist. "On the St. John's River," by Thomas Moran, is Turneresque and very pretty. A landscape, by Albert P. Ryder, is most poetic. "Waves off Pier Head," by Elihu Vedder, fine; "The Days That Are No More," by C. Y. Turner, lovely; "Winter," by Macy, not bad; "The Ruins of a Moorish Mosque," by Samuel Coleman, and "Dutch Shipping," by the same; "The Portrait of a Lady," by our American Teniers—Eastman Johnson—all very fine; "The Bridge of Sighs," by Walter L. Palmer—our coming Canaletto—charming, and a dining-room interior, by the same, admirably done. All these struck the Opera-glass as it wandered aimlessly through the rooms. "A Cavalier," by Charles N. Flagg, delicately done; the admirable modeling of flesh, by Carroll Beckwith, in a piece called "Azalie," reminds one that this artist gives unusual promise; and "The Milkmaid of Popindrecht," by J. Alden Weir, exquisite; Edwin M. Blashford tells well the story of the Bunker Hill morning, when the farmers

> "Fired that shot heard round the world";

and Gilbert Gaul's "Charging the Battery" is spirited.

The Opera-glass goes to a picture-gallery without a catalogue, and looks at what will not allow itself to be passed, then buys a catalogue to trace out who has thus seized upon its range of vision.

Altogether the plan is not a bad one, nor did the Opera-glass fail to see William P. W. Dana's "Episode in the Chase of the Frigate *Constitution*," owned by William Astor—a good picture, as is "Brush Burning" by Edward Moran.

American art advances steadily, although with an occasional halt. There is not as much done in water-color as there should be. We are still far behind the English.

The English artists resident amongst us are raising the tone of water-color, and amongst those who thus deserve honorable mention we notice the flower pieces of William Pretyman, of Albany; also his "Niagara."

Patti sang her last liquid note to us, and ran away in April, but promises to come back. Indeed, that excited audience at Wallack's old theatre, those flowers, and the ducats ("oh! my ducats") must have made an impression on her musical and money-loving organization.

Amongst the Spring sensations who can forget the doggies—the dear doggies!

The Dog-show was rich in dangerous dogs. "Cecil," a Chesapeake Bay dog, slipped his collar, and was only chained with great difficulty. "Ben," the champion bulldog, came into very close quarters with a lady's arm. These are painful episodes, and should not happen again. The growing taste for collies was largely ministered unto, but the club medal prize was given "Croxtette," a pointer, owned by A. E. Godeffroy. Some splendid St. Bernards added their bowwow to the scene, and the funny crooked-legged "Dachshundes" came in for silver medals. "Rab and his Friends" were amongst these.

At the parade of the prize-winners, all the fashion of New York was present, and the musical notes of hundreds of tired puppies pleaded for freedom. It is a sure thing that half of them went into hospital. They always get ill, poor dogs, when thus brought to a Bench Show.

In the theatrical world the "Merry War," by Johann Strauss, the prettiest and gayest opera bouffe of the day, found ample encouragement at the Thalia Theatre. What capital actresses, what pretty dresses, what a satisfactory tenor and baritone, what *fun*, what successful *mises en scène* these amiable Germans give us! They are far ahead of the American actors just now. The music is beautiful, and the piece delightfully amusing.

Edwin Booth gave his remarkable impersonation of *Bertuccio* in "The Fool's Revenge," and his other great characters at Booth's Treatre in the late Spring, assisted by Miss Bella Pateman, who played admirably in a "fourteenth century Florentine manner."

Mr. Booth steadily improves. Mannerisms drop away, the old force increases. It is a pleasing union of two famous American names as we read that Lilian Taylor, daughter of "Bayard the Brave," has lately translated, with great success, two of Edwin Booth's acting plays into the German, receiving a thousand dollars for the work. Mr. Booth will use this translation during his German engagement in the coming Summer.

All lovers of music, and those who regret that musical instruction cannot be made cheaper, will gladly learn that the munificent bequest of a million of dollars left for a Musical Academy by Mr. Wood is about to take form and become a fact.

In the meantime the question of throwing open Columbia College to female students has been much agitated. Some of the best names in New York are to be found advocating this plan, and a meeting, at which Mr. Parke Godwin presided, was held at the Union League Club, to advance this theory. While wishing for women every advantage, and particularly desiring that they should be taught the solid and useful branches which go to make up the real side of a valuable education, it does occur to the practical that there are grave objections to the co-education of the sexes, particularly in a large city, and with the impersonal teaching of a college. While we have Vassar and the Normal College, it would seem that both rich and poor are alike able to gain all the instruction that a woman can need to make of her—even a *savant*.

Young men have a feeling of pride and of good fellowship in their exclusive college life, with its boating and ball-playing, into which woman does not properly enter.

The shopping-woman of the period hears with dismay that "Stewart's" is to be closed for ever. It has been in its day the greatest shopping palace in the world, and although since the death of Mr. Stewart it has lost its primal force and vigor, it has always been a sight to show to a foreigner. No greater proof of its power could be offered than that a dozen or more shops confess to have lived upon its mere droppings, and as the crowd rushed to buy things "cheap," these neighbors of the Jumbo of all drygoods elephants have profited largely.

And since he has come in as a neighbor, let us have Jumbo in "on all fours." He is a worthy giant, indeed. "The largest animal on the face of the earth," Mr. Barnum says. How he recalls the antediluvian age, from which he has been left over! His temper, which has become a matter of national English concern, is soured by time and disappointment, and it was cruel to take him from his "auld wife," Alice (who did not mind his little domestic tantrums). But Jumbo should now be allowed to live and die here on this solid continent, which is large enough to hold him, and he should not be made to suffer on a steamship at the will of any number of pygmy men. It is the sad fable of Gulliver realized.

The springtime was rich in weddings, amongst others that of Mr. Victor Drummond to Miss Lillie Lamson, one of the most elegant and aristocratic of brides. Mr. Drummond has been long and favorably known as Secretary of Legation at Washington, and is the nephew of the famous and eccentric Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, who came very near her great-aunt, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in her indifference to dress and in her love of adventure. When she visited America, in 1840, she spent a week at Marshfield with Mr. and Mrs. Webster. Thirteen trunks accompanied her, and, of course, the young ladies of the house looked anxiously for the beautiful dresses of the English lady of rank. Alas, no! she wore a shabby old gown, and india-rubbers on her feet during her whole visit, and the thirteen trunks remainded unlocked. They must have held her MSS.

Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley's book on America was well spoken of at the time, but such works are ephemeral. Nothing has lasted but Dickens's "American Notes." They are as fresh as June itself.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Ozone Formed by Light.—An interesting discovery is announced from Paris by M. J. Dessan, a French chemist, who has been for years engaged in the study of oxygen and ozone. He finds that oxygen can be transformed directly into ozone by the rays of light. The oxygen he used in his experiments was prepared from chlorate of potash, and very pure. It was contained in a glass bell-jar, which, together with all the other vessels employed, was coated with blackened paper to exclude the light and keep the oxygen dark. While in this condition the oxygen had no action in the ozone test with which it communicated; but when the rays from an oxy-hydrogen limelight were reflected upon the bell-jar so as to fall upon the gas within for twenty-five minutes, the solution of iodide of potash and amidou used as an ozone test became blue, and indicated the presence of that substance. The discovery, if it be sufficiently verified, will throw considerable light on the physiological action of solar radiation.

Nickel-Plating.—A simple process of nickel-plating by boiling has been described by Dr. Kaiser. A bath of pure granulated tin, tartar and pure water is prepared, and after being heated to the boiling-point, has added to it a small quantity of pure red-hot nickel oxide. A portion of the nickel will soon dissolve, and give a green color to the liquid over the grains of tin. Articles of copper or brass plunged into this bath acquire in a few minutes a bright metallic coating of almost pure nickel. If a little carbonate or tartrate of cobalt is added to the bath, a bluish shade, either light or dark, may be given the coating, which becomes very brilliant when it is properly polished with chalk or dry sawdust.

Absorption of Oxygen in Coal-Mines.—The Belgian Academy of Sciences has received a report on the researches made by M. Fabre, regarding the diseases to which coal-miners are especially liable. He finds that, as coal absorbs rapidly up to one hundred times its own volume of oxygen, the air which the miners have to breathe is deprived of oxygen to a hurtful degree; the atmosphere of a mine is also further vitiated by the gaseous carbon compounds given off by the slow combustion of the coal. M. Fabre concludes that a supply of air is more essential than that of light, and even the best ventilated mines require better ventilation.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Why is Twenty-second Street the most æsthetic street in the city? Because it's too too (22).

What is the most æsthetic of nations? Ans. The Arabs, because their life is always intense (in tents).

Chesterfield used to say, "Never walk fast; a gentlemen is never in a hurry." But, then, there were no railroad trains or horse-cars to catch in his day.

One of the managers of a hospital asked an Irish nurse which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sur," said Patrick, as he pointed to a case of surgical instruments lying on the table.

At a crowded French theatre a woman fell from the gallery to the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who, hearing her groaning, asked her if she was much injured. "Much injured!" exclaimed the woman; "I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the middle of the front row."

Little Gracie had been told that it was impolite to take the last biscuit on the table. The other morning, at breakfast, she was observed to gaze long and earnestly at the solitary biscuit on the bread-plate. The temptation at last proved too great. Reaching for the coveted morsel, she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I'se almost 'tarved! I dess I won't be polite to-day. I'll wait till tome day when I ain't so hungry."

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.— FROM THE PICTURE BY THOMAS DAVIDSON.

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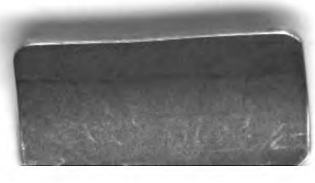

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